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THE GRANITE MONTHLY



A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME L

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XIII

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1918

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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WHO'S WHO IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Now in Preparation

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Editor

CONCORD, N. H.



COL. JOHN H. BARTLETT

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. L, Nos. 1-3

JANUARY-MARCH, 1918

NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, Nos. 1-3

A MAN OF THE HOUR

Elsewhere in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, appears a timely article upon "New Hampshire's Contribution to Naval Warfare," from the pen of Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth—timely because of the fact that shipbuilding, is one of the great industries upon which the Nation must depend, not only for success in the great war in which it is engaged with the liberty-loving nations of Europe for the suppression of German Caesarism, but for its prosperity and progress in the days after the war when its commercial interests will be of predominating importance.

It is but fair to say that the GRANITE MONTHLY is glad indeed to be able to present an article upon this subject, at this time, from the pen of one who holds so prominent a position in the public eye in New Hampshire, as does Colonel Bartlett. Many men of the State have given much time and effort to the work of arousing the patriotic spirit of its people, and inspiring a thorough realization of the great crisis in the world's history now facing our own and all other civilized peoples. Governor Keyes has done his full duty in this regard, and the active members of the Public Safety and National Defense organizations, the Food and Fuel Administrations, and other organized agencies, have been actively and effectively at work in their different spheres to bring New Hampshire into the front line among the States of the Union in the proper preparation for,

and the efficient conduct of, the great war, so far as American participation therein is concerned; and it is safe to say, in view of what the State has already accomplished, the spirit of service and sacrifice which its people generally have exhibited, and the splendid record which the gallant young soldiers of the Granite State are already making on the battle-front in Europe, that their efforts have not been in vain.

We believe it is not over-stating the case, however, when we say that no man in New Hampshire has been heard so generally, and none to better effect, in public addresses throughout the State for the past year, along patriotic lines, arousing the people to the exigencies of the situation they are facing, as has Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth.

Colonel Bartlett has devoted his time and abilities unsparingly for many months to public speaking along this line. He has been heard on anniversary occasions, before woman's clubs, Grange meetings, board of trade gatherings and church organizations, day and night, in all sections of the State; he has been speaking to the people—men and women, old and young—impressing upon all the magnitude of the great work to be done to suppress the monster of "Kaiserism" and make the world safe for liberty, democracy and humanity, and inspiring all to do their full share of that work, for all of which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of the people.

HER BOY

By E. R. Sheldrick

A warm soft roll of sweetness,
A rosy, dimpled face,
A thing to love and cuddle,
A baby's dainty grace—

A naughty, meddling darling,
In mischief all day long,
Two sleepy ears that listen
To Mother's "bye low" song—

A heap of toys on the door-step,
Cut fingers and bumped head,
A good-night kiss for Mother,
Two prayers beside the bed—

A thousand vague ambitions,
A wond'rous appetite;
Rents and holes by dozens
For Mother to mend at night—

A pile of books on the table,
A shrilly whistled call,
Lessons and chores forgotten,
A noisy game of ball.

A manly arm to lean on,
A heart by strength made kind,
And eyes where honor glistens,
A firm courageous mind—

The voice of a stricken country,
A nation's cry of need;
A prompt and willing offer
That urgent call to heed.

A strong handclasp at parting,
A kiss and fond good-bye,
Great gray ships weigh anchor,
And fade 'twixt sea and sky—

At last a fatal letter,
A proud but broken heart,
The mother's compensation—
Her boy has done his part!

Wilton, N. H.

FRANCES PARKINSON

An Appreciation of a New Hampshire Girl by her Grand-Daughter

Frances Parkinson Keyes

"William Parkinson, and his young wife, Esther Woods, emigrated from Scotland, and settled in Londonderry, Ireland, about 1739. In that city their eldest son, Henry, was born in 1741. In 1744 they came to this country, and settled with their Scotch kindred in Londonderry, New Hampshire, where five daughters and five more sons were added to them."

This information, gathered from Cochran's History of Francestown, is the first we have of the Parkinson family in America. William and Esther were not among the famous "original settlers" of Londonderry, and we have no ground for belief that they distinguished themselves in any way after they arrived. But the succeeding generations showed such remarkable qualities—such persistence and courage, such a thirst for knowledge, and such high and unshaken ideals, that we cannot help believing that the humble founders of the family must in some way have inspired and encouraged these principles. Two of the six sons mentioned went to college; five of them were soldiers in the Revolution; and the eldest, Henry, had quite a remarkable career. In 1764 he graduated from Nassau Hall (now Princeton University) and remained there as a teacher for some years afterwards. His parents had destined him for the Presbyterian ministry, but he was not able to accept the doctrine of "election." He must, indeed, have had ample opportunity for religious discussion, for Theodore Romeyn, the founder of Union College, and Jonathan Edwards were among his classmates and intimate friends. Before the Revolution broke out he

had returned to Londonderry, and at the time of the Lexington Alarm he promptly enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by John Stark. His promotion was equally prompt for on July 4, 1775, he became quartermaster of the regiment, and on January 1, 1776, lieutenant and quartermaster of the Fifth Continental Line. He served at Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Trenton, resigning his commission in 1777 on account of ill-health. In 1778 he married Janet McCurdy of Londonderry, purchased land in Francestown, and "took her home to dwell." In Francestown he served as town clerk, as justice of peace, and as chairman of the Committee of Public Safety; and moving, later on, first to Concord and then to Canterbury, he established a famous boys' school, and taught until the time of his death in 1820, preparing many young men, among them, Daniel Webster, for college.

"Ireland gave me birth; America nourished me; Nassau Hall educated me; I have fought, I have taught, with my hands I have labored." So reads (in Latin) the quaint inscription on Henry Parkinson's tombstone in the quiet cemetery at Canterbury Center; and it is because his capacity for doing well all these things seems to have been passed down to his descendants, that I have felt it permissible to sketch his life so fully before attempting to describe that of his granddaughter, Frances.

Robert, the eldest son of Henry and Janet Parkinson, was educated by his father, and we read that he was a "great reader, a teacher in early life, a scholarly and capable man";

but it is his skill and courage in "laboring with his hands" that most commends him to us. Employed by Colonel Timothy Dix to build a road through Dixville Notch, then an unbroken wilderness, Robert bought a tract of land in East Columbia, hewed logs for a cabin, cleared the ground for grain, and, after living there nearly a year alone, married Elizabeth Kelso of New Boston, and brought her there to live. In her he

It was, then, in this little log cabin in Columbia that my grandmother was born, on March 9, 1819, and named Frances for an ancestress for whom the village of Frankestown had long before been christened. Coming halfway down the line of eight children, and into a family where the father and mother were trying to minister to the needs, not only of their own brood, but to those of half the country-side as well, it would seem as

Frances Parkinson

found the true mate for his intrepid nature, and their rude farm buildings became the shelter, the school, and the sanctuary of all the pioneers who followed in their wake. Here the first school sessions and church services were held, and here the cold, the friendless, and the poor found a welcome at all times. Here, too, their eight children were born, with a heritage and example of learning and courage and practical ability that few have been fortunate enough to possess.

if there must, of necessity, have been little time to devote exclusively to her. But it has been proved again and again that it is as impossible to keep back a child who is determined to forge ahead as it is difficult to shove one on who does not care to learn. She went to the public schools in Columbia and New Boston, and wrung from them all they could possibly teach her; and when she was fourteen years old she was already teaching herself, to earn the money to

go away and study more. For several years she progressed in this way—she taught at Mont Vernon, then went herself to the Nashua Academy; she taught at Milford, and went to Mt. Holyoke, the academy then recently opened by that pioneer in women's education, Mary Lyon, and the longed-for goal of almost every intellectually ambitious young woman in New England at that time. Blessed with the sturdiest health, indifferent to privations, sustained not only by her ambition, but by her tremendous religious faith and inspiration, she attained an education which few women of her generation were able to boast of. After she had begun to teach, she walked fifteen miles in her first vacation, and bought a copy of Euclid. The spirit which drove Henry Parkinson to make the difficult journey from Londonderry to Nassau Hall fifty years earlier must have been strong within her! Slowly and painfully she collected a library of Latin, French, and English books, finding means to buy whatever she could lay her hands on; and having finally secured an excellent position as teacher in the Northampton High School, she stayed there four years, learning much herself, and helping many others to do the same, when her marriage put an abrupt end to her career as a teacher.

She was by this time nearly twenty-nine years old, and though she was never pretty, she must have been extremely attractive—no girl so earnest, so healthy, and so animated could fail to be that. She loved people and company and the mere business of being alive was vitally interesting to her. Certainly more than one man had been drawn to her; but up to that time she had been too absorbed with her efforts along mental and spiritual lines to consider marriage seriously. Even then it hardly strikes one now as a love-affair in the generally accepted sense of the word, for the man she married, Melancthon Wheeler, was a widower, much

older than herself, a clergyman, delicate, refined, high-bred and poor. She never addressed him except as "Mr. Wheeler," and seemed to be drawn to him more by a deep respect for his gentleness and noble character, and a desire to help him in his work, than by any other feeling. He was at that time doing clerical work for a missionary society, but, later, began to preach again, and, after filling several pastorates, finally became the minister of the North Congregational Society in Woburn, Massachusetts, and remained there until his death in 1870. The house given him for a parsonage had originally been built for Count Rumford; it was spacious, beautiful, and sadly out of repair. The former dancing-hall became the family living-room; fires were lighted under the carved mantelpieces, and drafts from defective windows forgotten; simple, homely, meals were cooked where banquets had been planned; and on a salary which never reached a thousand dollars a year, five children were brought up. It is impossible to estimate what they must have gone without; but what they had is certainly remarkable, for, after a childhood that was helpful and healthful and happy, every one of them received a college education! I think part of the secret of it all was my grandmother's attitude towards what she considered non-essentials—it was not a question of being hard to do without them; she absolutely refused to recognize their existence! With a certain goal in view, there was only one consideration—that goal must, by her own efforts, and with God's help be reached! That was all there was to it. Nor did she waste either time or strength in pretending to herself or anyone else to have what she did not. When her husband died, leaving her almost penniless, she did her own washing and lived in two rooms, she received her visitors wearing a gingham apron, and wore the same shabby black to church for years and years. My

earliest recollection of her is a terrible scolding that I received from her: she was taking care of my cousin Royal and myself, and we were playing together near her. I pretended that I was going to kiss him—and I bit him instead! I never shall forget the wrath—and the scorn—with which she descended upon me! It might be pleasant to kiss a little boy; it might be—perhaps—necessary to bite him; that was entirely beyond the point—you must not do the one if you had led him to expect the other—you must be honest!

those horrible examples about a rabbit and a dog taking leaps of various lengths (I have recently found one of my own children in tears over a descendant of that example!). I was quite ready to give up my educational career rather than pursue the course of those two miserable animals any further; but in a few minutes I was able to regard them as amiable and harmless—they leapt across a sheet of paper in my grandmother's hand with the greatest ease!

Frances Parkinson died as she had lived, with almost no money. The

The Woburn Parsonage

This was the first and the most important lesson which she tried to teach her children and grandchildren; but she taught us many other things as well. She was an old lady when I first knew her—eighty-five when she died; but to the end her mental brilliance and her spiritual vision remained unclouded. We learned whole chapters at a time from the Bible at her side—chapters which seemed alive and real as she taught them to us; she taught us Latin and French and mathematics as well. I went to spend Sunday with her once after struggling for hours over one of

little legacy she left me—the same that all her grandchildren had—barely sufficed to buy a simple necklace, which I wear constantly. Before she died, she had already given me, because I was her namesake, the Bible that was my grandfather's engagement present to her, and her first French book—a stained and tattered copy of Racine's Plays. I have also, among others, the letter which came to me from her, enclosing a small sum of money, on my fifteenth birthday:

My dear Frances:

When I date this letter I am reminded that

the 21st of July, a day that will always be sacred to me is nearing us, and I wish we were near enough to be together on that day.

There are no stores here (northern Maine) where I can buy anything that would be of the least value to you, but I want to enclose my trifle, which will remind you that your birth was a joyous occasion to me, and that I still hope and trust that your life in this world may be a blessing, not only to near

relatives and friends, but to many others as well, and may be the beginning of a Life Eternal. Please convert my little gift into something that will always remind you that your grandmother loves you."

That, after all, was her real legacy to us all—the knowledge of her love, and the memory of her learning, and courage, her usefulness and her faith.

"THE FLAG WE LOVE"

By Stewart Everett Rowe .

On Freedom's summit high,
It waves against the sky,
 The flag we love.
By its immortal might
It makes us do the right
And leads us through the night,
 Like God above.

We love its ev'ry fold,
And it is precious gold
 To me and you.
For it we laugh and cry,
For it we dream and try,
For it we live and die,
 Steadfast and true.

It made us all we are
And each old Stripe and Star
 Will sacred be;
Where'er we chance to roam,
On land or tossing foam,
They speak to us of home,
 Our land so free.

So free for each and all
To answer manhood's call
 In ev'ry way;
Yes, free for you and me
To live our lives if we
Will true and honest be
 From day to day.

God bless the Stripes and Stars!
We'll shield it from all scars
 Of battle's roar;
We'll give it strength and might,
We'll make it do the right
We'll see it leads the fight
 Forevermore.

PETERBOROUGH'S NEW TOWN HALL

PETERBOROUGH'S NEW TOWN HALL

The town of Peterborough, located in one of the most charming sections of New Hampshire's "hill country," has been for a century and a half, one of the most thriving and prosperous towns in the state, inhabited by an intelligent, industrious and public-spirited class of people, whose pride in their town has been rivalled only by their loyalty to the state and nation.

As indicative of the intelligence of the people of the town, it only needs mention of the fact that the first free public library in the United States was established here, and continues as the Peterborough Town Library; and, as showing the industrial enterprise of the community, it may be mentioned that the first cotton cloth woven by water-power in the state, was produced in the old "Bell" mill in this town 100 years ago next May. The town was at that time one of the most wide-awake manufacturing centers in the state with several factories of different kinds, and a population, as shown by the census of 1810, of 1537. Four governors, at least, several eminent lawyers, and three members of Congress have had their home in Peterborough in the past, and in recent years its representative citizens have exercised large influence in the public affairs and in the business life of the state.

On Tuesday, March 5, an elegant, substantial and capacious new town hall, erected on the site of the fine building which had been occupied for town purposes for quite a number of years, and was destroyed by fire nearly two years ago, or so badly damaged as to render reconstruction impracticable, was opened to the public for the first time, and dedicated by exercises characterized as "informal," but full of interest to the large number of people in attendance.

A description of the building, a cut of which is presented on the opposite page, by courtesy of the *Peterborough Transcript*, is copied from that paper, as follows:

The building faces on Grove Street with a frontage of 65 feet, and runs back on Main Street a distance of 106 feet, and covers 6,943 square feet of ground; is two stories high besides basement and has a slate roof. It is 60 feet from the ground to the ridge-pole, and the tower and weather-vane stands 52 feet in addition to that, making a total of 112 feet from the ground to the extreme top of the weather-vane.

The building of Colonial architecture, is of brick with white trimmings with limestone belt between the first and second stories. Over the center door in limestone is carved the inscription, "Town House 1918." The thresholds and outer steps are of granite; the three sets of double doors to the auditorium are of birch, stained with mahogany, representing the old work. A brick terrace extends in front of the building a distance of 14 feet, with walls on either side with limestone finish on the top. Besides the entrances on the front on Grove Street, is a bulk-head to the basement, and an entrance to the stage on the north or Main Street side; four entrances on the south side, one to police station, highway agents', furnace, and water commissioners' rooms.

The basement contains boiler room 24 x 36 feet, cell room 15 x 18, officer's room 8 x 15, besides 1527 square feet for storage, and a coal bin of 720 square feet.

The assembly room is on the first floor 50 x 62 feet, with coat rooms on either side 11 x 15, and a kitchen in the rear 15 x 18 with all the up-to-date appointments, the cupboards already filled with dishes and utensils for serving a banquet at any time, together with a large range. On the right of the main entrance on the first floor is the selectmen's room 15 x 30 feet, besides a large fire-proof vault for the keeping of town books and records; on the left is the court room 15 x 27 with the judge's stand already placed, and

speaking tubes connected with the officer's room below.

On the second floor at the right is the men's room, 11 x 14 and at the left, the ladies' parlor 11 x 14 feet. The latter is a dainty room with wicker furniture upholstered in blue cretonne with blue-bird designs, the draperies at the windows being of the same colorings, while a large mirror and solid mahogany table complete the furnishings. On entering the auditorium on the second floor, the delicate colorings are pleasing to the eye, and the lighting effects with the large high windows, and the electric lights at night are restful to the mind and body. This room is 54 x 62 feet. Over each window hangs a beautiful American flag, and those of our allies, and at the left of the stage is a Chickering concert grand piano. The seating capacity of the auditorium, reached by wide, winding stairs, is 571. The balcony, at the east end of the building, will seat 197, making a total of 768, and fifty or sixty more seats can be added if deemed necessary.

The new stage is 29 feet long and 22 feet deep while the old stage was 19 x 16 feet. Below is a stage, and men's dressing room 12 x 14 and the ladies' dressing room 10 x 18 feet.

The ladies' and men's rooms are all connected with toilet rooms and lavatories.

The stage is equipped with street, forest, garden, parlor and kitchen scenes, with a heavy gray velour curtain which draws to either side.

The auditorium is painted in grey, the remainder of the interior being finished in white with the exception of the kitchen, which is a natural finish.

The committee having in charge the construction of this building consisted of James F. Brennan, Robert P. Bass, B. F. W. Russell, A. J. Walbridge and F. G. Livingston. The

contractors were the J. H. Mendell Co. of Manchester, construction; John H. Stevens, heating and plumbing, and M. B. Foster Electric Co., lighting. The corner-stone was laid June 16, 1917, and fires were first started in the boilers, October 16, last. The total cost of the structure is placed at \$68,000.

The dedicatory exercises in the evening of March 5, opened with music by the New England Conservatory orchestra of Boston, while addresses were given by Frederick G. Livingston, treasurer of the committee; Andrew J. Walbridge; B. F. W. Russell, junior partner of the firm of Little & Russell, the architects, as well as a member of the building committee, who delivered the keys to the chairman, following which a telegram of congratulation and regret was read, from Ex-Governor Bass, of the committee whose work for the government at Washington rendered his presence impossible. The last speaker was Maj. James F. Brennan, chairman of the committee, who in closing his address, before delivering the keys to the selectmen, which were accepted by C. W. Jellison, chairman, for the board, with brief remarks, said:

"We now hand over this building, through the selectmen, to the town and it is to your candid judgment, on the result of our efforts, that we look with interest and respect. We have gladly given our time in the hope that our efforts might meet your approval and that we might have a safe and substantial building in which we could all take pride and which would promote the educational and moral advancement of our people."



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CONTRIBUTION TO NAVAL WARFARE

By John Henry Bartlett

The Piscataqua River, by the thread of whose channel the state of New Hampshire divides jurisdiction with the state of Maine, forming a delta of many islands, as its deep, swift waters spread and empty into the Atlantic Ocean, is rapidly becoming again a busy scene of ship-building, and naval construction, which, at once reminds us of the similar, though more primitive, activities of the very early American days, when the same waters and shores echoed with the sounds of "hammers, blow on blow," the forge, the anvil, and the thrills of impending war. History is, indeed, repeating itself, causing the acts of those pioneer patriots to breathe a now more significant meaning for us and compelling us to review them, at least sufficiently to catch their spirit, and to learn afresh the cost of our inheritance of liberty.

The Portsmouth Navy Yard, situated in Portsmouth Harbor, on certain islands in this delta of the river, is, by geographical technicality, on the state-of-Maine side of the dividing thread, but, commercially and industrially, it is chiefly a New Hampshire child, although the beautiful and historic town of Kittery, Maine, should not be deprived of any of the credit of joint parentage. The United States government did not purchase the first and larger part of these islands for the beginning of a naval station until the year 1806, paying therefor the modest sum of \$5,500 (added to in 1866), yet our forebears began to build all varieties of sailing vessels, including battle-ships, on this river as early as the year 1690, or eighty-five years before the Revolutionary War, when, as a

faithful colony of Britain, they fashioned from these native oaks and pines the first real fighting-ship ever built in this country, namely, that primitive craft which they called the *Faulkland*. She was built for the Royal Navy (Britain), and they made her so "staunch and strong" that she "weathered" all seas and storms, even, for thirty-five years, and, with her fifty-four guns, was considered a very formidable enemy, a proud contribution to the English sea-fighters, although we have no record in detail of any of her naval engagements. And since we are today warring as an ally for the second time of that same Britain, and our entire floating navy is co-operating with her great navy, it is interesting to let History tell us again of our early beginnings; that not only was the *Faulkland* built for England here in New Hampshire waters in those early colonial days, but that there were also constructed here two other then doughty war-ships, the frigate *Bedford* of thirty-two guns, in 1696, and the frigate *America* of sixty guns in 1749.

This boat *America* we must not confuse with the later more famous war-vessel *America* of the Revolutionary days. But so very interesting unpublished events are associated with her and her builder, a private contractor by the name of Nathaniel Meserve, that they may not be too out of place here. In the first place the New Hampshire side of the river can claim her birthplace for she was built in that part of Portsmouth near what is now the North Mill Bridge, Raynes' Shipyard, before the bridge was constructed. It was said to be a wonderful product of the "New Country." The builder had

been commissioned a Colonel in the expedition against Louisburg, where he did valiant service for the English forces, and it was largely out of recognition of these services that he was commissioned to build this ship for the Royal Navy. He acquired a considerable fortune in shipbuilding and it was feared that this had something to do with the fact that he remained loyal to the mother country longer than nearly every other Granite stater. His son, George Meserve, was in England either by chance or design, at the time Britain, in its policy of oppression, enacted the infamous "Stamp Act" which so incensed the colonists in 1765, and it was highly significant that he was appointed "Stamp Master" by the King, to sell and distribute such stamps in New Hampshire.

Our fathers had heard of his appointment by some means (not wireless) before he, himself, reached Boston on his return; and, as a consequence, when he did arrive, he found the public feeling so enraged over it that he at once resigned. But before Portsmouth people received the news of such resignation, they hastily enacted, with considerable formality, a "triple effigy-hanging," in front of the local jail. They "rigged up" three life-sized figures, naming one Lord Bute, the name of the author of the "Stamp Act," one George Meserve, the Stamp Master, and the other the Devil, the latter being by them considered the best of the trinity. When the execution ceremonies had been completed, the three forms were taken down and cremated in the "public square."

Although they had learned of Meserve's resignation before he arrived in Portsmouth a week later, yet, to make sure, they led him to the same "square," and compelled him to publicly proclaim again such resignation. Even this was not sufficient for those irate people.

Later, when the specified date arrived for the "Stamp Act" to go into

effect, New Hampshire patriots held a great public funeral, tolled all the bells, formed a lengthy funeral procession, marched through the main streets of the city, carrying at the head a huge black coffin marked "Liberty"; they finally lowered it carefully in a grave. At length, signs of life appeared in the coffin, then suddenly the muffled drums beat up a lively air, the tolling bells changed to ringing bells, and a new spirit of hope possessed the people.

But even this was not enough. Finally the document, the Stamp Master's commission, arrived from England. Then a real historic event occurred, comparable to the Boston Tea Party. A group of patriotic citizens, calling themselves "Sons of Liberty" holding swords in their hands, presented themselves with great determination before Meserve's residence. He came to the door. They demanded the commission. He promptly complied. It was pierced by the end of a sword, held high in the air, and its bearer led the procession down through the public streets of Portsmouth amid the noisy demonstrations of practically the entire population of New Hampshire, to a bridge on the tide water, on what was, and is, known as Water Street. Assembling here they compelled Stamp Master Meserve to take an oath before a magistrate that he would never attempt to execute the office; and then they tore the commission into "scraps of paper," threw the scraps upon the waves of the ocean and bade them return to England whence they had come. Next they erected a Liberty Standard to mark the spot, which has ever since been marked, now and for many years past by a large flag pole, from which Old Glory floats; and this bridge has since been known as "Liberty Bridge." It is located just across the river in plain view of Uncle Sam's great present naval station.

A new era in shipbuilding was then

ushered in, for no longer were the colonists willing to add ships to the Royal Navy, but, on the contrary, were determined to resist the tyranny of King George III (a German despot), who denied them the privileges of self-government. Then the "oaks and pines" began to creak, and the anvils ring, for liberty. Then, in succession, were launched in New Hampshire's only seaport, the battleships, *Raleigh*, *Ranger*, *America*, and *Crescent*; and around each one of these there clusters some of the most thrilling legends and stories that ever delighted the student of history.

Of these the *Ranger* is the bright, shining star of history, not simply local history, but in every school textbook or encyclopedia we are sure to find the name of the greatest American naval hero, Jones, linked forever with the name of this sloop which was built and launched from the north end of Pring's Wharf at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This was the bold Yankee boat that literally ravaged the southern coast of England. This was the little wizard-ship of history that gave that enchanted mariner, Jones, his opportunity to electrify the world. If we can say figuratively that the powder captured by Sullivan and others at Newcastle, N. H., fired the shots at Bunker Hill that were heard around the world, it may equally well be said that the *Ranger*, piloted by Jones, followed the sound of those shots around the world; for he sailed from Portsmouth on November 1, 1777, on a world voyage. He sailed his ship to the harbor of Brest, there refitted, "and, in 1778 began one of the most memorable cruises in our naval history. In the short space of 28 days he sailed into the Irish Channel, destroyed four vessels, set fire to the shipping in the port of Whitehaven, fought and captured the British armed schooner *Drake*, sailed around Ireland with his prize, and reached France in safety" (McMaster). As if this was not glory enough for one vessel, history points

very clearly to the probability that the *Ranger* was the first ship that flew the "stars and stripes." Jones described her as "slow and crank," and jokers like to remind us that he found fault that he had to start out on this voyage with only "30 gallons of rum for the crew to drink on passage." After her historic voyage the *Ranger* was finally burned in Charleston Harbor, at the surrender of that city. While it was Jones that made the *Ranger* famous, instead of the reverse, yet we claim Jones as a New Hampshire character, and we delight to recall his wonderful victory with his ship, *Bonhomme Richard*, in European waters over that British Frigate, the *Serapis*, when, with boats lashed together, they fought hand-to-hand by moonlight until his foe surrendered.

The *Seventy-four America*, the most formidable ship of her time, was built in Portsmouth Harbor under the supervision of Jones who expected to do great things with her. But just as she was launched in 1782 a French ship of the same size was accidentally lost in Boston Harbor, and our government immediately presented the *America* to her ally to compensate for this misfortune. After various adventures, and cruising, in the French Navy, she was captured by the British in Lord Howe's engagement in 1794.

The second warship-building era at New Hampshire's port was in the "sixties" when we produced that immortal conqueror the *Kearsarge*. Her antagonist, the *Alabama*, was built at Liverpool. Many now living will remember how, for a long time, the *Alabama* terrified the seas, as Germany is doing now, sinking sixty-six merchant vessels, one after another, until this New Hampshire boat finally challenged her to a duel, brought her face to face, and, in a gallant engagement in the English Channel, put her forever "under many feet of water."

The old *Constitution* was so completely rebuilt at Portsmouth that scarcely any of her original parts re-

mained. About twenty other wooden men-of-war were built here during this period, and five, after wooden men-of-war became obsolete.

The first steam vessel of the navy, the *Saranac*, the largest ship in the old navy, the *Franklin*, and the well-known *Santee* were built here just before the Civil War.

Portsmouth vessels have a privateering history. In 1812-14, ten brigs and schooners were built here, armed as privateers, and captured millions of dollars worth of property. It is said that 419 vessels were captured by 16 Portsmouth privateers. The Portsmouth schooner *Fox* in 1814 received \$3,650 as bounty for prisoners captured from enemy vessels.

While this sketch confines itself to war vessels, it is interesting to note in passing that for the first fifty years of the nineteenth century Portsmouth turned out an average of nine merchant ships a year.

But at last and unexpectedly came the World War. New Hampshire is again to build ships and contribute to a stupendous undertaking. She does not rejoice in this kind of prosperity, but gravely recognizes the necessity and goes to the task with determination. Now the Navy Yard has a modern dry dock, new machine shops, up-to-date equipments, enlarged acreage, naval hospital, naval prison, and all that goes to complete a first-class naval station. It is employing some 3,000 to 4,000 men, increased from 1,000 before the war, is building submarines, constructing small boats, parts, accessories, and repairing big warships, all rushing at top speed.

Four miles up the river on the New Hampshire side, a new wooden ship-building plant is now getting well under way in the simultaneous construction of twelve ships of 3,500 tonnage, each 281 feet 6 inches long, 46 feet beam, and 23 feet 6 inches draw, being oil burning steamers. A large force of men are now swarming

amid weird-looking projections, soon to look more like ships, and the management states that they hope to launch at least three of the vessels before next July. The plant is owned by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and when completed will cost about \$600,000. The contractor constructing the ships under the direct supervision of the government is the "L. H. Shattuck, Inc."

On the same side of the river, on New Hampshire's soil, and much nearer Portsmouth, is a magnificent tract of land of one hundred and fourteen acres, with extended and easily approached tide-water facilities. It is the exact site where merchant ships were built fifty to a hundred years ago, and just north of the old Raynes' shipyards, being the property where, at a cost of millions, a paper mill project two-thirds completed has lain for a few years paralyzed in bankruptcy. This property has, within a few weeks, been purchased by the "Atlantic Corporation," a company of strong men, for the purpose of converting it into a mammoth plant for the construction of steel ships. This corporation is capitalized at \$3,000,000. It has a contract with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, under the United States Shipping Board, to construct ten large steel vessels of 8,800 tons dead weight carrying capacity. This company is apparently in earnest. It brought to the plant hundreds of men, when three or four feet of ice and snow covered the land, and the adjoining river was frozen for the first time in known history and began dynamiting snow, ice, and ledge in a manner that made the natives "sit up and take notice." It gives promise of being another "eye-opener" to the credit of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, and it is believed it will become a permanent New Hampshire industry, for the United States has clearly embarked upon an era of world commerce.

THE MERRIMACK: SOURCES, NAVIGATION AND RELATED MATTERS

By Howard F. Hill

[The compiler thinks these details are worthy of preservation in print. They would be lost were they not gathered into one place. This paper was prepared at the request of Rumford Chapter, D. A. R., and has also been read before Molly Stark Chapter. The compiler is largely indebted to George Waldo Brown, in the Manchester Historical Society's Collections, for particulars in regard to navigation. Some facts have been drawn from Bouton's History of Concord. Other information has its origin with Hons. Joseph B. Walker, John Kimball, John M. Hill and Major Henry McFarland. The new History of Concord has a wealth of notes and maps on our river and its bed changes. Mrs. Lydia F. Lund and Joseph W. Lund deserve thanks for material help. The remembrance of various talks with old-time worthies has added to the facts incorporated. The quotations are not indicated, as the full text has not been always used herein.]

The river discovered by Champlain on July 17, 1605, is formed by the junction of the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset rivers, "just behind Warren Daniell's barn," in Franklin, as once replied a school boy of that place. The Winnepesaukee begins at "The Weirs," the great, *great* fishing place for all the aboriginal people. Here is the famous "Endicott Rock," in the first rush of the pure water on its quest of ocean. Into what every New Hampshire man calls "The Lake," the Lake *par excellence*, empty Waukewan Lake, a really considerable body for most states less favored than our own; also, Smith's Pond, of really dignified size, at which was

once an official residence of the Governors Wentworth. These feeders are steady of flow, rapid of current and produce quite a volume of power. They flow in at Meredith and Wolfboro. Another of lesser volume, but adequate to sawmill uses, wanders in at Alton Bay. The whole watershed of the region seeks the high plateau, enclosed in solemn mountains and hills which would be called mountains in most places.

The Pemigewasset receives Baker's River just above Plymouth, the luncheon place to and from "The Mountains," a short distance from the Franconias and the abutments which outly them, and the White Mountains. Baker's River, in early days, was a dark and bloody ground where red men and pioneers joined battle. The Squam River is the outlet of the lovely Squam Lakes and reinforces the Pemigewasset not far below Ashland village. Its fall is very heavy and many a wheel is turned by the rushing waters. At Bristol comes in the short Newfound, an impetuous stream, from Newfound Lake, embracing the watershed of Cardigan and the semi-mountains called the Bridgewater Hills. (To be a mountain, in New Hampshire, intends at least 3,000 feet above the sea level.) This considerable tribute makes quite a flow and hum at Bristol. Here, then, are about seventy-six square miles of reservoir surface and that means, in all but exceptional seasons, when regulated, a steady and reliable power for a host of looms and spindles. The low-water mark at Concord is 253 feet above the sea level. When you consider that a one-inch fall in a mile constitutes a

strong current for power and three a rapid,* your respect for our familiar river will be increased. Whittier speaks of it as "a broad, slow stream" and so it was when his childhood eyes and the dim ones of his venerable years beheld it at Haverhill and Amesbury. He rests about a mile from the mountain-born tide which finds chronicle in his chaste, rippling verses. Here I observe, apropos of that term mountain-born, that in its very upmost reaches, some of its head-waters come from just beneath the very chin of that huge profile which is our peerless wonder, a wonder beyond our limits. Here the red man saw Manitou, his God, and in reverence looked upon him, awed, and I fear not to say, trembling, also. It has no small power of like kind on people more spiritually illumined.

Here, let me make some pertinent diversions.

I spoke of the Endicott Rock, visible from the cars at Weirs. It is enclosed in a granite structure built by the State in 1891. It is 15 x 14 feet and 13 high. I quote from the panel of the protecting building:

ENDICOTT ROCK

The name of John Endicott Gov. and the initials of Edward Johnson and Simon Willard, Commissioners of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, John Sherman and Jonathan Ince, surveyors, were inscribed on this rock, August 1, 1652, to mark the head of the Merrimack river.

The inscription on the rock is

E I	S W
(Edward Johnson)	(Simon Willard)
W. P.	John Endicut
(Worshipful)	
I S	I I
(John Sherman)	(Jona. Ince)

All Latin students will recall textbooks which had no j, and used i. J is the youngest letter of the alphabet, invented in Holland about a century and a half ago. Its origin is indicated by the dot above it, in what printers call "the lower case."

*Not sure of exactness.

I spoke of Whittier's eyes, such a source of grievous headaches to him, because of a disabling derangement now recognized by oculists. Do you remember the pictures of Daniel Webster, whose great, dark, deep-set, solemn eyes seemed caverns and often overpowered strangers when turned suddenly on them? These eyes, Whittier's and Webster's, came from Rev. Samuel Bachele, famous in Hampton's records.

The name of the river has always been spelled in our State with a final k, which has not been the case in Massachusetts, but is now the official spelling on all Government maps.

It has been said that the name of the great lake, our highland beauty, has to be printed lengthwise of the State on many maps. We can put up with almost any banter as long as we have the lake with us as a sure possession. The name has suffered many things of many scribes in regard to spelling. The termination auker means place. The whole, "Beautiful water in a high place."

Old-timers will recall many endeavors, by Congressional action, to secure surveys of the river with a view to navigation. These efforts form part of what is roughly called the "pork barrel." It is connected with the rivers and harbors bill, a much-abused form of legislative appropriation, with which congressmen are wont to prop up their popularity. However much pleasure we may have at prospective expenditures in our neighborhood, it is plunder, pure and simple. As a matter of fact, at least one survey had been made as far as Lowell, long since. A later survey, 1914-15, has been made as far as Manchester, with the report, "Impracticable."

Passing in by the mouth, we see Plum Island on the left, some five miles long, created in the centuries by sand deposits, as the water slackens on contact with the ocean. Small steamers and schooners are able to get as far as Haverhill without break-

ing bulk. The freight is principally coal, lime, cement, etc. A flat-bottomed steamer of the grasshopper pattern (stern wheel) was running as late as 1900, between Haverhill and Black Rocks, at the end of Salisbury Beach. It was a delightful trip to make. It passed under Chain Bridge, now no more, the first suspension bridge in America. The rock island which parts the river here was the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, an authoress of worth and note. The clam chowder served on that boat has a distinct place in my memory. It would rank with the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus. It had the real *bouquet de mer*. The delicacies the old Roman gourmands described in Plautus, had nothing better. Baked elephant's foot is described by African travellers as a mass of luscious jelly, but I would pass it by for a spoonful of that rich, rapturing, thrilling, real-thing chowder, a concoction more delightful than any with which the cooks of Heliogabalus ever struggled, plentifully based on "the strawberry of the sea," as Charles Levi Woodbury fitly called it.

But, to pass this by, I would say that the large expense of canals and locks around mill dams and in congested city quarters would seem to be prohibitory, aside from maintenance in easier places. The flow, so diminished from reason of deforesting, and needing to be helped out by steam in years of sharp drought, would have to be well weighed, and the rock-ledged and boulder-filled bed, extremely shallow between Nashua and Manchester, and the character of the stream to the right, going toward Boston, just as we pass the railroad bridge at Goff's Falls, are great difficulties for a canal in these days. Amoskeag and Hooksett falls require consideration. The less than half year of navigation caused by winter, all other difficulties set aside, would pay but for a small part of up-keep and service, in view of railroad competition. The

survey may, not impossibly, be made again and yet again, but the river will be the monarch of all its surveys. All dreams of coal, cotton, machinery and heavy freight may be dismissed from the thoughts of those "clothed and in their right minds," when set in opposition to rail transportation.

Navigation was once practicable and practical, as well as profitable, but ox and horse-drawn teams did heavy duty for passengers, mails and much freight between here and Boston. Following the river, one main water route ended at Newburyport. A canal made another route to Boston. Its exact course, I cannot give, nor can I separate it from the side lines. The traces of this canal are very plain on the right of the railroad, going coastwards, just above and below Lowell. This was completed in 1808 by Loammi Baldwin and partly financed by a lottery (like the canal round the falls at Amoskeag, just above Manchester). This lottery was chartered by our Legislature and that of Massachusetts.

The Middlesex Canal was 27 miles long and entered the Merrimack two miles above Lowell. It was 30 feet wide at the surface; bottom, 20 feet and depth three feet. Lockage, 136 feet, with 20 locks. Passengers were carried. Last trip was in 1851. The stones of some of the locks were used for mill and railroad purposes at Lowell. In later days, under the Merrimack Boating Company, flat-boats were able to go as far as Sewall's Falls, above West Concord, where the electric power plant now is. This made a water course of 52 miles. Rosy hopes had been entertained to reach Winnetka. The Merrimack Company, a Concord corporation, actually did a large business, for those days. The trip was five days up to Concord and four down. Twenty tons was a full cargo up to Lowell and fifteen beyond. It cost \$13.50 per ton to Manchester and \$8.50 to Boston from that place. In 1838, the charges were \$5 and \$4, with more

experience and expert knowledge. The granite for Quincy Market, Boston, was shipped from Concord. It was often sent as far as to New Orleans. From 1816 to 1842, a \$470,000 business was done on the up route, and about half that on the down route. Before boating began, about \$20 per ton was the ruling rate from Manchester to Boston on a road next to level.

A boat built on the Piscataquog River, near Manchester, by Isaac Riddle and Major Caleb Stark of Dunbarton was doubtless the first which ever ploughed "the raging canal" between Manchester and Boston. It was a scow called "The Experiment." The load was lumber. It was "received with great reception" at the Hub. A thunderous roar of venerable field pieces and a more continuous roar of human voices from leathern lungs was its greeting before it tied up from its rural seaport. Even then, Boston was an inchoate Liverpool of worthy ambition and this was an event of Brobdignagian proportions toward that consummation. There was "a hot time in the old town" that night. This was in 1812. In 1817, steam was tried over this route, but one trip was enough. Power enough could not be developed and wood fuel did not harmonize with large cargoes.

The Concord Boating Company was organized in 1823 and was operated until 1844. Twenty boats were afloat at one time. They were not less than 45 feet long; sometimes 70. They were 9 or 9½ feet wide in the middle, narrowing somewhat and rounded at each end, three feet deep in the middle and not more than one foot at the ends. They were of two-inch old pine and sometimes carried a sail, which was really of advantage at times. But the real means of propulsion was man-power push. Here what is roughly called "beef" counted. Weight and muscle were what did the work, using setting-poles. Two men worked, aided by

the pilot, when his duties, by no means light, allowed. Runts and skinny men were no good at this arduous job. The poles were of smoothed ash, 15 feet long, shod with an iron point. The men stood on the bow fronting the stern, walked on a path and came back to repeat the process. It took avoirdupois to do this from the time when the first hint of rosy-fingered dawn appeared in the east till the afterglow arrived. The steersman had a huge oar, 20 inches of blade-width and when his knees were bent it was not in sitting. With the others, he had a sculling oar for favorable conditions: Here "quitters" were not wanted and one found inadequate for this task never took a second voyage and departed with no dubious opinions of his value. It was, literally, toil which called for sons of Anak. The crews were paid at the rate of \$15 to \$24 per month and were generally broken in on lumber rafting.

Courage was sorely needed sometimes, particularly in spills or a man overboard. Occasionally, a race took place. As the result of one, Isaac Merrill died in his boat from great and protracted exertion. But he brought it in one length ahead at Boston. A trip from Piscataquog was once made in four days, Middlesex Canal way, to Medford and back to 'Squog, loading and unloading included. This was probably done on a full moon, perhaps with relay helpers. This was verily "going some." The last boat over this route was run in 1851. The Concord Boating Company gave up business in 1844. The railroad reached here in 1842.

The diet of these men was generously adapted to the toil. Those of our old-timers familiar with the Norcross log drivers know the quantities of pork and beans (always baked in the ground), brown and ginger bread, fried pork, salt and fresh, biscuits and like filling-power provisions which they consumed, topped off with tea of 90 per cent nervous energy and of black ink grade. The boatmen had

about the same as the men had on the great log drives down our river, though not five times a day, perhaps, as did the loggers. Anyway there was strong food and plenty.

I have alluded to rafting as the fitting-school in which these canalers were broken in. Though born in 1846, I never saw one. However, I own a large colored lithograph, dated August, 1853, printed for Appleton, a view of Concord. The buildings therein are easily recognizable, notably the State House, with its dominating eagle, and the old South Church, on the site of the present Acquilla Building. In this picture, in the foreground, is represented, in a somewhat meagre stream, one of these rafts. It is in two parts, probably connected by some cable, with a man in front with a great steering oar and another similarly equipped on the rear of the second section. The notable feature consists of two women, well-bonneted and attired, admiring the prospect from a seat, and attended by the one loyal, loving friend of our species, a dog. I am doubtful of the correctness of this scene of interstate commerce. But there is one part which the artist did not create: great cumulus clouds of fleecy white, glowing with beauty in the sun, and like a castle with huge towers. I recall the artist's capture of this superb and remarkable formation. His stand was at the head of Bridge Street, and though I was but seven years old, the impression is still vivid. This was the time of the candidacy of Franklin Pierce and his home town was very much an object of public interest throughout our nation. I have also an oil picture on wood, dating, probably, about 1830, in which a three-section raft is depicted. The scene is the Great Bend, at the Passaconaway Club House.

The survival of the old canal in Concord! At Sewall's Falls, there is a stone pier on the eastern side, not otherwise to be accounted for, and which I have been told by the ancients belonged to the landing place.

Just south of the Lower Bridge, on the western side, a pier was to be seen as late as 1900. Posts (piles) were also to be seen at low water. This was the great freight house. The house extended over the water and goods were lifted through a trap door. These posts were the support of the outer end. On the left of the railroad, going towards Boston, just above Hooksett station, relics of the lock round the falls can be seen very plainly. On the right of the road just after passing through the Federal Bridge at East Concord, going north, evident traces of the canal can be seen as little frog ponds, and a careful search up the intervale discloses other traces. Parts of the lock are in the piers of the railroad bridge. The old Butters' Tavern, standing until 1911, where the trolley road divides for the Manchester line and the Pillsbury Hospital, was a great place for the canalers to obtain refreshments, some of which came from Medford, one of the termini of transportation.

One of the first uses made of the river was the floating of huge logs. In every place where the great oaks, ash and pine of old growth were to be found, a royal forester made it his business to mark these spires with the broad arrow for the King's Navy. All prime timber for planking, spars and masts, were thus arbitrarily set apart at the landowner's expense. To take these "sticks" as they were called, for private use was a serious offence. They were generally run at high water to avoid breakage and prevent "hanging up." Much bad blood resulted and even grave fracas occurred, amounting to treason, under the law. Sometimes an official of easy conscience held the office, making things less strenuous. When worse came to worst, the forester was not disinclined to act as an intercessor with the Colonial Governor, for law it was, though like some other laws, inequitable and indiscriminating. To you, the name of a station just above Concord, the Mast Yard,

will hereafter sound more intelligible. A pine was once cut in Hopkinton which was so large that a yoke of oxen had room to turn upon the stump. Thus saith Rev. Dr. Bouton, our first chronicler, who cannot be accounted much of a romancer. This broad-arrow timber was a part of the things which made the Revolutionary War possible, even for men who had fought under the King and held civil or military commissions. It was certainly the first yeast cake of sedition, to use an anachronism.

The following article, by Oliver L. Frisbee, in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*, touches more fully on a subject to which the compiler has just alluded:

The mast fleet, to and from the Old World and the Piscataqua in the seventeenth century, was the forerunner of the great fleets crossing the Atlantic in the twentieth century. These ships were built especially for the mast trade. They were of about four hundred tons burthen, and carried from forty-five to fifty mast. These ships had the privilege of wearing the King's Jack, and had a special convoy. When ships could not be found for this trade they sent large rafts of mast and lumber, shaped like a vessel, and rigged like a ship, across to Europe. One of these rafts made the passage in twenty-six days.

The mast fleet was the courier of the sea, the surest and quickest means of communication between the two continents.

No colonial product commanded so much attention in Europe as the masts, and pipe staves and other lumber from the Piscataqua.

New Hampshire was the great cutting ground for mast and lumber, and Piscataqua* the great shipping port. Cartwright and other commissioners in 1665, found "7 or 8 ships in the large and safe harbor of Piscataqua and great stores of mast and lumber." As early as 1631 the Piscataqua had its first sawmill, and gundalows to carry the lumber down the river.

The British Government paid a premium of one pound per ton on mast and yards and bowsprits. The masts were not to exceed thirty-six inches at the butt and be as long as the mast was inches in diameter. In 1664 they were worth from ninety-five to one hundred fifteen pounds per mast.

The broad arrow of the King was placed on all white pines twenty-four inches in diameter three feet from the ground. It was especially stipulated in the Royal grant that pine trees fit for masting the royal navy were to be

carefully preserved, and the cutting for any other purpose led to the forfeiture of the grant. They were as tall as the giant trees of California are today. To fall these pines from thirty-three to thirty-six inches in diameter and from two hundred to two hundred seventy feet in length, was a business in itself, and called for the exercise of great care in falling them or they would break. It took forty cattle to move the massive load to the shore to start it on its mission to the Royal Navy.

Ships even came to the Piscataqua after the battle of Lexington for masts which were ready for them, but the people kept them for their own use. The broad arrow remained on the trees. Many of these trees took new growth from republican soil. They even served in equipping the stout cruisers of 1812, that fairly beat the great navy that took all the great trees of the subject colony.

The mast and lumber industry of the Piscataqua contributed to the glory of England, as much as the gold of the New World did to the glory of Spain. Spain was the mistress of the world, the queen of the ocean, the terror of the nations. England saw the only way to overcome was to build ships and send them all over the world, filled with sailors and adventurers. These outstripped the French, conquered the Dutch, and finally put England at the head of the world, and the lumber and masts from the Piscataqua enabled her to do it.

This scheme of internal navigation extended to wild proportions. It was proposed to start at Sewall's Falls and go to the Connecticut, via the Contoocook, Warner and Sugar rivers. The survey was actually made by Loammi Baldwin, Jr., John Farrar and Henry B. Chase. The start of digging was to be made at where the woolen mill (Holden's) in West Concord, now stands, near Penacook Park. The drawings, map and profile, are in the archives of the Secretary of State. United States Army engineers made a resurvey in 1838 and reported to Congress by the War Secretary. Even Lake Champlain was not too far off for their commercial "pipe dream" aspirations. The cash for these enterprises was never banked. Where a contract was actually made and work actually carried out, as in case of Middlesex Canal, the workers on that successful enterprise, were in demand. Comodore Bainbridge, via Middlesex

*Timber was largely floated round from Newburyport to Portsmouth. Editor.

Canal, got timber to refit *Old Ironsides* and build the *Independence*, from our forests. The oak and ash for the famous ship *Kearsarge* was cut by Joseph Barnard of Hopkinton on the slopes of the mountain of that name in Merrimack County, which has been officially settled as that for which the vessel was called.

There were various minor companies formed for enterprises which never ripened. There was a lively ferment over the rates and a new Union Boat Company came into being. The Merrimack Company was goaded into reprisals and set up a store for iron, sugar, tea and other standard groceries and goods, wet and dry. If one side was composed of greedy rascals, the other had the same possible ingredients, for both finally came together.

The business of these venturesome men is now something to smile at. But it was a large enterprise then. In a Gazetteer of New Hampshire, printed by John Farmer and Jacob B. Moore, Concord, 1823, a cut on the title page is suggestive. There are heavy storm-clouds in the background, two islands with trees and what is recognizable to the eye of faith as a canal boat and crew. On a seal, now possessed by Miss Effie Thorndike, is a representation of a canal boat and locks. It appears to be the official seal of a company called the Bow Canal Corporation, 1808. The name is new to any record I can find. It is a cut, metal-back, and had to be imprinted. The artistic character of it does not call for excessive enthusiasm.

Let me suggest reference to the very first page of the new History of Concord. You will find several page-size maps, and though familiar you may think yourself with the stream, you will experience surprise at its tortuous course, for it is an enlarged Meander. From this fact arises the Indian name, which we call Penacook, crooked place. (The last syllable

bles are aukee, in reality!) It has six great bends in as many miles. On the bluff at the bend first above the Free Bridge was fought a sanguinary battle between Indians. These bends force the current towards the east, resulting in a constant erosion of that bank, with corresponding additions to the western. In twenty-four years, to give an exact example, over three acres have been added to the Gerrish Farm in Boscawen in this manner.

This shifting character of the bed makes, year after year, new shoals, so that where it was deep, where I learned to swim, a tall man can now wade from bank to bank, with dry shoulders. Per contra, it may drop six or eight feet from these shallows, even more, on the instant. This fact has made it fatal, historically, to unwary youth or those who had not established confidence. I cannot recall a year in which it has not claimed its sacrifices. The most notable of these was the drowning of Willie Fletcher, an only son, a boy who could have stood as a Little Lord Fauntleroy for beauty and promise. Sometimes it has taken three days' search by swimmers, deep-sea divers and by firing cannon to find a body. The population of the city, at such times, has been roused and every means and possible helpers made use of freely. The Fletcher boy was never found and was supposed to be caught in some root or submerged tree.

The landing house of which I spoke as just south of the Lower Bridge, (then a toll bridge) will bear description. It appears from a rude picture, to have been about 75 x 25 feet, one story, with the common peak roof. The abutment was solid, of large, split stone. The house overhung the river about fifty feet, supported on strong posts which rested on stone. The boats were run up under it and unloaded by tackle and falls. Samuel Butters presided over this freight house and Stephen Ambrose was the

genius loci at East Concord.* It seems strange that, besides the machinery, molasses, rum, salt fish and the amazing variety of the rural country store, that grain, flour and butter were imported. En route, the dry goods sometimes became wet goods, for the unsalted waters had their wrecks like those on the great deep. Theodore French was one of the chief men interested in the canal trade. His daughter, Mrs. C. C. Lund, told me that there never was a shortage of fabrics damaged by water in his household, and that these were used as linings, just as useful but not so good to look at, especially when the dye was "runny." These wrecks were sometimes attended with fatalities to the boatmen and there were not infrequent rescues worthy of Carnegie's biggest, brightest medal, were there such a thing at that time.

Along the highways, in fitting weather, were droves of cattle, sheep and even turkeys. With the latter, especial care was taken, toward evening, for they knew full well their roosting time. Hot, winged words, clubs or stones could not swerve them from their purpose. Strings of Canadian and Vermont horses made their way towards Boston. In Winter, round hogs, sides of beef, butter, apple-sauce, pearl and potash and other rural goods were carried on low, single-runner sleds, shod and unshod. All the year round, the mail coach (or sleigh) loaded top and rack with luggage, the driver's seat and one still higher, and full inside likewise, made a triumphal progress. With honest iron and woodwork, wheels that would bear much grief, on leather thoroughbraces, it defied

ordinary conditions. Its tin horn called the surprised and dilatory to this chariot's approach, but its comings were generally anticipated and greeted with acclaim. Papers and parcels were dropped. Commissions reported on, letters taken on and delivered and any startling news communicated in compact summaries. The whole household, cat and dog included, generally made it convenient to attend. A crack of the whip and four and even six horses buckled to it and in a whirl of dust made up the brief time of waiting. That whip had a stock five feet long. The lash must have been all of twelve and was handled in adept fashion. The driver was one who had presence of mind and was resourceful in tight places.

Of course, there were regular stages from neighbor towns, chief of which was that from Pittsfield—six horses, whose grand entree was the small boy's delight, whose hoop-la dash up Bridge Street, True Garland driver, is something to be remembered. There were moving teams and supply carts for country stores; things coming and going; something doing always, for Concord was a large distributing center.

The start and arrival of these stages at terminals were, literally a public function, unless very, very early in the morning. There were partings and greetings, tears, kisses, handkerchief wavings and hat and hand salutes. It was indeed much more than animated. Later, at the White Mountains, it was a dress parade of everybody. The landlord was the grand chamberlain and master of ceremonies. He personally greeted each guest with a hearty word and warm hand. Glad to see you! Come again! Don't forget us! This might be indefinitely elaborated. It was a moving picture.

Concord's very first tavern appears to have been where the First National Bank now stands. Here, to Osgood's Tavern, were carried the bodies of those massacred by Indians,

*The names of other agents were, Caleb Stark, Pembroke; Richard H. Ayer, Dunbarton; Samuel P. Kidder, Manchester; N. Parker, Merrimack; Adams & Roby, Thornton's; James Lund, Litchfield; Coburn Blood, Dracut; Levi Foster, Chelmsford; Noah Lund, Billerica; Jotham Gillis, Woburn; William Rogers, Medford; Thomas Kettell, Charlestown; David Dodge, Boston, Rust's wharf, just above Charles River bridge.

on the Millville road. Stickney's Tavern, for long years in the hands of a landlord of that name, was at the corner of Main and Court streets. There was a huge elm there, on land very much higher than the present elevation. George Peabody, the banker philanthropist, sawed wood (real wood and real saw), at this place to pay for accommodations. There was a long hall there, often used for dances and banquets. The old-fashioned landlord was always at the fore on state occasions and received his guests in due and ancient form, assisted by a volunteer staff and regular helpers. His person vouched for what was to be found within the hostelry. This brings up Shenstone's lines:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his courses may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

The food was of the most substantial kind, meats, fowl and seasonable viands predominating. Gass' Hotel was later the leading house, on the site of White's Opera House. Butters' Tavern, at the South End, was of another class, but more than good. The fluids dispensed at these were mainly rum and brandy, though port, sherry and sometimes Madeira, were in favor. The rum was pure; the wines, vivacious. Malt liquors were next to unknown to real popularity, except in the form of flip, produced by the insertion of a hot iron in the brown fluid, which had been reinforced by an element of distilled liquor. It was common to see a person "chipper" and greater lapses

were not unpardonable. Decanters were seen on sideboards, and tipping was a part of barn raisings and even church occasions.

These taverns! The story is susceptible of vast enlargements. There is a six-foot-shelf library in the suggestion. Here, in this then little town, came men of fame, such as Talleyrand and Lafayette. Presidents honored us and vice presidents, also governors, senators, congressmen, judges, professors, divines, physicians and all kinds of people; legislators and the interested persons who flock here during "General Court" sessions. Debates came off daily, following other debates of more formal character. National politics and state affairs fairly sizzled. Policies and strategic movements were settled and scuttled. Orations were born in these tavern rooms; verses, written; superheated editorials were dashed off; correspondence, mailed. Romances were begun, to end only with life itself. Jealousies, envyings and hates sprang up in this human hive. And sometimes a hush occurred as one was stricken and his passing followed. The pen of an Irving or Cooper is needed to describe the pulsing of the old-time tavern's heart. Under one roof, it was a mosaic of life, where gathered the best, the noblest, the wisest, the most brainy and energetic (and perhaps some others whom we now pass over), as well as the purest, sweetest, fairest of our little State, who added wholesome leaven in their time of sojourn.

CREATURES OF HABIT

By Georgie Rogers Warren

Make up your mind just the right thing to do—
And then form a habit—that just suits you—
Never skip a day, nor an hour, nor a minute
To keep this habit—it will help you to win it.
You can accomplish anything—everything in sight,
Only know the habit you've formed—is right—
It will bring health, wealth, and wisdom as well,
So "get the habit" today—but never tell.

GOD OF AMERICA*By Hester M. Kimball*

God of America,
 To thee we come and bow;
 Long have we failed to heed thy call,
 But we are contrite now.
 Lord grant us soon a lasting peace,
 And let this dreadful conflict cease.

God of America,
 We kneel before thy throne,
 Turn to this land thy gentle face,
 And keep us as thine own.
 Help in thy love the world to aid,
 And bid war's ruthless arm be stayed.

God of America,
 Bare now thy powerful arm.
 For if Thou only say the word,
 Swift speeding will come calm.
 Speak Lord! the nations then must hear,
 And cease the strife, both far and near.

God of America,
 Thy mercy we implore;
 We have no virtue of our own,
 But contrite we adore.
 Lord in thy pitying tender grace,
 Turn to us thine averted face.

God of America,
 Whose wise far-seeing eye
 Looks on the good to come
 That will be bye and bye,
 Help us to see, to trust, to pray,
 And leave with thee each coming day.

God of America,
 Midst all the grief and woe,
 Still with unwavering faith,
 To thy high throne we go,
 There may we leave our deep distress—
 God of America—oh bless.

Pittsfield, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH, OLD AND NEW

By Fernando Wood Harford

Can you picture Portsmouth as the industrial center of the State? Well that is just what it is destined to become, and, instead of the old picturesque "City by the Sea," visitors will find a hustling manufacturing community. Portsmouth with its ancient buildings, rich in history, will remain, but in addition we will have hundreds, yes thousands of new and modern homes.

for the manufacture of munitions and the training and equipping of men. It is here that Uncle Sam is building twelve of the latest submarines—those dreaded under-sea fighting machines. Besides this work which is being done at the navy yard there is the manufacture of supplies and the fitting out of war ships. This work has brought about an increase of from 1,200 men to 4,000 and this number

U. S. Government Building

Today one has difficulty in getting through our small business section on account of the crowds, and no western boom town has ever exceeded it in business life. Hundreds of skilled mechanics and laborers are arriving daily and, with from five to ten thousand army and navy men, one can easily picture the "New Portsmouth."

The reason for all this change is "the war"—the old town has been turned into an exclusively war camp

will be increased to over 5,000. With this big increase in mechanics, there is also the great increase in facilities, new buildings and equipment.

The establishment of a government shipbuilding plant at Newington in June last has given employment to 800 and this will be increased to 2,200. The Atlantic Corporation, which has taken over the old paper mill plant at Freeman's Point to build ten steel cargo steamships of 8,800

tons each, will give employment to 3,000 skilled workmen.

With this industrial change you see the picturesque Portsmouth of a few years ago, with its famous breweries and shoe shops only disturbing the

and bounding upward until there is not an inch to spare in sleeping accommodations. Portsmouth of the old days is now a thing of the past, and while we like to revel in its history, it is the history-making of the

View on Pleasant Street

peace and quiet of our ancient city, disappearing.

Portsmouth will not be happy until it attains its deserved title of being the metropolis of the State. For thirty years I have been shouting to

future that is of more interest just now. Unless all signs fail, we shall have a city of 25,000 within a year or two. If we should take in greater Portsmouth, it would bring the population up to 40,000.

Portsmouth Hospital

our citizens that "Old Strawberry Bank" possessed the natural advantages that would some day put her where she belonged—the largest city in the State.

We have got the old town rolling

THE OLD PORTSMOUTH

Portsmouth, settled in 1623, the port of entry and one of the county seats of Rockingham County, New Hampshire, is situated on the Piscataqua River. The city is served by the

Boston & Maine Railroad and electric car lines to the neighboring towns and beaches. During the summer season

While Portsmouth is the oldest permanent settlement in the State, and one of the oldest in the country, she

St. John's Church

has kept pace with modern ideas, but not to such an extent as to sweep away all of her native charms. On the contrary, she still preserves, and there is a growing demand that she continue to preserve, many of the fine old houses and places of historical interest that are essential to her own reputation as one of the finest "old modern towns" in this country. Portsmouth has much to interest tourists—in her ancient architecture, in her quaint customs, in her charming manners, and, last but not least, in her local characteristics. It is no exaggeration to say that a stranger will experience a confusion of delight when he finds himself in our midst. The physical features of the surrounding country contribute an additional charm to its attractiveness. The land, with its miles of open country leading gracefully to the seashore and to the mountainous structure of this grand old State, is exceedingly rich in natural beauty. During the summer

The Athenaeum

there is an important trade with neighboring watering-places; there is also a large transit trade in coal.

months the climate is unexcelled, the warm days being made delightfully comfortable by eastern breezes from off the broad Atlantic. Portsmouth is, indeed, a most desirable resort for tourists, as these facts set forth. It is the "Beauty Spot of New Hampshire."

The city is well supplied with public buildings, schools, churches, charitable institutions, clubs, societies and fraternal organizations. The streets and roads are good and a strong effort

It has the distinct advantage of being the one port on the Atlantic coast which is open at all times of the year, for no matter how severe the winter the harbor never freezes. This was never more evident than in the winter of 1917-1918, when, with all of the harbors from Baltimore north blockaded with ice, there was not enough here to interfere with the small river boats.

The United States Geodetic Survey is the authority for the fact that

Portsmouth Savings Bank

is being made to keep them up to a high standard of excellence.

Portsmouth is a summer resort center, and more than nine million dollars have been invested in this section by summer colonists. The city has some of the finest stores east of Boston. Trolley lines connect it with the surrounding towns.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR

The greatest asset of the city is the splendid harbor, which can accommodate the largest ships and makes possible commerce with all the world.

Portsmouth harbor is the deepest on the Atlantic coast and to this might be added, with just as much positiveness, that it is one of the safest and best. In the harbor and river there is a channel eight miles long with a depth of water of at least seventy feet at low tide. This extends from the mouth of the harbor to Dover Point, five miles above the city. The channel at the widest part, in front of the navy yard, is about 5,000 feet and in the narrowest part 700 feet, thus affording a sea way for the largest vessel that is now afloat.

The lower harbor has a fine holding ground for anchorage, and it is so landlocked that once inside of Whale's Back light, shipping is safe

very substantial structure. In this building is housed the Postoffice, Internal Revenue Department of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, Port

Public Library

from the hardest blow. The entrance is marked by two lighthouses and there are no bars or reefs to trap the careless navigator.

Collector and the United States Court.

The Rockingham County Court House was built in 1891, and is but a

Governor Langdon Mansion

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE BUILDING

Was erected during the administration of President Franklin Pierce. It is built of Concord granite and is a

short distance from the Postoffice. The Rockingham County Bar has had many celebrated legal lights, among whom were Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster.

INDUSTRIES

Portsmouth has several industries which would do credit to a larger city. Among them are the Atlantic Corporation; the Morley Button Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world; the Gale Shoe Company, which employs several hundred hands; the American Arquenthol Chemical Company Plant; the Portsmouth Tannery Company; the Portsmouth Foundry Company; the Rockingham County Light and Power Company,

have had much to do with the early history of the settlement.

St. John's (Episcopal) Church, one of the historic spots of the city, dates back to about 1638. Nearly all the first settlers were members of the Church of England. The original plate and service were sent over by John Mason. The present structure was built in 1806 on the site of Queen's Chapel, which had been destroyed by fire. The North Congregational Church also dates back to

New Hampshire National Bank

and the W. H. McElwain Shoe Company's extensive lumber wharves on the upper river front.

Portsmouth is the coal port of the State of New Hampshire and a good part of Maine and Vermont. More than half a million tons are annually shipped by rail to the great mills at Manchester, Dover, Concord and other inland cities.

A CITY OF CHURCHES

Portsmouth has no less than fifteen churches, representing nearly every denomination. Some of these churches

very early days, having been established in 1640, with a location on its present site since 1712. The Unitarian (South Parish) dates back to 1715; the Universalist to 1784; the Christian Church to 1802; the Methodist to 1790; the Middle Street Baptist to 1828; and so on to the Christ (Episcopal) Church, which was the scene of the Te Deum for the ending of the Russo-Japanese War, the services being held on the afternoon following the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, and on each anniversary a peace service is held.

THE NAVY YARD

A United States navy yard, officially known as the Portsmouth Navy Yard, is on an island of the Piscataqua River, and is one of the finest and best located naval stations in this

here. In 1866 the yard was enlarged by connecting Seavey's Island with Fernald's. The yard has a modern equipped plant with a stone dry dock 750 feet long, 100 feet wide and 35 feet deep, excavated out of solid rock.

Portsmouth Athletic Club

country. The yard has a water frontage of nearly three miles, practically all of it with a depth of water ranging from fifty to seventy-five feet at low water, allowing the largest battleships that can ever be built to reach its docks. In 1800 Fernald's Island

On Seavey's Island the Spanish sailors captured during the Spanish-American War were held prisoners in July-September, 1898. In 1905 the treaty ending the war between Russia and Japan was negotiated in what is known as the "Peace Building." A

Gale Shoe Factory

was purchased by the federal government for a navy yard. It was the scene of considerable activity during the War of 1812, but was of much greater importance during the Civil War, when the famous *Kearsarge* and several other war vessels were built

large naval prison and the best naval hospital on the coast have recently been erected. It employs today nearly 5,000 men.

A CITY OF COLONIAL HOUSES

No city in New England is richer

in fine old Colonial houses than Portsmouth. Here are some of the finest examples of colonial architecture to be found, and in most cases they have been preserved in their original beauty.

Among the finest examples is the Governor John Langdon mansion on Pleasant Street, adopted as a model for a New Hampshire house at the Jamestown exposition, erected in 1784 by Governor John Langdon, a direct descendant still living there; the Governor Benning Wentworth mansion,

drich, was built previous to 1812. On August 1, 1907, the house was purchased and opened to the public.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, November 11, 1836. In early manhood he entered a mercantile house in New York, but in 1866 he removed to Boston and became editor of *Every Saturday*, and afterward of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was equally eminent as a writer of prose and a poet. His best known prose work is "The Story of a Bad Boy."

The Aldrich Memorial

at Little Harbor, made famous by Longfellow; the Governor John Wentworth house, built in 1769; the Warner mansion, on Daniel Street, built of brick in 1712-15; the Moffat house on Market Street, the home of William Whipple, and now the property of the Colonial Dames; the Pierce mansion, on Middle Street, and many others. The front doors of many of these houses have long since been recognized as among the finest to be found.

ALDRICH MEMORIAL

The boyhood home of the well-known author, Thomas Bailey Al-

PORTSMOUTH PUBLIC LIBRARY

Was designed by that celebrated architect, Charles Bulfinch, and erected in 1809 for an academy. It was used as such until 1868 when it became a public school. In 1881 it was remodeled and became the home of the public library. The library is maintained by the city and has a fine endowment for the purchase of books. There are now 20,000 volumes, many of them very rare.

THE PORTSMOUTH ATHENAEUM

Is one of the handsomest old structures in the city. It is located in a prominent position in Market Square.

The Portsmouth Athenaeum was established as a library by an act of the legislature in 1817. It contains one of the finest and most valuable libraries in the country. It is especially rich in rare prints and pamphlets of early provincial days.

city of its size. The principal playground is situated in the center of the city, bordering the shores of the South pond, and contains nine acres. Here is found every equipment necessary for playground work, including a large ball field, tennis courts, running

U. S. S. Chester Leaving the Navy Yard

It has received many legacies; among the most valuable were those of Benjamin T. Tredick of Philadelphia, and Charles Levi Woodbury of Boston.

PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

The park and playground system of Portsmouth cannot be equaled by any

track, etc. Three parks, Langdon, Haven and Goodwin, having a total area of seven acres, all pleasantly situated and well kept up, afford fine recreation grounds for visitors and the public. At Goodwin Park is the soldiers and sailors monument, and at Haven Park is a statue of Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

APRIL

By Bela Chapin

Now the April winds are blowing
Over valley, hill and plain,
And the streams are overflowing
With the melted snow and rain.

Cheering sunbeams, gentle showers,
 Will reanimation bring;
 Haste away, ye tardy hours,
 Hasten on the welcome spring.

Long did winter rule in rigor,
 Long did freezing north winds blow;
 Now will spring awake in vigor
 And life-giving joy bestow.

April with its winds and showers
 Comes with many pleasures rife;
 Even now in woodland bowers
 Budding flowers wake to life.

Now is gone the wintry sadness,
 Dreariness that reigned so long;
 Now returned, and full of gladness,
 Doth the robin pour his song.

In the valleys, on the mountains,
 In the fields and forests bare,
 By the rivers, by the fountains,
 Nature wakes new life to share.

“THE SWORD OF JESUS”

[On reading Harold Bell Wright's wonderful article in the *American Magazine* for February 1918 entitled as above]

O sword of Jesus, sacred blade,
 On Freedom's holy altar laid!
 In hand divine, lead thou the fight,
 Of allied millions, for the right.

Lead thou the fight against the Hun,
 Until the glorious work is done,
 And all the round world safe shall be
 For Freedom and Humanity!

Lead thou us on, oh shining sword,
 In Christ's own hand,—our Master, Lord,—
 Till all the serried hosts of wrong
 Are vanquished by our legions, strong.

Oh sword of Jesus, lead the fight,
 For truth and justice and for right,
 Till War forevermore shall cease,
 And reigns an everlasting peace!

H. H. M.

THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Jonathan Smith

At the beginning of the Revolution the people of the Colonies were composed of several nationalities of which the English were by far the most numerous. Next in point of numbers were the Scotch Irish from Ulster. Besides these were the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, Swedes and Finns in Delaware, and the French Huguenots in South Carolina.

The propriety of the name, "Scotch Irish," to designate the immigrants from the north of Ireland, has been challenged by Irish writers but wrongly so when the purpose of its use is seen. It is applied to that portion of the inhabitants of Ulster who, themselves or their ancestors, had migrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and had not intermarried with the Celtic Irish, though they had intermarried to a limited extent with the English and French which had settled there. They were Protestant in faith and held certain political and religious views not accepted by the native inhabitants. The term has no reference to racial origin but is rather one of convenience to distinguish a certain class of immigrants of Scotch descent and holding certain political and religious views. They were as purely Scotch in blood, character, temper, and habits as if they had been born in Edinburgh, and were almost as distinct in race and religious organization from the people of England as they were from the Catholic and Celtic Irish population which they displaced. The portion of them which came to this country prior to 1775 were of the Presbyterian faith and ardent Calvinists. The term as ap-

plied to these people is in general use. It was employed by Froude and by Windsor, Bancroft, Campbell, Fiske and others of the American historians. It is universally used by the people and their descendants in this country but not elsewhere.

These Scotch Irish Presbyterians accepted the five points of Calvinism: Election, Total Depravity, Particular Redemption, Irresistible Grace, and

Jonathan Smith

the Perseverance of the Saints, without doubt or hesitation. Its harsh doctrines harmonized with the Scotch disposition and temper. Calvinism was based on three great axioms: the Sovereignty of God, the Supremacy of the Divine Law, to which princes and potentates were equally subject with the humblest citizen, and the dignity and worth of the Individual Soul. It was a theology that elevated man because it honored God. Under its creed and discipline the humblest

member of the church sought to know the Divine Law which was to raise the temporal kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of Christ, and to this Law he yielded implicit obedience. Human ordinances were to be respected only so far as they conformed to the Divine Law, and in case of conflict the human law must and did give way. No church, bishop, or priest was permitted to interpose between the human soul and its Creator, for the individual stood alone in his "Great Taskmaster's eye."

In the interpretation of his creed the Presbyterian went to the Bible for its meaning, and in the last analysis his own reason and conscience were the final interpreters of his faith. It made of the Calvinist a thinker and student, stimulated his intellectual powers, led him to be fearless in his judgments, and independent in political and religious principles and actions. His deductions thus formed regulated his conduct in civil and church affairs. The Bible was to him the great authority and he studied the Old Testament, with its tales of cruel wars and awful judgments against the persecutors of the chosen people, rather than the New with its gentler teachings of love, mercy, and forgiveness. "A man's religion," says Carlyle, "is the chief part of him," and it was particularly true of the Calvinist believer. Both in principle and application it was thoroughly democratic and no people once accepting it has ever bent the knee to despotic power. It drove the Spaniard from the Netherlands, its Huguenot believers emigrated from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it overthrew the Stewarts in England, and in Scotland its followers slew two kings of the Stewart line, deposed two, drove Queen Mary from the country, took captive her son, James VI, and carried him around the country a prisoner. It was the first to raise the standard of rebellion against Charles I, and later, gaining possession of his

person, sold him to his English enemies for a price.

Of this faith Scotch Presbyterianism was the fullest and most complete expression, and by it Calvinistic doctrines were pushed farthest to their logical conclusions. Its form of church government and creed were democratic in principle and practice. In the church, in the Presbytery, the Synod, and in the General Assembly, the laity were represented and joined with equal voice in determining action and general policies. The democratic principle, dominant in creed and form of church government, was naturally carried into political action. In his famous "Counterblast" John Knox gave full expression to Presbyterianism as it applied to civil affairs, defining the limits of royal power and the rights of the people, and laid down the following doctrines: first, the authority of kings and princes was originally derived from the people; second, that the former are not superior to the latter collectively considered; third, that if rulers became tyrannical or employed their power for the destruction of their subjects they may be lawfully controlled, or proving incompetent may be deposed by the community as the superior power; fourth, tyrants may be lawfully proceeded against even to capital punishment. In his famous interview with Queen Mary, Knox repeated these precepts to her. "Think you," said the Queen to him, "that subjects having the power may resist their princes?" "If princes exceed their powers, madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power," was the bold reply. And Andrew Melville was still more audacious to James I (James VI of Scotland); "There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland, there is King James the head of the Commonwealth and there is Christ Jesus the King of the church whose subject King James is and of whose kingdom he is not a king or a lord nor a head but a member." These statements of

Knox and Melville expressed the attitude of the Scotch Presbyterian towards the civil power and in action he was consistent therewith both in Great Britain and America.

He professed loyalty to the government so long as that government represented the will of the people and was not arbitrary and tyrannical in its laws and their administration; but he separated the religious from the civil authority. The church in his view was independent of all political control, not only as to its religious creed but in its forms of worship and church government. He was opposed to taxation without representation, and recognized the fact that civil and religious liberty stood or fell together. Herein is the key to the position and conduct of the Scotch Presbyterian, both in Ulster and in this country prior to the Revolution.

The Scotch Presbyterians coming here were from the north of Ireland. Prior to the Revolution the numbers migrating from Scotland were few and negligible. The causes of the large migration from Ulster to America between 1719 and 1775 are well understood. In all wars and controversies occurring in Ireland the Scotch Presbyterians had taken sides with the crown. By their victory in the siege of Londonderry, in 1689, against King James and his French allies, they had saved the city and Ireland to Great Britain and made secure to William III the English throne. Under the laws theretofore existing, they had become prosperous and reasonably happy and content. But England was not satisfied, and soon passed a series of enactments which wrought a radical change in the condition of the people. The first of these was a statute forbidding the export of cattle to England. By the Fifteenth of Charles II, Ireland was brought under the provisions of the Navigation Acts, under which its shipping was treated as the shipping of foreigners in English ports. Later, a law was passed forbidding the peo-

ple of Ireland to export their woolen cloth to England; and later still, another, forbidding them to sell their wool to any other country than England, thus enabling the English manufacturers to purchase it at their own price. In 1704 came the Test Act, which deprived the Presbyterians of all civil and military offices down to the petty constable. The effect of this law was to empty the town councils of Londonderry and Belfast of a large number of representatives, a majority of whom had fought in the siege of the former city and help save it to the British crown. Many Presbyterian marriages were annulled and their children declared illegitimate. Acts were passed depriving Presbyterian ministers of their holdings, under which in Ulster, sixty-two of them were driven from their livings, and their pulpits were filled by curates of the established church, some of whom were unworthy of the sacred office. In parts of Ulster they were not even permitted to bury their dead unless an Episcopal minister was present and read the liturgy. Between 1715 and 1775 the leases under which they held their land expired and as fast as they ran out the landlords immediately doubled and trebled the rent. The results of all these things were destructive and far-reaching. Agriculture and the woolen industry were ruined and chronic scarcity alternated with actual famine.

Rev. Daniel McGregor, on the eve of the departure of the Londonderry (N. H.) settlers from Ireland, thus stated their reasons for coming to America:

First, to avoid oppression and cruel bondage; second, to avoid persecution and designed ruin; third, to withdraw from the communion of idolators; fourth, to have an opportunity of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of the inspired Word. Such were their motives for leaving Ireland and migrating to America.

These facts are stated somewhat

fully because they furnish the key to the Scotch Irish Presbyterian character, and explain his presence and attitude in the Colonies in their struggle with the mother country. While the exodus began as early as 1683 it did not attain considerable proportions until 1719, when the first large company, seven hundred and twenty-five in number, arrived in Boston. From that time on to 1775 they came in shiploads every year. It has been estimated that from 1720 to 1750 the average number coming was twelve thousand a year. The historian Lecky places it at twelve thousand annually for several years. In 1736 one thousand families sailed from Belfast alone. In 1772 and 1773, thirty thousand arrived in Philadelphia from County Antrim. So large was the migration that the Quaker governor of Pennsylvania expressed fears that these immigrants would soon be in the majority in the state and control its policy. In 1775 Pennsylvania had a population of 350,000 of which one-third was Scotch Irish. Large numbers came to Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. They were numerous also in Maryland and New York and were found in all the thirteen states. By 1775 they composed from one fifth to one fourth of the entire population of the Colonies and in numbers and influence were far greater than the Hollanders, French, and Germans combined. The migration was in families, the young, the middle-aged, the brave, the energetic; all filled with an earnest desire to better their economic condition and enjoy their chosen faith. They brought with them to this country, their arts, tools, and habits of industry, a knowledge of agriculture, and a fearlessness of perils from the savage and the wilderness. They also brought with them bitter memories of cruel oppression, religious persecution, and the poverty and distress, which they had suffered at the hands of royal and priestly power in Ireland. A home was sought

here that they might be free from English tyranny, have an opportunity to work out their political destiny, and to worship under the forms of their chosen faith. It was inevitable that when the struggle between the Colonies and the mother country began they should be found on the side of the people and that they would serve the American cause with an unanimity and efficiency not equaled by any other people. Their aims were constantly before them for on the walls of the Scotch Presbyterian's humble home were placed copies of the national covenant of Scotland which many of their ancestors had sealed with their blood.

Presbyterian churches were numerous in all the Colonies: In 1775 there were of the Presbyterian faith: twenty-eight in Maine, thirty-eight in New Hampshire and Vermont, eighteen in Massachusetts, fifty-five in New York, eighty-three in New Jersey, ninety-two in Pennsylvania, sixty-nine in Virginia, forty-five in North Carolina, and forty-three in South Carolina. In all there were more than five hundred churches and Presbyterian settlements in the states, which were grouped in presbyteries, some ten or more in number, located in different parts of the country. These presbyteries were united in a general Synod, first organized in 1717, and which met annually in Philadelphia. The ministry was an able one, most of the clergy being graduates of Scotch universities. They were not like the Apostle Peter who "sat by the fire warming himself" in the crisis of his Master's fate. On the contrary they were leaders of their flocks, bold, aggressive, and defiant for what they believed to be the civic and religious rights of their people. These presbyteries were made up of the clergy and lay elders of the different churches and were centers of political no less than religious influence. At the meetings all questions affecting the people in their civic and church relations were debated, and

so their convictions were nourished and confirmed. It was deemed an offence worthy of discipline for a minister to exhibit British sympathies. One Captain Johann Heinrich of the Hessian troops wrote thus from Philadelphia in 1778 to a friend, "Call this war by whatever name you may only call it not an American rebellion, it is nothing more or less than a Scotch Irish Presbyterian rebellion."

The Scotch Irish Presbyterians holding strongly to their opinions omitted no opportunity to assert them when the people thought they had been unjustly dealt with. They were probably the very first to oppose the arbitrary power of the British authorities in America and were the most irreconcilable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity. In 1735, twenty-six years before James Otis made his famous speech on the Writs of Assistance, one John Peter Zenger was sued for libel in New York City. He was defended by Andrew Hamilton, a Scotch Irish lawyer, who in his argument to the jury contended for the principle of free speech and for a free press and the right of the people to resist arbitrary power exercised by those in authority. Gouverneur Morris cited this speech of Hamilton's as the beginning of our liberty.

It was eight years later that Rev. Alexander Craighead, a Scotch Irish Presbyterian minister, gathered his followers together at middle Octararia in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and led them in a renewal of the Scottish Covenant. At this meeting the members declared with uplifted swords their separation from the crown which had so infamously violated its covenant engagements on both sides of the Atlantic. They denied the right of George II to rule over them because of his being the established head of the Church and because of his connection with the prelatial system of government. This declaration caused so much excitement that complaint was made against

Craighead for these utterances and later he removed to North Carolina. The churches there founded by him were composed wholly of Scotch Irish, Presbyterians, delegates from which, at the convention at Charlotte, N. C., on the 20th of May, 1775, passed the celebrated Mecklenburg declaration of independence. "We," reads that famous declaration, "do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country and hereby declare ourselves free from all allegiance to the British crown, and we hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people."

The fact of this action has been challenged, but whether such meeting was held or the resolution adopted were true or not, it is historically true that on the 30th of the same month and year the Presbyterians of the same county and in the same place, composed of the ministers and delegates from the same Scotch Irish churches, met and passed resolutions which, while not expressed in the same language, in effect asserted the same thing. "Thus," says the historian Bancroft, "was Mecklenburg County in North Carolina separated from the British Empire." Indeed, it was not the Cavalier nor the Puritan from New England but the Presbyterian from Ulster that made the first call for the freedom of the Colonies. The governors of the central and southern colonies were not far wrong when they informed the home government that the Presbyterian (or Scotch Irish) clergy were to blame for bringing about the Revolution, and it was their fiery zeal which instigated the people to resistance.

The first battle of the Revolution between the Colonists and British authority is usually fixed as at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775. It was four years earlier, however, that the Scotch Irish of North Carolina, in May, 1771, assembled and petitioned the royal governor Tryon for a redress of grievances and demanded the right to regulate their own politics

and the punishment of crime. The governor raised a force, marched against them, and a battle ensued. Twenty of the Scotch Irish citizens were killed, a large number wounded or taken prisoners, and several of them were hanged. This action of the people was a movement against the arbitrary and despotic power of the government. This battle of Alamance was as much a fight against the British crown as either that of Lexington or of Bunker Hill.

While the Scotch Irish Presbyterians were foremost in their resistance to British oppression, not all were so ready in their action as those concerned in the cases mentioned. In a general way, at least up to 1775, they professed loyalty to the English crown, while systematically and strenuously opposing the oppressive measures of the government relating to the Colonies. Thus the Synod of New York and Pennsylvania, the highest ecclesiastical body of Presbyterians in America and composed of representatives of all the presbyteries, both clerical and lay, when the conflict opened in 1775 addressed to their churches a circular letter which, while it professed loyalty to the government of England, contained strong expressions of sympathy for the people in the contest, "A contest which could not be abandoned without the abandonment of their dearest rights." This body was the very first religious organization to declare for resistance and to encourage the people to take up arms. A year later the large Presbytery of Hanover, Va., after the congress had adopted the Declaration of Independence, recognized that Act, and openly identified itself and members with the cause of freedom and independence. It was the first body of clergymen in America to range itself on the side of the Colonies. At the same time this Presbytery addressed a memorial to the Virginia Assembly asking for the separation of Church and State and leaving the support of the churches

to the voluntary contributions of their members.

The Scotch Irish Presbyterians were among the very first to declare for independence and when Congress finally took that step in 1776 they supported the action with all the energy and enthusiasm of which they were capable. The only exception was a small settlement of Highlanders in North Carolina who had immigrated to that state after the battle of Culloden. Other than this the Scotch Irish were practically unanimous in the support of American Independence.

Their services to that great feature of American government, the separation of Church and State, were of the utmost importance. In Virginia the two were united. In the state convention of 1776, called to form a constitution, Patrick Henry, the son of a Scotchman, though belonging to the established church, was the leader and in the movement to separate the two was strongly supported by the Scotch Irish Presbyterian and the Baptist members. Through their efforts a constitution was framed and adopted in which Church and State were forever divorced.

Mingled with men creating a sentiment for independence and supporting the movement when the issue of battle was joined, were found many of the most influential leaders of the Presbyterians. Among them were Rev. J. G. Craighead of North Carolina, John Murray of Maine, David Caldwell of North Carolina, and William Tenant. Of the early governors, were George Clinton the first governor of New York, John McKinley the first governor of Delaware, Thomas McKean the war governor of Pennsylvania, Richard Caswell the first governor of Georgia, and John Rutledge, the war governor of South Carolina. Out of the fifty-six members of Congress which declared for independence, eleven were Scotch Irishmen. John Witherspoon of New Jersey, the president of Prince-

ton College, had great influence in the Congress. When the Declaration came up for signature in the latter part of July or the first of August, 1776, the members seemed reluctant to affix their signatures. Wither- spoon in a speech of great ability said, "To hesitate at this moment is to consent to our own slavery. That noble instrument on your table which insures immortality to its author should be subscribed by every person in this house. He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of free-man. Although these gray hairs must soon descend to the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descend hither by the hand of the executioner than desert, at this crisis, the cause of my country." So profound was the impression made, that when he ceased speaking all hesitation to sign on the part of the members was gone.

The number of soldiers the Presbyterian Scotch Irish furnished for the armies of the Revolution can not be stated, as the existing rolls do not give either the nationality or the religious faith of the men. The number, however, was very large, probably more in the aggregate than that of any other race, and outside of New England they did more of the real fighting of the Revolution. Two of the three colonels appointed by New Hampshire in 1775, John Stark and James Reed, were Scotch Irishmen. At Bunker Hill Stark held the rail fence on the left of the redoubt. Two of his companies were composed entirely of his own race and there were many representatives in the other companies. Stark's services at Bennington need no rehearsal. The Scotch Irish of New Hampshire and western Massachusetts formed a large contingent of his little army and the battle could scarcely have been won without their effective assistance.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Virginia, Daniel

Morgan, a Scotch Irishman and Presbyterian elder, raised a body of militia among his own people and marched to Cambridge, six hundred miles to reinforce Washington's army. Morgan was with Arnold in his march through the wilds of Maine the following winter in the invasion of Canada, and when Arnold fell under the walls of Quebec, December 31st, he assumed command. Taken prisoner, and exchanged the following year, he immediately went to Virginia, raised a corps from his own church followers, and joined Washington who sent him to reinforce General Schuyler at Saratoga. At the battle of Bemis Heights, October 7, 1777, he held the most important position in the American line. It was his men who mortally wounded General Frazer which threw the British army into confusion and won the battle. After the surrender, General Burgoyne, on being introduced, said to him, "Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world." Of the famous Pennsylvania line, which was the backbone of the Continental army, two-thirds were Scotch Irishmen.

But it was in the Southern campaign in 1780 and 1781 that their services were most efficient. The American cause was then at its lowest ebb. The currency was worthless, the troops were without food, pay, and ammunition. Gloom and despair had settled upon the army and the people. Cornwallis had overrun South Carolina and crushed, or thought he had crushed, all opposition to the royal cause. In August, 1780 he administered a crushing defeat to General Gage at Camden, which seemed to end the war in the South. With his army Cornwallis started north through North Carolina and Virginia to subdue those states. His line of march lay through Mecklenburg County, N. C., the center of the Scotch Irish settlement of that colony. There were thirty Presbyterian churches and many preaching stations lying directly in his line of

march, and he described the country as a "hornets' nest." Detaching Colonel Ferguson with 1,100 men to scour the country and rally the Tories, that officer took position on Kings Mountain. The Scotch Irish settlers of the mountain districts rallied, surrounded the British forces and killed, wounded, or captured Ferguson's entire army. Five of the American officers commanding in the battle were Scotch Irish, elders in the Presbyterian Church and almost all the men were of the same faith. Kings Mountain was the decisive battle of the war in the South, turned the tide and compelling Cornwallis to change his plans completely, ultimately drove him to his doom at Yorktown. Cowpens, where the same General Morgan commanded the American forces, and the drawn battle of Guilford Court House soon followed. In the former engagement Morgan's forces were almost entirely of his own race, and in the latter battle they were a substantial part of General Greene's army. By these engagements the struggle came virtually to an end in the Carolinas. Cornwallis entered Virginia with his army reduced in numbers by one-half, and a few months later was compelled to hand his sword to General Washington in token of utter defeat.

Another service rendered by this people should be mentioned for it was of vast importance to the future of the country. At the time of the Revolution Virginia claimed all that was afterwards known as the Northwest Territory, but Great Britain had by 1776 seized all the forts and garrisons north of the Ohio and south of the Great Lakes which were scattered throughout the Territory. In 1777 and 1778 George Rogers Clark, a Scotchman, conceived the idea of reconquering the Territory, and under the direction of Governor Henry of Virginia raised a military force from among his own Presbyterian people

of the mountain districts of West Virginia, North Carolina, and the eastern parts of Kentucky, and crossing the Ohio River, recaptured or destroyed every British post in what now comprises the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Thus he secured to the Colonies all the country lying south of the Great Lakes and north and east of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

It can be truly said, as Dr. Engle, State Librarian and Historian of Pennsylvania, remarked, "I say now without fear of contradiction that had it not been for the outspoken words, the bravery and the indomitable spirit of the Scotch Irish in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, there would have been no Independence and the now glorious Union would be but an English Colony."

The war could not have been won without Scotch Irish assistance. This is not saying that they alone could have achieved the victory, but neither could the English Colonists by themselves have made it a success. The utmost efforts of both groups were required, and neither could have succeeded in the struggle without the other. Their sympathies, their political and religious views, their conceptions of liberty and functions of government, and the bitter memories of their experiences at the hands of royal and priestly power in Ireland compelled the Scotch Irish Presbyterians to side with the Colonial cause, and that cause they served with a unanimity, courage and devotion not equaled by those of any other class of people. The value of their contribution far outweighs their numbers in the ranks of the Americans; for as soldiers they were the best of the best and the bravest of the brave. Their hearts were in the issue, and had America been defeated in the struggle they would have been the very last to lay down their arms.

AT THE SYMPHONY

Phenix Hall, Concord, February 19, 1918—Reflections
Grave and Gay

Last concert of the third series, New England Symphony Orchestra, Carlyle W. Blaisdell, Conductor*

By Milo E. Benedict

Good luck, Mr. Blaisdell, to you and your "band,"
The public approves of the work at your hand.
You've sorted and chosen and brought to the fore
An orchestra we should have long known before.
A tentative effort? Well, more is the glory;
With salaried men, 'twere a different story!
A Foundation Fund for good music alone
Is yet a pale dream. Did ye ask for a stone?
To keep art in motion,—not all for the few—
Is a modern notion right good to pursue.
The work of rehearsals, which orchestras need,
Is conditioned by clothing, and money and feed;
In short, as you know, the up-keep of men
Who play for the public is serious when
There's only the box office cash to divide
With printers and gas men (and heat on the side).
And so we may make in this season of ice
A show of our thanks for your true sacrifice.
We know what it means to make music the goal;
It means the exchange of our talent for coal.
So many tons go for a song or a waltz,
Sometimes it's hard telling whose measure is false.
Prometheus stole all his fire from Heaven,—
Enough to keep heat in his hall up to 'leven.
But men of this age must usher in dollars
To keep in the van of white cuffs and collars,
Of swallow-tailed coats, when swallows are scarcer
Than hen's teeth, or diamonds! Which are the more rare, Sir?
But I see my ink is beginning to spatter,
So let me not digress too far from the matter
Of telling the world that music's no cinch.
We all have to work for it inch by inch.

But oh! for a million, no less, no more,
To put all our music upon the ground floor,
With organ, and stage, and a gorgeous front door!
How people would flock here to see and adore!

* These half humorous lines, written in a journalistic vein, which were prompted by the occasion indicated in the heading, will, we believe, be read with interest by many of our readers. They express a certain conviction as to the gain music has been given in the State through the efforts of Mr. Blaisdell in promoting the "Symphony" idea and in getting together a body of such highly qualified players as he has found. The abilities displayed by the various members of the orchestra itself, to which some of the lines most pleasingly refer, justify, it seems to us, the tribute the poet has seen fit to offer. A number of pertinent thoughts are brought to the reader's observation by the mention of the need of a fund for the support of orchestral concerts in the State. Not that music needs official sanction; but it does need, in the case of the orchestra, something more dependable than the attendance of audiences whose movements are subject to the caprices of the weather.—EDITOR.

Ne'er was the light on a cool, damp sea
 More weird than the bassoon when Mr. Crampsey
 Elicited tones from its superb bass,
 And plied his deft hands on its long drawn face.
 Too long has this instrument labored unheard;
 Kept under by riotous strings, preferred
 Because of their eagerness for the front seats
 Like children among those who do greater feats.

Of brass, could I make it to sound like gold,
 I then could a wonderful tale unfold.
 But I leave that art, and my futile endeavors,
 To the ample accomplishments of Mr. Nevers.

Most modest, reserved,—he gave us no hint
 Of the breadth of his art—that gifted young Mindt,
 Until he appeared in his spirited style
 And gave us a solo without any guile.

And there is another whose style has a sheen,—
 I refer to our gracious, good friend, Mr. Green.
 But why should he hike to the snows of Laconia
 Where they make cars and dodge the pneumonia?

I felt a wild tyranny in the big drum,
 But it never got out under Robinson's thumb.
 His bells were a shaft of blue and white light
 Let down from Aurora to chasten the night.

The 'cellos and viols gave stronger persuasion
 To wood winds keyed up to some lighter occasion.
 They strengthened the sentiment, lest one should shirk,
 Like generals leading their soldiers to work.

More starch in old Nicolai than in Peer Gynt!
 But I may be wrong. Is it so, Mr. Quint?
 One thing we have seen: old Orpheus beaten
 With the flute in the hands of our own Mr. Wheaton.

The clarinet work was not done by a Hoosier,
 For no one out west can quite equal our Tozier.
 So nimble in fingers and smoothe in his tone
 One fancies oneself on a thistledown blown.

I've just one reflection to offer that's grave:
 From using revolvers—"Save O Save."
 All right for the junkers who, like Boy-Ed,
 Have evil designs, and are over joy-ed
 When ever our powder blows up in our face,
 Just so the old Kaiser may slacken his pace.
 But this is no critique. I've merely said
 Just a few things that flashed into my head
 While the "boys" banished the thunders of Thor,
 And made us forget we're a nation at war.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND

*By Erastus P. Jewell**

I have chosen for a brief talk this evening the stormy beginnings of New England, the turbulent days when the earliest settlers toiled upon the foundations of the Republic. Some of them now have been sleeping for more than two centuries and a half. They fell in the wilderness then, where states like empires rise today upon the soil where savages hunted in silence undisturbed three hundred years ago.

About two hundred and seventy years ago, in early winter, after sixty-three days upon the waves, just one hundred persons sighted the New England coast. They were tempest-beaten and weary of the sea. Yet far more forbidding was the desolate shore. Nature at that time was presenting her most repulsive winter features. The cold sea with ceaseless roar was beating in upon the sands and the coast line looked defiant and wrathful upon the feeble and shivering invaders. The winds from the unknown islands smote the defenceless strangers as with whips of steel. A heartless foe seemed to stand guard in the solitude to strike down the defenceless few, and in the accurate and simple language of the old historian, "they were soon smitten with disease and desperate coughs," and in about three months sixty of the one hundred were in their graves." He adds:

"Such were the solemn trials of God, so great was their distress in times of general sickness that there were no more than six or eight to care for all the sick and dying." Then he added

Erastus P. Jewell

the fearfully significant remark: "If the greater part had not been removed by death, all would have perished for want of food." No picture can be drawn which will faithfully portray

* This address, or lecture, by Mr. Jewell, was delivered on several occasions nearly thirty years ago. The manuscript of the same was found among the papers left in his office by the late State Historian Albert S. Batchelor, and is deemed worthy of publication at this time on account of its general interest and historic value.

Erastus P. Jewell was a prominent lawyer of Laconia for many years. Born in Sandwich, March 16, 1837, he was educated in the public schools and New Hampton Literary Institution, but was obliged to relinquish his studies on account of ill health. Finally he was able to take up the study of law in the office of the late Col. Thomas J. Whipple of Laconia, was admitted to the bar in March, 1865, commenced practice in company with Colonel Whipple, and continued with marked success, in several successive partnership connections, until his death, April 3, 1909. He was not only an able lawyer, but a widely read historical student, having made a special study of early New England history, and the habits and customs of the Aborigines.

the misery and suffering of that first winter, when the half-clad and destitute colony, scarcely daring to eat of their scanty food, from windowless, doorless, floorless, ill-constructed camps were committing one, two and three of their decreasing numbers to the earth daily, until it did seem as if the God in heaven to whom they constantly and imploringly prayed for aid had forgotten them or, wearied with prayer, mocked their calamity.

They were beyond the reach of human aid. God seemed their only refuge, and never from the time when Edward Thompson, who was the first to die, fell asleep, December 4, 1620, until the last of the sixty victims of the winter was put away, did these historic founders of a nation ever doubt that Heaven heard their petitions, and when the first soft air of March touched their emaciated and furrowed faces, it is written: "They fell upon their knees in thanksgiving to God that they had been such objects of his special care." Emerging from a winter of such unparalleled sufferings, well might these mighty old builders of history rise superior to material woes, as faith touched the border line of a majestic future.

The unexpected conditions which confronted these new settlers found them unprotected. Many had left homes of ease and comfort. They expected to winter in the milder climate of New York or Virginia. Of a terrific encounter with a New England winter they had never dreamed. For it they were not prepared, and they were not equal to the tremendous exposure. Twenty-six women—nineteen wives and seven daughters of the Pilgrims—faced the storms and shared their scanty allowance of pounded corn with their stronger companions during the memorable winter of 1620–21. Ten cold camps constituted the homes of the entire population. When the spring came, says Winthrop, "men actually staggered with faintness for want of food." For two or three

years the food supply was shared by the entire population as one family, and at times it was so low that the people were brought to the verge of starvation. Prodigious efforts were required at all times to secure enough food of any kind to sustain life, while they practised the greatest economy in its use.

In 1623 the distress was so great, in spite of all efforts to secure food, that it was decided that each should plant for himself and make a special effort to increase the supply. The new arrangement was attended with marked improvement, but the increase was not sufficient to prevent want, suffering and danger at times.

This year the Plymouth Colony were reduced to one old boat, upon which the inhabitants actually depended for existence. They constructed a great net, which enabled them with the boat to procure bass, which providentially and unexpectedly came upon the coast and into the creeks in unusual quantities. All summer, early and late, they toiled with that old boat, with all their might, to procure fish. Had it not been for this seemingly miraculous supply of fish, it is likely that the whole colony would have perished. When there was a great scarcity of fish, and when the game disappeared, which was not an unusual occurrence, our fathers resorted to the humble clam, which afforded food when other means of sustenance failed. The game supply was always unreliable. Some years its scarcity was surprising and unaccountable, considering the abundance at other times. The sudden appearance of fish or game in quantities sufficient for the needs of the pioneers seemed to the eye of faith an answer to prayer.

At first only a small portion of land was set apart for each planter to cultivate, but it worked so well that in 1627 twenty acres were allotted to each and the New England home advanced a little. Small, rough houses of logs, hewn a little on two

sides and placed one upon another and notched and locked at the ends, soon adorned these little farms. They were rude affairs, these early log houses; built without bricks, nails, glass or boards, tightened with mud or clay, without floors, and frequently one third of the space was occupied by the great rock chimney. They were without cellars, and seldom contained more than one room, in which the humble dwellers crowded, cooked, lived, slept and *died*. Cooking then was simply roasting and boiling in that most useful and valuable of early household goods, the everlasting iron pot.

Outside of a few centers like Salem and Boston, the scattered settlers really had no furniture. They used rude benches and blocks for seats, and occasionally some one had brought some old article of furniture. Beds were made of hemlock boughs and skins. No supplies could be purchased, even of the simplest kinds, this side of the ocean. Such rude implements as they were obliged to have and their clothes soon became worn and out of repair, and there was no supply at hand to make good the wornout garments. During the first hundred years men and women, as a rule, went barefoot from early spring till late in the fall, from necessity. The garments which our ancestors sometimes wore were simply shocking in a multitude of cases. People wore to church what today would not be tolerated by the humblest laborer in our street ditches, and no woman of today could be induced to appear in her domestic labors as the women of New England appeared in public. Modesty was out of the question. The conditions which environed them were hard and unyielding and not calculated to develop taste, elegance or refinement. Even the decencies of life could scarcely be observed. It was often a weary battle for existence. For a large part of the first century, children could be found with their little feet wrapped in rags dipped in

animal fat to afford some protection through the winter.

The ancient shoes were made by hand and were very rare. They were things of beauty, and, if one owned a pair, a joy almost forever. *They* had the merit of endurance, but, as I have said, they were not worn *every* day, and so one pair lasted a long time and frequently served several members of the family in turn—sons and daughters as well. The main point to be observed in the construction was the size. Ye gods! what shoes they were!

Advancing now to 1719, we touch a pivotal point. This year flax was introduced. Now everything seemed to change. Linen fabrics, of which the people were justly proud, came into general use and added immensely to the comfort and thrift of the people. Business boomed, and it may be said the second century was marked by great material advancement. But even now such things as tea, coffee, milk and sugar, outside of a few sections, were unknown. Pine knots constituted about the only lights, except from the fires in the roaring throats of the huge chimneys. Lamps and candles had not appeared, and the friction match was yet to be discovered. Fire had to be kept day and night, summer and winter. The loss of fire was sometimes a calamity and occasioned great distress. The utmost care had to be observed to preserve it in every home. Especially was this the case in habitations far removed from neighbors.

These old homes were without clocks, and a watch did not exist in dreams. The noon mark, and very rarely a sundial made of pewter, with a three-cornered piece to cast a shadow, served a useful purpose in sunshine, and the time of day could be guessed with reasonable certainty. It was a different thing in cloudy weather and in the night-time. The clepsydra came later for use in the night. This, as you know, was a contrivance to measure time by

water leaking from a glass in a given time. It was not very accurate and was a very poor substitute for a clock, but in those pioneer days it was a treasure and it was very rare. Only a few were in use. The great majority, for the first century, had no means whatever to determine the hours of night.

Prior to 1800, rye, corn, beans and squashes were about all that the planters raised. Wheat flour at that time was not in use at all. Game, fish and strawberries, which soon became abundant in their new fields, added to their simple bill of fare, though butter, sugar and milk as a rule were entirely wanting. A domestic beer, of some kind, could be found everywhere. It was compounded of roots, barks and herbs, in all sorts of ways, and frequently was a very good drink.

Judge Bourne, the historian of Wells, says: "Perhaps till the close of the 17th century the New England settlers as a rule lived in houses of but one and occasionally two rooms, and had but one bed, and only those of the largest means had two." This is his description of the furniture of one house in Wells: "In looking around we discover a table, a pewter pot, a hanger, a little mortar, a dripping pan, and a skillet. There was no crockery, tin or glass ware, no knives, forks or spoons, and not a chair in the house. There were two rooms and a bed in each. The inventory shows a blanket and a chest. We have been through the house. They have nothing more in it. And this is the house of Edmund Littlefield, the richest man in town. He had a large family and lived in style."

In the house of Ensign John Barrett, who was quite eminent in his day and had an elegant house, we find two beds, two chests, a box, four pewter dishes, four earthen pots, two iron pots, seven trays, two pails, some wooden ware, a skillet and a frying pan. Nothing else. No chairs, knives, forks, spoons, or crockery.

I have examined with care and with a great deal of interest such inventories of the period as I have been able to find, and find nothing more extensive than is indicated in the house of Nicholas Cate of Maine. He was a selectman, a notable person who maintained a fashionable house. His house was furnished with a kettle, a pot and pot-hooks, a pair of tongs, a pail and a pitcher. This house had a chamber, where we find a bed and bedding, and other articles valued at fifty cents.

I have selected these last estates as an illustration. They are very far above the average for the first three fourths of a century. What should we expect to find in the humblest New England log houses of 1680, when the richest families actually suffered such deprivations? Even in the first families, we note an entire absence of books, except in homes of clergymen. Not even an almanac furnished the means of telling the day of the week or month, and sometimes the most ridiculous mistakes were made in regard to Sunday. Multitudes of children were born and grew up who never saw their faces in a looking-glass. Scarcely one could be found, or even a fragment of a mirror. One was owned by Joseph Cross, of Ogunquit. He had no chairs in his house, but his little looking-glass was an object of curiosity, and so fixed itself in the minds of the people that it found a place in history, of which I speak tonight.

The wigwams of the Indians furnished more comforts to the victims than could be found in the very earliest homes of their white neighbors. They had some neat articles of bone, shell and stone, very good earthen pots of different sizes, baskets of twigs, birch bark, and some very fair vessels of wood, to which were added beds made of skins exceedingly well tanned but usually abominably dirty.

Soon after the arrival of the first settlers, many adventurers came and a large proportion of them were not

altogether intent upon the worship of the Most High. Still the leading, dominant class were religious, and their religion was heroic. The laws of England did not come across the ocean to oppress them nor to protect them. In their new home new laws had to be made, courts constructed and officers appointed to enforce the laws. At the beginning of New England there was no law, no courts, no executive officers. At first the leading men assumed judicial authority. They constituted a council and made such rules as to them seemed proper. Their work was rude and rough. These men had fled from what seemed tyranny, but unconsciously they became tyrannical themselves. They did, no doubt, what they thought was best to promote order among the new settlers and to advance what they considered the "cause of God."

Their laws and the punishments inflicted for their violation reveal in the most striking manner the character of the fathers. Fearlessly they cut loose from precedent and inaugurated strange, unheard-of, inappropriate and unequal punishments. There was no uniformity, but great dissimilarity in the laws as enforced in different localities. Prior to about 1648, it should be remembered, there were no printed statutes. The capricious and dangerous rules relied upon to regulate society before that time were originated and enforced by self-constituted bodies, from whose decisions there could be no appeal. They savor of bigotry, superstition and intolerance. They were often cruel, unjust and oppressive. Invariably woman as an offender was visited with unreasonable and disproportionate punishment.

In 1679 Sarah Morgan struck her husband. She was made to pay fifty shillings and stand all day before the people at town meeting in Kittery with an almost unendurable gag in her mouth. And this treatment of the defenceless woman, without doubt, met the approbation of the

good men of the times. One George Rogers and a woman whose name appears upon the record were convicted of the same offence. Each was beaten with thirty-nine stripes, but the woman was branded with a hot iron and had her disgrace, as they put it, made enduring, while he resumed his standing with the good people in the church, having expressed sorrow for his sin.

No one could safely denounce such defenceless laws or question their sometimes brutal enforcement, without great risk of becoming a victim himself.

In 1648 some laws were published which were made by the ministers and magistrates, who had been working upon them from time to time and arranging such rules for the conduct of the people as seemed good to them. Penalties were attached for their violation, and the mind of the clergyman of the period can be plainly read in the laws. Courts were created for their execution and they enforced the will of the lawmakers with the same merciless spirit which characterized the dominant minds. Whatever the ancient ministers and the magistrates who took their guidance desired to be law was law. They were responsible to nobody, and nobody could appeal from the enforced will of these grim and surly men. The few ancient books which constituted the intellectual food, found only in ministers' libraries, impressed and fixed necessarily the severe and inflexible nature of their authors. No one except ministers, as I have intimated, had books, and the old leaders of thought and opinion were hardened into an intellectual tyranny by the influence of an older age.

As yet the masses were in mental chains. The age of newspapers and magazines had not arrived. No opportunities were open to the masses when the few old-fashioned, strong-willed men lived in the cold atmosphere of unquestioned power above the common people. While the many

were hopelessly ignorant, the few in advanced conditions of intelligence properly assumed the direction and leadership in public affairs. And, with all their faults and shortcomings, we conclude they followed the right as it seemed to them.

The few old controversial books read by the Mathers, Wheelwright, Prince and Hubbard exhibit themselves in the laws of two hundred years ago. They reveal the flavor and breathe the spirit of ancient thought, just as the books and literature of 1890 breathe the spirit of today. Then but a very few read only a few books and received from them few ideas; and much of error took root, outgrowing and uprooting the truth.

The witch lived in the old literature, and through it the strange delusion crept into the brain of the old scholar, filling his head with ridiculous fancies and alarms. The witch became an object of terror to our fathers, when they saw that the learned and saintly leaders were alarmed. The air was filled with beings who floated through the fevered night to vex and disturb mankind with the spirit of the devil. It is very difficult now for us to realize how the early settlers were afflicted with dreadful superstitions. The old historians, with great gravity, have recorded the most absurd and impossible occurrences, which they supposed, of course; to be true. Even Winthrop says that on the 18th of June, 1643, the devil was seen over against two islands in Boston harbor in the form of a man and emitting sparks and flames of fire, etc. Hubbard, who wrote forty years later, again records the story and sends it along the ages as an historical fact, to be remembered forever. These deluded leaders and teachers crowded the minds of their humble followers with fears. Strange and appalling sights and sounds filled the air. Evil spirits teased and tormented day and night, encompassed their fields and waters, wandering maliciously through

the thick woods and screaming along the storm-swept coasts.

The senseless mummeries of the old or the insane were looked upon with dread, as the undoubted work of Satan. The gnawing of a prayer-book by mice, the destruction of a house by lightning, an accident, early frost, or any thing unusual and out of the everyday course of nature, was caused by the interference of supernatural powers. Chapters of silly accounts of such things can readily be found scattered all along the pathway of our earliest history, written by the scholarly and sincere historians for preservation.

With what caution should we read history, when the falsehoods are so conspicuous, when the superstitious authors honestly endorsed lies and thus served the evil one whom they so thoroughly despised!

Laws enacted under such conditions and born of such fearful delusions took cruel shape in New England to smite down the enemies of God and destroyers of mortal peace. In their great contest with the evil of witchcraft in Salem, with fasting and prayer the heroic old Christians asked of God special guidance, while in his special service they destroyed his foes. One instance will suffice to illustrate at once the zeal and madness of the times.

Bridget Bishop was the first victim to this strange fanaticism. Innocent as an angel (as all now admit), this despairing, frightened woman was roughly dragged from her home in Washington Street, Salem, to a public place of execution, in an open and conspicuous manner, "to make the spectacle appalling," as was written. Cotton Mather seriously affirmed that in passing "she gave a look at the meeting house and the devil tore down a part of it." This outrageous falsehood was used against her and may have been and probably was of great weight in the trial and conviction of other victims. A few years ago, as I read the testimony, faded with years,

against the unfortunate sufferers, which is still preserved in Salem, read the death warrants and the evidence of executions and could discover nothing—not a thing—to cast suspicion upon the accused, I was struck with wonderment that such delusions, trials, convictions and executions could disgrace our history.

As the witch literature retired before the advance of intelligence, so vanished the witch from the thoughts of men, until now only in the darkest alcoves of ignorance can traces of the hobgoblin be found.

Within three or four centuries, such was the level of intellectual development that the great and good, *all* believed in witchcraft and kindred delusions. The fires of the church were constantly employed in burning innocent, agonizing sufferers, till, crisped to cinders through unutterable suffering and torture, upon chariots of flame, the innocent sufferers reached their rest at last. The judicial executions in England in two centuries were more than thirty thousand. The great Matthew Hale caused two to be burned as late as 1664. Three thousand were executed during the long parliament. Neither church nor state spared any rank or condition. In 1716 Mrs. Hick and her child only nine years old were executed as witches. In fifteen years nine hundred were burnt in Lorraine, five hundred in Geneva in three months, one thousand in Como in one year, and thirty were executed in a village of six hundred in four years. More than one hundred thousand perished in Germany, among them an eminent Catholic priest accused of having bewitched a whole convent. The last sufferer in Scotland was in 1722. The damnable laws in England were not repealed until 1736.

But the ancient champions of justice, as they thought themselves, were honest, fearfully in earnest, and devoted to the service of the Holy One, and these hard-visaged, solemn-minded old soldiers of the cross took

the lives of the enemies of the cause so dear to them with a relish, and with fasting and prayer continued to slaughter until the red stain of their delusion hangs forever upon us to mark with shame this conspicuous chapter of New England history.

In the original laws of Massachusetts Bay Colony were to be found thirteen death penalties. Such was the temper of the times that not only witchcraft was punished with death, but idolatry, blasphemy, false witness, smiting father or mother after sixteen years of age, filial rebellion after the same age, were also punished by taking the life of the offender. No one can fail to see the same cast of thought in these laws, as well as in the lower grades of offences, where we find punishments adjudged and inflicted for what seem to us most trivial, questionable, and even ludicrous matters.

Whipping was mercilessly applied for numerous offences. Branding with a hot iron and clipping the ears were well-known penalties. Richard Hopkins was severely whipped and branded for selling powder to the Indians. To deny the authority of the Scriptures cost fifty pounds or forty stripes, and the fifty pounds penalty was considered light compared with the stripes. Philip Radcliff had his ears cut off, was whipped and banished because he did what I do tonight. He censured the church which approved of the killing of witches. At one time no man could be qualified either to elect or be elected to an office who was not a church-member. Consequently the distance was very great between the two classes,—between the church men and those who ventured to question their authority.

As I have stated, the making and executing the laws in the early times were entirely the work of those especially interested in advancing the cause of religion and planting the Gospel in the New World. Religion and Law went hand in hand, and the

stocks in which offenders were confined stood appurtenant to the church, and the pillory was a kindred terror to evildoers and a great moral force and power. In one case, a carpenter charged too much, as was adjudged, for making a pair of stocks, and was sentenced for the offence to be put into them himself for one hour and to pay a fine just equal to what he charged for making them.

The first meeting-houses were owned by the town, and seats were allotted by a committee. Children were given the low benches in front and were made to feel that the house of God was truly an awful place. Vigilant and severe men were appointed to keep strict watch, and nothing escaped their observation. These men were frequently armed with a club big enough to kill an ox, with a knob on one end and feathers or a foxtail on the other. This club absorbed the almost undivided attention of "Young America" of those days, as it was carried about to thump the heads of masculine sleepers or to brush the noses of the ladies should they chance to be unmindful of the solemn sentences of the preacher.

This meeting-house tyrant looked after the whipping post, stocks and pillory, which were conveniently near and in readiness if any were deemed worthy of punishment by this exacting official. These great moral appurtenances were not kept for ornament, not at all; but for use whenever the man with the club thought such agencies were healthy. I find a case where one was whipped, suffered the loss of both ears, and was then banished, for what was termed "slandering the church." Captain Stone, of Boston, called Ludlow, who was a justice of the peace, a *just ass*; and for this offence the old law took one hundred pounds and sent him into banishment, "not to return on pain of death, without the governor's leave." A fine of one penny was fixed for every time of taking tobacco in any place, and in Plymouth Colony

there may be found the record of a fine of five shillings for taking tobacco while on a jury before the verdict was rendered. At this time there was a penalty for not attending church, of ten shillings fine or imprisonment.

Private conference (whatever that might be) in a public meeting was fined twelve pence. And then, as a kind of omnibus, as lawyers say, we find this really rich statute: "*No person shall spend his time unprofitably under pain of such punishment as the court shall think meet to inflict.*" This was the great statute under which the court could pick up and punish any body or any thing which they were pleased to consider an unprofitable use of time, and the amount and kind of punishment were determined according to the notions of the court.

Not only did these ancient men attempt to regulate the acts and conduct of the people, but the dress must be made in accordance with their ideas of strict propriety. I will quote exactly now: "No person either man or woman shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve, and another in the back, also all *cull*, embroidered or needle workt caps, bands, vayles are forbidden hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty," that is, such penalty as the court think meet to inflict. In Boston in 1639 the law provided that "no garment should be made with short sleeves whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof." The same statute provided that, when garments were already made with short sleeves, "the arms should be covered with linen or *otherwise*." Also, "No person was allowed to make a garment for women with sleeves more than half an ell wide" and "so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons." Kissing was regulated then by law, and one at least endured twenty lashes because he refused to pay a fine of ten shillings for kissing his own (not another's) wife in his own garden; and in re-

venge, it is recorded, he swore he would never kiss her again in public or private. Fines and whippings were frequently resorted to to bring this troublesome matter of kissing within the prescribed rule.

There is some doubt about the date, but I think Ward's collection of laws, called "*Body of Liberties*," was published about 1641. In this collection were intertwined religion and law, according to the author's idea, as he had been a lawyer in England and minister here. A hundred laws were drawn up, largely by this minister of Ipswich, who had no restrictions upon him and was the best prepared of any in the colony to prepare the compound which was destined to be adopted to purge the community of evil. In this remarkable work appears the attempt to banish every thing this earnest author thought to be wrong or which did not conform to his notions of propriety. If in any given case this old "*Body of Liberty*" did not furnish the remedy, the magistrate did not hesitate to extend it. He supplied the deficiency and the penalty, and there was no appeal. Of course, there were many things which could be found in the laws of England, but much in the "*Body of Liberty*" which was a wide departure. Every thing that Puritanism touched was distinctly impressed by it. Houses of worship, dress, manners, customs and names, as well as laws, revealed the presence of its mighty and strange influence. Old forms and ceremonies were shivered into fragments by these stern and fearless men. They went directly to Sinai and its thunders, took their laws from God, and whatever they took them to be they were enforced. The Puritan was destructive. He was a born fighter and, armed with "*Thus saith the Lord*," he was well-nigh invincible. No other character could have subdued the wilderness and so successfully contended with the obstacles and conditions of two hundred and fifty years ago.

To them God was an "ever present help in every time of need," and in their warfare against every form of ungodliness they confidently relied upon his assistance in answer to prayer. Thus believing in God, they prayed for his guidance and support continually, and unhesitatingly moved in obedience to his will as they interpreted it, from conquering to conquer, but having broken down and destroyed old conditions they had no power to erect new systems except such as grew out of force.

The Puritan destroyed nature's wild but majestic harmonies with the zeal of the Crusader, but no divine art replaced what he had destroyed. His stubborn and unyielding tastes closed his eyes to a world full of transcendent beauty and settled the night shadows of unloveliness over all. The work of Puritanism was entirely wanting in every thing that we call attractive. It has been characterized as "a dreary waste overhung by a wintry sky." The imposing forms of worship of the old churches they seemed to hate, and a simplicity of the most severe type took deep root to choke out all forms of beauty in the New World.

Ornamentation was simply abominable in the sight of God. A modest ribbon was the devil's chain; a bow or flower upon a bonnet or a garment in a Puritan church would not have been tolerated a moment, and under the laws would have brought down something like vengeance on the wicked and proud. Our modern churches—the plainest, even the sanctuaries of the Quakers—by these old religious pioneers would not be regarded as "fit dwellings for the holy spirit." The furnace, carpet, organ and frescoing of our beautiful churches to the dear old Christian of 1640 would be dreadful, and the graceful spire with gilded top and deep-toned bell would suggest the vengeance of heaven upon these unsanctified and carnal devices of men, and in the modern service they would find food for abhorrence

but not for the strengthening of the divine life.

The ancient worshipers, regardless of storms and snow, went long distances frequently to the old meeting-houses upon the coldest hills, and in the fireless, forbidding, cheerless sanctuary worshiped as they did everything else with characteristic persistence and rigidity, and with amazing fortitude often sat in a temperature below freezing and listened to the hard doctrinal sermons of the past; and when they went to rest at night the day was closed with offering thanks for the great privileges they had enjoyed. They believed in a very straight and very narrow way. It mattered not to them that the sermon was two hours long. The freezing temperature of the meeting-house and the discomforts attending getting to it were not considered, they were so insignificant compared with the privilege of sitting under the sound of the Gospel where there was none to molest nor make afraid. They knew nothing of toleration. The right to shut the doors against intruders was as undoubted as their right to breathe. Episcopalians, Baptists, Catholics, Quakers were all offensive, and the Quakers in particular suffered extreme persecution.

Upon their very first arrival, Quakers were arrested, and, although there was no express law against them, they were condemned, confined and banished. All their books were forcibly taken and publicly burned. Strict laws were at once enacted to keep them out, as if a Quaker was an incarnate Satan. Any master of a vessel who brought one was fined one hundred pounds and required to give security to take him away. The Quaker in the meantime should receive twenty stripes and be sent to the house of correction for no offence except his faith. All who befriended or entertained one of the unfortunates were fined forty shillings an hour. If the offender persisted, he should lose an ear. If he repeated the offence, he

was to lose his other ear. As a last resort to correct, whipping and boring the tongue with a hot iron followed.

Myra Clark, Christopher Holden and John Copeland endured the most inhuman whipping with knotted cords in 1657. The Quakers were as stubborn as the Puritans and sometimes seemed to enjoy their afflictions, as if they were accounted worthy of stripes. So the very next year Holden and Copeland appear again, this time to lose their ears and get into prison. No Quaker escaped unnoticed. Many were pursued and suffered cruel and brutal treatment. Robinson, Stevenson, Mary Dyar and others were put to death. Mr. Drake says "the cruelties perpetrated upon these poor misguided people are altogether of a character *too horrid to be related.*" At last, to his everlasting credit, the king of England interposed and by an order dated September 9, 1661, put a stop to the cruel work. A banished Quaker brought the order from the king to Governor Endicott's hands. Upon seeing the Quaker with his hat on, the severe old governor told him sternly to take off his hat. It is recorded that upon receiving the mandamus the governor's own hat came off and he replied "We shall obey his majesty's command." And so they did, so far as taking life was a penalty, but the persecution continued in various and almost unendurable ways, until at last they got a foothold in spite of opposition. Times then began to change, the laws against them became unpopular and could not be enforced, and at last, with his gospel of "peace," the Quaker found a home where, he too, could worship in peace. So

Step by step since time began
We see the steady march of man.

As we recall the hardfaced old settlers of 1640, barefooted, men and women, poorly clad in patched, scanty and ill-fitting garments, crowded into small and smoky log habitations or garrison houses in times of danger from

the Indians; as we recall the old barn-like churches and the worshippers attending with their guns, we have little difficulty in tracing the effect of such unyielding conditions upon their minds. We grow charitable towards the failings of the suffering pioneers who hopefully and valiantly labored upon the rough foundations of New England.

We find a strange suggestion in the names of the first three children baptized in Boston: Pity, Joy and Recompense. The same serious tone pervaded all the old-time homes, as children responded to the names: Patience, Deliverance, Prudence, Charity, Hope, Dependence, Thankful, Content, Hate, Evil and Holdfast. Many masculine names, enough to destroy a sensitive ear, were designed to perpetuate a remembrance of such Bible characters as had greatly impressed them.

The titles of books and pamphlets published on the other side of the water about the time of the settlement of New England afford food for reflection and abundant opportunity to ascertain the true level of thought of such as gave direction and shape to public opinion as it prevailed in the colonies. A pamphlet published in 1626 was entitled, "A most delectable sweet perfumed nosegay for God's saints to smell at." Twenty years later we find, "A pair of bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Frey." Also, "Snuffers of Divine Love," "Hooks and Eyes for believers' breeches," "High heeled shoes for Dwarfs in holiness," "Crumbs of comfort for chickens of the covenant," "Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the soul sneeze with devotion," "A shot aimed at the Devil's headquarters through the tube of the cannon of the covenant," "A Reaping hook well tempered for the stubborn ears of the coming crop of biscuits baked in the oven of Charity carefully conserved for the chickens of the church the sparrows of the Spirit and the sweet swallows of Salvation," "Some sobs of a sorrowful soul for sin,

in seven penitential psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuls* handful of Honey suckles and divers Godly pithy ditties now newly augmented," "A sigh of Sorrow for the sinners* of Zion breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel known among men as Samuel Fish." All of these works were laboriously prepared by their pious authors as Baxter prepared and published the confession of his faith in 1655. "especially concerning the interest of Repentance and sincere obedience, written for the satisfaction of the misinformed, the conviction of Calumniators and the Explication and Vindication of some weighty truths." In these ancient works there is a marvelous revelation of the spirit and tendency of the age, of the temper and capacity of the men who were the models of the New England fathers.

The most conservative will now smile at their robust superstitions and wonder that such notions were entertained by reasonable men, and yet the honest and conceited old authors showed monumental contempt for all who differed with them, and evidently with great self-satisfaction thought they had reached the limit of unaided human reason, beyond which point they walked with majestic fortitude by faith, not by sight; laying hold of the promises of God, as it seemed to them, they were fearless, never doubting the Almighty aid upon which they were taught to rely.

If famine threatened, they prayed. If disease invaded their homes, if the danger of Indian massacre hung like a fearful cloud above them, they sent up their petition for divine help. And, whatever of safety or comfort came to them, to their minds came in answer to their petitions To them

Prayer was the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death.
They entered heaven by prayer.

* Reading doubtful.

I have taken this brief mental excursion to the olden days, not so much for entertainment as for instruction, if perchance there are some of my hearers who are not quite familiar with the ground over which we have so hastily traveled. To such as are most familiar with our early history no apology is necessary, for we cannot too often recur to this memorable period.

In the clearer light of today, we part company with the enslaving superstitions and some of the errors of the past. We look at them occasionally, as we do at the garments and toys of childhood, which may be treasured when outgrown and after the days of their usefulness are past.

The superstitious ignorance of the childhood of mankind, which be-shrouded the religion of the founders of New England and edged many of their laws with almost inhuman barbarity, we cannot recall with pleasure, and yet we gladly throw around them the great mantle of charity and recognize outside of their few shortcomings that tireless spirit of resistless energy which characterized their historic labors and which is still felt at the heart of New England today.

On the whole they did their work well and in their day marched up with fortitude and great courage and held the picket line of thought, just as we now hold it two hundred years in advance of their time. Two eventful centuries have lifted the race far above the mental level of 1680, and the distance covered by the advance is so vast that it can scarcely be comprehended. But let us not be vain-glorious and fall into the ancient error of overestimating our own attainments. The summit yet to be reached is not yet in sight. We are in the morning of the very first day

of the mighty march of mankind. The call is to advance. It is the morning reveille that is sounding now. The ground which we occupy will be immediately left behind as we advance. The scholars of two centuries hence, as they review our times, will be charitable to our faults, but we may rest assured that the just criticisms upon much of our work and upon our religion and laws will not be calculated to glorify the century, still characterized by wars, conspicuous for crimes and permeated with corruption.

There will undoubtedly be great progress in the next two hundred years, as there has been in the last two hundred, but each succeeding age will forever push on, discarding the rubbish of the outgrown past, as the unchained human soul continually advances into the purer and higher regions of thought.

The ancient knights, mail clad and armed with cumbersome and unwieldy weapons, to strike down and brain their foes, were the heroes of coarse and brutal war. We have outgrown and passed out entirely beyond the ideas of the days of the crusades; and may we not hope that the superstitions which still remain in the minds of men and our ideas of warfare may speedily be outgrown as well, and that in the immediate hereafter war in any form shall be looked upon as brutal and unworthy of nations who bow before and worship the Prince of Peace?

We are not responsible for the conditions which surround us at birth, but we are under divine orders to advance.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.



THE DIPPER IN THE SKY

By Charles Nevers Holmes

There is a dipper in the sky, at least it looks like one, a dipper of stars! We cannot see it in the daytime because our sun shines so brightly that his light hides all the other stars from sight; but at night it twinkles plainly before our eyes. If we go out-of-doors and stand in some spot where our view of the darkened skies is unobstructed by electric lamps and buildings, we shall see the dipper in the north. Now, this dipper's sky-position changes from hour to hour, for, as we know, our sun's position changes from hour to hour. The dipper circles around and around what is called the north star; but if we search for it at 9 p. m. on a certain night in the year we shall find it exactly in the same place at 9 o'clock just a year from that night. If we look for it in winter it will be in the northeast; in spring well overhead; in summer northwest; and in fall not far above the northern horizon. Of course, these are the dipper's positions for the seasons about 9 p. m.; but during every twenty-four hours the dipper revolves once wholly around the north star, so that at midnight it would not have the same place in the sky as at some earlier hour.

The dipper is such a noticeable firmamental object that we can easily find it. Besides, it is formed by seven stars, all of about the same brightness, and it occupies quite a large space in our firmament. Then, it looks very much like a dipper, with its handle of three stars and its bowl of four. The three stars of the handle, beginning at the end, are named Benetnasch, Mizar and Alioth, while the four stars of the bowl are Megrez, Phecda, Merak and Dubhe. If we carefully study Megrez, the star that joins the handle

to the bowl, we see it is not as bright as any of the six other stars. Now, astronomers watch these suns—for they are suns just as is our own sun—with telescopes, and if we should observe with a strong glass the second sun in the handle, Mizar, we should discover that it is really two stars instead of one star. In other words, we should discern that Mizar is a "double star," a larger and a lesser sun, this lesser sun being visible without a glass to those of us possessing keen eyesight. And, if we use our telescope still more, we discern the colors of these seven remarkable stars: Benetnasch being white, Mizar white and green, Alioth very bright, Megrez yellowish, Phecda yellow, Merak greenish and Dubhe yellow.

These last two suns, the further of four stars forming the dipper's bowl, Merak and Dubhe, should be particularly observed and remembered because they are the famous "pointers." That is, they point or aim in the general direction of the north star, the sun which is our north sky-guide. This north star is also called Polaris; but unlike other suns Polaris has so little motion that we know always where to find him. Although not more noticeable than any one of the dipper's stars, he is truly a fixed sun in the north, and once we stand facing him, east is at our right, south behind us and west at our left. When one is not well acquainted with the whereabouts of this north star, the "pointers" of the dipper are a great help in finding him, although we should remember that Merak and Dubhe do not aim *exactly* at Polaris, that he is not very conspicuous and that he twinkles some distance firmamentally from the nearer sun, Dubhe. As has been stated, the dipper circles around and

around our north star; but when we have discovered the seven-starred dipper it is very easy to find Polaris which, by the way, is not as it appears a single sun but is two suns, a larger and a lesser one, so far distant and so closely associated that they sparkle to our unassisted eyesight just like one star.

Astronomers have given names to the different groups of suns, just as names have been given to the different countries on earth. The star-group to which the dipper belongs is known as Ursa Major or the Greater Bear, and, forgetting for a moment that it resembles a dipper, we can imagine that it forms part of the body and the tail of a big sky-bear, with the legs of the bear—alas, only three good legs—extending in front of and below the dipper. This star-group, or constellation, was named Ursa Major many centuries ago; indeed, the starry heavens are full of imaginary animals, but it is certainly easier to see the outlines of a dipper than of a bear in this particular star-group. There is another constellation called Ursa Minor or the Smaller Bear, and Polaris our north star is end-sun in this Smaller Bear's tail just as Benetnasch is end-sun in the Greater Bear's tail.

There are at least four "dippers" in the sky, visible to those of us living north of the equator, one of which is called the Great Square of Pegasus and another the dipper in the beautiful Pleiades. But the dipper of Ursa Major is grandest of the four; and although other star-figures glitter impressively before our eyes none of them is more noticeable than this firmamental ladle. Its seven suns shine at vast distances from our earth, the double-star Mizar being more remote than Polaris. In fact, we cannot really appreciate the distances of suns hundreds of thousands of times as far from us as is our own sun. Indeed, were our own sun put in the place of Megrez, the dimmest star in the dipper, that sky-outline would appear to us as possessing only six suns! Various names have been given to this remarkable star-outline, such as the plough, the butcher's cleaver, the saucepan, and so on; but to those of us who dwell in the United States the term "dipper" seems most appropriate. Yet whatever the word chosen to describe it, this seven-starred figure in Ursa Major is certainly one of the most noticeable, most symmetrical groups of suns to be seen by unassisted sight in these northern latitudes.

SUCCESS

By Fred Myron Colby

Success will come to him who toils
And thinks, and cares not for the fame
He wins. The homage of an hour
Is vain; not so a worthy name.

Then let us courage take, anew
Gird up our loins for battle-strife;
Do what we have to do, content
If we but win immortal life.

THE LAST NOTCH

By Anabel C. Andrews

"The notches, presumably, are proposals?"

"Surely!"

"Mine will never make another."

"Why so certain?"

"When I ask a girl to marry me, it will never be one who displays her scalps like an Indian chief!"

"Almost thou persuadest me to try for the notch."

"Time wasted—take your ghastly record. How many of those notches mean ruined lives, and broken-hearted mothers? You will enjoy telling me that; so kind and womanly."

"Not one. You have no right to be so unpardonably rude to me. I don't deserve it. Ever since we were kids you have always seemed to feel a great responsibility for me; you've never had the slightest hesitation in directing, and reproving me; allow me to tell you that I don't care for any more of it."

"You do deserve it—it will be good for you to hear the truth—pity I wasn't here before; might have been able to have prevented some of your mischief."

"Without doubt. You may possibly recall that, when we were in college, if you told me not to go on a fruit raid with the others, I always stayed in my room that night."

"I recall that you went then, if you hadn't intended going before. I also recall that you often wished that you had stayed in your room during the raids. I recall one night in particular when you wished it so fervently that you cried your wisp of lace and linen sopping; and I offered my hanky to sop up the rest of 'em."

"O, tell the rest of it, while you are about it; that I tore my dress; and you took it home for your mother to mend: so my mother shouldn't know I went stealing fruit—most gentlemanly to recall that particular night."

"Plenty of others, if you prefer them. Shall I recall the night that you tied the bell-clapper to—"

"I wish you wouldn't say 'recall' again—it sounds so—so—"

"I've been in town just two hours Daphne; the one I've spent with you has not been particularly peaceful—we have quarreled constantly."

"Did I commence it?"

"No. I can't truthfully say you did; but my remarks were not received by you in the spirit in which they were made."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed they were not. I am sorry—for I shall not be at home again in a long time; with a strong chance that I never shall."

"Changing your business?"

"Yes."

"Might one ask in what way?"

"My business now is to help defend the colors you wear at your throat. Where that business will take me, I do not now know; but I leave here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"I go tomorrow. I came home only to say good-bye to mother, and to you; must leave early in the morning."

"I don't seem able to grasp your statement Jim—wasn't it a very sudden decision on your part?"

"No. Should have informed you sooner; but preferred telling you, rather than writing you. You will write me, Daphne? I'll tell you how to send mail, as soon as I am told myself. And now good-bye; and God bless you girl! Cut out the nonsense Daphne; put on some clothes, and make of yourself the woman you were meant to be."

"Put on clothes!" What do you mean by such an ungentlemanly remark?"

"Look in your long mirror, and see what I mean—oh child wake up!"

"So grateful for all your kind admonitions, and complimentary remarks—don't crush my hand please."

With one last look Jim went.

* * * * *

"Well, Daphne Davies, you should be very proud of yourself this day. To send a man like Jimmie Lewis to war, with a good-bye like that—you need shooting—I hate you; yes, I do!" snapping the parasol handle as she talked. "I'll put you in our old stove oven, where Jim and I have cooked since we were kids. I'll make a burnt offering of you, if there is just one match left in our old tin box—and there is, glory be! now blaze! oh, how I hate you, and myself! I'll never dare go home; every

last one of 'em will know I've been crying; oh dear, oh dear"; and the tears had their own way; to such an extent that the cremating of the parasol was seen through a heavy shower. Just as the coals were turning to ashes, came hasty steps through the trees—and Jim's voice crying: "Please marry me; dearest little Spitfire in all the world. Give me the parasol; I'll cut my notch; and—what! You've been crying? Do you care a little, sweetheart?"

"Ye-es—a very little."

"Well, let me have the parasol; for I've none too much time; but, if you wanted another notch, I meant you to have it."

"I—I burned the parasol."

"You burned it?"

"Yes, in our old oven; and, Jimmie, it was for—well, rejected proposals you know, only."

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hasey

A voice from the Past is calling,
Its dulcet tones we hear;
And joys we've tasted greet us,
Though misty, with a tear.

Its pleasures and its sorrows,
Its daily cares and mirth;
Its blighted hopes and blessings,
As old Time gave them birth.

But 'tis a passing picture,
Those scenes, of long ago;
As we grope, into the Future,
And hasten the boat, we row.

But in the Past, could we've known how
To live, as we do now,
'Twould have been a different Future,
From that, to which, we bow.

A voice from the Past! O listen,
To its joy's and sorrow's chime;
And the changes Time has brought us,
Are a medley, in its rhyme.

March 4, 1892. August 3, 1906, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Cogswell Prescott, a sister of his first wife, who died five years ago.

WILLIAM S. HARRIS

William Samuel Harris, born in Windham, March 29, 1861, died in that town December 17, 1917.

He was the son of William C. and Philena (Dinsmore) Harris, and was educated at Pinkerton Academy, Pennsylvania State College, and by private study. He taught school many years, his most important service in this line being that of instructor in Science and English, in Coe's Academy, Northwood, for twenty terms. He was best known, however, as a writer on historical and genealogical subjects, nature studies, etc.

ALBERT H. VARNEY, M.D.

Dr. Albert H. Varney, one of the best known physicians of Rockingham County for many years, died at his home in Newfields, January 16, 1918.

He was born at North Berwick, Me., March 27, 1836, attended Berwick Academy,

and was graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1857. He commenced practice in Chicago, but soon returned East, and located in Newfields in 1860, where he continued through life, gaining an external practice, and also maintaining an office in Exeter for many years. Politically he was a Republican and had served his town as selectman, as representative in 1871, and as town clerk for twenty-three years. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Olive Fernald, and three daughters.

COL. THOMAS L. HOITT

Col. Thomas L. Hoitt, a prominent citizen of Barnstead, died in that town January 30, 1918. He was born in Barnstead, April 1, 1837, son of Benjamin and Mehitabel (Babson) Hoitt. His mother was a granddaughter of Gen. John Stark, and he was one of two living great-grandsons of the General, at the time of his death. He was a Congregationalist and a Democrat, and represented the Stark family and the State of New Hampshire at the Centennial celebration of Stark County, Ohio, September 6, 1911.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THE GRANITE MONTHLY for the first quarter of 1918—January, February and March—is herewith presented, in accordance with the plan outlined in the last issue for 1917. The greatly increased cost of production, over that of ante-war times rendered it necessary to adopt this plan or to double the annual subscription price. The amount of valuable and interesting matter presented in this issue should be sufficient to reconcile all our patrons to the change that has been made, yet which it is hoped may not necessarily be permanent. Subscribers are now reminded that payment for 1918 should be made upon receipt of this issue, in all cases where it has not been made in advance. This is an absolutely necessary requirement.

On the second Tuesday of March, at the annual meetings in the towns and at special meetings in the cities not holding regular elections on that day, delegates to a constitutional convention ordered for the first Wednesday in June, by the legislature, were chosen, a large proportion of able and experienced men being included in the number elected. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what course should be pursued by the convention when assembled. It is contended by some that the body should adjourn *sine die*, at once. Others insist that it should effect an organization and then adjourn at the call of the president, after the war is ended; while others insist that having been

legally called it should attend to its work, and, if in the judgment of the majority amendments to the constitution are desirable the same should be drawn and presented to the people for adoption or rejection at the next election, on the ground that any changes needed in time of peace, are no less, and probably more necessary in time of war. Already there are several men mentioned for the presidency of the Convention, and one at least is reported to be making an active canvass. The general assumption seems to be that some Republican will be made president, because all presidents of such conventions have been Republicans, since that party came into existence. This ought not, necessarily, to follow, however. Party politics ought to be left out of sight entirely, and the ablest, most experienced and best qualified man chosen, regardless of his partisan affiliations.

The political pot is already "simmering" in this state, preparatory to the coming campaign, especially on the Republican side. Although there is but one declared candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in that party as yet, and not likely to be another, there are at least four men in the field for the nomination for U. S. Senator, viz.: Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, George H. Moses, Gov. H. W. Keyes and ex-Gov. Rolland H. Spaulding, with a strong possibility of further entries. The contest for the nomination promises to be a decidedly warm and interesting one.

JUL 8 1918

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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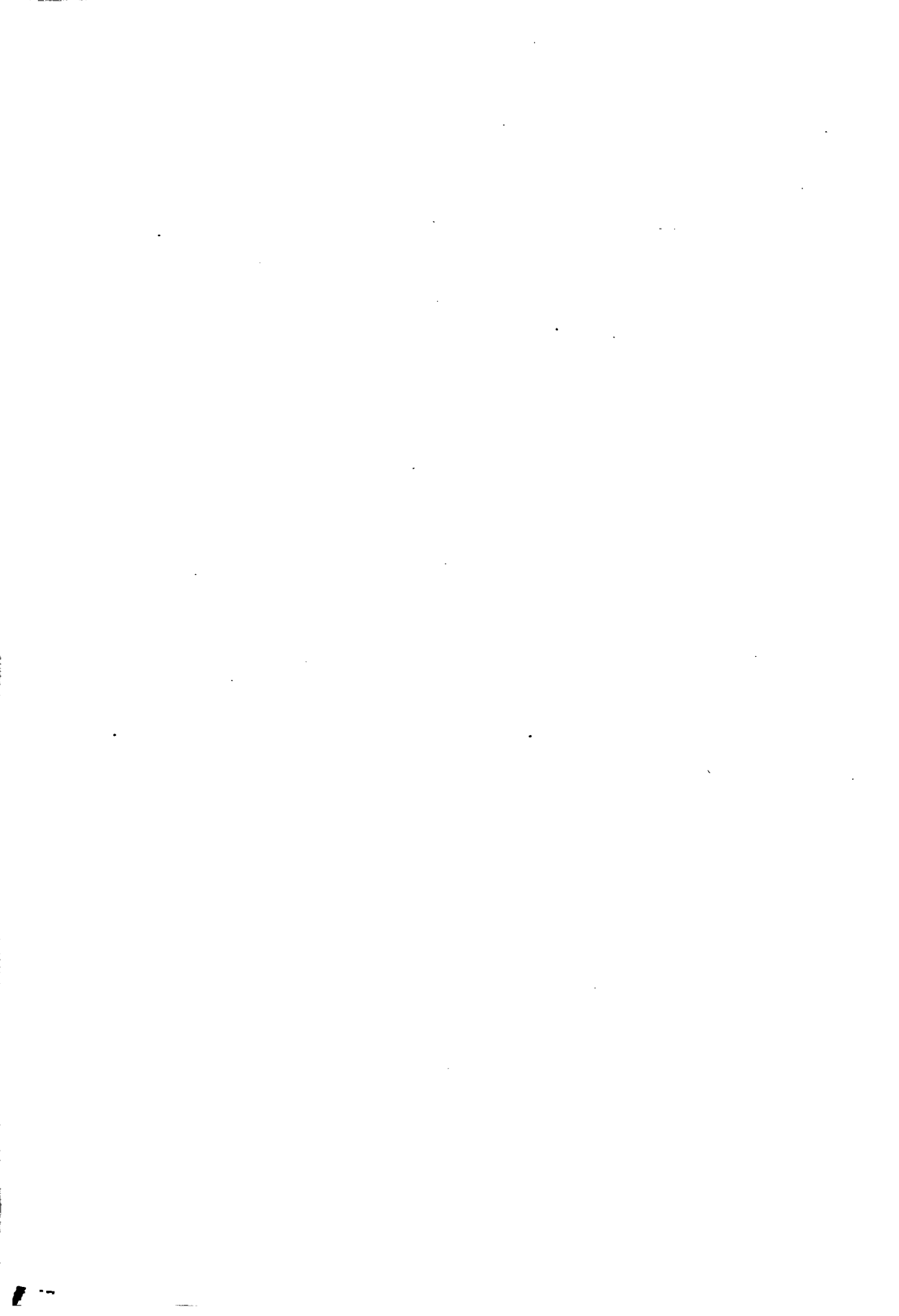
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HON. ROLLAND H. SPAULDING

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. L, Nos. 4-6

APRIL-JUNE, 1918

NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, Nos. 4-6

THE PUBLIC CAREER OF ROLLAND H. SPAULDING

By An Occasional Contributor

The public career of Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester, while comparatively brief, has been so brilliantly and exceptionally successful that his many friends and admirers have good warrant for their belief that it is to be further adorned with new and higher honors and that its usefulness is to progress and increase along ways of even broader opportunity for achievement and accomplishment.

It is only a few years since Mr. Spaulding was called from his great and rapidly growing private business to take his place in the public affairs of state and nation; but during those few years his ability and his courage, his steadfast sincerity and his unwavering desire and determination to serve the public good and that alone have entrenched him in the hearts and in the confidence of the people at large to a degree without parallel in the political history of the state.

The secret of his success is simple: He knows what is right and he dares to do it. And, moreover, he will not be driven or led, pushed or pulled, bullied or coaxed, into doing anything which he does not believe to be right. Show him a worthy cause, a public benefit, a forward step to be taken, an injustice to be remedied and you will have his prompt and powerful aid; but he will be just as prompt to oppose, without thought of personal consequences to himself, any propo-

sition in which he detects dishonesty, chicanery or demagogism.

Rugged honesty has been the sure foundation upon which Spaulding success in business has been built; and Spaulding participation in public life could have no other basis and be consistent with his personality and his record.

Ancestry and training, heredity and environment, have worked together in his case to produce the same result, a man typical of New England's best, alike in mind and heart, brain and conscience.

Rolland H. Spaulding was born in Townsend Harbor, Mass., March 15, 1873, the son of Jonas and Emma C. (Cummings) Spaulding, the family lines of both his father and his mother going back to the beginnings of New England history and including soldiers, farmers, teachers, preachers and business men in their roster. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., preferring, as did his older brothers, Leon and Huntley, to make an early start in business with their father, rather than to attend college.

That business was a prosperous, but not large, leather-board mill in Townsend Harbor, which in a very few years proved too small to contain the activities of the three young men and they went up into New Hampshire at North Rochester to begin to branch out for themselves.

Today they have half a dozen separate plants in four states and in England and their products have an international reputation as the best, the most up to date and the most dependable in their line in the world.

To achieve this result while they were still young men the three Spaulding brothers found it necessary to give themselves almost absolutely to their work. In the earlier years, especially, of their endeavor, it required from them unremitting attention and the hardest kind of personal toil with their own hands about the factories as well as with their heads in the counting room. They were husky boys, built for business, and the hard work agreed with them, but for a number of years it kept them from having many outside interests.

Now their great business is so well organized and so efficiently systematized that even with the increased demands upon it which war activities are making, it runs on smoothly and successfully, allowing at the same time Huntley Spaulding to prove himself the best state food administrator in the country and Rolland Spaulding to direct state Red Cross drives and to assume other public duties.

It was, however, because of this early absorption in business that the youngest of the Spaulding boys found no time for active participation in politics until within the present decade.

He always was interested in local good government and ready to do anything in his power to secure it. Also, he always was a Republican in political belief, thoroughly subscribing to the principles of government upon which the party was founded and which it maintains to this day. In his clear conception of these fundamentals and his unswerving devotion to them, Mr. Spaulding shows the high quality of his Republicanism, rather than in pulling the wires of political partisanship and in repeating

the stereotyped phrases of three generations of stump-speakers.

Through one phase of his business activities, Mr. Spaulding came in touch with the inside of New Hampshire state politics and the experience caused him to join heartily in the well-remembered "Lincoln Republican" movement to better certain conditions then existing in the majority party. The earnest support he gave to this endeavor was without thought of personal profit or prominence and when his peculiar fitness for the place caused his name to be mentioned in connection with membership on the public service commission at the time of its establishment he promptly vetoed the idea.

The third party Progressive movement did not enlist the support of Mr. Spaulding although he believed sincerely in many of its principles. He chose, rather, to remain within the Republican party and to use his influence there towards combining a forward looking program with loyal adherence to the faith of the fathers. With this purpose in mind he accepted an election as delegate to the Republican National convention of 1912 in Chicago.

Two years later both wings of the Republican party in New Hampshire were equally desirous of bringing about the return of their party to power in the state and they looked about for a leader under whose standard each faction could rally with equal confidence in the man and without surrender of their convictions.

Such a leader was found in Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester and his nomination in the Republican primary by a plurality of 4,607 and his election by the people with a plurality of almost 13,000 are still fresh in mind. His campaigns for the primary and for the general election were open, direct and clean. He went straight to the people and told them without oratory, camouflage or circumlocution who he was, for what he stood and what he would try to ac-

comply if nominated and elected governor. He made no trades and he gave no promises, save only his pledge to try to do his duty as he saw it.

The people liked the man and his manner. His absolute lack of pretense and affectation appealed to them. He stood before them, sincere, straightforward and successful, and told them the truth. They believed in his ability and his integrity and they elected him governor.

The day after his election Mr. Spaulding began to study the new business of which he had been made manager and he did not relax his efforts in this direction during the ensuing two years. He delved deep into state reports; he visited state institutions, unheralded and unannounced; he found out how the wheels went around. And from his study of the state government mechanism he arrived at an important conclusion to which he remained steadfast; that wherever he found a weak cog in the machinery, a useless or imperfect part, he would replace it, if he had the power, no matter who put it there or who wanted it kept there; and, on the other hand, where he found the output of the plant satisfactory, he would make no changes, no matter who wanted jobs or how badly they wanted them. This was a new policy in partisan New Hampshire and it made trouble for Governor Spaulding in his own party from the start; but the people saw that it was good business sense and they stood behind the Governor as he put it in force and kept it in force. It is one of the principal reasons for the large "independent" following which even the Spaulding opponents admit that he has.

Governor Spaulding's inaugural address was out of the ordinary. It was brief, but packed full of suggestions for economies and improvements in the management of the state's business. Reforms in municipal finances; less injustice in the taxation of in-

tangible property; more direct responsibility in state highway affairs; a business manager for state institutions; the limiting of political expenditures; the perfecting of the workmen's compensation law; the reorganization of some state departments and the combining of others; were among the recommendations that he made.

Some of these forward steps which Governor Spaulding advocated were taken by the legislature which he addressed; some are to the credit of the legislature of 1917; and some are still in process of attainment. All attest the ability and the sincerity which the governor brought to the discharge of his duties.

As the session progressed many important matters made their appearance which made demands upon the wisdom of the executive as well as the legislative departments of the government. Among them may be mentioned the investigation into the management of the state hospital; the attempted rehabilitation by reorganization of the Boston & Maine Railroad; the reorganization of the local courts of the state; and the codification of the fish and game laws.

An especial object of the attention of Governor Spaulding during the legislative session and throughout his administration was the finances of the state. On this line his successful business experience proved of the greatest value to him and to the state and he was able to effect some notable economies without in the least crippling the activities or lowering the usefulness of any department of the government. The net result was a reduction of \$50,000 a year in the state tax, followed and supplemented by a reduction of \$32,000 in the net indebtedness of the state at the end of his administration.

The seriousness with which Governor Spaulding regarded the oath which he took on assuming office made it necessary, in his estimation, for him to differ on several occasions with a majority of his own political

party in the legislature and in the executive council. On these occasions he did not dodge, flinch or swerve, but stood by his guns in the open. In every instance he went to the people with a public statement of the case and their verdict was in his favor. His three legislative vetoes received a majority vote in their support, and in his controversies with his council over certain appointments the opinion of the state as voiced by the press was on his side.

It was hard for many people, especially politicians, to believe that Governor Spaulding in making appointments was actuated solely—as certainly he was—by a desire to secure efficiency in the office to be filled. He sanctioned the removal from office of one of his personal friends, not because the man was a Democrat, but because the governor believed it to be for the advantage of the state to have a very efficient Republican official restored to the place from which a Democratic administration had ousted him. He named a Republican politician to one of the most important places within his gift, not because the man was a Republican and a politician, but because in the past he had proved himself peculiarly well adapted to the duties of the position. He insisted upon keeping Democrats in some offices for which they had shown especial fitness; Commissioner of Agriculture Felker, for instance, and Judge Clancy of the Nashua district court; but where he was convinced that the efficiency of the office could be increased and improved he had no hesitation in replacing Democrats with Republicans.

Business methods and political independence were the two chief characteristics of Governor Spaulding as a chief executive; but he also was well known as a hard working governor; a governor, to whom access was easy; a governor who was a kindly, thoughtful, generous gentleman. No chief executive ever was

more popular with those who came to know him best, with those with whom he was in closest contact. Many there were who urged him to break New Hampshire's unwise precedent and become a candidate for a second term as governor, but such was not his desire.

He was content to relinquish the reins of office at the end of his two years and to turn over to his successor a state treasury better filled; a state government better manned; a more efficient administrative machine doing more useful work than when he assumed office.

Not only in his strictly official duties, but in the many outside demands upon a chief executive, Mr. Spaulding proved himself an excellent governor. Whenever it was possible for him to do so without neglecting the affairs of state, Governor Spaulding made it a point to accept invitations to occasions and gatherings where the presence of the head of the state was desired and desirable. There his pleasure at meeting his fellow citizens and their wives and children was so evidently sincere that his friendship was returned in full measure and to the high esteem which his official acts gained for him throughout the state was added a remarkable degree of personal popularity which still endures.

In his speeches on these occasions, as well as in his addresses to the legislature and other formal utterances, Governor Spaulding made no attempts at oratory. He soon came to be known as one whose speeches were sure to be brief and to the point, always conveying clearly and concisely a worth while message. This was true, also, of his gubernatorial proclamations and other official documents. Whenever and whatever Governor Spaulding says or writes, he never leaves any doubt as to his meaning in the mind of the person addressed. That always is his intention and it is easy for him to

carry it out because he says what he thinks and believes and does not have to search for language with which to conceal his real meaning or mental attitude in relation to any question. Honesty is his motto in words as well as in deeds.

During his term of office Governor Spaulding became well known in public life without the state as well as within it. He attended the conference of governors at Boston in 1915 and presided over one of its sessions and the next year he addressed the similar gathering held at Washington.

The services of Mr. Spaulding to the state were suitably recognized by its two principal educational institutions, Dartmouth College conferring upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts and New Hampshire College that of Doctor of Laws. As an ex officio member of the boards of trustees of both institutions he manifested a constant and lively interest in their affairs which has continued beyond his term of office and which highly gratifies their graduates and other friends.

Comment has been made in this article upon the fact that in matters political Governor Spaulding and a majority of his executive council did not always agree. This is true, but it should be added that in matters of the state's business they usually did agree and to much effect for the state's advantage. Under their joint direction the appearance of the state house and its grounds was very much improved. The work upon the state highways never was more carefully watched. Rare good sense was exercised in the matter of pardons from state prison and in other relations between the executive department and the state institutions. And, finally, in such financial matters as the settlement of the Nesmith estate tangle the advantage of an expert business administration of the state's affairs was made strikingly manifest.

The retirement of Mr. Spaulding

from the office of governor at the close of his two year term was made the occasion for editorial comment of the most favorable character by the newspapers of the state upon his record as New Hampshire's chief executive. It was then said and has been repeated often that the state could not spare him from her service and that his experience as governor must be utilized as having fitted him for most useful work at another capitol, that of the nation, at Washington.

Governor Spaulding, however, made all preparations for returning to private life and giving renewed attention to his own interests. But the entrance of this country into the world war changed his plans as it did those of so many others. During his term as governor Mr. Spaulding had lent the weight of his official position and had given freely of his own time, money and efforts to the work of relief for the Belgian refugees and other sufferers from the early years of the great conflict.

With America in the war there was need for more of this work, and for other greater endeavors as well. When the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety was formed ex-Governor Spaulding was made a member of its executive committee and vice-chairman. In this capacity he has been faithful in attendance upon the meetings of the committee and has proved a very valuable member because of his wide experience in certain lines of its work.

Of the great Red Cross drives in New Hampshire for members and for funds Mr. Spaulding has been the chairman, and their remarkable success, it is generally acknowledged, has been due in no small part to the wonderfully thorough and efficient organization with which he has covered the state. As a district chairman and member of the executive committee in the Liberty Loan and Red Triangle campaigns he has had equal success; and when the full history of New Hampshire's part in the war

activities of 1917-18 is written the share in it of the Spaulding brothers will be found to be very great.

In these patriotic endeavors the same qualities in Governor Spaulding's character are prominent as in his public career and his private life. They are the ability and the desire to do an extraordinary amount of

hard work, honest work, result-bringing work in whatever line engages his attention. They made his two years as governor valuable years for the state of New Hampshire. They would give the same effect to his service in the United States Senate at Washington.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Assembled, Deliberated and Adjourned, all Within Three Days

The Constitutional Convention of 1918, summoned by the people, at the election of November, 1916, by a vote of 21,589 yeas to 14,520 nays, met, in accordance with the action of the last Legislature, making provision for its session, in Representatives Hall at the State House, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Wednesday June 5.

The delegates were called to order by Maj. William H. Trickey of Tilton, Commandant of the N. H. Soldiers' Home, and a delegate from that town, and prayer was offered by Rev. William H. Pound, D. D., of Wolfeboro, also a delegate and pastor of the Congregational church in Wolfeboro.

On motion of Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont—a member of the N. H. Legislature in 1859 and 1860, and of the National Congress from 1871 to 1875—was elected temporary president, and was escorted to the chair by Messrs. Pillsbury, and Brennan of Peterborough. Briefly expressing his thanks for the honor conferred, Mr. Parker set the wheels of business in motion after the manner of the ready presiding officer.

On motion of Mr. Kinney of Claremont, a committee of twenty, on credentials, was appointed, with that gentleman as chairman, and soon reported 426 delegates elected and entitled to seats, including William A. Lee of Concord, Ward 8, chosen in

place of Edson J. Hill elected and since deceased; and Everett Kittredge of Bradford, in place of Frank J. Peaslee, resigned. The committee also recommended that Horace F. Hoyt and Frank A. Updike of Hanover, who received an equal number of votes, be given seats, with half a vote each, and Albion Kohler and Theodosius S. Tyng of Ashland, similarly tied, be allowed the same, which report was accepted and the recommendations adopted.

Mr. Snow of Rochester nominated Hon. Albert O. Brown of Manchester for permanent president, moving that the temporary secretary, A. Chester Clark of Concord, secretary of the last convention, cast one ballot for him, which motion prevailed and Mr. Brown was elected. He was conducted to the chair by Messrs. Hutchins of Stratford and Streeter of Concord, and addressed the Convention in a carefully prepared speech on the war situation.

A. Chester Clark of Concord was elected secretary and Bernard W. Carey of Newport assistant secretary.

A committee, of which Frank P. Quimby of Ward 7, Concord, was chairman, reported a list of minor officers for the convention, and the same were elected, as follows:

Chaplain, Archibald Black, Concord; sergeant-at-arms, Walter J. A. Ward, Hillsborough; doorkeepers, Guy S. Neal, Acworth, George Law-

rence, Manchester, Albert P. Davis, Concord, Edward K. Webster, Concord; warden of coat room, George Goodhue, Concord; assistant warden, John C. O'Hare, Nashua; messenger, Frank Aldrich, Manchester; pages, Joseph H. Lane, Concord, Walter Pillsbury, Derry; stenographers, Margaret Conway, Concord, Bessie Goodwin, Newport.

it was voted to go into Committee of the Whole, immediately after the opening of the next morning's session, for the consideration of Mr. Lyford's first proposed amendment, which would authorize the Legislature to provide an equitable arrangement for the taxation of growing wood and timber.

At the opening of the second day,

HON. HOSEA W. PARKER, Temporary President

The balance of the first day, after organization, was devoted to an attempt on the part of Mr. Lyford of Concord to commit the Convention to an adjournment until after the close of the war, immediately after the consideration and disposition of two amendments relating to taxation; and one on the part of Mr. Varney of Rochester, to such adjournment at once, both of which were defeated after protracted debate; whereupon

session, seats were drawn by the delegates, after the five oldest delegates, all over eighty years of age—Messrs. Pierce of Winchester, Parker of Claremont, Patterson of Concord, Morrison of Peterboro and Woods of Bath—and Mr. Streeter of Concord, a former president, had been accorded the privilege of selecting their seats, and the delegates who were members of the G. A. R. had been assigned three rows in the center section. The draw-

HON. ALBERT O. BROWN, President

ing having been disposed of, and several proposed amendments presented and referred, the Convention went into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Snow of Rochester in the chair, on the Lyford amendment, which was debated at length, and finally defeated by a decisive majority in committee, and immediately after in Convention.

was done, except the announcement of standing committees by the president, and the adoption of resolutions pledging support of the Administration in its conduct of the war, and that payment for attendance be received in Thrift Stamps.

The adjournment resolution provides for the recalling of the Convention by the president and a committee

HON. A. CHESTER CLARK, Secretary

This defeat practically put the Convention out of business, for it so disheartened the advocates of timber taxation amendment that many of them were ready to vote for adjournment, and when, upon the assembling of the Convention Friday morning, after a few proposed amendments had been introduced, the motion to adjourn until after the close of the war was renewed, it was carried by a two to one vote, and nothing further

of one delegate from each county named by him, at some time after the close of the war, and at least within one year after the declaration of peace; but the opinion seems to be quite generally entertained that no such call will ever be issued. The committee named by President Brown, to act with him in the matter, consists of Scammon of Exeter, Snow of Rochester, Kennison of Ossipee, Plummer of Laconia, Lyford of Con-

cord, Emerson of Milford, Rice of Rindge, Barton of Newport, Bartlett of Hanover and Hutchins of Stratford.

The standing committees named by the president are:

BILL OF RIGHTS AND EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT—Streeter of Concord, Hall of Dover, Buxton of Boscawen, Cavanaugh of Manchester, Pattee of Manchester, Gaffney of Nashua, Jacobs of Lancaster, Bartlett of Hanover, Bowker of Whitefield, Howard of Portsmouth, Towne of Franklin, Charron of Claremont, Meader of Rochester, Norwood of Keene, Clement of Warren, Frost of Fremont, Towle of Northwood, Bartlett of Pittsfield, Goulding of Conway, Tilton of Laconia.

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT—Lyford of Concord, Amey of Lancaster, Snow of Rochester, Barton of Newport, Doyle of Nashua, Scammon of Exeter, Brennan of Peterborough, Spaulding of Manchester, Watson of Keene, McAllister (Geo. I.) of Manchester, Hale of Laconia, Evans of Gorham, Wright of Sanbornton, Brown of Berlin, Duffy of Franklin, Eastman of Portsmouth, Edgerly of Tuftonborough, Haslet of Hillsborough, Hutchins, of Stratford, Foote of Wakefield.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT—Plummer of Laconia, Howe of Concord, Demond of Concord, Upton of Bow, Hamblett of Nashua, Belanger of Manchester, Prescott of Milford, Colby of Claremont, Madden of Keene, Donigan of Newbury, Aldrich of Northumberland, Woodbury of Salem, Lewis of Amherst, Pettee of Durham, Smith of Haverhill, Doe of Somersworth, Sise of Portsmouth, Baker of Hillsborough, Hodges of Franklin, Rice of Rindge.

FUTURE MODE OF AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION—Stone of Andover, Page of Portsmouth, Wallace of Canaan, Walker of Grantham, Varney of Rochester, Bartlett of Derry, Lawrence of Haverhill, Jones of Lebanon, Craig of Marlow, Emerson of Milford, Hull of Bedford, Rogers of Pembroke, Morrison of Peterborough, Young of Easton, Shirley of Conway, Ripley of Stewartstown, Farrell of Manchester, Hodgman of Merrimack, Shellenberg of Manchester, Spring of Laconia.

TIME AND MODE OF SUBMITTING AMENDMENTS—Pillsbury of Londonderry, Wilson of Manchester, Wentworth of Plymouth, Keyes of Milford, Chase (L. J.) of Concord, Callahan of Keene, Duncan of Jaffrey, Hoyt of Sandwich, Beede of Meredith, Hill of Plaistow, Morse of Littleton, Dow of Manchester, Angell of Derry, Farmer of Hampton Falls, Hayden of Hollis, Duncan of Hancock, Foster of Waterville, Parsons of Somersworth, Beaman of Cornish, McNally of Rollinsford.

Among the amendments introduced and referred are several relating to the mode of providing for future amendments, one of which proposes doing away entirely with conventions and having amendments submitted by the legislature, alone, by two-thirds vote in joint convention; one providing for the initiative and referendum, one abolishing the executive council and another taking away its negative of the governor's appointments; one providing for reduction of the house of representatives, several in relation to taxation, and one eliminating the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical" from the Bill of Rights.



AN INTERESTING OCCASION

The Hanging of Portraits of Deceased Lawyers on the Walls of Plymouth Court House

It was an occasion of more than ordinary note, when, on May 14, last, ten portraits of eminent deceased lawyers, secured for the purpose after no little effort, were formally hung upon the walls of the Superior Court room at Plymouth, heretofore unadorned in this regard.

Associate Justice William H. Sawyer of the Superior Court, who had taken much interest in the work of securing these portraits, presided upon the occasion. The portraits in question were those of Hons. John M. Mitchell, Alonzo P. Carpenter, Harry Bingham, George A. Bingham, Lewis W. Fling, Albert S. Batchellor, William H. Mitchell, George H. Adams, Joseph C. Story and last but by no means least, Daniel Webster. Following are the remarks of Judge Sawyer, and various members of the Bar, incident to the occasion, which, as they relate to some of the most distinguished lawyers and eminent citizens of New Hampshire, in their day and generation, are deemed of sufficient interest for preservation in these pages:

JUDGE SAWYER: Gentlemen of the Bar—It is well for us, amidst the cares of a busy professional life, to pause once in a while and reflect upon the character and the achievements of those of our profession, who have gone before us. The law is a jealous mistress, but she amply repays those who are industrious.

While it is doubtful if the members of the Bar, whom we are here today to honor, could have accomplished the work that is attained today with the modern facilities that the Bar of today has, yet I sometimes wonder if with the modern aids there is induced that careful preparation, originality of thought and research, that men of the older school were induced to make.

I am frequently filled with amazement when I read and reflect upon some of the new legal treatises that bear so plainly the earmarks of the dictagraph, and I am wont to pause and with reverence reflect upon men like Story and Kent and Thomas M. Cooley, who produced such masterpieces with their own pens in all lines of law, from the common law to constitutional law.

The Grafton County Bar has been favored as fully as any bar of the state of New Hampshire in its personnel, and, as I said, it is good for us to pause and reflect and give heed to the lives and the industry of those of our brethren who have gone before us. It is not sufficient alone that we should have written and spoken words of commendation, but it is well that we should have their faces before us for the inspiration we gain from them, as well as for the lessons that the younger generations and those who come after us may derive in honoring the character and the ability that they possessed, and which their faces re-

flect, and which we honor by placing them in our halls of justice.

There have been presented to the Bar of Grafton County portraits of the Hons. John M. Mitchell, Alonzo P. Carpenter and George A. Bingham, Justices of this Court; and we also have today the portraits of the Hons. Harry Bingham, Lewis W. Fling, George H. Adams, William H. Mitch-

Court, a learned man, a gentleman and a scholar, and of whom his partner, the Hon. Harry F. Lake, of Concord, will speak.

HARRY F. LAKE, Esq.: May it please the Court—I have been asked in this hour, dedicated to the memory and deeds of men familiar to this Court in the years gone but now no

Hon. William H. Sawyer

ell, and Joseph C. Story; and we were to have, and shall have by tomorrow, the portrait of our late brother, the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, and we are also favored with an engraving of Daniel Webster. And it may not be inappropriate if I call first to your attention the first one I have just named, who was a native of Plymouth, the Hon. John M. Mitchell, for some time a Justice of this

more with us in the flesh, to say some words in appreciation of the late Hon. John M. Mitchell, who at the time of his death was an Associate Justice of the Superior Court.

Such an opportunity is indeed a privilege. If to have admired a man for his conspicuous ability, to have respected him for his integrity of character, to have been influenced by his high-minded philosophy of life and

his kindness, and if to have loved a man as a father because one can remember no other, gives one a right to speak a word concerning a lost friend, then I may even claim such privilege as my own.

To be born of worthy but poor parents in the midst of hard circumstances and the lack of ready advantage, and then by inherent ability and untiring industry attain a position in the administration of our laws requiring such qualities of head and heart as are possessed or can be attained by a few only, and in that position to be accorded the universal judgment of conspicuous success, and in dying to commend the attention and the expression of the affection and the heartfelt sense of loss of an entire state, is the brief story of his life.

Many of you present knew Judge Mitchell for a long time before I did, and many of his accomplishments that are biography only to me were personally known to you. Born here in the town of Plymouth, July 6, 1849, his parents soon removed to Derby, Vermont, whence John M. Mitchell came to Littleton to enter the law-office of Harry and George A. Bingham, in September, 1870, and where he stayed until his removal to Concord in June, 1881. It should be stated that before he left Derby he laid the foundation of his education by short term attendance in Derby Academy, and by service as Superintendent of the Schools of the town for two years between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. Likewise, in Derby he was a student of the law, registered in the office of Edwards and Dickerman.

Judge Mitchell was so devoted to his profession, that I can never believe that he ever sought for public office. However, early in his legal career, he served as solicitor of Grafton County—this was in 1879, seven years after his admission to the Bar. In 1888, he was appointed Democratic member of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, and served until his

resignation in 1891. Once only, in 1892, he served his constituency in Ward 4, Concord, as Representative to the Legislature, but undoubtedly because the work was more to his liking he was delegate from the same Ward to the Constitutional Conventions of 1902 and 1912.

From a training of thirty-eight arduous years at the Bar, where he had taken a notable place in much of the important litigation in the state, complemented by a participation in business matters of the greatest moment, he was called to the Superior Court Bench, and assumed his duties October 1, 1910.

As an earnest admirer of Judge Mitchell, and jealous of his good name, I have taken pains to learn the estimation in which he was held for his work upon the Bench during his career there, which was all too short. It has been the absolutely unanimous judgment that from the first day of his service he was a great judge. Of the certainty of his success there could well be no doubt. No man in our times ever springs full-armed, without preparation, to the necessities of a great work. But in the case of Judge Mitchell, the preparation was there. It had come through the two score years of study and of meeting men in earnest contests over things big and little. It had come through countless arguments to the jury, and the preparation and presentation of countless arguments to the Law Court. It had come because he had added to the instincts of a warm and sympathetic heart the view-points of all sorts and conditions of men, in all the walks of life. He was prepared to be a great judge because from the first of his ripening years he had participated in the greatest study of mankind, which is man. He knew human nature.

May I suggest a few characteristics, which I believe mark, and hence make up, the man? His kindness was extreme, but was never for display. I have personally never known a man

HON. JOHN M. MITCHELL

to whom so many people resorted for favors and advice, which, within all reasonable limits, they obtained. Not only this, but I knew instances where his money was spent for food, clothing and other necessities in cases which called for an expenditure of impressive amounts. After these years, I could name the exact amount he gave that an humble servant girl might have a decent burial, except that delicacy forbids. His philosophy of life was not merely to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man,"—he found his greatest pleasure, I believe, in the tumult of the people wherever men were struggling upwards.

He was one of the most truly religious men I have ever known. As he respected other men in their views, he commanded respect for his own, and received it. He exemplified, as few men of my acquaintance have, the fine doctrine that has made the world so good a place to live in through all the ages,—that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak. It was for this reason that men in trouble came to him, and in him found a friend and helper.

I think he was one of the most consistent fighters I ever knew—there was something about the air of contest that stirred his blood. He never let go without a struggle, and then it came hard; and yet on many occasions, I have heard him say that if both parties to a contest would make concessions and so compromise a suit, each would generally come out of it better than would the victor after a contest in Court.

John M. Mitchell was an honest man. I have seen him working with compensation and without it—for poor clients and for wealthy ones—where he was opposed in the conduct of cases by men of large, and by men of small, ability; and I have never seen him resort to a mean, ignoble act in practice, or do a dishonest deed.

Of the time he spent in enterprises

that interest the good citizen only, of the efforts in behalf of his church, and of education in his community, I cannot take the time to speak. Certainly, few men have equalled him in responding to such calls. When it means labor of a difficult nature, when it takes the time that should be given over to rest and recreation, when it means, as I think it did in his case, the impairment of health, such response means a sacrifice, but Judge Mitchell did not refuse, for he felt it was the part of the ideal lawyer to so respond.

This brings me to what I think was the great passion of his life—the law, itself, and his part in it. He regarded the law as a sacred thing, and the career of the lawyer as a high mission. I have never heard from any lawyer so passionately high-minded a conception of the place of the lawyer in our modern life. To him, a lawyer was always the pioneer, the moulder of public opinion, the discoverer of new remedies, and the ever ready assistant of the courts in the pronouncement of new decisions to fix the rights of our people. He thought in a large way. He regarded a decision of the Supreme Court as of more than local interest, as a contribution, indeed, to the jurisprudence of the world. He deplored to an unmeasured degree any tendency for the practice of law to degenerate into a mere business. To his mind, the ideal lawyer was he who could take his client's case from the very beginning through all stages of preparation, trial and appeal, to final judgment and execution. He considered the place of the lawyer as one of peculiar, even sacred responsibility, and to this responsibility he gave his all in most unstinted fashion.

You knew him as a student, but we in the office knew of the countless decisions he read and pondered and discussed, the many times he wrote and re-wrote an argument, the struggle to make a sentence or a paragraph mean just what he wanted it to

mean,—and sometimes it was a battle royal,—his carefulness as to punctuation, and his avoidance of the unthinkable heresy of a misquotation. A more tireless worker I have never known! I knew the care with which he composed some of his charges to the jury, and the delicate weighing of the evidence in court cases. There is in my possession the charge to the Grand Jury as he first gave it upon his ascendancy to the Bench, and what I have said about his unusually high-minded regard for the law, often passionately and vehemently expressed, runs through this like a golden thread. I hope in some way this charge may be put into permanent form as a contribution to the state.

These I think are merely honest statements of Judge Mitchell's particular characteristics as a lawyer. It is but the bare statement of a fact that in his private life no unworthy act or deed tarnished the pure, white standard by which he chose to live. No period of his life could make a greater appeal to his friends and intimates than the last months, when, almost like a soul apart, especially after the death of Mrs. Mitchell, a woman of rare gentleness and beauty of character, he grieved and worked, until in the midst of grief and work his remaining strength was beaten down, and so the fine, heroic soul passed away, March 4, 1913.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is the query old as Job. Because, however, the Kingdom of God is within us, because Heaven commences now, because Immortality is from the very beginning, then we fling back into empty space the thoughtless words that say such a man is ever dead. We believe, not with the ancient orator, but consistent with a more optimistic philosophy, that the good a man does lives after him forever and a day.

This, then, is the man! The farmer boy's ambition to rise above the average fulfilled, the burden of many a

wayfarer lightened, a large circle of friends made better, a strong man's full portion of the world's work accomplished, the ancient precept to "Do justly to love mercy, and to walk humbly" with one's God, made a living fact in a man's life, and to have fought the good fight that stretches all the way from babyhood to the grave.

So to us who knew and loved him, he still lives, though his visible presence is withdrawn. The body perishes,—what of it?

"This body is my house,
It is not I;
Triumphant in this faith
I live and die."

JUDGE SAWYER: The Chief Justice has desired me to express his regrets in being unable to be here today, which would have been particularly appropriate, and it was his earnest desire to have been here, but the urgencies of the Court at Manchester have prevented it, and he desired me to present his regrets. The same may be said of Brother Daley of Berlin, whom I expressly desired to have been here today, as there was something regarding Judge Mitchell that I earnestly desired him to tell the Bar. Brother Daley said his first acquaintance with Judge Mitchell was in 1883 when he was a student in the office of Hayward & Hayward of Lancaster—that was his first close acquaintance; he had met him casually in Grafton County—but he was admitted to the Bar at that time and after his admittance he received a letter from Judge Mitchell saying to him, "You have recently spoken to me of the fact that you have not acquired any library as yet; there is a lawyer in the southern part of the state" (I think his name was Burbank) who was planning to go away and Brother Mitchell said to Brother Daley in that letter, "The New Hampshire Reports, the General Laws, Town Officer and Sheriff, and such books as you

will need, are for sale for \$242, and I suggest that you get them, as they are a bargain." To which Brother Daley replied he did not have the means at that time, and there he supposed the matter dropped, but a few days later a large case of books came to his office, upon opening which he found the New Hampshire Reports and the other books which Judge Mitchell wrote him about, and in due time he received a letter from Judge Mitchell saying "I have purchased these books, and at your convenience you can pay me." I earnestly wish Brother Daley might have been here to tell us about this and I expected he would until last evening when he telephoned me the condition of his wife would not allow him to be present, as he could not leave her bedside.

E. J. CUMMINGS, Esq.: I wish to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be tendered to Miss Agnes Mitchell of Concord, N. H., for the gift of this most excellent portrait of her father, the Hon. John M. Mitchell, late Justice of the Superior Court, which from its position on the wall behind the Bench in the Court room of this, his native town, will ever remind the Bar, not only of his eminent legal attainments, but also of his personal characteristics of courtesy and fairness, which earned for him the affectionate respect of the entire Bar of the county and of the state.

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to spread these resolutions on the records of the Court and to transmit a copy thereof to Miss Mitchell."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Those of us who have moved from the country to the city, even though they be the small cities, looking back on the small communities it seems almost incredible that the small village, nothing much more than a hamlet, could have supported a lawyer that ranked head and shoulders with the leaders of the bars of the state, but

such is the past and such is the present. Chief among the jurists of New Hampshire who have become noted and adorned the Bench, and a companion of Chief Justice Doe—one of the greatest legal minds that ever lived—and the mind that most nearly matched Doe's, was Carpenter, whose portrait is behind the Bench, and presented to the Bar by his son-in-law—and his good wife, Mrs. Streeter, the daughter of Judge Carpenter—Frank S. Streeter; and General Streeter is here favoring us with his presence today, and he will speak to us of the late Alonzo P. Carpenter.

HON. FRANK S. STREETER: If the Court please and the Gentlemen of the Bar—I want to express my gratification in being able to be here at the time these portraits, representing this group of men, are to be presented to the Bar, for as Your Honor read the list, I realized that I knew all of them very very well, excepting Mr. Story. I knew many of them intimately, and some of them I loved as one man may love another.

It was very difficult for me to realize, as I was sitting here and thinking about this, that Judge Carpenter died twenty years ago this month. I asked my friend Veasey, in looking at the members of the Bar who were present, how many knew Judge Carpenter personally. It is quite certain, I think—you may correct me if I am mistaken—that there are here present, aside from myself, only two members of the Bar who knew Judge Carpenter as a lawyer. I am referring to my old friend "Ned" Woods, who lived beside him in Bath, and Mr. Burleigh. I do not see any one else here who knew him as a lawyer, because he left the practice of the law thirty-seven years ago. There are very few here—Brother Veasey and I have tried to make an inventory—that knew him in his capacity as a Judge. We make perhaps half a dozen, not more than seven or eight, out of this crowd that knew him at all.

The Judge was born in New Hampshire, and some member of the Bar will at sometime write a history of that territory lying north of Wells River and on both sides of the Connecticut River up towards Lancaster and beyond and will enumerate the list of great lawyers that were born in what appeared to be a special territory for the raising of great men. He was sent to Williams College, as he very frequently and jokingly remarked, so that he would have the benefit of Mr. Hopkins, and he thought his father was somewhat disappointed in the result. He graduated in 1849, and he went to Bath to study law. No, he went to Bath to teach in the community and then fell in love with Miss Goodall, the daughter of Ira Goodall, who was of the great firm of Goodall and Woods, and married and settled down in Bath in 1863. He there practiced until 1881 when he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the old friend of some of us, Judge William H. Foster. The story of that and the distinguished men that composed that court will sometime be written; there is no opportunity to tell about those men now—but Your Honor has referred to the fact that he was regarded as the only man, as an equal to Judge Doe in some respects and the only man on the Court that could match Doe in intellectual discussion. He was, upon Judge Doe's sudden death in 1896, made Chief Justice, and held that position until his death just twenty years ago, almost this very day.

Now, Your Honor, there are two angles from which we would look at a man who has first been a great lawyer, and, second, a great judge. One is of course the judicial side, and it is fortunate that the fame of the jurist sitting upon a court is permanently secured for his dignity, his reasoning powers, his common sense, and his judgment, all of which are reflected in the published opinions of the Court, to which we and our successors have a common access. Without reviewing

that portion of his life, I shall be endorsed by all those who knew him, and about him, in the statement that he was a great judge, and will be so regarded by those who succeed us here at the Bar. But there is another side that I like to think about in connection, not only with Judge Carpenter, but with these other men whose portraits are placed here, and that is the human side—what kind of lawyers were they, what kind of men were they? That is the side that appeals to us I think especially after the lapse of so many years.

I went into Judge Carpenter's office in the fall of 1875. I was sort of wished on to him; I became engaged to his daughter, not perhaps with his entire approbation, but thinking he might have two to support instead of one, he thought he would take me into the office. I entered there and studied under him, and as illustrating the difference in the way—in the method of teaching or training students then and now, I remember that he was always home Saturdays, and always, not always, but almost always went away Monday morning. When he went away one Monday morning he handed me out some papers, which were statements regarding an action of slander which some woman had brought against old Asa Barron—you older men in Bath knew him—and said "Now I wish you would make a declaration in that." I didn't know anything more about a declaration than I did about the duties of the King of Heaven, and I went at them and I found a way, finally struck Chitty on Pleadings, and I worked pretty hard that week,—and of course it wasn't of any consequence. There was another advantage in those days that the boys had that they don't have today in going into a large office. The students have their places in the office, but they are not present at the consultations. Now during the time Eastman and I were in his office we were present at every talk he had with his clients. The statement of the

client to Carpenter and his advice, his examination to get at the facts of the case, and his advice were all open to us.

Now as a lawyer, I think perhaps the most striking quality was his power of concentration upon any subject in hand and a tremendous power of cross examination. I think the older men of the Bar will justify me in saying that there was no more skillful cross examiner to get at the truth than Judge Carpenter. Another thing he excelled in to a marked degree, and that you younger men at the Bar may perhaps remember with profit,—he felt that the opening statement to the jury was the most important part of the case. He has told me many times "If I can open the case to the jury and get the first hack at them I don't care who argues it." He opened his cases with the greatest particularity and anticipated in his opening every possible defence that could be suggested by the other side.

I feel a good deal like reviewing some of the things that happened in this very group of men. Judge Mitchell was just coming to the Bar, he was four years my senior, he was with Harry Bingham. I refer to that revolution in the practice which was carried on by Judge Doe without any legislative system; the absolute revolution of the practice at the Bar which was begun in 1876—he went on to the Bench (didn't he?), the second time in 1876—and I tell you, you younger men of the Bar, that it was a very painful procedure, and this group of men, including John Mitchell who was very much younger of course, but Carpenter and Harry Bingham especially held caucuses on some of those newest decisions, and while they were both good men, they had a great command of language, not only sacred but somewhat profane, and those men got together and discussed this last performance of Doe's. Doe would have such and such a case, they would review it, and I happened to be in a position where I realized the pain that

that revolution, judicial revolution by judicial authority, and not by the help of the Legislature, produced—how it was discussed.

In addition to his being a great lawyer, Carpenter was, I think, the best student, scholar, that we have ever had at the Bar. It would seem strange to you, gentlemen, to know that he not only kept up his Latin, familiarly kept it up, but he also kept up his Greek. Now I don't think he could speak either Italian, Spanish or German, but he certainly kept up his knowledge of those subjects and read, and apparently with interest, books in each of those languages. Also he was a great lover of mathematics, and I have seen him when he got "tuckered" and tired and worn out, I have seen him take down from a little shelf over his desk in the corner of the fireplace, his geometry and take and figure a problem in geometry and work it out. There are very few members of the Bar that can do that.

Now one of the most striking things, most striking qualities, was his consideration for others and his sense of humor. He had a sense of humor that floated him over the most troublesome things, where some of us without a sense of humor get lost. One of the first illustrations of his consideration of others that I remember—Attorney-General Eastman was with him in the office, it was in 1876, and under the old bankruptcy form there were three lines left, "to the matter of" and coming next "The name of the man" then right under that "Bankrupt," they all ended on the same line, and then there was a brace—if Dr. Dunn wasn't here I should say it was a Sunday morning we were in the office, and Eastman had been preparing a bankruptcy paper and Eastman had drawn a brace so that it didn't look much like a brace; it wasn't very good shape, and he passed it over to Carpenter and Carpenter began to jolly him and laugh at him and so on, and finally Eastman got mad and I will never forget it, it was the only time I ever

did see him get mad, he turned around and he said "Mr. Carpenter, I want you to understand I don't advertise to draw." Well, the way in which Carpenter smoothed that off—"That is all right, I guess that is better than I could do." He disposed of it as finely as could be.

I say he had an unusual sense of humor. Every time he got into trouble, and we all do, except all my friends sitting along here don't have trouble—every time he got into trouble, he would think of a story, and nothing he enjoyed more than to tell a joke on himself. I remember of an old sheriff up in Littleton. He was out picking up pelts one winter morning, he drove down the hill and he had some pelts with him, he swung up around by the office and hulloed and Carpenter went to the door, and he sung out "I say there got any pelts to sell?" Carpenter looked at him, I guess he swore a little, and says "No, I haven't." He says "Well, I didn't know but you had, I know you take them."

Another thing he used to tell, which always delighted me. The old gentleman who lived opposite him was Uncle Chester Huckins. He had a farm and Carpenter had a farm, and they used to swap work in carrying on their farms, and Uncle Chester, whom Mr. Woods knew, was of the salt of the earth. He was a Christian gentleman, not only a member of the church but Superintendent of the Sunday School. Carpenter didn't make many pretensions. They always settled up at the end of the year. Uncle Chester would bring his books over to the little office and they would look them over and settle up, and pass a balance. This time the question was raised about a load of pumpkins, which Uncle Chester either had of him or he had of Uncle Chester, which they had charged in; there was a question about it. It started in the mildest kind of a way. If it was Carpenter who had them, he said "Chester, I don't remember about having them."

"Oh, yes, you had them so and so." Carpenter tried to think and the more he thought about it the more he thought he didn't have them, and the more he thought he didn't have them the more Uncle Chester thought he did, and finally, as we have seen in actual daily life starting from a little simple thing, they both got thoroughly aroused until each said harsher and harsher things, and finally Uncle Chester got so thoroughly mad he called Carpenter a damn liar—then Carpenter saw right off what the trouble would be, he shut up the books, he says "Uncle Chester, you go home and we will drop this, and we will get together later and fix it up." Carpenter said that night he sat in his library reading, along about half past nine or ten he heard the old man's feet coming up the stone walk; the old man opened the door, broke in very greatly agitated and said to Carpenter "We had trouble this afternoon," he says, "we got mad." He says "Here I am a member of the church, Superintendent of the Sabbath School, a follower of Jesus, and I got mad and called you a 'damn liar.'" He says, "If you had done that to me nobody would have thought anything about it."

One of the last things that Carpenter said to me, illustrates his sense of humor. One Sunday he and I walked out to the Snow Shoe Club, some three miles out; it was a pretty long walk for the Judge, but he wanted to do it. Just as we got back, and were about to separate—this was a short time before he was taken with his final illness—he stopped and said very seriously: "Streeter, I want you to go up to the cemetery and buy a double lot for our families." He says, "I wish you would do it now, I wish you would do it when we are all pretty well and not wait until we get sick." He says, "I don't care where you do buy it." He says, "Jule"—that was his wife Julia—he says, "She wants a lot back under the trees where it will be quiet and retired, and Lillian—his

daughter—she wants one down on the broad hill side where she can get a good view.” He says “I don’t care, you go and get the lot and I will be satisfied.”

This is a very inadequate representation of Carpenter; but the humorous side of Carpenter, exceedingly humorous side, because he was so delightful in his refined courtesy, comes back to me.

Now those of us who knew him intimately will remember that side of him and probably there are few of us left, but we shall remember that side with a great deal of pleasure. The others, the younger members of the Bar, will know about Carpenter, what Carpenter really was from the representation of himself that was reflected in his opinions. He was a good man and we all loved him and everybody respected him.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, ESQ.: Please the Court—I want to present the following resolutions, and move their adoption:

“*Resolved*, That the Bar of Grafton County accept with deep gratitude the portrait of the late Hon. Chief Justice Alonzo P. Carpenter, which has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Streeter, of Concord; which will ever remain upon the walls of this Court room, an inspiration to others to attain the heights in their profession which he so gloriously achieved.

“*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to extend these resolutions upon the records of the Court and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. and Mrs. Streeter.”

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions will be received, and unless objection be made, they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

General Streeter refers to men that were raised on the Connecticut River—Vermont produced her share, and we are happy to say that some came from New Hampshire. It is rare indeed that one family shall have produced three such wonderfully able men as were found in the three brothers, Harry, George and Edward Bingham. Of those three, two were mem-

bers of the Bar of this county, Harry Bingham and George A. Bingham; the other member of the Bar followed the advice of Greeley and went West, to make his success in the state of Ohio, and later in the District of Columbia. The two that were members of this Bar, probably no person present was more familiar with than our friend, the Hon. James W. Remick, who will speak of them.

HON. JAMES W. REMICK: May it please the Court and Brothers of the Bar—Nothing could bring to mind more forcibly the difference between our relation and that of our Allies to the present world struggle than the fact that while the temples of our Allies are being shot to pieces by the ruthless Hun, we are assembled in security adorning our temples with the portraits of those whose lives were associated with them. It is fitting that we should do this, if in doing it we neglect no war duty. That no such neglect is involved in what we are doing is attested by the leadership of Plymouth and all New Hampshire in every form of war activity and by the fact that the son of the Presiding Justice, to whom we are indebted for this, as for so many other forms of public-spirited service, is at this moment on the firing-line in France. By re-dedicating our temples of justice as we are doing today, we are re-dedicating ourselves to the struggle to preserve them and all that they stand for, at whatever cost. It is noteworthy in this connection that Ambassador Gerard in his latest book says, “The Emperor . . . has an inborn contempt, if not for law, at least for lawyers. In October, 1915, for instance, he remarked to me, ‘This is a lawyers’ war—Asquith and Lloyd George in England, Poincaré and Briand in France.’” It was to be expected that one who deliberately wrote and published, “From childhood, I have been influenced by five men, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric II,

Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of a world empire. They failed. I have dreamed a dream of a German world empire, and my mailed fist shall succeed"—and who, to achieve that object, has made the world a human slaughter-house and himself the arch-butcher of mankind, and then invoked God in justification—I say, it was to be expected that such a one would have contempt for everything savoring of justice and everybody having to do with the administration of justice. Had I known before accepting the invitation to speak here today that the Kaiser held such opinions about law and lawyers, I might have declined. As it is, I see no way but to go forward with my part of the program, notwithstanding his majesty's sentiments.

I count it the most fortunate circumstance in my own humble career at the Bar that it was begun in the home town of those legal giants, Harry and George A. Bingham, and at a time when they were in the full strength and maturity of their power. The pleasure of self-conscious importance, which is sometimes the privilege of the young lawyer in a country community, was impossible in association with these men. On the contrary, to such a one their towering eminence gave a depressing sense of insignificance and obscurity. In the shadow of their greatness, it was for him to be a sort of chore-boy in the profession. But for all the deprivations for which they were responsible, in the way of early recognition and youthful conceits, they compensated a thousandfold by the lasting inspiration and helpfulness of their example and association.

Harry Bingham was at once lawyer, statesman, scholar, sage and philosopher. As a lawyer, he was worthy to sit with the great men who adorn the Supreme Court of the United States. As a statesman, he belonged with those who, in earlier times, fashioned the republic and wrote

"The Federalist," and with the Edmunds, the Thurmans, and the Sher-mans of modern days. As a scholar and philosopher, he was a marvel to all who were admitted into his life of study and contemplation. For virility of mind, breadth of vision, and wealth of learning, he belonged to the highest classification.

To those who find his measure in the offices he held, and the attention he attracted in the nation at large, our estimate may seem exaggerated. Indeed, his fame was in no way commensurate with his ability. This argues nothing against the latter.

Reputation, as has been well said, is "Oft won without merit and lost without deserving." It should not be confounded with character, nor political notoriety mistaken for true greatness. "The grasshoppers make the fields ring with their importunate chinks, while the great cattle chew the cud and are silent." By means of wealth, brazen self-assertion, political craftiness and snare-drum eloquence, hundreds of men were famous in his day, as so-called politicians and statesmen, who were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes. Wealth, position and reputation are but the trappings of circumstance. The true test of a man is the measure and quality of his mind, heart and soul.

Harry Bingham was never a senator of the United States, but he was immeasurably greater than many who have been and are, and no one will question that he was worthy to be. To deserve a high office is a dignity to which no man has attained who has simply secured it.

Those who, conscious of his power, stood by him in his last hours, and saw the great light fade and go out, may well ask, in view of the scant visible reward and apparent end of all, "What profit hath a man of all his labor?"

As a result of his work, Harry Bingham's mental horizon embraced the earth and planets, and all races

and times. The origin and development of man, civilization, and government were to him an open book. Sitting in his office, among the hills he loved so well, he could close his eyes and see the whole world as a panorama—as it was and as it is.

Suppose that death ends all; was not his capacity to hold communion with all that is and that has been, source of infinite satisfaction, and profit enough? But death does not end all. He still lives, at least in your lives and mine. By such individual endeavor, operating in invisible ways upon the generations, mankind has advanced and is still advancing. Is it not profit enough, when death comes, to know that we have contributed our most to this great forward movement? And finally, if, as we believe, death is but a transition, who shall measure the eternal advantage of a life of noble and strenuous endeavor here?

Besides knowing George A. Bingham in other relations, it was my good fortune to be a student in his office for about one year. Of him in this relation, I cannot speak too highly. When I entered his office, it was with something of awe, but he soon had me at ease by stating the legal question he for the moment had under consideration, and asking my opinion. It was not done with the air of condescension, nor from curiosity to test the quality of my mind. It was done in a sincere and genuine spirit of inquiry. He really wanted my opinion, and he could not have asked for it with appearance of greater respect had I been his peer at the Bar—if he had been the student and I the preceptor. However absurd the opinion, there was no offensive disapproval, no humiliating analysis, no sting of ridicule in word or look, but it was received with the same thoughtful and respectful consideration as if it had been the wisest deliverance of the greatest sage. This was not a rare exception due to a moment of

relaxation and good nature. It was the uniform habit of the man. From that time on during my term in his office, I worked with him a great deal, examining law, writing opinions, making briefs and preparing oral arguments and he was always the same unsophisticated, confiding and agreeable person. Nor was his conduct in this respect any mark of favor to me. It sprang from the very constitution of his mind and nature. My experience was, I venture to say, the experience of every young man who was ever associated with him.

He was a tireless investigator of the law, not in a philosophic and scholastic sense, but always with reference to the case in hand. He taught his students the inestimable habit of thorough and exhaustive examination of legal questions, and thus put them under an obligation which a thousand tributes would not discharge.

In making briefs and writing opinions, his mental process was laborious. His mind ground slowly, but it ground exceeding fine. The heat of forensic conflict furnished a needed stimulus, and on such occasions he would astonish those accustomed to his office habits by his ready repartee and quick command of resources.

Along with his other judicial attributes, he possessed in a marked degree that indispensable quality of a great judge—he was a patient listener. The same characteristics which attached his students to him, made him beloved by the younger members of the Bar as a Judge upon the Bench.

He clung tenaciously to the law. He accepted in the fullest sense the oft-expressed idea that "the law is an exacting mistress," and allowed nothing to attract him from it. In his devotion to it, he denied himself that intellectual and physical diversion which health of mind and body demand. I do not know that he ever read a novel. I cannot say that he departed from the strict line of his practice to read the lighter literature

of the profession. I am not aware that he even so far relaxed as to engage to any considerable extent in historical, political, or philosophical reading. The seductions of society and the charms of nature could not lure him from his cases; night and day, year in and year out, he plodded on in life-destroying consecration to his calling.

If, like his distinguished brother, he had sought more of change and relaxation in political, philosophical and historical reading and contemplation; or like his former partner, Judge Aldrich, he had now and then put aside his briefs and cases and found near to nature's heart, in forest and on lake and stream, health-giving sport and recreation,—I believe his majestic figure would be towering in our midst today instead of sleeping, as it does, over yonder. But that unyielding persistency which broke natural limitations and made him the leader of men of greater genius, had fixed upon him a habit of work, from which the attractions of life could not lure nor the apprehensions of death terrify.

More than five years before he died, he was admonished by failing health of the necessity of diversion and rest, but, impotent to resist the force and momentum of habit, he worked on almost to the hour of his death.

He was a strong lawyer, an able judge, and an exemplary husband, father and fellow-citizen. No eccentricity marred the outline of his character. His manhood was stained by no excess. In all the relations of life, he was a dignified and wholesome gentleman. No higher tribute than this could be paid to any man.

Never was maternal love more richly rewarded than in the birth and life of the brothers, Harry, George and Edward Bingham. Three sons, and every one a king among his fellows—kingly in stature, pose and step; kingly in eye, voice and gesture; kingly in mind and soul and will and character—but, thank God,

without touch of the Kaiser kind of kingliness, made up of moustache and egotism, blasphemy and brutality.

I am sure you unite with me in reciprocating the Kaiser's contempt and in paying tribute to such great and noble exemplars of our profession.

RAYMOND U. SMITH, Esq.: I ask leave to offer the following resolutions and ask their adoption:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended Mr. Justice George H. Bingham of the Circuit Courts of Appeals, and to his sisters, Miss Helen Bingham and Mrs. Walsh, for the portraits of their late father, Mr. Justice George A. Bingham, and of their Uncle, the late Hon. Harry Bingham, whom the Bar loved and respected.

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. Justice Bingham, Miss Bingham and Mrs. Walsh."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted and are so adopted.

Nature is kind to some men; it was kind to Judge Bingham in prolonging his life so long; and when it is kind, and we meet one of the members of our profession who is on the western slope, going down into the deep valley, and who has come to a ripened old age, and whose faculties are clear, it is indeed a pleasure to associate with him and listen to his experiences. Of the members of the Bar whom it has been my pleasure to know, who have passed into the great beyond, there was none to me more pleasing than the dear old man, Mr. Fling of Bristol. He told me at one time he had attended one hundred and twenty terms of Court in this county without missing one. It was my pleasure to call upon him at his home in Bristol two years ago this summer, and there to review with him many of the instances of his early practice and to look over with him and hear his comments upon the

collection of photographs made by the late Chief Justice Doe between the years of 1864 and 1874. It was an inspiring visit. As he took my hand at parting he said "Brother Sawyer, I fear we shall never meet again in this world." He was a dear companion, a man of upright character, of high ideas, who honored his profession, and we, the Bar of Grafton County, are honored today with the portrait of that dear, good man, presented to us by his son, Charles W. Fling of Bristol, and his daughter, Mrs. Eva Fellows of Bangor, Maine, who have likewise honored us with their presence here today. Among those who knew him best is his former partner, Ira A. Chase of Bristol, who will speak of him.

HON. IRA A. CHASE: May it please the Court and Brothers of the Bar—As suggested of some other members of the Grafton and Coös Bars, Mr. Fling came to us from Vermont, having been born in Windsor, Vermont. He had a very excellent education for the times, in the district schools and high schools of Vermont and New Hampshire, and at the old Norwich University in Vermont, then a very celebrated university or military institute, as it was called. After graduating he was a teacher in New Hampshire and became acquainted with the late Mr. Sargent, or Esquire Sargent, a lawyer practising in Canaan, New Hampshire, and Mr. Sargent very kindly suggested it would be a very good idea for him to enter his office and study law. Mr. Fling upon reflecting took kindly to that idea and entered the office in the spring of 1847. However, Mr. Sargent, deciding that Wentworth was a more fertile field than Canaan, removed to Wentworth and Mr. Fling went with him; there he pursued the study of law and in a practical way. Mr. Sargent soon acquired an extensive practice; he was county solicitor at one time, and had a large business there, and Mr. Fling had the ad-

vantage of the law theoretically and of it practically. As has been suggested he was called into conference like as it was in Judge Carpenter's office, when matters were to be decided or to be talked over, where cases were to be prepared and the law examined, and he was made to assist in that work. He was admitted to the Bar in 1851, and was a partner of Judge Sargent for about a year and a half, when he heard of an opening in Bristol, which he thought would be advantageous to him, and he went there, and succeeded the Hon. N. B. Bryant, who was about removing, taking his practice and his office, wherein he continued for sixty-four years, and they are still in the occupation of his son, a prominent business man in Bristol. Mr. Fling at once secured an extensive practice in that locality, and took a leading place among the men of that town. He was interested in all public matters affecting the interest of the town, as well as the state. He was superintendent of schools as a young man. He was also much interested in the church, and was the leader of the choir, which he enjoyed very much, having a fine voice. He was also president of the bank. Being a Democrat in a Republican or a Whig town, as it was then, he was not favored with local office, although he was always the leader of his party in that town. In 1871 and again in 1872, when the Republican rule was overthrown, he was elected a member of the Senate, and was a member of the Committee on Judiciary during both sessions, and its chairman during one session. In those days when there were only twelve members, and the Senate was about equally divided between Republicans and Democrats, one man's influence was very great. The importance of his assignment to committees attests the respect with which he was regarded. This was, I think, all of the political career that he enjoyed. He was favored at that time by receiving the degree of Master

of Arts from Dartmouth College. A similar degree was also conferred upon Hon. Daniel Barnard at the same time. Mr. Barnard and Mr. Fling while frequently opposed to each other in court, were yet very great friends. I remember Mr. Fling told me upon congratulating Mr. Barnard of his degree, that the latter replied that Mr. Fling was already master of more arts than Dartmouth College could conceive or confer upon him.

I entered his office as a student of the law, and was admitted to the Bar, and to the firm in 1881, a relation which lasted until 1894 when it was dissolved by mutual and friendly consent. Mr. Fling, as those of you who knew him are aware, was a man of distinguished appearance. He was erect in stature, due undoubtedly to his early military training. He was a man who was very affable and courteous in his manner; very dignified and yet very kind; he was a man of judicial temperament, a natural jurist who would have adorned the Bench if he had been placed there. He was an able lawyer, well read, and a man of great good sense and sound judgment; and for his clients, a wise and discerning counsellor. He was respected by his associates at the Bar and by his fellow citizens. During his long career he was interested in many important cases, being associated, either with or against, every person whose portrait appears here today, with the exception, of course, of Daniel Webster. He was on terms of intimacy with all of these distinguished men, and with many others like Judge Ladd and Ossian Ray and very many more whom I could mention. He knew them very well, he called them into his cases and he was called into theirs. I might say in passing in reference to the Hon. Harry Bingham—I didn't think of it until Brother Remick was so eloquently speaking of him—he was once associated with Mr. Fling in a case, where a certain man's wife

was injured on the railroad, and this man was a spiritualist. Mr. Fling was counsel for the plaintiff and had Harry Bingham with him in the case. The husband of the injured woman was present during the trial and at one of the consultations he remarked that Daniel Webster was with them in this case in spirit, Bingham replied with "I wish we had him in flesh."

Brother Fling was a most agreeable and companionable man in the office, being much like Judge Carpenter in respect to humor; he had a very keen sense of the ludicrous and humorous, in fact exceedingly keen, and he had a great power of characterization. He had such a long career, and knew the leaders of the Bar so intimately, and had been associated with them in so many cases, that he had a fund of stories and reminiscences that was remarkable, and which he was fond of repeating. I can recall a great many stories and interesting events that he related to me, that have occurred in this and other court rooms, concerning about every person whose portrait adorns these walls. Mr. Fling was of a naturally philosophical temperament; he was a man who read and thought a great deal, and he enjoyed reading the finer and better things in this world, the finer literature, and for many years, except when engaged in the active matters, he spent his evenings in reading. He was naturally, speaking from a physical standpoint, an indolent man. I should say he didn't like manual labor of any kind, and as far as I could observe he never indulged in it unless he was obliged to; but when it came to the preparation of his case, he was untiring in his labor. He gave himself entirely to his client, and he worked heroically. He was always faithful to his clients. When before the Court or jury he was a formidable antagonist, adroit, tactful and resourceful.

Owing to the evenness of his

temperament and habit of throwing off the care and business of life at evening and passing that time in reading, he attained the great age of more than ninety-two years, and at his death was the oldest member of the Bar of Grafton County, and perhaps of the state of New Hampshire.

He was kindly cared for during his last years by his son and daughter, who are with us today. His son, Charles Fling of Bristol, accompanied by his mother, and also his daughter, Mrs. Fellows accompanied by her husband, a prominent lawyer in Maine, who has been Speaker of the House, have come today from their distant home, with their two sons, who are also honorable members of the Bar, leading men in Maine. I am very glad they could be present with us today to hear these remarks in regard to these distinguished men, the friends and associates of their father and grandfather.

CLARENCE E. HIBBARD, ESQ.: I desire to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended to Charles W. Fling of Bristol, and to his sister, Mrs. Eva Fellows of Bangor, Maine, for the portrait of their father, Hon. Lewis W. Fling, late of Bristol, whose genial countenance reflects the beauty of his character, and the high ideals by which he was ever guided.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. Fling and Mrs. Fellows."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Mr. Hibbard are received and unless objection is made will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

Mr. Chase might have added that one of Mr. Fling's grandsons, who has favored us with his presence, is the Clerk of the Federal Court in Portland, Maine.

Among my early recollections of the New Hampshire Bar—among the happiest of them in my student

days—was that of our genial friend the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, a man who was possessed of the combined qualities of a good lawyer, a thorough student of history, and the qualities of good fellowship, which made him an enjoyable companion. His portrait was to have been with us but I received word this morning that it had been delayed and would not reach here until tomorrow. It has been presented and will adorn the walls of this Court room tomorrow, the gift of his daughter, Mrs. Bertha Sulloway of Franklin. We all knew him so well that in our minds-eye we can carry the memory of his face as though it adorned the walls.

Among those who knew Brother Batchellor best in his last days,—perhaps none knew him better—is our Brother Fletcher Hale of Laconia, who will speak of him.

FLETCHER HALE, ESQ.: May it please the Court. Your Honor, when you asked me to speak of Brother Batchellor I sensed a feeling at once of intense gratification, and of sincere regret. Gratification, that such a compliment should come to me—that an opportunity should arise by which I might say a few words concerning the man whom I so loved and revered—and regret, Your Honor, that I did not know him all through his life that I might present his case justly and truly as it is.

Albert Stillman Batchellor was born in Bethlehem the 22nd day of April 1850. He attended Tilton Seminary, graduating from there in 1868, and then went to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1872. He immediately entered the office of Harry and George A. Bingham, in Littleton, and with them studied law, being admitted to the Bar in 1875. From the time he graduated from college his name, and his fame, if you please, have been associated with the great names of Bingham and Mitchell right down almost to the time when he died, in 1913. In other

words, all his training, all his experience grew out of association with these great men, of whom we have heard this afternoon so well. His history, I think Your Honor, is not dimmed by the record of his associates, who stood in their sphere for certain things which go to make great lawyers. Judge Batchellor stood in his sphere for those things and other things which go to make great lawyers and good men.

It is unnecessary to say that a man of his calibre was honored in his town by almost every office he could hold. In addition, he served as Solicitor of Grafton County shortly after he was admitted to the Bar, represented the town of Littleton many times in the Legislature, and became a member of the Governor's Council in 1887 and 1888. For many years he served faithfully and efficiently as Justice of the Littleton Municipal Court, Trustee of the State Library and as a member of the Public Printing Commission. In 1890 he was appointed State Historian, an office which he held until his death, and the work of which I really think gave him the greatest delight of his life. He edited several volumes of the New Hampshire State Papers and of the Laws of New Hampshire during the Provincial period, wrote many historical pamphlets and treatises, and probably no man ever lived who possessed such accurate and thorough knowledge of the history of his State as he. He was intensely proud of New Hampshire, and intensely proud of being an American. His opinion on matters of history was widely sought by the foremost historians of the country. His attainments as lawyer and scholar were well recognized by Dartmouth College in 1910 when he was the recipient of the honorary degree of D.Litt.

He took particular pride in belonging to that group of men to whom General Streeter and Judge Remick have referred,—that great group of giants, which seemed to rise in that

north country in that period. He did not have the temerity to class himself as one of them, as a peer with them, but to be associated with them and to speak of them as associates of his in his daily life, was one of the rich things he enjoyed. I think his admiration for Harry Bingham amounted almost to idolatry. He told me that he believed, if circumstances had adjusted themselves so that Harry Bingham could have entered the Legislative Halls of the United States his name and fame would have been handed down from generation to generation among the people of this country. And Harry Bingham's thoughts and philosophy, to a large extent, impressed themselves upon Judge Batchellor's nature, naturally, because he admired him as one man may admire another.

I first became acquainted with Judge Batchellor during my senior year in College. His son and I were in the same class in Dartmouth. Judge Batchellor came down from Littleton to attend our Commencement exercises, and he was invited to speak to the class at our banquet. The magnetism of the man, I think, may well be illustrated when I say that, after he had finished, the boys rose as a unit and voted him a member of the class of 1905, and he joined us, sat at the table with us and remained one of us. That thing, of itself, shows the way he impressed not only men of his own age, but the younger men. That is the way he impressed me. It was only shortly after that,—I think it was in the fall of 1905 or the early part of 1906,—that I received a letter from his son—I had then commenced to study law—saying his father had lost his eyesight, and asking me if I would consider coming to Littleton to do his reading and writing for him, while I was obtaining my legal education. It was really, it seemed to me, an unusual opportunity for a young man, and I accepted at once. I went to Littleton and entered his office, ex-

pecting to find a man who had gone blind, a man who had worked actively and industriously all his life, and then been stricken in that terrible way—expecting, Your Honor, to find a man broken in spirit, dejected, ready to give up and set back and take things as they came. But, Your Honor, although his affliction had been upon him but a few months, I found a man who had already discounted the philosophy of Milton in his ode on his blindness, "They also serve who only stand and wait,"—and had made his creed that the rest of his life should be one of active service—that he would die in the harness.

Now, Your Honor, you have spoken of his good fellowship, and it was a remarkable part of his nature, his good cheer, and his fund of stories which he could tell in his inimitable way. I think, sometimes,—I know,—it bothered him. He told me if he had his life to live over again—that was after he had lost his eyesight and had begun to see the serious parts of life more clearly than ever—he thought he would never tell a funny story again. He was afraid men held him in the light of a buffoon instead of a man. But I told him, in my humble way, that if he were able to bring good cheer into the world, if he were never able to do anything else, the good cheer which he had brought into the world was work enough, and more than most of us could ever hope to do. I think the men here, who knew him well,—General Streeter, Judge Remick, Mr. Martin and Colonel Jewett and all the others, would say he is held, not as a clown, as a buffoon, but as a gentleman, as a scholar, as an able lawyer, and as a good, honest, faithful and industrious man.

He was particularly painstaking that nothing should go out over his name unless it was absolutely correct so far as he knew how to make it so. He believed in industry to the limit, and if there was anything he

could discover to make his work better, then it mattered not whether he worked late into the night, it mattered not whether he was paid for it. So long as anything that went out over the name of Albert S. Batchellor was correct, that was sufficient compensation for him.

I think perhaps I am taking up too much of the time, Your Honor, but I want to say in closing that it was an inspiration to a young man to go into that office and work for him, who could not see the light, and do his reading and writing for him, and see him work day after day in the face of the greatest obstacle, probably, that can come to man, and yet preserve his good cheer, his patience and his faith unto the end. If I had not known of him, if I had never heard of him, if I had known him only from the time when I first came into his office to work for him, I would have seen there exhibited his whole life. It was simply summed up in a fight for the right with industry and faith and loyalty.

He was a man who loved his friends, I think, better than any man I ever knew, and because he loved them he made many and kept them. It was a source of great delight to him, after his affliction came that such men as Your Honor and Judge Remick and others, whenever they came to Littleton, came in to see him. No one knows the pleasure he experienced after a visit of that sort.

So he lived in spite of the darkness, the physical darkness which confronted him, with his eyes of conscience and heart lifted always towards the sun.

GEORGE W. PIKE, ESQ.: I have a resolution I desire to offer and move its adoption:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended to Mrs. Bertha Batchellor Sulloway of Franklin, for the portrait of her father, the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, whose life was devoted most honorably and assiduously to the practice of his profession and to recording the history of the

state; and who merited and received the esteem and confidence of his brethren of the Bar.

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Sulloway."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Pike will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

Brother Streeter, in suggesting the strong men that came from the Connecticut Valley on the Vermont side, spoke of two brothers born on the Vermont side, and the first speaker of today spoke of one that was born in this town and honored the Bench. Shortly after John Mitchell's birth the family moved to Vermont, and there, I believe, his brother William H. Mitchell was born; he, like his brother John, came over into New Hampshire and came to Littleton, where he studied in the office of Bingham & Mitchell, and it is particularly fitting that his portrait should adorn the walls of this room, the room where he made and achieved his great successes, and showed to the Bar of New Hampshire his most remarkable skill in the preparation of the case of *State v. Frank Almy* for murder. Mr. Mitchell was at that time Solicitor of this county, and he achieved therein the admiration of his fellow members of the Bar, as he always commanded their respect and love. His ideals were high; he was a whole-souled, whole-hearted man; to be associated with him was a pleasure. His portrait adorns the wall of this room, presented by Mrs. Clay. There are few of us left that studied in his office. Our genial Clerk, Mr. Dow, and Brother Hodgman, Clerk of the Federal Court, and Brother Bingham and myself, I think, are the sole survivors of the men who studied in that office, and of him his brother-in-law has kindly consented to speak.

HON. HARRY BINGHAM: Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen—

Hon. William H. Mitchell was born in Wheelock, Vermont, in 1856, was educated in the northern Vermont schools, Derby Academy, and at Standstead in the Province of Quebec. He graduated, I believe, or attended school at the Littleton High School, in 1877. He commenced the study of law with his brother, the late Hon. John M. Mitchell of the firm of Bingham & Mitchell, at Littleton, and while he studied he taught school at Dow Academy in Franconia for a brief period. I have met occasionally two or three men from that district and outside who said they had the pleasure and honor of going to school to Mr. Mitchell, that they profited by their training, and that they considered him a fine teacher. In 1880, Mr. Mitchell was admitted to the Bar, and in 1882 he became a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchells' & Batchellor. Judge John M. Mitchell and the senior member of the firm opened an office in Concord in 1881, although retaining their interests in the Littleton firm until perhaps '85 or '86, when John M. Mitchell retired and the firm became known as Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor.

Mr. Mitchell was very much interested in educational matters, was President of the Littleton Board of Education from about '86 or '87 to '95 or '96. He was a Trustee of the State Normal School, located here at Plymouth, for about the same time; he was a member of the New Hampshire State Senate in 1889, where he rendered conspicuous service on the principal committee in that body. From 1889 to '96, he was Solicitor of this County, and in '91 he was in the case of which Your Honor spoke, *State v. Almy*. Perhaps most of you remember that. Perhaps I might recall a certain circumstance there. There was a young lady in Hanover, found murdered; suspicion fell upon Almy who had worked for her parents,

and who disappeared concurrently with the crime. He was hunted for all over the country, and finally, some weeks after the crime was committed, some of the people in Hanover found evidences of food around a barn, and a guard was placed around it. In a night or two a man came out of the barn and went to an apple tree, and they found it was Almy; they surrounded the place and finally he made the proposition that he would see the County Solicitor. He was in the hay mow of the barn, and he said he would talk with Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Mitchell came and climbed into the hay mow, and went over and had an interview with Almy in which he gave himself up. That you may know the heroism and courage of Mr. Mitchell,—I might add that Almy was armed and had exchanged shots with some of those who had attempted his capture, and said he was prepared to shoot anybody that came. After a trial in this Court room Mr. Almy was sentenced to death before two Justices of this Court.

Mr. Mitchell was a very busy man, having great executive ability. Upon his entering into the firm of Bingham, Mitchells' & Batchellor, it became apparent at once he was just the man needed for the details of a large country practice, and he became very expert in that position.

He had always been a Democrat prior to 1896, when he declined to follow Mr. Bryan on the silver platform. He became a Republican at that time. I believe he did not hold any office under the Republican party, except that he was presidential elector in this state in the McKinley-Roosevelt campaign in 1900.

Mr. Mitchell was an untiring worker. I remember an instance well illustrating his industry. I think it was in the summer of 1887 during the great railroad fight in the Legislature. We had gone to bed about half past ten, at the Eagle. About twelve o'clock he sat up in bed and said, "I haven't seen 'so-and-so,'" I don't remember who it was. I says, "You can see

him today." He replied, "Well, I suppose I can, I believe I know exactly where I can see him; I think he is over to the telegraph office." Up he got and dressed himself and started out, and in about half an hour he returned, saying, "Well, I saw him, and, it is all right; I had a satisfactory talk with him." "Well now," I said, "it would have been much better if you had staid right here in bed and seen him tomorrow." He replied, "I might have done that, but at the same time I can now go to bed and sleep, otherwise I would have been thinking about it all night. I had to get it off my mind."

In the last ten or twelve years of his life his health was not good, and he and Mrs. Mitchell made several trips abroad for the benefit of his health. What has been said here of Hon. John M. Mitchell, about his integrity and about his life, equally applies to his brother, the Hon. William H. Mitchell.

The north country—in fact the whole state—lost a big man when he passed away, and many there are who say they lost a friend in him, whose place no one can fill.

In April, 1912, he was stricken with pneumonia, and he was not strong enough to withstand the ravages of that disease, and so one of the grandest men in Littleton, and the sole remaining member of one of the greatest firms of lawyers in New Hampshire passed to that unknown country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

HON. CHARLES H. HOSFORD: May it please Your Honor—I desire to offer the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"Resolved, That the Grafton County Bar express its thanks to Mrs. Delia Bingham Clay, for the portrait of her former husband, the late Hon. William H. Mitchell, whose service at the Bar, for the state and for his clientelle, was ever recognized as of the highest order and merit; and whose genial, whole-souled character endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Clay."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Hosford will be received and unless objection is made will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

We are getting closer to the home town, closer to this Court House, gentlemen, where we, as younger men, were accustomed to see that genial whole-souled man, George H. Adams, who served his county as Solicitor, his state as Insurance Commissioner, and who had a large clientage, which he served faithfully and well. No one knew him better than his partner the Hon. Alvin Burleigh, who will speak to us of Brother Adams.

[Mr. Burleigh read extracts from his address upon Mr. Adams, printed in the N. H. Bar proceedings for 1915.]

HON. WALTER M. FLINT: I wish at this time to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"Resolved by the Bar of Grafton County that its thanks be expressed to Mrs. S. Katherine Adams, for this beautiful portrait of her late husband, Hon. George H. Adams, which adorns the walls of the Court room, within the shadow of the building where for so many years he served his clients with an energy and faithfulness exceeded by none and equalled by few."

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Adams."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Flint will be received, and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Among the younger element of the Bar for many years there was no more upright man in his relation to his clients than our late brother, Joseph C. Story, of whom, Brother Asa Warren Drew, who was a student in his office, will speak.

HON. ASA W. DREW: It gives me pleasure at this time to attest to the sterling qualities of one of New Hampshire's sons, the late Joseph Clement

Story of Plymouth, or, as he was familiarly known by his close acquaintances, "Clem" Story. He was born in Sutton, New Hampshire, August 28, 1855, and early in his life the family moved to Canaan where he resided up to the time of his marriage. From early life he evidenced those traits which characterized him in after years—a thorough determination to succeed along whatever lines he followed. He attended school at Meriden, at Phillips Academy and at other places. After completing his school course his aptitude for logical reasoning led him to the consideration of the law. He studied law in the offices of George W. Murray of Canaan, of Pike & Leach of Franklin, and in the office of E. B. S. Sanborn of Franklin and at the Boston Law School. In years after he would often relate some incident that occurred during his stay in the different offices whereby some legal point was impressed upon his mind never to be forgotten.

He began the practice of law in the town of Wentworth, but after a short time he came to Plymouth. While at Wentworth he became acquainted with Helen Louise Smith, the daughter of Hazen Smith, to whom he was married, October 18, 1881. By this union he had two charming daughters, Charlotte Louise Story, who at one time was in the office of Brother Thompson at Laconia, and Marion Story, who was musically inclined and learned to play the cornet, and at one time was known as the "Child Cornetist of New England."

It was my pleasure to be in the office of Mr. Story as a student and assistant for some two years and a half. While apparently somewhat aggressive in his nature, yet at the same time he possessed one of the most sensitive natures it has ever been my lot to find. One of the strongest characteristics of Brother Story was his loyalty to his clients and to his friends. He was never known to sit idly by when a friend was being abused; he was ready to resent reproachment of a

friend as if the shaft was aimed at himself. While this attitude occasioned some displeasure, in the end it won for him many friends.

He was associated with Brother Burleigh in the trial of Almy for the murder of Christie Warden, and at various other times became connected with the leading cases in Grafton County. His success at the Bar did not depend so much on brilliancy of oratory, as on the most thorough preparation of his cases. He introduced evidence with tact and astuteness, and acquired more than a local reputation in the trial of his cases. In speaking of dispatch, it may be stated that at one time he tried four divorce cases in a space of fifteen minutes and won on his way back to the office.

In the last three years of his practice, he was considered as one of the rising lawyers of New Hampshire and his future was accordingly looked to with a great deal of interest by his many friends. Some years prior to his decease he had an illness from which it was thought he never completely recovered, and in the fall of '92 and the early part of '93, he succumbed to acute melancholia, from which he died January 27, 1894.

He had his own peculiar views of the after life, and while he did not often speak of them, yet it became my privilege to have some conversations with him on that subject. Being asked "If a man die shall he live again?" he replied, "Well, what is the evidence to prove that he dies?"

He had not been in practice as a lawyer quite fourteen years, at his decease, but in that time he had won a reputation, not only locally but throughout the state, and will be remembered by the members of the Bar of Grafton County and a host of friends, as an able and honest lawyer, and the firmest and most faithful of friends.

ERI C. OAKES, ESQ.: Your Honor—May I offer the following resolutions and move their adoption?

"Resolved, That the Bar of Grafton County extend its appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Helen L. Story for the portrait of her husband, the late Hon. Joseph C. Story, a strong and energetic lawyer, whose faithfulness to the cause he espoused, and whose never failing courtesy to his associates, secured for him the highest regard and affection of his brethren of the Bar.

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Story."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Oakes will be received and unless objection is offered they will be unanimously accepted, and they are so accepted.

This completes the list of the members of the Grafton County Bar.

We have been honored in the presentation of a steel engraving of another lawyer, not one of the members of the Bar of Grafton County but a member of the Bar of America, foremost of the American statesmen in his lifetime. His portrait adorns our walls, facing out upon the little building where-on is the tablet certifying to the fact that in that building he argued his first case to a jury. Brother Wentworth will speak of Mr. Webster.

HON. ALVIN WENTWORTH: Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782, began the study of law in 1801, and was admitted to the Bar in Boston in 1805. He soon after returned to New Hampshire and opened his office in the little town of Boscawen, in order that he might be near his father. At his father's decease Daniel assumed his debts and then began the practice of law in Portsmouth.

While in Boscawen the incident in the practice of law which connects him with Plymouth took place. The Grand Jury at the May term holden in Plymouth in 1806 found two indictments, one for killing Russell Freeman and one for killing Captain Starkweather. Josiah Burham was tried on the Starkweather indictment.

In the indictments it was alleged that the murders were committed December 17th, 1805, and that the victims died the following day. At the same term of the Court of Judicature, Chief Justice Jeremiah Smith presiding, the attorneys for the state were George Sullivan, Attorney General; Benjamin J. Gilbert of Hanover, County Solicitor. Alden Sprague of Haverhill, and Daniel Webster then of Boscawen, were assigned by the Court as counsel for Burnham, the defendant.

In reference to the trial, Judge Nesmith in the GRANITE MONTHLY, records that Daniel Webster informed him that "Burnham had no witnesses. We could not bring past good character to his aid, nor could we urge the plea of insanity in his behalf. At this stage of the case Mr. Sprague, the senior counsel, declined to argue in defence of Burnham, and proposed to submit the case to the tender mercies of the Court." Webster objected to this proposition, and claimed the privilege to present his views of the case. "I made," said Webster, "my first and the only solitary argument of my whole life against capital punishment; and the proper time for a lawyer to urge this defence is when he is young and has no matters of fact or law upon which he can found a better defence."

The *New Hampshire Gazette*, June 10, 1806, contains the following account of the trial:

"At the last term of the Superior Court in the County of Grafton, two bills of indictment were found against Josiah Burnham; one for the murder of Joseph Starkweather, Jr., and the other for the murder of Russell Freeman, Esq. On Monday the 2nd inst., he was brought to trial on the first indictment. The Attorney General discharged the painful duties of his office with fidelity and ability, and the counsel for the prisoner managed his defence with great ingenuity. The evidence was too clear and explicit to admit of doubts. The jury retired, and after a short consultation agreed

that the prisoner was guilty. The Chief Justice, on Tuesday morning, in a solemn and impressive manner, pronounced against the prisoner the awful sentence of the law, in which he stated the aggravations of his offence, the candid and impartial trial which had been granted him, and the clearness of the proof against him, and after recommending to him sincere repentance for his sins and a firm reliance on his Saviour for mercy, condemned him to death. The prisoner appeared affected with the heinousness of his offence and regretted that he had not prevented the trouble and expense of a public trial by pleading guilty."

Judge Ebenezer Webster, the father, died in April, 1806, several weeks before the Burnham trial at Plymouth.

In Curtis' *Life of Daniel Webster*, the author erroneously states that the Burnham trial was in 1805, and referring to other cases tried by Webster in 1805 he expresses an inability "to determine which of them is to be regarded as his first case."

If Curtis had written with a knowledge that the plea of Webster at Plymouth was made in 1806, and after the death of Judge Ebenezer Webster, his statements and conclusions would have been changed. It is evident that the defence of Burnham at Plymouth was not the first plea made by Daniel Webster in the Courts of New Hampshire.

The little building now used as the Public Library in Plymouth, which stands directly east of the Court House, is the building which was then used as the Court House in which Webster argued in defence at the Burnham trial. It was afterwards used for various purposes. The building is now not only being preserved for its historic antiquity but is also being made active use of as a Public Library.

In May, 1852, Mr. Webster said to Professor Silliman "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain."

It was a sad commentary for such a man to have made on such a career, but it is said that it fitly represented Mr. Webster's feelings as the end of life approached. His last years were not his most fortunate and still less his best years.

If Mr. Webster's moral power had equalled his intellectual greatness, he would have had no rival in our history, but this combination and balance are so rare that they are hardly to be found in perfection among sons of men.

The very fact of his greatness made his failings all the more dangerous and unfortunate. To be blinded by the splendor of his fame and the lustre of his achievements and prate about the sin of belittling a great man is the falsest philosophy and the meanest cant. The only thing worth having, in history, as in life, is truth; and we do wrong on our part, to ourselves, and to our posterity, if we do not strive to render simple justice always. We can forgive the errors and sorrow for the faults of our great ones gone; we cannot afford to hide or forget their shortcomings.

His last wish seemed to have been granted, and that was that he might

be conscious when he was actually dying, and on the morning of October 24th, 1852, just before he breathed his last, he roused from an uneasy sleep, struggled for consciousness, and ejaculated, "I still live."

I wish to offer the following resolutions and move their adoption:

* *"Resolved, That the Bar of Grafton County express to Mrs. Marie Hodges, its gratitude and appreciation of the fine engraving of America's foremost statesman, Daniel Webster, whose portrait is now hanging upon the walls of this Court room, so close to the humble building where his eloquent tongue and melodious voice first plead in behalf of a client.*

"Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Hodges."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Wentworth will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Let me at this time say to those who have been of so much assistance to the Court in gathering these portraits that I desire to express to them my hearty and sincere thanks.

VICTORY

By Martha S. Baker

I hear the steady march, the tramp of coming feet,
Of our victorious army that never knew defeat.

I see the lofty purpose in eager, flashing eye,
I see heroic action from motives born on high.

I hear, I hear them coming, I see each stalwart son,
Erect, triumphant, proud for righteous battles won.

An army of the free, a brotherhood of man,
The Prince of Peace their guide, the herald of the van.

They bring their trophies with them, the prize for which they fought;
Not selfish gain nor conquest was that they meanly sought;

It was justice, it was freedom, democracy made pure,
The golden rule of Christ that ever shall endure.

Make ready for their coming, make straight each crooked way,
Prepare the laurel-wreath for each victor in the fray.

All honor to the nation, all honor to her brave,
Who hazard life in service, humanity to save!

NEW HAMPSHIRE PREPARING FOR WAR*

By Prof. Richard W. Husband

Two years and eight months of careful observation of the war as it raged in Europe showed the American nation that success in warfare is today based upon sound business methods much more than it is upon excitement or mere enthusiasm. Before we ourselves declared war we realized thoroughly that our part in it would be insignificant unless we organized effectively in order that each effort would attain its best results. The most impressive fact about our participation in the struggle is that for the first time in the history of warfare a very considerable portion of the work is dependent upon civilian activity and civilian organization. The part played by the private citizens of New Hampshire in preparation for making the power of the state most useful and valuable is of noteworthy magnitude.

The one organization existing from the outbreak of war, and having as its primary object the operation of its members in war activities, was the American Red Cross. The service rendered by the Red Cross to the sufferers of all the belligerent nations was well known to our own people and to all other civilized nations of the world. As we drew closer to the point of joining in the struggle, a great effort was made to extend the Red Cross membership in New Hampshire, and the result of the campaign was most marked. By the time the United States declared war there were nearly

one hundred and fifty active chapters in the state under the direction of a state chapter. More recently there has been some change in the organization, due to a desire that the system obtaining in other states should prevail in New Hampshire also. The work done by the Red Cross, however, has constantly maintained its high standard of excellence, and the volume of its product has increased. The people of New Hampshire not only contributed their full share of the one hundred million dollar fund raised in the United States in 1917 for the work of the Red Cross, but women in every town have agreed to devote a certain number of hours each week to the actual labor of making the materials so much in demand for the relief of suffering and the giving of comfort to the soldiers. This agreement has been more than fulfilled, as the large quantities of surgical dressings and garments sent to the front bear witness.

One hundred and seventy-seven thousand surgical dressings and made up garments have been made by the women of the New Hampshire chapter. In addition to this, over seventeen thousand knitted articles, including sweaters, socks, helmets, wristlets and mufflers, have been sent to the same headquarters. Eleven hundred Christmas packages have been packed and forwarded for the boys at the front.

During the summer of 1917 the American Red Cross adopted the system of dividing the country into districts. New Hampshire was placed under the direction of the New England division. The purpose was to have each community directly under the supervision of the division

*This article is a revision of an article by Professor Husband which appeared in the "Resource edition" of the *Manchester Union* of February 23, without his signature. It is deemed of sufficient importance and interest to be put in more permanent form for preservation, with due credit to the author.

rather than under the direction of a state chapter. New Hampshire has at present about thirty local chapters, with many branches and auxiliaries. Each chapter has jurisdiction over its own branches and auxiliaries, and the New England division has jurisdiction over the chapters. Within the past few months the output in materials has greatly increased due to the inspiration that has come as the result of sending our own soldiers to the front. The final figures relating to the Second Red Cross War Fund Drive just completed are not at the time of writing fully made up. So far as known at this moment, New Hampshire, with a quota of \$300,000, has subscribed \$510,000.

Beginning with the end of the year 1917, a new Red Cross activity has come into the state. This is called Home Service work. In every chapter a Home Service section exists, which has the duty of caring for the families of the soldiers and sailors who are in the service. This section has a double function: (1) to save the families of the soldiers and sailors from anxiety and suffering by means of quieting their fears and encouraging self-help in order to maintain the standard of comfort and health among the families and thereby to sustain the morale of the fighting men; and (2) to give information relative to the sending of material, learning the whereabouts and condition of the soldiers in the field, securing prompt payments of allotments and allowances from the government, and, where necessary, providing financial assistance.

The first attempt to induce the state systematically to make itself ready for engaging in war, provided war became inevitable, resulted in the formation of the New Hampshire League to Enforce Peace. This league was organized in June, 1915, but was superseded in May, 1916, by the New Hampshire League to Provide for National Defense and to Enforce International Peace. Early in

March, 1917, a reorganization again took place, as a result of which all members of the New Hampshire league became members of the National Security League. The special purpose for which the league was formed is expressed in the following words taken from a statement issued by its executive officers: "It is in fact an attempt to mobilize the patriotic men and women of the state into a compact organization which can be relied upon to furnish public opinion in support of every measure which the governor and council may adopt for carrying on the work of the state in the present crisis." The work of the league has consisted chiefly in holding patriotic meetings throughout the state and in assisting other enterprises, especially engaged in active preparation for the war.

It was about the middle of March that the legislature of New Hampshire became impressed with the necessity for taking immediate action, with the result that a large number of bills were introduced and passed by practically unanimous vote, having a far-reaching effect upon the attitude of the state and upon its war activities. Among the bills thus passed by the legislature may be mentioned those permitting military instruction in the public schools, establishing a militia to be composed of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, providing for a State Guard, providing aid for dependents of soldiers and sailors, directing the governor and council to assist the United States in the present crisis, and various other measures of great importance. In fact, the patriotic fervor of the legislature was so aroused that they displayed a readiness, almost without discussion, to adopt any suggestion whereby New Hampshire might render some contribution to the military, industrial, or economic strength of the nation.

The next stage in the active preparation of the state consisted in the appointment of the Committee on

Public Safety. The idea of the formation of such a committee seems to have been due to the initiation of a similar movement in Massachusetts. On March 13 a meeting was held in Boston of the governors of the several New England states to discuss plans of common interest in connection with "the present disturbed condition of affairs." At this meeting a resolution was adopted and signed by all the governors present, pledging their support to the president of the United States in carrying out his announced policy of protecting American lives and American property on the high seas. The resolution urged upon the national government the necessity of making forthwith the most energetic preparation for national defense upon land and sea.

Two weeks later, on March 27, the governor of New Hampshire appointed a Committee on Public Safety, consisting of 90 private citizens and the mayors of the 10 cities of the state, to coöperate with the civil and military authorities in the work of preparedness. On March 30 the Committee of One Hundred held its only full meeting, and then entrusted its active work to an executive committee which has put into effect the systematizing of the efforts of New Hampshire to assist the national government in performing its appropriate part in the world's struggle.

The New England states preceded the remainder of the country in the formation of state committees. When later the Council of National Defense, composed of six members of the cabinet, undertook the creation of subordinate councils of defense in every state, they simply took over the Committees on Public Safety in New England and made them part of the national organization. In this manner the Committee on Public Safety in New Hampshire has become the accepted representative of the national council, which in turn is the actual representative of the federal government. The committee has had no

powers conferred upon it by the legislature, nor by the governor or the federal authorities, but it is recognized as the unofficial mouthpiece of the governing bodies that are seeking to have democracy plan the business of war in a truly democratic manner. The systematic nature of the work performed by the Committee on Public Safety constitutes the great difference between the war activities of the state in the present struggle and those in all previous warfare. Since it has become the recognized agent of the federal administration in the furtherance of its war aims, there is scarcely an undertaking in the positive preparation for war that has not either originated with the Committee on Public Safety, or been endorsed by it. The result of this is that the total effort of the state has been carried forward without crossing of purposes and without unnecessary and complicated machinery.

Immediately upon its creation the committee established an office in the state house and began its task of organizing the state by forming local committees in each city and town. The response from all parts of the state to the suggestion of making local organizations was remarkable, and within two weeks in almost every community in the state three committees were formed—an executive committee, a committee on food production, and a committee on state protection. Somewhat later a woman's committee was organized under the direction of the woman's division of the Council of National Defense. In addition to these four committees, various groups or bodies have been created for specific purposes, but these commonly disappear as soon as the particular enterprise upon which they are engaged reaches its definite conclusion. The local committees have been requested or instructed in many respects to work along definite lines in order that every section and every home may be reached with war undertakings. The majority of the

committees have performed excellent service, some going far beyond their instructions.

The coöperation of the Committee on Public Safety, a civilian body, with other civilian organizations in advancing the necessary undertakings of the state during a period of war, may be illustrated by one or two instances, which will serve also to illustrate the fact that the federal government is to a degree hitherto unknown depending upon the citizen body for assistance and vital support. When the national movement to raise \$100,000,000 for the Red Cross took place in mid-summer, not only did the Red Cross organization have all its local branches working systematically and harmoniously to raise this fund, but it enlisted the coöperation of the Committee on Public Safety and used its local committees to aid in the task of raising the allotment of \$350,000. In the places where there was no local chapter of the Red Cross the Committees on Public Safety were asked to raise the quota for their towns. When the first Liberty loan campaign was begun the State Liberty Loan Committee expressed the desire that the Committee on Public Safety assist it in reaching every citizen of the state in order that the subscriptions to the loan might be taken as broadly as possible. To this end a joint meeting was called of representatives of the Liberty Loan Committee and the Committees on Public Safety at which the state was divided into districts and the local committees of the Committee on Public Safety were asked either to become local representatives of the Liberty Loan Committee or to coöperate with the Liberty Loan Committee.

This is also the first instance in the history of warfare of a huge organization built upon business principles making an effort to supply comfort and recreation to the soldiers. This is done in the present war by the Y. M. C. A., which has the particular aim of sending the soldiers into actual

fighting line in excellent mental and physical condition, so that their fighting qualities and their morale will be at the highest point of effectiveness. As long as there was a mobilization camp in New Hampshire so long also did a Y. M. C. A. hut exist there, maintained by the state organization. Since the removal of New Hampshire troops to camps beyond the limits of the state, each resident of New Hampshire has had the opportunity of contributing money to the support of this organization which has been so beneficial to New Hampshire boys. The campaign for Y. M. C. A. funds has been carried on by a most successful organization composed entirely of civilians and making the effort to reach all civilians.

Another most important opportunity offered to the civilian population to participate in the war and indeed to prove to the world that in a democracy each citizen is a useful factor has been found in the raising of the Liberty loans. Within a period of five months the country raised by popular subscription over seven billions of money and within a year nearly twelve billions. The secretary of the treasury is in charge of the campaigns and behind him stands the organization of the Federal Reserve banks. The officials of these banks organized committees of civilians, who place before each citizen the method by which subscriptions could be made and the advantage of making subscriptions. As a result New Hampshire contributed more than \$27,000,000 in the first two loans and \$17,282,300 in the third. So far the war is being financed almost exclusively by popular subscription, and in the first two campaigns the number of individual subscriptions in the state exceeded the total of 104,000.

Only recently the war tax has begun to operate and to be felt by the citizens. It may be of interest to note that at the outbreak of the Civil War, the state, and not the federal govern-

ment, was expected to finance the first enlistments and equipment of volunteers. Banks and private citizens of New Hampshire came to the assistance of the governor, and loaned the state nearly \$700,000.

Long before the federal government took any active measures to increase the food supply, New Hampshire, among other states, had begun a campaign both to enlarge the planted area and to bring about a thorough-going conservation. When this became a feature of the federal administration and a federal food administrator was appointed, the chairman of the food committee of the Committee of Public Safety was appointed food administrator. The food administrator of New Hampshire has, in a measure, become a federal officer, and yet he is a civilian. His staff of workers is composed entirely of civilians and his representatives and committees throughout the state are all private citizens. The work of the food administration has taken three main lines—increase in production, conservation of the product and substitution of one kind of food for another. The success of the first division of the work is well indicated by the computation made that the farm acreage for the season of 1917 was about double that of an ordinary season, while the small gardens had increased 400 per cent. In conservation the effort has been directed against wastefulness. This has resulted in a reduction in households of large amounts of wholesome and palatable food formerly thrown away. In public places, such as hotels and restaurants, the immediate effect has been a decided decrease in the size of portions served to patrons, so that Hoover's gospel of the "clean plate" has taken firm hold upon the state. While conservation is evidently being practised faithfully throughout the state, the use of substitutes for ordinary foods lagged behind the other parts of the program. The point at which substitution seems really to

begin is at the point where it becomes impossible to secure the ordinary foods. The food administrator requested that the amount of sugar consumed be reduced and the amount of wheat flour used be lessened. A decrease actually came when sugar and flour were scarce. This has been the most difficult part of the work of the food administration. During the last few months the attention paid by our citizens to the use of substitutes has increased most remarkably. While this has been brought about partly by regulation, the spirit of householders and housekeepers has radically changed. Very rarely indeed is the slightest objection raised to any regulation or suggestion, however drastic it may be. The visits paid each month to every home by the town units of the woman's committee are largely responsible for the new attitude. But the essential point of the whole movement is that the problem was not solved by federal enactment but through voluntary organization on the part of the civilian body.

A group of citizens connected with the Committee on Public Safety undertook to make an industrial survey of the state. The reason for taking the survey was that it was realized that the federal government would wish to know what industrial agencies in each state existed upon which it could rely for the manufacture of materials required in conducting the war. It was the intention of this committee after making the survey to place its results at the disposal of the state and of the federal government. A long and painstaking investigation resulted in securing from manufacturers an explicit statement regarding the kind of goods they made, the quantities they produced, the nature of their equipment and the number of their employes. The description of their equipment indicated whether or not the factories could readily be turned into establishments for making the classes of goods re-

quired by the government. The tabulation of the results of this investigation has already proved of service to the government in placing orders for essential war materials. It is of further interest in connection with the granting of transportation preference to establishments engaged in work for the government. If the time comes for a definite curtailment of the manufacture of non-essentials, this tabulation will become of inestimable benefit to the government, to the transportation officials and to the manufacturers. Such a change might involve a very considerable shift in the supply of labor, and might even include a partial removal of employes from one center to another. Apart from this immediate advantage, the tabulation constitutes a valuable record of the industries as they existed in the state at the outbreak of the war.

A committee was also formed to locate all points in the state where it seemed possible that damage to property might occur through accident or design. This committee ascertained the position of all bridges of importance, of dams, factories and other places of public utility. They made a list of the chief contractors of the state, together with the equipment and tools of all kinds possessed by the contractors, as well as a tabulation of their materials for building purposes and the number of men employed by them. The idea at the base of this survey was to find the method whereby damage done to property might be repaired with all possible speed. The method adopted was simple. Competent men were appointed in every small section of the state, whose duty it was to notify headquarters as soon as an accident occurred and receive directions as to the best system of setting about making repairs. By good fortune no necessity has yet arisen for calling upon the services of this group of civilians, but it has been a notable achievement for civilians of such number and great private interests to take part in accomplishing the work of this committee.

Another matter of considerable importance has been placed in the hands of private citizens. A shortage in coal was at first threatened and later became actual. A citizen of the state was appointed fuel administrator to represent the national fuel administration. The New Hampshire administrator has appointed representatives in all important positions in the state. To these representatives has been assigned the duty of endeavoring to conserve the coal which has already come to the state, to secure an equitable distribution of that which may come in hereafter, to see to it that a fair standard of prices is maintained, and in any other manner possible to obtain an adequate supply of fuel for the coming winter. This department bears a resemblance to the work of the food administration in the fact that it also possesses actual power of regulation. The fuel administrator has been granted the right to fix prices, just as the food administrator possesses, as one of his duties, supervision over the retail trade to the extent of forbidding excessive profits. Since there appears to be no prospect of immediate relief from the shortage of coal, the coal administrator has undertaken, with the help of the Committee on Public Safety and the State Forestry Department, to induce the owners of wood throughout the state to cut a sufficient quantity of wood to compensate for the lack of coal.

It is also new in the history of warfare that civilians have been designated almost exclusively to secure an army for the government. In this war, the greater part of those who have enlisted in New Hampshire have been induced to do so through voluntary civilian agencies, or through draft boards composed of private citizens. The Committee on Public Safety appointed a recruiting committee which conducted rallies in order to bring the National Guard and the regular army up to war strength. A most systematic organization existed and systematic pub-

licity was given to the rallies which were planned by this committee. The great success obtained is shown by the fact that, when the quotas for the draft army were first made up, that for New Hampshire was proportionately extremely low. This was due to the fact that the National Guard had already been recruited to war strength and the quota of the regular army remaining unfilled was small. When the time came to add to the armed forces by a selective process the execution of the selective service act was entrusted by the war department to civilian boards. In the state of New Hampshire sixteen such boards exist with the right of appeal against the decisions of these boards to a district board which is composed of civilians. The district board has its headquarters in the state house, in order to have ready access to the offices of the Adjutant General and the Governor. Already the state has given 3,500 soldiers to the country through the operation of these boards and the department of war has expressed the belief that the results obtained by the civilians who are members of the boards are eminently satisfactory. So successful has this work been that the administration of the selective service act will continue to be in the hands of civilians during the remaining period when it will be necessary for the country to increase or maintain its armed forces. The only military man in the state connected with the whole undertaking of securing troops according to the selective process is the adjutant general. Otherwise the matter has been entirely assigned to civilians. Instruction on matters of mobilization, selection, qualification, regulation and assignment of quotas come to the governor, who transmits them to the Local and District Boards. The adjutant general is the disbursing officer of the state, under the Selective Service Law, and is the source of information as to the application of the Selective Service Regulations. The regular navy and army recruiting

stations are still in operation and are now rapidly getting recruits for these two branches of the service.

Early in the year 1917 the Council of National Defense in Washington appointed a committee of ten women to organize the war work that might be performed by the women of the country. A committee of women has been appointed in every state in the union for the purpose of lining up each state with every other state and of dealing with problems that are somewhat local. In the state of New Hampshire a committee of women also exists in each town. The town units receive suggestions from the state committee and the state committee in turn receives suggestions from the national committee. The national committee is in close contact with the Council of National Defense and with the federal departments charged with the responsibility of superintending the preparations for war. The woman's committee has been instrumental in securing signatures to the Hoover pledge, in teaching thrift to the housewives of the state, in conducting lectures and instructions in conservation and substitution of foods and in the broadest manner of inducing women to perform all the varied services that women may render. As an example, a committee of women obtained subscriptions to the second Liberty loan amounting to more than \$3,000,000. The work performed by women in the Red Cross organization is quite independent of that of the woman's committee and it is quite possible that the Red Cross organization would have been fully as successful as it has been if the woman's committee had not been formed, but one is tempted to believe that the existence of a vigorous Red Cross movement was of value in enlisting sympathy for the formation of the woman's committee and it may well be that the new activities of women gave an impetus to the work of the Red Cross.

The Committee on Public Safety has undertaken to supply to the

state information upon war activities, regulations and the duties of citizens, and to inspire the citizens to a sense of their responsibility for the earnest prosecution of the war. To accomplish these things two organizations have been effected: a Speakers' Bureau, which has a list of about one hundred and fifty of the best speakers of the state, who have volunteered to speak at public meetings in any part of the state to which they may be called; the four-minute men, who have confined their activities to delivering four-minute speeches in the local theaters and moving picture houses. A plan is now contemplated whereby the operations of the four-minute men will be increased to such an extent that these short addresses may be delivered in meetings of all kinds wherever groups of persons congregate. For the same general purpose a War Conference was held in Concord on May 9, at which speakers of national reputation from Washington were present to give both information and inspiration to the war workers of the state. The State Conference has been followed by local meetings in many towns, to which the members of the Speakers' Bureau have carried the messages they themselves received from the speakers at the War Conference. Soldiers who have returned from the front, belonging either to our own army or to those of our allies, have added materially to the inspiration of these meetings.

Somewhat recently a new sub-committee has been established by the Committee on Public Safety to deal with Americanization. A realization of the lack of unity now existing in the country, due to a failure on the part of Americans to assimilate properly the millions of foreigners who have come to our country to live, has made it inevitable that we should either definitely undertake to instruct those who come to us in American ideals, American sympathies and American ways, or give up forever the idea of a unified national spirit.

The immediate means to be adopted in this movement consists in the effort to make English the universal language of the country. It is proposed that this be accomplished by means of evening schools, by assistance of officers of industrial plants, and by various voluntary organizations dealing with questions of sanitation, child welfare, and other topics of philanthropic or uplifting nature.

A state director of the National War Savings Committee has been appointed, who in turn has chosen a representative in each town and city in the state to engage in the sale of United States Thrift Stamps. The sale of stamps in New Hampshire has progressed fairly satisfactorily so that at the present time the per capita purchase amounts to about \$2.00. In this respect New Hampshire has done as well as the majority of the eastern states but has fallen far behind the western states. Attention is now being seriously given to the formation of War Savings Societies, each composed of a small number of persons who form a natural group. Societies are established in stores, factories, schools, city blocks, lodges and other organizations that might properly be formed into units. In this way it is anticipated that the sale will soon be greatly increased.

At the request of the Federal Department of Labor, a state director of the United States Public Service Reserve has been appointed, to whom has been given the task of enrolling men of the state engaged in many different occupations who were willing to engage in work useful to the government in its war activities. Up to the present time the chief task of the state director has been that of procuring the enrollments of 1,698 men for work in shipyards. In addition to this there have been requests for smaller assignments in various organizations, either military or civil. New Hampshire has been asked to furnish a few men to engage in tank service; others to enter the railway unit; others to enter the

ordnance department for specified technical employment. In securing enrollments and in locating New Hampshire men, the State Department of Labor has given most valuable and hearty aid to the state director.

Two other movements lately instituted may here be mentioned. A sub-committee on research has been appointed, to which has been assigned by the federal government the duty of discovering methods whereby the waste products from industrial plants in the state may be utilized. In many instances this may involve investigation lasting many months. The manufacturers of the state have shown a very hearty sympathy with the movement and are cooperating with the sub-committee in a most effective manner.

The second of these two movements is that relating to the preservation of the health and life of children. It has been realized that all the beligerent countries must devote more serious attention than they have done in the past to improving conditions surrounding childhood in order that a larger percentage than heretofore of children may grow into vigorous manhood and womanhood. This has become necessary in order that the loss of life and inefficiency on the part of those of our men who have gone to the front may be replaced. This movement is under the direction of the woman's committee, with the advice and assistance of the Committee on Medicine, a sub-committee of the Committee on Public Safety.

The wide range of subjects discussed and acted upon by the executive committee of the Committee on Public Safety shows evidence of the great number of topics that must be treated in the state's preparation for war. Among the topics treated by the committee are daylight conservation, universal military training, geological survey of the state, boys' working reserve, national prohibition, fuel, training camp activities, war econ-

omy, industrial safety, Hoover pledge cards, research in natural and applied science, storage facilities, four-minute men, public information, safeguarding the civil rights of soldiers and sailors, adjustment of labor disputes, economy in Christmas giving, and military record of New Hampshire men employment exchange system.

The attempt is being made to compile a record of all New Hampshire men who have entered the military or naval service of the country during the war. Card catalogues made in triplicate are being kept of all the men who have enlisted or who have been taken under the selective service act. This is no small task today, since there is no New Hampshire regiment and no New Hampshire unit of any kind. The men of each state who are serving under the colors are today scattered in all kinds of units, singly or in small groups from Texas to eastern France. There is no group anywhere that bears the name of New Hampshire. For this reason the list of New Hampshire men in the service is not to be found officially, in any office of the war department. It was thought advisable, therefore, that the office of the Committee on Public Safety undertake to compile the complete history of each man while he is in the service. For a knowledge of the facts the office is dependent upon the voluntary efforts of the local historians in each town of the state and this work is progressing in a most satisfactory manner. Eventually it is expected that all of the records of either state committees or local committees will be deposited in the central office and be available hereafter as a part of the state records of the history of the war.

At the end of May, 1918, there were approximately 12,000 New Hampshire men in the service. During the month of May alone nearly 2,000 entered the National Army or the various sections of the military or naval forces to which enlistment is still open.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE

By Francis A. Corey

A New Englander, coming back to his native heath, after years of absence, misses an ancient landmark that was very dear to his heart—the old red schoolhouse. Gone, almost altogether, are the squat, one-storied buildings that once upon a time crowned the hills and dotted the valleys. The inexorable years have seen them vanish one by one. Their passing was inevitable. They had served their purpose—served it wonderfully well all things considered. But needs and conditions changed. With the country's growth in wealth and culture old things naturally gave way to the new order. An ebb-tide struck the hill regions; the boys and girls were absorbed by the town schools with their superior advantages. And thus has it come about that our eyes rest sadly upon waste places where hardly a vestige remains of the structures that glorified them in days gone by.

Not that the old red schoolhouse was ever a thing of beauty. Grim and unlovely of architecture, without a line of symmetry or a redeeming grace, it stood, as a rule, at the fork of the road in a pasture-clearing where the soil was too stony and arid to warrant tillage. In summer no flowers bloomed about the door, no embowering trees drooped sheltering boughs over its lowly roof. The front yard, more often than otherwise, was a hopeless tangle of trampled grass. If a few scattering hemlocks, or a thicket of spruces, had been left to break the cruel force of the winter wind, it was more by accident than design. Solitary and alone, it lifted

weather-scarred walls, growing a little grayer and a little grimmer with every passing year.

Within it had something of the austerity and frugal quality of the exterior. A long, narrow entry extended the width of the building, at the remote end of which was piled in orderly fashion the winter's supply of seasoned wood. Stout hooks garished either side, where the boys and girls hung caps and sunbonnets in summer and a multitude of warm wraps in winter. In well-ordered schoolhouses there was usually a shelf or two that afforded convenient storage for dinner-pails. But woe to one who made use of these receptacles in zero weather! All too frequently the toothsome contents of the pails congealed into a solid mass that must, perforce, be thawed at the box stove, a slow and trying process when the victim, as was usually the case, chanced to be a hungry boy.

Schoolrooms everywhere bore a likeness to each other, as if all had been run in the same mold. It would be hard to imagine anything more dreary and uncomfortable. Invariably there was a raised platform for the teacher's desk. From this coign of advantage an absolute monarch ruled a little kingdom of submissive subjects. A "recitation bench" extended along either wall. Desks for the pupils were graded back to the rear of the room where sat the older boys and girls—wisely separated by a dividing aisle! The "tots,"—for the country school was always made up of assorted sizes—occupied the low front seats where they were di-

rectly under the teacher's eye. The schoolroom furnishings were exceedingly primitive. Webster's Unabridged held the place of honor on the teacher's desk beside a globe that could be made to revolve. A few maps adorned the whitewashed walls and a blackboard was very much in evidence. The windows—invariably six in number—were so high up that such tantalizing glimpses as the boys and girls got of the world outside consisted wholly of clouds and sky.

Not an alluring picture. But, ah me! what delightful memories throng upon one when an idle hour is given over to retrospection! And some not so pleasant if the truth must be told! However far away the days of our youth, the scenes and incidents of that happy-go-lucky time never lose their charm and vividness. We see again the tumultuous rush for places at the tap of the bell—maybe we are among the boisterous boys crowding upon each other's heels. And how quickly hushed are the noisy play and shouts of laughter! As the real work of the day begins the schoolroom takes on an air of chastened sobriety with a suddenness truly amazing. Even the youngest child, as he settles into his place, bears upon his shoulders the burden of a responsibility that he assumes with surprising grace and dignity.

One is forced to the conviction that the New Englander of fifty years ago had less of initiative than his descendant of today. Or, possibly, he was more hampered by custom and tradition, in spite of the fact that the country was ridiculously young and history had hardly begun. Be that as it may, an unwritten law, seldom deviated from in the slightest particular, governed the exercises of the old-time school. A chapter in the New Testament immediately followed roll-call. Afterward came the reading lessons and the classes in arithmetic. How exasperating most of us found those intricate problems in "Colburn's!" "Adams's Arithmetic" was

a blessed deliverance, for slate and pencil were now permissible and one was spared headaches and heartaches—the inevitable result of having to struggle through bewildering mental calculations where the important points had a maddening habit of slipping hopelessly away before they could be fully grasped and assimilated.

Always a ripple of interest ran through the school when the infant class was summoned to the teacher's knee. And this was not wholly because the cherub age has an appealing charm to which young and old are alike susceptible. The most unexpected things were liable to happen, and the older pupils, having this possibility in mind, kept one ear "cocked" while industriously studying their lessons. One memory is of a very small toddler who, on being asked to give the name of the letter "w," answered that he did not know. "Double you," prompted the teacher. The little fellow, who had been closely following the point of the teacher's pencil, looked up with a brightened face. "Ain't it double mother, too?" he asked. Such artlessness provokes a smile; and yet the incident has another side than the humorous—it goes to show the innate loyalty and devotion of the American boy.

The morning session closed with the spelling classes, usually half a dozen in number. There was a "nooning" lasting an hour—a gay and festive time to which both boys and girls, especially those living far enough away to bring their dinner, looked forward expectantly. For a hilarious sixty minutes, wild and unearthly sounds echoed within the four walls of the schoolroom. A chance passerby well might have concluded that a band of hostile Indians had come suddenly from out the forest, and a massacre, terrible as those of the early days, was being there enacted. But, punctually at one o'clock the tinkle of the bell called lads and lassies to their places—with never a

scalp missing! Then there would be more reading, beginning this time with "Hilliard's Fifth." Our fathers and grandfathers had profound faith in the helpfulness of this exercise. But what a farce it became when the teacher was incompetent or indifferent and permitted a monotonous, sing-song tone that robbed the exquisite thoughts of poet and essayist of all beauty and dignity!

Geography and grammar belonged by divine right in the curriculum for afternoon. Map-drawing from memory was one of the strenuous tasks of this particular time of day—and yet not so strenuous if one had the outlines well in mind, for rivers were merely represented by sinuous lines and mountains by short, parallel scratches curiously suggestive of the vertebrae of the horned pout. Grammar, to the majority of boys and girls, was a study without a redeeming feature. Stumblingly and haltingly the class went through the ordeal of "parsing." "Paradise Lost," and Young's "Night Thoughts," wells of English undefiled, were invariably chosen for this purpose. Indeed, in those grandiloquent days, the modern classics were regarded with something akin to contempt. The inevitable reaction may be one reason why the poems mentioned are now solittleread.

Afternoon was likewise the preferred time for history. It is singular how religiously our forefathers relegated the "lighter" studies to the latter half of the school day. Mathematics were good discipline of a morning when the rough edges of one's thinking needed the wholesome friction of "sums and figures"; but the chastened atmosphere of afternoon was accounted the only fitting time for the so-called ornamental branches; and there was something almost sacramental in the strictness with which this order was adhered to.

Shortly before four o'clock the various spelling classes again had the floor. And thus ended the lessons of the day.

Occasionally the monotony would be broken by a diversion of some sort. With what delight were such occasions hailed! The simplest humorous incident sufficed to set the whole school in a roar. An instance comes to mind at this moment. The class in history was reciting, the subject being the North American Indians. The question was asked if any member of the class had ever seen a tomahawk. Five-year-old Benny, sitting on a near-by bench, drinking everything in, eagerly raised his hand.

"Well, Benny, what is it?" the teacher paused in the lesson to ask.

"Please, teacher, I never see a tomahawk," quavered Benny, "but I've seen a hen hawk."

Many were the devices to which the old-time teacher resorted to keep all the cogs running smoothly. A story is told of a famous old school-master in the day of the open fireplace. The youngest lad was getting restless, so the master set him down at a mouse-hole in the brick hearth and gave him the tongs, bidding him keep a sharp lookout and catch the mouse living down below. For a time perfect quiet reigned in the neighborhood of the fireplace and the master had momentarily forgotten the small boy on guard when a shrill little voice piped triumphantly,—

"Dosh! I dot him!"

And he held up a struggling mouse firmly imprisoned in the tongs.

Two hours out of every week were given over to the noble art of penmanship. The pot-hook and tram-mel stage well passed, learning to write was regarded a pleasing diversion rather than a hard-and-fast task. And then what wise and wonderful precepts headed the pages of the copy-book! When these had been reproduced twenty times over with painstaking care, a faint comprehension of their beauty and wisdom naturally filtered through the outer crust of heedlessness and found lodgment in the youthful mind. Saints and solons were the legitimate outcome; but

alas! human nature is pretty much the same, whether in adult or child.

The older boys and girls were required, every alternate week, to "speak pieces" or write compositions. At such times life seemed hardly worth living. The girls hunted wildly for subjects that had not been worn threadbare from frequent use. The boys wrestled and perspired; and yet they had rather the best of it. If nothing better turned up, they could fall back upon Hamlet's soliloquy, or "Old Ironsides," or "The Sailor Boy's Dream." And this was what usually happened. Sometimes a venturesome girl would give a "recitation"; but composition-writing was considered her especial province, the one thing in which she could outstrip the boys. If a poetical effusion was born of much travail, the writer became the envy of less gifted classmates and was straightway exalted to a place of honor.

One rarely hears, nowadays, of the revival of anything so archaic as the old-fashioned spelling-school. Indeed we have well-nigh forgotten how to spell. In the hurry and bustle of modern life we have fallen into the pernicious habit of making elementary sounds do most of our oral work; and frequent apostrophes mark elisions on the written page. Already it seems a long way back to the day when spelling was accounted one of the accomplishments. Every one could not attain to the same degree of proficiency—there are born spellers as truly as there are born poets—but the noble art was taught with scrupulous fidelity. Even a cursory examination of present day business letters—and other correspondence for that matter—brings a sigh for the more abundant leisure when things were done thoroughly and well. In the early nineteenth century a redundant letter was rarely found in a word, and it was just as unusual for one to be left out. Little is thought of such carelessness nowadays, although the meaning is oftentimes radically changed. To quote

an actual occurrence: Not so very long ago a certain business firm sent to the manufacturer a rush order for a bicycle "for a tall young lady to be *stripped* and painted yellow!"

When spelling-schools flourished the simple life was at its best. The thousand and one interests and diversions of the present day had not been evolved from man's fertile brain. Every country school held one or more of these contests during the winter term, to which all near-by schools were invited. Sides were chosen and the battle began. Great was the rejoicing of the school whose "crack" speller, usually a girl, spelled everybody down! This was rarely accomplished, however, before the North American Spelling-Book had been gone through from cover to cover, foreign quotations, abbreviations and all!

The last afternoon of the school term was usually a festive occasion. In summer nimble fingers decorated the bare walls with wild flowers and graceful festoons of plaited oak leaves; in winter resort was had to trailing evergreen and hemlock boughs. It was all very crude, and yet a little pathetic when one considers what was behind these poor attempts at decoration. A goodly number of visitors, mostly the mothers clad in their best alpaca gowns, usually straggled in, looking worried and anxious, uncertain whether their offspring would acquit themselves well or ill. It must be conceded that they were rarely put to the blush while the lessons in review went on. The decisive test came with the dialogues and recitations that made up the greater part of the afternoon's "entertainment." Invariably there would be choking, halting, stammering—ofttimes a premature and ignominious retreat wholly inexplicable to the mortified parent after the evenings and the mornings she had stood with both hands in soapy dishwater, the book propped open beside her, hearing that particular "piece" rehearsed. She might have

done some judicious prompting, but that would have been out of place in the schoolroom. Etiquette must be observed though the heavens fell.

The "committee man" was always in evidence, and closed the exercises with eulogistic "remarks." The writer vividly recalls one of these dignitaries—a stalky, clean-shaven man in bright blue broadcloth and glittering brass buttons, the bravery of which made a profound impression on his youthful mind. That blue suit must have been made of good material, for it survived the writer's generation in all its pristine splendor. Sometimes, to the unbounded disgust of squirming martyrs, the minister and the doctor came also; then there would be three long and tiresome speeches instead of one.

The boys and girls of the red schoolhouse were not without their simple pleasures. In hours of relaxation old-fashioned games were played with a vigor and zest quite amazing to one who had witnessed the languid lolling over desks during the school session. In summer there were May parties and picnics and long rambles in the woods in search of wild flowers. In winter skating, coasting and snowballing were sources of never-failing delight. Taken all in all, it was a gay and joyous time and brought such

rapture to the youthful heart as children of the present day, surfeited with pleasures, never know.

Yes, the old red schoolhouse that crowned the heights or hid in half-forgotten byways, is passing never to return. Now and then, as we journey through the almost deserted hill-country, a turn in the road brings into view the sagging roof, then the many-paned windows, of one that has outlasted its kind. Sudden moisture comes into the eyes, the heart quickens a beat; there is an impulse to take off one's hat to it. It is deserving of reverence in its decay. The greatest of the world's thinkers, scholars, philanthropists and merchant princes were nursed in just such crude and humble cradles. Grandeur structures have since arisen in the scattered villages—more up-to-date methods have superseded the customs of that by-gone time. "Forward" is the rallying cry the world over. And that means constant change and readjustment. But let honor be given where honor is due. Only those who have left behind the morning of life and are facing evening and the sunset, can fully appreciate the debt we owe as individuals and as a nation to the little red schoolhouse of our fathers. Long may it be held in loving and grateful remembrance.

THE HARP

(Translated from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer by Lawrence C. Woodman)

In a dark corner,
Forgotten perhaps by its master,
Strangely silent till covered with dust,
Is seen a harp.

How many notes in its strings,
Like birds in branches, are sleeping!—
Asleep, but awaiting the hand of snow
That's coming to call them forth!

And how many times does genius
Thus sleep in the depths of the soul!—
Awaiting a voice like that which woke Lazarus:
"Arise and fare ye forth!"

JOHN MASON'S THREE GREAT HOUSES

By J. M. Moses

"Great House" was a term used for the manor house of an English manorial estate, on which the tenantry lived in small houses, the landlord in a larger one. It was applied by the settlers of New Hampshire to each of the three main buildings of the three Masonian plantations on the Piscataqua. These plantations, as named by John Mason and others in a letter of December 5, 1632, to Ambrose Gibbons, were "Pascattaway" (Odiorme's Point), "Strawberry-banke" (Portsmouth), and "Newichwannick" (South Berwick). The letter, which did not reach Gibbons till the following June, assigned the houses at these places respectively to the care of "Mr. Godfrie," "Mr. Wannerton," and Ambrose Gibbons.

Replying, July 13, 1633, probably after Godfrey had left, Gibbons wrote, "Mr. Wanerton hath charge of the house at Pascatawa, and hath with him William Cooper, Rafe Gee, Roger Knight and his wife, William Dermit and one boy. For your house at Newichwannicke, I, seeing the necessity, will doe the best I can there and elsewhere for you until I hear from you againe." He did not mention Strawberry Bank.

It is to be noted that for the Masonians the mouth of the Piscataqua was at Little Harbor. Its channel was perhaps safer for small craft. Here, on Odiorme's Point, was their capital, "Pascattaway," where, in a "strange and large house" (Maverick), dwelt their governor, Walter Neale, till called home for consultation in the summer of 1633. He was lord of the enterprise, the only man empowered to grant land, though

Gibbons was the chief business man. For three years Neale represented Gorges for Maine, as well as Mason for New Hampshire. Their plan for their new country was that of a landholding aristocracy, with subject tenantry, as in England.

John Mason died in December, 1635. His heirs neglected, and soon abandoned his plantations on the Piscataqua. With the assumption of jurisdiction by Massachusetts, in 1641, Strawberry Bank was adopted as the seat of government and center of business, while Odiorme's Point was left an isolated tract with few people. The manorial system of land tenure so completely disappeared that by March 30, 1660, Joseph Mason, in a deed of that date, thought it necessary to recite that "Capt. Jno Mason of London gent. was at his death seized & posest of Certaine Land at piscataway in New-England as namely the great house upland & marishes nere unto it adjoyneing in the River of piscataq, & that the said Mason had in his life time many servants & Stockes of Cattle upon the premisses, did Intrust one Ralph Gee a servant of his more Pticuler to looke unto the said Cattle & did furnish him with a plantation neere adjoyneing upon the same lands to him belonging for the better Pforming of his trust," etc.

The deed goes on to say that Gee died in 1645, leaving "his house & grownd & Small Stock upon it," but insolvently indebted to William Seavey, who was appointed administrator "to receive all & pay him selfe, which he hath sithence done," etc. The deed does not convey the property, as Seavey was already in possession of

it, but acquits him of all claim by Mason's estate "to the said plantacon of house upland & marshes" of Ralph Gee.

Everything about this deed suggests that the "Great House" mentioned was that on Odiorne's Point, where Joseph Mason was probably living. (See *GRANITE MONTHLY*, Vol. 48, page 171.) Seavey in 1646 was just west of Odiorne's Point and south of Sherburne's Creek. (See *N. H. Genealogical Record*, Vol. 1, page 4.) In 1660 he had only twelve acres in possession, probably the Gee land.

There is a deposition of May 10, 1699, by Christopher Palmer, aged about seventy-three, that "Mr. Gee and severall other men whose names I do not remember lived at little harbour and that they were reported to be agents & servants to Capt. John Mason deceased and had an house at little harbour aforesaid called *Randezvouz* and that they had in their possession severall head of diverse Sorts of cattell which were reported to belong unto Said Capt. Mason." (Court Files, No. 25802.)

The first manor houses were doubtless built mainly of logs, though that on Odiorne's Point, built by David Thompson in 1623, seems to have been partly of stone. (For accounts of it, see the first chapter of the *History of Rye*, *Jenness' First Planting of New Hampshire*, also *Old Eliot*, Vol. 9, page 176.) It was a large cabin, or small hall, of one room on the first floor, with an immense chimney in the west end. The others were probably like it. Whether or not it was ever called Mason Hall, it can be said that it resembled the primitive hall of the chief, of earlier times in England.

Of one built ten years later, near Cape Elizabeth, by John Winter, a description written by him has been preserved. He wrote "I have built a house here at Richmond Island that is 40 feet in length, and 18 feet broad, within the sides, besides the

chimney; and the chimney is large, with an oven in each end of him. And he is so that we can place a kettle within the mantle piece. We can brew and bake and boil our kettle within him, all at once within him, and with the help of another house that I have built under the side of our house, where we set our sieves and mill and mortar in, to break our corn and malt, and to dress our meal in.

"I have two chambers in him, and all our men lies in one of them. Every man hath his close boarded cabin [bunk], and I have room enough to make a dozen close boarded cabins more, if I have need of them; and in the other chamber I have room to put the ship sails into, and allow dry goods which is in casks; and I have a store house in him that will hold 18 or 20 tuns of casks underneath. Also underneath I have a kitchen for our men to set and drink in, and a steward's room that will hold two tuns of casks, which we put our bread and beer into. And every one of these rooms is closed with locks and keys unto them."

The Odiorne's Point plantation had, besides agriculture, a fishing and fish-drying industry, which was expected to yield profit. It was disappointing in that, but furnished an important part of the sustenance of the settlers.

The plantation at South Berwick was the most important. It had, besides the farm, a sawmill at Great Works, and a trading post for the Indians, which was so well patronized that Gibbons sometimes had to entertain one hundred of them at one time. July 13, 1633 he wrote that his family consisted of himself, wife and child and four men, Charles Knell, Thomas Clarke, Stephen Kidder and Thomas Crockett, and that he was far from neighbors. August 6, 1634 he wrote Mason, "Your carpenters are with me, and I will further them the best I can."

Continuing, he wrote, "You have heare at the great house 9 coves, 1

Bull, 4 Calves of last year and 9 of this year; they prove very well," etc. He also spoke of goats, and boards from the mill. This great house stood opposite the site of the later house of Temple Knight. In the same letter he recommended sending more cows, adding, "A good husband with his wife to tend the cattle and to make the butter and cheese will be profitable; for maides, they are soon gone in this country." There were marriageable men neighbors by this time.

This plantation was the busiest, and the most profitable to the proprietors, for the trade in peltry yielded considerable returns. It was afterwards claimed that Mason had made most of his expenditure in Maine. But it was short lived. By May 25, 1640, Gibbons was down in Portsmouth, where he was assistant governor and a signer of the glebe grant. Humphrey Chadbourne is said to have succeeded him at South Berwick, but not for long. By 1645 the buildings were burned and the estate completely wrecked. Meanwhile Thomas Gorges had assumed the governorship of Maine, living 1640-1643 at Gorgeana (York), and Maine was referred to as the Province.

The plantation at Strawberry Bank could hardly have been more than agricultural. Its great house, built in 1631, is said to have stood at the corner of Court and Water streets. It was first occupied by Thomas Warnerton, who went to Pascattaway in 1633, but perhaps returned.

Reference is made to this great house in the town records of August 15, 1646, when John Pickering was to have four acres of "salt marsh at the great house adjoining to the great paund [South Mill pond] in the south side." (N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 3.) Under the Massachusetts jurisdiction John and Richard Cutt took possession of this building and claimed to own it. Richard Leader had it in 1653, when Joseph Mason probably had the

Odiorne's Point house, and grants of land were made to both. (N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 9.) The south end of it, with the chimney, was standing in 1700.

Rev. E. S. Stackpole's *History of New Hampshire*, Appendix A, pp. 373-376, gives an account of the successive ownership of this house, ending with a denial, against high authority, that the house of Odiorne's Point was ever called a great house.

It would be strange if that house alone of the three, the first built, and the residence of the first governor, was never called a great house (though called a large one). I am convinced that it was so-called in at least one record that still exists.

June 5, 1643 a ferry was granted by the court to Henry Sherburne from "the great house" to Strawberry Bank and three other places. (See *GRANITE MONTHLY*, Vol. 48, page 167.) Plainly this great house was not at Strawberry Bank. The fares show that it could not have been at South Berwick. For single passengers they were six pence to Strawberry Bank, twelve pence to "the Province" (Maine), two pence to Great Island (Newcastle), and two pence to "Rowes." In my article on Sanders Point (*GRANITE MONTHLY* Vol. 48, page 167), I tried to solve the problem mathematically, assuming that the fares corresponded to the distances, with the result of placing the starting-point on Sanders Point or Blunt's Island.

This grant of a ferry may be compared with two other grants of ferries; that to James Johnson, October 6, 1649, from Odiorne's Point (*GRANITE MONTHLY*, Vol. 48, page 170), and that to William Hilton, June 26, 1648, from Kittery Point (N. E. Register, Jan., 1917). Fares were not determined wholly by distances; other elements of difficulty were considered. Something extra was allowed for crossing the main river, probably owing to the tide. The fare allowed to Henry Sherburne and James

Johnson agree for trips to Newcastle and Maine. Johnson was allowed twice as much for rowing to Strawberry Bank, and the ferry to Henry Sherburne's seems to have made that to Rowe's unnecessary. Perhaps Rowe's was then on Sanders Point, where it could be reached by land from Sherburne's.

On the whole I am convinced that Henry Sherburne's ferry started from the great house on Odiorne's Point, as claimed by the History of Rye (page 71). It is not unlikely that he and his father Gibbons were then living in this great house. Gibbons on coming to Portsmouth would have occupied some Masonian building, and this one was very near his land grant, on which Sherburne was settled three years later. Even if Sherburne had settled there by 1643, he would have been within shouting or signaling distance of Odiorne's Point, and could have operated a ferry from there.

I imagine this great house was granted by the Masonian heirs to Joseph Mason, their kinsman, in consideration of his coming here in his old age to care for their interests. They would surely have given him a tenement. The house at Strawberry Bank was otherwise occupied. I think he deeded the house July 21, 1668 to James Randall. (GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. 48, page 171.)

According to the historian Hubbard, it had mostly disappeared by 1680; only "the chimney and some part of the stone wall" were then standing. Its position was across the road that has since been made down to the shore by the monument. The road here has been excavated, removing all traces of the building, except some of the foundation of the chimney, which can still be seen, and was seen by the Piscataqua pioneers, on their excursion to this region August 31, 1909.

EVENTIDE

By M. E. Nella

I crossed the shallow river
On a narrow, shaky trestle,
To the grove of silvery poplars
Near the ledge.

An old boat lay at anchor,
In the bend beyond the willows,
And reed birds lightly poised
Upon the edge.

A sheen was on the water,
And barn swallows skimmed across it;
While pickerel leaped for flies
Beneath the bridge.

The whip-poor-wills were calling
From tamarack and pine land,
And nightingales gave answer
From the ridge.

I saw the moon rise slowly
Above old Mount Monadnock,
And tiny stars come gleaming
Through the blue.

I watched the twilight fading,
The darkness creeping over—
And with it came the screech-owls
Weird "whoo-whoo."

THE BATTLE OF CHELSEA CREEK*

By Fred W. Lamb

Upon the alarm of April 19, 1775, the patriots, as is well known, began to pour into Cambridge, Mass., from all the surrounding country. Among the patriot leaders who were the first to arrive was John Stark, from Derryfield, now Manchester, N. H. He was followed by a large number of his friends and neighbors from all over the southern part of New Hampshire. With these men he soon organized a regiment and was stationed at Medford, Mass.

The headquarters of the British army, under General Gage, was located in Boston, Mass., and British troops were distributed at various points from Roxbury Neck to the foot of Hanover Street in Boston. A detached force of some three hundred men was about this time stationed at an outpost on Noddles Island (now East Boston), and formed the extreme right of the line.

To keep up the enthusiasm of the patriots there were several expeditions projected by the leaders to seize the supplies of live stock and hay which had been gathered on the islands in Boston harbor by the British. One of these, and the most important, the never half-known battle of Chelsea Creek, occurred on the 27th of May, 1775, at which time quite an engagement was fought and won by the patriots.

Colonel Stark was ordered by the Committee of Safety to take a detachment of some three hundred men and drive the cattle and sheep from Hogg and Noddles islands across Chelsea Creek, which could be forded at low water.

* This article by Mr. Lamb was published in a pamphlet ten years ago, and is here presented by the author's permission.

Accordingly, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of May, he started on his errand.

The sheep on Breed's Hill, Winthrop (then Hogg's Island), were removed successfully, but when it came to crossing to East Boston (Noddles Island) for the cattle there, the outpost of British regulars, some fifty in number, which was later reinforced, stood their ground and opened fire by platoons, briskly, upon the embattled Yankees on the Chelsea side of the creek.

The British Admiral, Samuel Graves, immediately sent a schooner and a sloop towing barges filled with soldiers up Chelsea Creek, intending to cut off the return of the patriots to the mainland from Hogg's Island. The schooner was armed with four six-pounder cannon and the barges were provided with twelve swivels, but with all their banging away at the green hillsides of Chelsea (where round iron balls have been found quite frequently) none of the patriots were killed, while on the deck of the armed schooner ran blood until it dripped out of the scuppers, according to a British letter home about the affair.

A force of grenadiers was also sent to aid the British marine guard on Noddles Island, as stated before, and Colonel Stark was finally obliged to withdraw to Hogg's Island, and then to the mainland, taking advantage of the ditches cut through the marshes, at the same time returning a hot fire, inflicting a heavy loss of killed and wounded on the enemy. He succeeded, however, in carrying off the greater part of the live stock.

The schooner continued to fire at the Americans after they had reached Chelsea Neck, but General Putnam,

who fortunately came up with reinforcements, among whom was Joseph Warren, serving as a volunteer, opened a brisk fire in return. For the first time in the American Revolution, artillery rumbled between Chelsea's hedgerows, along with the marching hosts, or rather two little four-pounders commanded by Capt. Gideon (?) Foster. The Provincials now numbered in all about one thousand men, according to Hon. A. D. Bosson of Chelsea, Mass.

All the afternoon the popping at the redcoats lasted, and at nine o'clock at night the impetuous Putnam began the work for a finish. Mounting his two cannon on a knoll near the river edge, backed by his whole force, as the becalmed British vessels approached that point on their retreat, towed by the sailors and marines in the barges, all far and near shots from the shore, Putnam and his men waded out waist deep into the water and poured a fierce fire to kill into the vessels and boats with demands for surrender. It was too hot for the regulars. At eleven o'clock at night, abandoning their vessels, they sought safety in flight in the boats, and the enemy's schooner was burned by pulling her ashore at the ferries and burying her up in heaps of hay, after removing from her decks four cannon, the sails from her masts and clothes and money from her cabin. In this way the schooner fell into the hands of the patriots with all her supplies, stores and equipments.

As the Americans were all trained marksmen, the casualties among the British were many. The action at this point lasted from nine to eleven. The Americans had three or four wounded but none killed. The British loss was greatly exaggerated at the time. General Gage stated in his official report that "two men were killed and a few wounded." The

New Hampshire Gazette of June 2, 1775, said that "'Tis said between two and three hundred marines and regulars were killed and wounded, and that a place was dug in Boston twenty-five feet square to bury their dead.' One man stated that he saw sixty-four dead men landed at Long Wharf from one boat. Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages in New England" in an account of this engagement, says that "the Americans had four men wounded, while the British had twenty men killed and fifty wounded."

Gordon, in his "History of the American Revolution," states that "at least two hundred British were either killed or wounded."

"Putnam," Bacon says, "got the credit for this fight"; and it is stated that the conduct of this affair influenced the vote in the Continental Congress to make him a major-general. The schooner was named the *Diana*, and was commanded by Lieut. John Graves, a nephew of Admiral Samuel Graves.

In the battle of Chelsea Creek, which opened so redly, our men fighting in the water with the shore rising behind them in the darkness, or standing or lying on the higher land, could be but dimly seen, while themselves firing at figures clearly cut out against the surface of the water.

Judge Bosson (of Chelsea), in his address delivered to the old Suffolk Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, two years ago, expresses his conviction that between two and three hundred of the British were killed and wounded. There is very little to be found on record of this engagement in print, which should be accorded a place as the second battle of the Revolution, Lexington and Concord being the first actual clash of arms between the British and American troops.

EMMA GANNELL RUMFORD BURGUM

By J. Elizabeth Hoyt Stevens

Emma Gannell Rumford Burgum was born in London, April 20, 1826, daughter of Henry and Mary Grove Gannell and adopted by the Countess of Rumford while in London.

In 1814 the Count died at Auteuil, near Paris. The Countess, who was at Havre, France, was informed of his death by Baron Delessert and directed to come to Auteuil for the

Emma Gannell Rumford Burgum

Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson), while yet in the service of the Elector of Bavaria, visited London in the year 1796 and bought a house for himself at 45 Brompton Row. Through his agent he became acquainted with a man named Grove whom he secured to manage his affairs in London.

funeral, which she did, remaining there for a short while after. Then she went to London and took possession of her father's house. She directed Grove to make some changes in the house. After a time, being lonesome, her friends, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir Charles Blagden and others besides her father, having

passed away, she thought to adopt a child and asked her man, Grove, if he knew of some little girl thereabout, whom she could get to come to live with her as a companion? Grove replied that he had a little girl, eight years of age, whom he thought would be glad to come to her and she did come, remaining with the Countess in London nine years, at the end of which time she accompanied her to Paris and lived with her there three years. After their return to London, Mary Grove married Henry Gannell in 1824. Gannell's business as a traveling merchant taking him so much from home, it was decided that his wife might remain with the Countess, which she did until time for her baby to be born. Then she went to her father's home to be confined, but she soon returned with her child to the Countess. The Countess became very fond of baby Emma and used to beg the mother to give the child to her for her own. When Emma was one year old Mrs. Gannell left the Countess to live with her husband in London. Being able to visit the Countess' home daily, Emma was left there and as other children (a girl and two boys), came to the Gannell family, Emma was eventually given up to the Countess.

In 1835 the Countess of Rumford sailed for America bringing the nine year old Emma with her. Here they remained three years, and interesting are the stories she now tells of those childhood days, at play in various well remembered historic houses in and about Concord, where she and the Countess used to visit.

In 1838 they sailed from America to Paris where they lived seven years. It was early arranged for the now twelve year old Emma to enter St. Joseph's Convent as a pupil. An outfit of clothes and silver marked "Emma Rumford" was ready, when Baron Benjamin Delessent persuaded the Countess that if she sent the child there, for an education, pressure would be brought to bear

on the child that would result in her becoming a nun; then the Countess would never have her at home again. So the engagement at St. Joseph's was cancelled and Emma, much to the child's disappointment, was sent to a Protestant private school in Paris, and the writer has seen a sampler made by the child at the school. It is marked "Fait par Emma Rumford, Fait dans la Pension de Madame Schuts 1839." The Countess was fond of painting and worked much in water colors. She gave the child a master in oil and had her well instructed in this art while in Paris. In traveling, because of her being unmarried the passports always read "The Countess of Rumford and her niece Emma Rumford." In 1845 they returned to America.

In 1850 there came on a sailing vessel from Birmingham, England, to Boston a man named John Burgum. His voyage had been of a month's duration. He was by trade a painter of clock dials. The first thing he spied on landing in Boston was an omnibus having, as most vehicles in those days had, landscape pictures, as well as coloring and lettering upon them. He enquired of the driver where it had been ornamented and soon made his way to the manufactory, secured a position and this on his very first day in America. Some time later George Main (the late florist) then foreman of the paint shops at the Abbot Coach factory in Concord, N. H., was in Boston looking up a man for this kind of work. He heard of Mr. Burgum and secured him—in spite of the Boston firms' protestations—they not wishing to lose so valuable a workman and artist. His first work in Concord was on a circus wagon. Afterward he painted coaches that went over the world, among them was the famous "Deadwood Coach."

In course of time Hiram Rolfe brought Burgum to the Countess' home to see Count Rumford's paintings, books, etc. Following that,

Burgum was a frequent visitor at the Countess' home. Within a year's time he had obtained the Countess' permission to make Emma Rumford his wife. October 30, 1852, the couple were married somewhat earlier than had been planned because of the Countess' illness and her wish to see them married before she should pass away. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton in the Old North Church. The Countess died December 2, 1852, two months after the wedding.

Most of the domestic articles of the house were left to Emma Rumford, who continued with her husband to live there for six months after the death of the Countess; then they went to live in their own house which Mr. Burgum had pre-

pared for his wife at 68 South State street, according to present day numbering. Mrs. Burgum's father died in 1848. In 1855 her mother, Mrs. Gannell came to America for a year's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Burgum.

An interesting fact concerns the cradle in which Mr. and Mrs. Burgum's six children and some of their grandchildren were rocked. It was made out of the bread trough which had belonged to the Countess' mother, to which Mr. Burgum fitted rockers and applied paint and Mrs. Burgum fitted a quilted wadded lining. It now sits at rest in the Burgum attic at 68 South State street where Mrs. Burgum is still living at the age of ninety two years, a most interesting lady, spry and more active than many a younger woman.

TWILIGHT

By Florence T. Blaisdell

When one beholds at daylight's slumber time,
 The works of God, tinged o'er with rosy hue,
 How small the deeds of simple man then seem,
 How grand creation's art appears anew!
 Each shape, each form, takes on a different cast;
 Our hearts are filled with reverence divine,
 Our thoughts roam backward through the past
 And onward through the boundless realms of time.

MADE POETRY

From English Literature Authors

By Hattie Duncan Towle, Chicago

1. 'Tis just a little nosegay of conceits—
2. But take it not I pray you in disdain—
3. Each posy in't hath perfume faint which doth
4. Remembrance make, with all her busy train.
5. I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time,
6. Ambition bred such monstrous hopes and fears,
7. But that's between the green bud and the red,
8. We've thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.

9. An honest man's the noblest work of God,
10. So think not meanly of thy low estate,
11. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,
12. They also serve, who only stand and wait.
13. Man was not made to trifle—life is brief,
14. How long we live, not years but actions tell,
15. And that life's long that answers life's great end,
16. 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.
17. The way to bliss lies not on beds of ease,
18. So rise to works of high and holy love,
19. Nor cast a longing, lingering look behind,
20. Content to wait the recompense above.
21. There is no easy recipe for joy,
22. We cannot solve, though zealously we try,
23. Life's riddle deep its myst'ries vast unfold
24. In form complete, no happiness can buy.
25. There's aye a yearning, vague though it may be,
26. Perhaps some heart's desire that naught fulfills,
27. While life's a plain prosaic character,
28. We love the lights and shadows on the hills.
29. 'Tis Winter, Summer—Night before the day,
30. Some grief, some joy; some smiles and bitter cries,
31. For shade and sunshine every life is planned,
32. Next Calv'ry—just beyond—lies Paradise.
33. Lift bad to good, lift better up to best,
34. You'll find that love's a perfect bit of heaven:
35. Just help the world progress, that's all and know
36. That what is dark on earth, will be light in heaven.

The foregoing poetical curiosity made up from lines, quoted from many different authors, was composed by Hattie Duncan, sixty years ago living in Concord, N. H., a member of Deacon John A. Gault's family, now Mrs. Hattie Duncan Towle and resident in Chicago.

The composition exhibits great skill and patience in the finding and arranging the poem—which has a wonderful continuity of thought, considering the many, many writers.

The Key is given below showing the name of the author of each line.

KEY TO THE NAMES OF AUTHORS: 1, Addison; 2, Chaucer; 3, J. G. Mills; 4, Goldsmith; 5, Byron; 6, Phillips; 7, Swinburne; 8, Wadsworth; 9, Pope; 10, Holmes; 11, Shakespeare; 12, Milton; 13, Bonar; 14, Watkins; 15, Young; 16, Collins; 17, Quarles; 18, Wilcox; 19, Gray; 20, Bethune; 21, Coleridge; 22, Kant; 23, Kant; 24, Dryden; 25, Moore; 26, Shelley; 27, J. S. Mill; 28, Spencer; 29, Cary; 30, Keats; 31, Anon; 32, Unknown; 33, Emerson; 34, Doddridge; 35, Congreve; 36, Whittier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT

Hon. John Quincy Adams Brackett, one of New Hampshire's most distinguished natives and Massachusetts' most honored citizens, died at his home in Arlington, Mass., April 6, 1918.

He was a native of the town of Bradford, born, June 8, 1842. He was educated at Colby Academy, New London, Harvard College, class of 1865, and the Harvard Law School, graduating from the latter in 1868, being admitted to the bar and commencing practice in Boston, at once, where he continued. He took much interest in public affairs, as a Republican, served four terms as a member of the Boston Common Council, of which he was president in 1876. In that year he was elected to the Massachusetts house of representatives, and served eight years, through successive re-elections, being speaker the last two years. In 1886 he was chosen lieutenant governor, serving three years, and in 1889 was elected governor, but was defeated the next year by the Democratic candidate—the late Hon. William E. Russell. He was a delegate in the Republican National Conventions of 1892 and 1900, and president of the Massachusetts electoral college in 1896. He was a member of the present Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, and prominent in the deliberations of the same during the session of 1917. He had been president of the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and prominent in the Masonic order. In religion he was a Unitarian. (An extended sketch of Governor Brackett appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for June, 1913, in the article on Bradford.)

Mr. Brackett married, June 20, 1878, Miss Angie M. Peck, daughter of Abel G. Peck of Arlington, Mass. For a time they resided on Union Park Street, Boston, but their later home was on Pleasant Street, Arlington. He is survived by his widow, a son, Judge John G. Brackett of the Municipal Court, and a daughter, Miss Beatrice Brackett, of Arlington.

COL. JOHN G. CRAWFORD

John Gault Crawford, born in Oakham, Mass., April 21, 1834, died in Manchester, February 24, 1918.

Colonel Crawford attended the public schools, served as a dry goods clerk in Worcester, and at the age of 21, went to Kansas, where he "mixed up" in the contest between the so-called "Border Ruffians" and the John Brown raiders, on the side of the latter. Subsequently he located in Michigan, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar, engaged in practice, went into politics and was elected to the State Senate. In 1870, he came to New Hampshire and located in Lancaster, where he was first a Democrat and then a Republican by turns, served as U. S. Consul to Coaticook, P. Q., 1881-84,

and removed to Manchester in 1890, since when he had been a Republican and as such was elected to the last legislature. He was a unique character, and had appeared effectively on the stump for both parties.

Colonel Crawford married, April 16, 1863, Emma Tindall who died in 1866. June 7, 1867, he married Abbie True Stevens of Paris, Me., who died February 2, 1882. April 30, 1884, he married Mary A. Harrington, who survives him. He leaves also a son, Dr. Harry C. Crawford of New York and a daughter, Mrs. John W. Chapman of Manchester.

GEN. AUGUSTUS D. AYLING

Gen. Augustus D. Ayling, who though not a native of the state, nor a resident at the time of his death, was essentially a New Hampshire man, having spent most of his active life in the state, died at Centerville, Mass., January 9, 1918.

He was a native of Boston, born July 28, 1840, and was educated in the Boston schools and Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass. He was in the employ of J. C. Ayer & Co., at Lowell before the Civil War, upon the outbreak of which he enlisted, serving throughout, being mustered out as a first lieutenant. After the war he was in business in Nashua, and was captain of Company F, Second Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard. He was appointed adjutant-general of the State of New Hampshire July 1, 1879, by Gov. Natt Head, and served in that capacity until January 1, 1907, when he retired. This long service made him ranking adjutant-general of the United States.

By direction of the New Hampshire State Legislature, General Ayling prepared the "Revised Register of Soldiers and Sailors of New Hampshire in the War of the Rebellion 1861-1865," which was published in 1905.

DR. CHARLES B. STURTEVANT

Dr. Charles B. Sturtevant, long a prominent physician of Manchester, died in that city, April 12, 1918.

He was born in Barton, Vt., April 2, 1850, son of Paschal and Louisa A. (Harvey) Sturtevant. He was educated at the Northwood and Pittsfield Academies, studied medicine with Dr. John Wheeler of Pittsfield, and at the Long Island and Dartmouth Medical colleges, graduating from the latter in 1874. He practiced eight years in New Boston, and then settled in Manchester, where he continued through life. While in New Boston he was superintendent of schools for five years. He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Manchester, the Manchester Historical Association and the New Hampshire Medical Society.

He had been twice married and is survived by two married daughters.

HON. WILLIAM F. WHITCHER

William Frederick Whitcher, born in Benton, August 10, 1845, died at his home in Woodsville, May 31, 1918.

Mr. Whitcher had been known for many years as one of the most active and public spirited citizens of Northern New Hampshire. He was the son of the late Hon. Ira Whitcher, a leading Democrat and prominent citizen, and was educated at Tilton Seminary and Wesleyan University, graduating from the latter in 1871 and from Boston University Theological School in 1873. He was a member of the Southern N. E. Methodist Conference for nine years, holding pastorates in Providence and Newport, R. I., and New Bedford, Mass. Abandoning the ministry he was engaged for eighteen years in journalism in Boston, as reporter and editor, first with the *Traveler* and later with the *Advertiser*, residing in Malden, where he was a member and chairman of the school board for several years.

On the death of his father, in 1898, he removed to Woodsville, where he purchased the *Woodsville News*, and edited the same until 1916, when he sold it, on account of failing health. Meanwhile he was active in public affairs, serving as representative in the Legislature in 1901, -03, -05, -07, and 1911 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1912. In the Legislature he was among the most influential members, acting upon the Judiciary Committee each year of his service, taking an active part in debate, and closely scanning all legislation of general importance. He was one of the most active supporters of the measure providing for the erection of a statue of Franklin Pierce in the State House grounds, and was one of the speakers at its dedication. Politically he was reared a Democrat and continued such on all questions except the tariff. He was a warm advocate of Woman Suffrage, and a devoted student of New Hampshire history. He was the author of a history of Coventry (Benton) and had nearly completed a history of the town of Haverhill. He had served several years as a trustee of the New Hampshire State library, and was connected with various business enterprises in Woodsville.

He was twice married: first to Jeannette Marie Burr of Middletown, Conn., December 4, 1872, who died September 22, 1894, and, second, to Marietta H. Hadley of Stoneham, Mass., November 4, 1896, who survives him, as does one son by the first marriage, Dr. Burr Royce Whitcher (Dartmouth 1902) of West Somerville, Mass.

IRVING ALLISON WATSON, M.D.

Dr. Irving Allison Watson, secretary of the New Hampshire State Board of Health, died at his home in Concord, April 2, 1918.

Dr. Watson was the son of Porter B. and Luvia E. (Ladd) Watson, born in Salisbury September 6, 1849. He was educated in the

common schools and Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, studied medicine, and attended lectures in the Dartmouth and Vermont University Medical colleges, graduating M.D., from the latter in 1871. He immediately commenced practice at Groveton, remaining ten years. While there he was prominent in public affairs as a Democrat; was several years superintendent of schools, and represented the town of Northumberland in the State Legislature in 1879 and 1881. In the latter year he was appointed secretary of the State Board of Health, then just established, and continued in that office until his death, making a record for efficient service, and devotion to duty unsurpassed in the State or nation. He was connected with various organizations, having served as secretary of the American Public Health Association from 1883 to 1897; president of the International Conference of State and Provincial Boards of Health in 1903, and assistant secretary-general of the first Pan-American Medical Congress. He was a permanent member of the American Medical Association, and was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1903.

Aside from his reports as secretary of the State Board of Health, and of the American Public Health Association, he had edited various publications including "Physicians and Surgeons of America," and written numberless papers on medical and sanitary subjects.

Dr. Watson married, in 1872, Lena A. Farr of Littleton, who died January 30, 1901. He is survived by a daughter, Bertha M. of Concord.

DANIEL G. ANNIS

Daniel G. Annis, native and life long resident of Londonderry, was born January 25, 1839 and died, February 20, 1918. He was long engaged in mercantile business, but retired many years since, devoting himself to agriculture and historical and genealogical research. He published the "Vital Statistics of Londonderry," some years ago. He was prominent in the Grange, and the Junior Order of American Mechanics. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Londonderry, and a long time its treasurer.

MRS. MARY A. BOSTWICK

Mary A. Dunton Bostwick, a native and long time resident of Newport, died in that town Saturday, May 11, aged 69 years, 8 months and 22 days.

She was the daughter of William and Lois (Corbin) Dunton, her father having been engaged in the manufacture of scythes at North Newport in company with the late E. T. Sibley, and her mother being a daughter of the late Hon. Austin Corbin, Sr., and a sister of Austin Corbin, the eminent banker. She was educated in the Newport schools and

at the Millbury (Mass.) Academy, and taught in Newport for some time in youth.

In 1886, she married Oscar O. Bostwick, a prominent merchant and banker of Cleveland, Ohio, and resided in that city until his death, several years later, when she returned to Newport, and had since resided there.

She was a woman of modest virtues and rare graces of manner, and enjoyed a wide circle of friendship. A Universalist in religious faith, she had united with the Episcopal Church in Newport; was a member of Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., of the Newport Woman's Club, the Equal Suffrage League, and was an active worker in the King's Daughters and Red Cross organizations.

She leaves one brother, Frederick Dunton, of Hollis, L. I.

PROF. HENRY P. WRIGHT

Prof. Henry P. Wright, born in Winchester, N. H., November 30, 1839, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., March 17, 1918. He served with the 51st Massachusetts Volunteers in the Civil War, and graduated from Yale in 1868 as valedictorian of his class, with the highest standing that had ever been attained in that college. He was made tutor in 1870, assistant professor in 1871 and professor of Latin in 1876. In 1884 he was made dean of the University, holding the office till 1909. He was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Yale in 1886, and Doctor of Laws by Union College in 1895.

He is survived by a widow, who was Martha E. Burt of Oakham, Mass., and two sons, the eldest being Prof. Henry B. Wright of the Yale School of Religion.

NATHANIEL G. BROOKS, M.D.

Dr. Nathaniel G. Brooks, a prominent physician of Charlestown, died at his home in that town, March 10, 1918.

Dr. Brooks was a native of Acworth, son of Dr. Lyman and Mary (Graham) Brooks, born October 1, 1838. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, and practiced, all his life, in Charlestown. He was a surgeon in the Civil War, and was wounded at Gettysburg. After the war he had charge of the hospital at Brattleboro for a time. Prominent in public affairs in Charlestown—selectman, representative and state senator, first president of Springfield & Charlestown Street Railway.

He married Miss Emma Pressler who survives, with three sons, Lyman, Dr. Nathaniel P., now in France with Army, and Philip P. of Boston.

DR. JONATHAN M. CHENEY

Jonathan M. Cheney, M.D., son of the late Col. Thomas P. Cheney, was born in Holderness (now Ashland) December 15, 1863, and died in that town, March 4, 1918.

Dr. Cheney was educated at New Hampton Institute and the Vermont Medical College; also studying in Boston, New York and Germany. He located, in practice in his native town and there continued. He was active in politics as a Republican, served in both branches of the Legislature, was a member of the Grafton County Medical Advisory Board, and prominent in Masonry.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Richard V. Chase of Lakeport, and one son, Thomas P. Cheney, a lieutenant in the service of the government.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The New Hampshire Old Home Week Association held its annual meeting at the State House, Monday, June 3. H. H. Metcalf was reflected president; Andrew L. Felker, secretary, and J. Wesley Plummer, treasurer; with a vice-president from each county, headed by Gov. H. W. Keyes, and an executive committee composed of Nathaniel S. Drake of Pittsfield, Warren Tripp of Epsom, Henry E. Chamberlin of Concord, Dr. James Shaw of Franklin and Robert W. Upton of Bow. Old Home Week this year opens Saturday, August 17. Three towns—Acworth, Henniker and Sunapee—observe their one hundred and fiftieth anniversaries during the week.

There is a strong feeling in Concord and Portsmouth, that some small portion of the money allotted for railway improvement in New England, under the present regime, should be devoted to the reestablishment of direct communication between the capital and the seaport city, which latter is now looming large on the industrial horizon. The Suncook and Candia rails should be restored.

The forty-fifth annual session of the New Hampshire State Grange will be held in Rochester, at the City hall, December 10, 11 and 12. Instead of alternating between Manchester and Concord, as was the custom for some years, it has been the policy of the organization of late to hold its annual gatherings in different sections of the state, Dover, Portsmouth, Nashua, Keene and Laconia, all having had sessions within the last few years.

As was announced in the last issue for 1917, the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1918 appears in quarterly issues. The first appeared in March, and the second, for April, May and June, is now presented. It was understood that payment for the year was to be made on receipt of the first issue, where not already made in advance. Many subscribers, thus promising to pay, have forgotten to do so. That they will remit promptly on receipt of this issue is now expected. Consult the date on your address label, and if the same is not up to January, 1919, please remit the necessary amount at once.

HON. NATHANIEL B. MARTIN

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. L, Nos. 7-9

JULY-SEPTEMBER

NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, Nos. 7-9

HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Hampshire

The Democrats of New Hampshire, at the recent primary election, nominated Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, the present senator for District No. 15, as their candidate for governor, to be voted for at the election on November 5. As was the case with Col. John H. Bartlett, the Republican candidate, Mr. Martin had no contestant for the nomination, and that the vote cast for him was small in comparison with that which Colonel Bartlett received, is due simply to the fact that there was an exciting Senatorial contest to bring out the Republican voters and nothing of the sort to stimulate Democratic attendance at the polls.

The first quarterly issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, this year, presented a frontispiece portrait of Colonel Bartlett, of whom an extended biographical sketch was published in its pages a few years since. With this issue Mr. Martin's portrait appears as a frontispiece, and some reference to his career may be deemed pertinent at this time.

NATHANIEL E. MARTIN was born in the town of Loudon, August 9, 1855, the son of the late Theophilus B. and Sarah (Rowell) Martin, and a great-grandson of James Martin, a Revolutionary soldier, of Pembroke. Of the same family came the late Dr. Noah Martin of Dover, governor of New Hampshire in 1852 and 1853, and Abigail Martin, mother of the late Judge William Martin Chase.

Nathaniel Martin, son of James and

grandfather of the subject of this sketch, settled in Loudon ninety years ago, upon the farm which has ever since remained in the family, and became a successful farmer and leading citizen, as did his son, Theophilus, the father of Nathaniel E., who represented his town in the legislature, was treasurer of Merrimack County, and a trial justice for many years.

Endowed with a strong constitution, and inured to hard labor on the farm in early life, young Martin developed mental capacity and ambition commensurate with his physical ability, and he soon determined to secure a better education than the country school afforded, and to fit himself for professional life. To that end he entered the Concord High School from which he graduated in June, 1876, and immediately entered the office of Sargent & Chase for the study of law. Under the instruction of these learned jurists and able practitioners he became well grounded in the principles of the law and their application to particular causes. He also developed a habit of industry and a love for his work, so that when admitted to the bar, August 14, 1879, the promise of success in his chosen profession was clearly manifest to his friends, and it is needless to say that the promise has been fulfilled in abundant measure.

Commencing practice in Concord, he continued alone for some time, but for nearly a quarter of a century has

been associated with DeWitt C. Howe, also regarded as one of the ablest lawyers at the Merrimack bar. The business of the firm has constantly increased till it is now unquestionably, so far as the trial of causes is concerned, larger than that of any other firm in the county, and extends into all parts of the state.

As a successful jury lawyer Mr. Martin has no superior and few peers in the state. His clientage, in the main, is from the ranks of the common people, he never having catered

his cases is one of his leading characteristics as a lawyer, as well as plain matter-of-fact statement in their presentation. He resorts to no oratorical arts or rhetorical devices in his argument, whether to the court or the jury; but depends upon plain, common-sense statement, in the every-day language which all can understand, for the desired result; and his wonderful success, especially before the jury, attests the wisdom of his judgment in this regard.

His knowledge of men as well as of

Residence of Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin

for corporation practice. Indeed he is generally known as "the people's lawyer," and few men of great wealth are seen in the crowd of waiting clients usually filling his outer office. His remarkable success results, in large measure, from his thorough knowledge of men, whom he has studied all his life with care and diligence. Familiarity with the motives of men, and the springs of human action, is as essential to professional success on the part of the lawyer as knowledge of the law itself, and in this regard Mr. Martin's equipment is unsurpassed. Thoroughness in the preparation of

the law, and his familiarity with the practical affairs of every-day life, in city and country alike, qualify him, in high degree, for the public service, which he has never sought, but into which he has been called to greater extent than most lawyers of his extensive practice, in communities where the party in opposition to their own is ordinarily in the ascendant.

A Democrat, by inheritance and conviction, in both the social and political sense of the term, Mr. Martin has always been allied with the party of that name, and, although strongly devoted to his profession and

avoiding rather than seeking preference and position at the hands of his party or the public, he has rendered the former no little service, and has been called by the latter into positions of trust and responsibility, in all of which he has acquitted himself with honor, and to the eminent satisfaction of the people. He has served upon the Democratic ward and city committees; as a member for many years of its State Committee, and as secretary and chairman of the same; as president of its State Convention, and, in 1904, was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis.

Nominated for solicitor of Merrimack County in 1886, notwithstanding the normal Republican majority in the county, he was elected to that office, and his administration was characterized by the only successful attempt in the history of the state, up to that time, to enforce the existing prohibitory law, which had been practically a dead letter throughout the state since its enactment thirty years before, and enforced only in special cases, and against particular individuals, for the furtherance of partisan ends. Twelve years later, nominated by his party for mayor of Concord, his reputation for law enforcement gave him the election, though the city, then as now, was normally Republican by a large majority. His administration as mayor was creditable to himself and his party, but was hampered by an adverse majority in the city councils, blocking the way to the practical reforms which he sought to institute.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1912 Mr. Martin was a delegate from Ward Six, Concord, in which he resides, and took a prominent part in the work of the Convention. In 1914 the Democrats of the Concord Senatorial district impressed Mr. Martin into the service as a candidate, with the result of his election by a plurality of 150, when the Republican guber-

natorial vote in the district exceeded the Democratic by 260. Although with the minority in the Senate, Mr. Martin was an acknowledged leader in all matters not purely partisan, and his influence in practical legislation was second to that of no other member. Renominated in 1916, he was again elected by a substantial majority, and to his presence and influence in the Senate the state is indebted for much valuable legislation, not the least among the same being the present prohibitory law, which could not have been passed in that body but for his earnest and effective support.

Mr. Martin's interest and activities have not been confined entirely to his professional and public service. He has been associated with others in extensive lumbering operations at different times, and has large real estate interests in the city of his adoption, besides owning and managing the old homestead farm in Loudon, where he was born, and where in former years he bred and reared much excellent stock, including some fine horses, among which was the celebrated "Newflower" which once made the fastest time then recorded on the Concord State Fair Grounds. He has, also, extensive holdings of land in Loudon, outside the home farm, some of which is heavily timbered.

He was one of the incorporators of the Concord Building & Loan Association in 1887, and has been treasurer of the same since its organization, it being one of the largest and most prosperous institutions of the kind in the state. He does not figure prominently as a "joiner," but has been a member of Rumford Lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F., nearly forty years, and passed the chairs in that organization many years ago. He is also a member of Canton Wildey, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant.

Mr. Martin married, first, March 27, 1902, Mrs. Jennie P. Lawrence, a daughter of the late Ashael Burnham of Concord, who died October 20,

MRS. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

1911. On June 14, 1915, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret W. Clough, daughter of Warren and Georgia (Colby) Clough of Bow, a charming and accomplished young lady, who presides gracefully over his fine home at No. 8 South Street, Con-

cord, and who will with equal grace perform the duties devolving upon the "first lady" of the state should her husband be elected to the high office for which he has been nominated, and which he is so admirably qualified to fill.

THE OLD, OLD HOME

By Charles Nevers Holmes

How we love when years have flown,
Seated at our hearth alone,
As the evening shadows fall on vale and hill,
To revisit then once more
Like some dreamland scenes of yore,
And our old, old Home whose recollections thrill.

O, that Home where we were born!—
Where the bird sang ev'ry morn
And the cricket chanted in the meadow near;
Where noon's sunshine was so bright
And the Harvest Moon so white,
And no tragic grief had shed its bitter tear.

There still live those aged trees,
Whisp'ring in the summer breeze,
There that garden blooms before our eyes again,
And the barn stands sweet with hay
Where we used to romp and play,
And "drive home the cows" along yon shady lane.

Dreaming—dreaming 'mid the gloom,
Now we see each humble room
And the front porch where the lilacs thickly grew;
And our dear good mother's face
Hallows all this long-lost place
With her smile so fondly tender and so true!

How we love when years have flown,
Seated at our hearth—alone,
As the gloaming softly steals o'er vale and hill,
To revisit thus once more
Like some dreamland scenes of yore,
And our old, old Home whose recollections thrill!

41 Arlington St., Newton, Mass.

HON. IRVING W. DREW

HON. IRVING W. DREW

Recently Appointed United States Senator by Governor Keyes

On the second day of September Governor Keyes appointed the Hon. Irving W. Drew of Lancaster to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the death of Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger, who had served in that office for more than twenty-seven years—a far longer period than any other incumbent from this state. It is but fair to say that in this selection the governor manifested admirable judgment, the eminent qualifications of Mr. Drew for this high office being universally recognized. He has long been well known to the people of New Hampshire, but a brief sketch of his life may not be inappropriate at this time, and perhaps none more comprehensive can be produced than that which was embodied in the article on Lancaster in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of September-October, 1914, which is as follows:

HON. IRVING W. DREW

Irving Webster Drew, long known as one of the most brilliant lawyers in the state, son of Amos Webster and Julia Esther (Lovering) Drew, was born at Colebrook, N. H., January 8, 1845. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1870. He studied law in the office of Ray & Ladd, at Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1871. William S. Ladd having been appointed a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court, Mr. Drew succeeded him as a member of the firm, of Ray & Drew. In 1873 the firm became Ray, Drew & Heywood. In 1876, Chester B. Jordan succeeded Mr. Heywood. The firm remained

Ray, Drew & Jordan until 1882, when Philip Carpenter became a partner of Ray, Drew, Jordan & Carpenter. Mr. Ray was elected to Congress in 1880 and retired from the firm in 1884, Mr. Carpenter in 1885. From this time this law firm was known as Drew & Jordan until 1893, when William P. Buckley was taken into partnership. The firm continued Drew, Jordan & Buckley until 1901, when Merrill Shurtleff entered the firm. The name remained Drew, Jordan, Buckley & Shurtleff until the death of Mr. Buckley, January 10, 1906. The following March George F. Morris became a partner. Mr. Jordan retired January, 1910. For three years the firm name was Drew, Shurtleff & Morris. In 1913, Eri C. Oakes was admitted to the present firm of Drew, Shurtleff, Morris & Oakes.

Mr. Drew's career as a lawyer has been long and successful. During forty-two years of active practice he has devoted his best powers to the profession which he loves and honors. He was admitted to all the Federal Courts in 1877. A loyal member of the New Hampshire Bar Association, he was elected president at its annual meeting in 1899.

Mr. Drew has been actively interested in politics, state and national. He was chosen delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1880 at Cincinnati, and 1892 and 1896 at Chicago. But when William J. Bryan was nominated for President on a free silver platform, he became a Republican. He was a member of the State Constitutional Conventions of 1902 and 1912. He was commissioned major of the Third Regiment, New

Hampshire National Guard, in 1876 and served three years.

Mr. Drew has been much interested in the business affairs of his town and state. During the great contest between the Boston & Maine and Concord Railroads, in 1887, he suggested to George Van Dyke that there was an opportunity to secure the building of the Upper Coös Railroad. At the organization of this railroad in 1887, he was made a director and was elected president in 1909. He was also for some years a director of the Hereford Railroad. For many years a trustee of the Siwooganock Guaranty Savings Bank, Mr. Drew was made its president in 1891. Since its organization he has been director of the Lancaster National Bank. He has been a trustee and the president of the Lancaster Free Library for many years, and always an enthusiastic supporter of churches, schools and

other town and state institutions. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, a Knight Templar in the Masonic Order, and an Odd Fellow.

On August 12, 1914, at the celebration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town of Lancaster, N. H., Mr. Drew, as "President of the Day," presided at the commemorative exercises and at the ceremony of the unveiling of the memorial to the founder of the town.

Mr. Drew's home, since he began the study and practice of the law, has been at Lancaster. He married, November 4, 1869, Caroline Hatch Merrill, daughter of Sherburne Rowell and Sarah Blackstone (Merrill) Merrill of Colebrook. Of their four children, a son, Pitt Fessenden Drew, and a daughter, Sally (Drew) Hall, wife of Edward Kimball Hall, survive.

IN JULY

By Fred Myron Colby

In July the streams run low;
 In the gardens poppies blow;
 Wild bees wander murmuring.
 From the brakes the blackbirds sing.
 Banks of daisies meet the eye,
 Dreaming sweet beneath the sky;
 Breath of lilies scent the air,
 Feathery clouds are few and fair,
 In July.

In July the rose leaves fall,
 And the harvest groweth tall;
 Like the billows of the sea
 Clover fields toss wild and free.
 O'er the lakelet's glassy rim
 Wings of swift and swallow skim;
 Corydon woos his rustic maid
 In the languorous woodland shade,
 In July.

VOICES FROM AN OLD ABANDONED HOUSE

By Martha S. Baker

I pass an old gray house upon my way,
Then turn, retrace my steps a while to stay,
To dream, to ponder, let my fancy play.

It stands bereft, abandoned, quite alone,
A voice from out the past in minor tone;
A worn and faded picture dimly shown.

The faded lilac blooms about the door,
A gracious welcome bring from days of yore,
A call the tangled paths to wander o'er.

A startled bird its nesting place reveals,
A gnarled old apple tree that half conceals;
A distant, tinkling cow-bell faintly peals.

The murmur of a tiny, cooling stream,
Whose trickling waters through the tall grass gleam,
Adds tuneful voice to mingle in my dream.

Beside a crumbling wall of stones, a rose,
Its wasteful fragrance on the still air throws;
A cat-bird's song in sweet abandon grows.

The vagrant breezes play among the trees;
I hear the drowsy droning of the bees.
How restful nature's music, real heart's ease!

I muse of all the music of a *home*,
The dearest place beneath the sky's blue dome,
A hallowed spot wherever one may roam.

I fancy children's laughter glad and gay,
Its cheery echo from some bygone day;
Young men and maids who trill a merry lay.

I dream of matrons sweet, serene, demure,
Of pleasant, kindly voice in love secure;
Of sun-browned, stalwart men whose hearts are pure.

I think of gala days, of marriage bells;
Of sorrow, tears, the sadness of farewells,
And this the silence of the old house tells.

* * * * *

Not now a time-worn, battered frame it stands,
But wistful, yearningly, with outstretched hands,
A *home* once loved, revered it large expands.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
(Mrs. Henry W. Keyes)

MOSES DOW, CITIZEN OF HAVERHILL

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution, a young man named Moses Dow left his native town of Atkinson, and, after remaining for a short time in Plymouth, went to Haverhill, established himself there, and remained for the rest of his life.

His arrival must have created quite a stir in that quiet, isolated and agricultural district. He was a young gentleman of some elegance and fashion, very handsome, with an excellent education and an independent income; he was, moreover, a lawyer—apparently the first who had thought of settling there. It would not have been strange if a person of this type had succeeded only in antagonizing his new neighbors by assuming airs of superiority, or if he had found the quiet life of the place distasteful to him, and, when the first novelty had worn off, decided to go elsewhere. But neither of these things happened. He bought land, built himself a house, and, marrying, brought up his family there; and the affection which he felt for his self-adopted town, and the substantial ways in which he showed this affection, were acknowledged and rewarded again and again by the positions of prominence and trust which he was called upon to fill by his fellow-citizens.

It does not appear that the ancestry of Moses Dow was illustrious or even remarkable. Thomas Dow, the first member of the family to emigrate from England, was one of the early settlers of Newbury, Mass.; he moved from there to Haverhill, Mass., where he died in 1664, and Haverhill, for several generations, remained the home of the Dows. In 1741 the state boundary line was changed, and the northern part of the town of Haverhill, Mass., became the town of Atkinson,

N. H. The first house built there—and still occupied by one of his descendants—was erected by John Dow, great-grandson of Thomas, and father of Moses. This, and the fact that he sent his son to Harvard, where he graduated in 1769, and encouraged him to become a member of the bar, showed that he must have been a man of some enterprise and ambition; but I have found no further record of his achievements.

Of Moses Dow, however, and of his fearlessness, his integrity, his fine mind, distinguished appearance, and notable attainments, there are records in plenty. He was, first of all, a gentleman in the highest sense of that much-abused word, and, secondly a keen student and an able lawyer. In 1774 he was appointed by the Court of the General Sessions of the Peace to act as King's Attorney in the absence of the Attorney-General; he was for four years solicitor of Grafton County, and thirty years register of probate; in 1808 he was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, an office which he held until his death, and which necessitated at one time a temporary residence in Plymouth. The many responsibilities which his own profession brought him would probably have seemed to a less able man to entirely fill his life; but Moses Dow seems to have found plenty of time for public affairs as well. He was the second postmaster of Haverhill, his commission for that position being signed by George Washington; and his keen desire to see his own town improve in every way is shown not only by the fact that he was one of the original—and one of the heaviest—subscribers to the stock of a bridge company formed for the purpose of building a bridge across the

Connecticut River, between the towns of Haverhill and Newbury (Vermont) just opposite, and one of the incorporators of Haverhill Academy, but also by the type of house which he built for himself, and which served for many years as one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in the vicinity. Set upon a slight plateau, shaded by elms and pines, surrounded by fertile meadows which sloped on the west side straight down to the Connecticut, and on the east to the high-road, more than a quarter of a mile from the house, and far beyond it; dignified, spacious and simple, it represented all that was best in the building and the living of its time. Outside, it was painted white, with green blinds and broad piazzas; inside it had large square rooms, with hand-wrought latches on the doors, white pannelling, and great fireplaces. The one in the dining-room was especially remarkable, as the crane that hung there was over twelve feet long, and a six-year-old child could easily step inside of it, and look up at the sky. (As, many years later, I was one of the numerous youngsters who delighted in proving the truth of this statement, I know that it was no idle boast.) Neither pains nor expense were spared in providing furniture for the house which should be worthy of it, and among items of interest in this regard is one in the History of the Town of Newbury, which says that "Colonel Thomas Johnson and Moses Dow were the first men in this locality who bought pianos for their daughters, and who had them brought up from Boston, and set up in their houses, at great expense."

Having established his home and his profession, and seen Haverhill beginning to take a proud stand among the towns of the state, Moses Dow began to indulge his tastes and his talents for politics. In 1780 he became a member of the state legislature, and not long after that, a member of the Governor's council; in 1790 he was sent to the state Senate, and was

chosen president of that body; he was also major-general of the state militia, the office which gave him the title by which he was commonly called. He must have filled all these positions well, for Dartmouth College awarded him the honorary Degree of A. M. in recognition of his public services, as well as on account of his literary attainments, and in due time he was elected to the Congress of the United States by the General Assembly of New Hampshire. We cannot help feeling that he would have filled this position well also; but Moses Dow did not think so, and spoke his mind with the same frankness with which he had protested against being taxed for the preaching of the Gospel. It did not matter to him whether the question at hand was for his own advantage, or against it—he had the courage of his convictions, and he stuck to them. "As I have had no apprehension" (no thought of being called to so responsible a position), he wrote to the governor, "I had entirely neglected every necessary precaution. The present infirm state of my health, the real conviction of my inequality to the business of the mission, render it extremely difficult—or rather, impossible—for me to engage in a trust so arduous and so interesting."

Deeply as we must regret that the Nation should have lost so valuable a statesman as General Dow would doubtless have proved himself, we cannot help experiencing a thrill of admiration for such rare and self-sacrificing conscientiousness.

Moses Dow died in 1811, universally beloved, esteemed and regretted. He was survived by his wife, who before her marriage was a Miss Phebe Emerson, and by two sons and two daughters. One of the daughters married into the Hazeltine family, and her daughter—also named Phebe—became the wife of Haynes Johnson, a son of Col. Thomas Johnson of Newbury, which was considered a "great match" in those days. The sons,

Moses Dow, Junior, and Joseph Emerson Dow, were both lawyers, and the younger was a graduate of Dartmouth, but neither appears to have possessed his father's abilities and force of character. Joseph Dow eventually removed to Franconia, where his son, also named Moses, founded Dow Academy, and later in life established the *Waverly Magazine*, in Charlestown, Mass., through which he made—and lost—a fortune.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, there were no Dows left in Haverhill who cared about the old

father, Col. Thomas Johnson, built for his son David (brother of the Haynes who married Phebe Hazeltine) and in the early fall of 1900, we were horrified at the news that "the old Dow Place"—"the Keyes Farm"—was on fire! In those days there were few telephones with which to send news rapidly, and no fire apparatus of any sort. I jumped on horseback, and rode up and down the valley giving the sad tidings. Everyone in both towns did all that was possible in the way of rendering immediate and efficient help, but it was of no use.

The Old Moses Dow Mansion, North Haverhill, N. H.

place enough to wish to keep it, and the house and farm were sold in 1848 to Henry Keyes, a rising young merchant who had recently come to Newbury. For years it was occupied only by his farmer; but when his eldest son graduated from Harvard, he decided to make it his home, just as Moses Dow had done a hundred years before; and the "Dow Farm" gradually changed its name by common consent to the "Keyes Farm", and began to resume its former position in the country-side.

As a young girl, I always spent my summers at the old house in Newbury, Vt., which my great-great grand-

The fire, the cause and origin of which are still unknown, had gained too much headway before it was discovered and in a few hours nothing remained of the lovely old Colonial mansion but a pile of ashes.

So, in these days, the Dow House like the Dow family, is only a memory in Haverhill; but it is because it seems to me a memory so worthy of being kept green that I have tried to give some account of both. The brick house, to which I came as a bride, and which was built on the site of the one which Moses Dow erected, bears not the slightest resemblance to its predecessor. The present owner is

connected by no ties of blood to the first one; though we cannot help being struck by the curious coincidence of the similarity of their characters and careers in several respects. But I like to think that the spirit which Moses Dow first breathed into the

place still survives—that the ideals which he cherished are still followed, even if they are not always attained, and that the mantle of his courage is still wrapped around us and our descendants, for ever and ever.

TO A WILD BEE 1918

By Rev. Sidney T. Cooke

O you little hummer
Humming in the summer,
Know you not that war is on the earth?
Seem you so unheeding
Of the red, red bleeding,
Law of Death usurping Law of Birth.

You have but one notion
As you guide your motion
In the glow and warmth of sun crowned noon:
Life is joy of living,
Soul-free music giving,
Whether death o'ertake you late or soon.

What your combination
With the whole creation
Said to groan together until now?
Bring you rhyme or reason
To a war time season
When with joy our grief you would endow?

Ah—, so sweetly stealing
O'er me grateful healing!—
Logic goes in face of working truth.
See I how your coming
With your tuneful humming
Serves to brace the mind of age and youth.

For you teach endurance
Though without assurance:
Reck you not of fate while life obtains;
'Tis not self deceiving
To ignore our grieving
If a buoyant hope our courage gains.

Note how much you've taught me:
Unto hope you've brought me,
And I feel like going further still.
Once from hope to praying,
You will hear me saying,
Death can break not Life's eternal will!

Rochester, N. H.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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OLD HOME SUNDAY ADDRESS

At Rollins Park, Concord, on Sunday August 18, 1918

By Rev. William Porter Niles

Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage:

Galatians V: 1.

For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it:

St. Luke IX: 24.

There are two things I wish you to think about this afternoon: the liberty

every nation should be free, for only as men and nations are free can they be held responsible for their actions, and only thus can their good or evil actions be to themselves merit or demerit or give to God's heart joy or sorrow. Freedom of action, individual or national, confers upon the acts of a man or a nation a significance utterly lacking in the acts of a slave or a subject race. God wants the allegiance which comes from free choice, not the service of slaves or the allegiance of states which have no self-determining choice.

Liberty was the most precious possession of the early settlers of this region, who were the product of the seventeenth century in England in which despotism was overthrown and representative government established. Parliament, not the king, henceforth determined the policy of England, and the American colonies came out from England with a larger measure of self-government than any colonies had enjoyed before. In fact, so nearly complete was the self-government of the American colonies that they chafed under its few remaining ties to the home government, and won in the Revolution, that complete self-government which is essential to the Anglo-Saxon always and everywhere.

But in the years before the Revolution, with an aptitude for self-government which demanded scope and opportunity, men sought grants from Massachusetts or New Hampshire and so proprietors laid out plantations or townships in which great care was taken to ensure that only proper settlers should be given land, and thought was directed from the start to the educational and religious wel-

Rev. William P. Niles

for which our forefathers lived, strove, fought and were willing to die, and the sacrifice which all of us are called upon to make to preserve that liberty for ourselves, and to extend it to all men.

We may be sure that the liberty which we enjoy is in accordance with God's will and is the result of the aspirations which fill men's hearts as a result of the teachings of Christ and the practice of the Christian religion. For God desires that every man and

fare of the people as well as to their civil rights.

Such was the settlement of Penacook, later called Rumford and finally Concord, and if you examine the records of the early days of the town you see the great pains which were taken that everything should be done in an orderly and legal way and in accordance with the common welfare.

The early settlers had to contend not only with the natural difficulties of making a new settlement, but had to be constantly on their guard against hostile bands of Indians who at times took their toll of lives. These difficulties and dangers made men strong and selfreliant and made them jealous of the liberties and privileges so dearly bought. It is not surprising that such men should have been prompt to resent and resist British oppression and to protest through lawful channels such oppression; such protest finding its culmination in a resolution of the General Congress of New Hampshire, June 16, 1776, by which the delegates to the Continental Congress were instructed to join with other colonies in declaring the thirteen colonies free and independent.

And when news came of the fighting at Concord and Lexington a company of volunteers from our Concord marched to Cambridge without delay. Bunker Hill saw Concord well represented by three companies. Concord men were at Ticonderoga and Quebec, fought bravely under Stark at Bennington, shared in the victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, suffered at Valley Forge and were with Washington at Princeton and Trenton.

The names of those early days, the men who laid the foundation of this community in which we take just pride, names of Kimball, Walker, Bradley, Chandler, Stevens, Rolfe, Eastman, Carter, Abbot, Hall, Coffin, Stickney, Herbert, Hutchins, Farnum, and many others, are names which through the history of Concord, stand for its wisdom, strength and patriot-

ism. Today as of old they are names of honor.

Now the long struggle for liberty, and the cost of such a struggle, has made that liberty precious and worth fighting for. And when that liberty and the liberty of the world are threatened, the descendants of the early settlers, Indian fighters, Revolutionary soldiers and defenders of the Union go forth from Concord, side by side with more recent comers of varied races, in the noblest war for righteousness man ever fought.

Liberty fought for, maintained, enjoyed and appreciated must be preserved for all men and all time. How is this to be done? Only by the sacrifice of those who fight and those who stand behind the fighters with support.

This brings me to the second thought—victory, with its blessings, can come only through sacrifice.

Our Lord Jesus Christ said: "Who-soever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake the same shall save it." Christ evidently thought this to be a vital truth, for it is four times recorded that He said it. It teaches one of the great lessons of the Gospel, the truth of living through dying, elsewhere expressed by Him in the words "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit"; And St. Paul teaches the same truth when he says "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This thought seems paradoxical, but it means that he who would save this life shall lose life eternally, but he who would lose his life here and now for Christ's sake the same shall have life eternal.

The quality of an act is in the will, and God alone can judge the value of an act. A man with the best of intentions may fail; another man, for selfish purposes, may do things which help men and win applause. But God's approval is won on different

terms. He may brand as failure what man terms success; and what man looks upon as failure, God, seeing the heart, may stamp with His approval. It should be a real comfort to many of small attainment that longings and aspirations, unselfish purpose and the spirit of sacrifice, all have value and recognition with God. Browning has expressed this thought:

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass;
Things done that look the eye and had the
price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value
in a trice.

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount."

The character of a man's eternal future is shaped by the purposes which controlled him in this life, the will which was the mainspring of his actions. Whosoever will save his life here and now at any cost, will pay as the price his own eternal life, and whosoever shall lose his life here and now for Christ's sake and right's sake, shall save it forever.

If a man is so determined to save his life that he will sacrifice all else to that end, he has so degraded his soul, and debased his character that there is no place for it among those who, while loving life, have loved home, country, honor more.

The devil says, as quoted in the book of Job, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." There is no greater slander on human nature, for men of all times, irrespective of race or religion, have by a God-given instinct ever been willing to throw their lives into the gap and die to save loved ones, national existence, or national honor. Yes, even, so regardless of this present life are men found to be that they are frequently risking

it for those who have no claim upon them but their humanity and need.

If a man will give all he has for life, sacrificing honor and duty and sacred obligation of family, country and humanity, he loses the value of his life, he retains it a worthless thing.

A man in a shipwreck who saves himself while the weak and helpless perish, with no thought or effort for anyone beside himself, saves a life as good as dead. The coward and the shirker in war saves his life at the cost of rendering it useless and contemptible. There is nothing finer in recent years than the noble self-control of ordinary, everyday men, of whom little of nobility was to be expected, in great disasters such as those of the Titanic and the Lusitania—such men redeemed misspent lives by the utter disregard of self and an intense interest in others when the supreme test came. By such an attitude in the last hours, is it not possible that a man shall save his soul alive? Many a seeming failure has redeemed his life by freely offering it as a sacrifice.

Many a young man of careless, unpromising life has, in recent months, heard the call of duty and, disregarding present comfort and certain risk, has thrown himself into the service of his country, or in the earlier days of the war into a cause far removed from his country which appealed to his sense of right and chivalry. In such a laying of life on the altar of his country many a man has redeemed his life. There are no men more enviable than those who have sacrificed life willingly for a noble object, who showed disregard of this present life except as means to an end.

The compelling power of Christ is His willing sacrifice upon the Cross. "I have power" He says, "to lay down my life and I have power to take it again." His glory was not that He had the *power* to lay down His life, but that He had the *will* and that He did it. He was willing to lose His life that He might save it eternally and above all might save your life and

mine. "I, if I be lifted up" He says, "I will draw all men unto me." He has drawn all men unto Him by the power which appeals to the best in men, the power of a life freely given that others might live.

This spirit of sacrifice has been aroused in the American people by the German menace which has threatened the world for four years and which has forced itself on men's minds with unequalled fury and success since the twenty-first of last March.

The seemingly irresistible onrush of innumerable Germans across Picardy, then further North towards Flanders and again South beyond the Marne brought as never before to men's imaginations the fact that civilization was at stake; that there was danger of the collapse of that civilization in which we rejoice and the substitution for it of what we falsely call the civilization of Germany which is no civilization at all, because it lacks the prime elements of civilization, noble qualities of heart and mind and soul, and seeks to replace them by system and laboratory and card index and machinery and other things which spell efficiency of a certain sort with humanity and heart left out. Such a civilization is merely a thin veneer of civilization over an arrant barbarism, making that barbarism all the more dangerous because armed with the efficiency and dressed in the sheep's clothing of civilization, with, however, a disregard and contempt for Christian virtues which the world as a rule recognizes as the common law of civilization.

We have been passing through the most momentous period of human history, because our vaunted civilization has been in the balance. There have been times in history when the civilization of the world seemed to be threatened with destruction. When the Northern tribes rushed down from their homes to plunder the cities of the south, swarmed across the rich plains of northern Italy and sacked the Eternal City of Rome, it seemed as if

the ancient civilization of Rome, the product of centuries of conquest, wealth, art, literature and legislation were about to vanish before the inroads of barbarism. But Rome absorbed the conquerors, received a new impulse, an infusion of new blood and her decadence was arrested and her civilization maintained. So in the seventeenth century when the Mohammedan hordes overran Europe, captured city after city and subdued ruler after ruler, and were only halted before the gates of Vienna by John Sobieski, it seemed as if the civilization of those days was to be submerged by the civilization of Mohammed, and the cross to be replaced by the crescent. But if the civilization of Rome in the fourth century, or of Europe in the seventeenth had been replaced by the barbarism of the Goths and the Vandals and the flight of Mohammedanism, the civilization which would have been lost was but a crude civilization compared with the civilization we enjoy, the product of nineteen centuries of Christian culture, a state of development in which intercommunication has brought the nations of the world together, overcome antipathies and broken down barriers and made of the world one great neighborhood. It is the civilization which we know and enjoy which is at stake and which Germany seeks to destroy.

Now our young men in this country led the way in seeing the vital nature of this war, that it was no family quarrel in Europe, but a fight to the finish between Christian civilization and pagan domination; they saw that future generations would inherit freedom or bondage according to the outcome of this war. So while the "old men dreamed dreams the young men saw visions," the vision of a world freed and rescued from oppression by the struggle of free men for the freedom of men. While you and I and official Washington were hesitating these young men, 20,000 strong, went across the line into Canada and

across the ocean to England and enlisted and went to France and joined the air service and the ambulance service and laid down their lives freely, willingly, cheerfully, for the cause of humanity and the welfare of generations as yet unborn. And in their train have gone a million and a half to France, Italy and Russia to complete the work they so nobly began. And from dead and living alike comes the appeal to us to carry on their work and support them in their work for us and for all men. This appeal is pictured to us as coming from the other world by Lieut.-Col. John McRae who himself died on Flanders fields:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

And some one has written an answer in verse, which America is also making in multitudes of men:

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead!
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up, and e'er will keep
True faith with ye who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead
Where once his own life blood ran red;
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

Their lesson is the lesson of sacrifice, full and complete. Their language is the language of sacrifice, sacrifice of the beginnings of success, of honorable ambitions, of home and loved

ones, of health and life, a language inarticulate but altogether intelligible. If we would speak to them we must learn their language. It is always necessary to learn a man's language if you would speak to him, therefore, when we would speak to Germany we cannot use the language we are used to, the language of sacred treaty, of honest speech, of humanity and decency, but we must learn the only language Germany can understand, the language of force without limit, and we are learning it with great speed and proficiency at Camp Devens and other camps so that we may speak to Germany in terms which are intelligible to her and in a way that is unmistakable. So we must speak to our boys in their language, the language of sacrifice, which as we speak it, in self-denial and service of every kind, will encourage the living who fight our battles and by some strange telepathy go beyond the barriers of death and give a grateful message to those who have died for humanity; a message that we are in harmony with their sacrifice and will see this struggle through to the end at all cost.

No great thing is attained without sacrifice. Sacrifice and risk paved the way for the Magna Carta, the charter of English liberty; sacrifice made representative government in England possible; sacrifice gained American Independence and maintained the Union, and only sacrifice can save the world today. Sacrifice is of the essence of Christianity; it is taught by the birth, life, and death of Christ, "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many," "by His stripes we are healed," the law of sacrifice was the law of His earthly existence. The language of Christ is the language of sacrifice. The language of our men who fought and died or who fight and live is the language of sacrifice. Our answer must be in the language of sacrifice full, free, willing and without stint,

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD HOME IN WAR TIME *

By Rev. Raymond H. Huse

He drives the cows himself, tonight,
O'er pastures brown and green,
Neath sunset skies aglow with light
While night-hawks fly between.

The boy who used to drive them down,
And sometimes make them prance,
Now, in a suit of olive brown,
Is driving Huns from France!

His father, who to tell the truth,
Is older than he vows,
Is camouflaging long lost youth
And driving home the cows.

It seems to him but yesterday,
A little barefoot boy,
With garments tattered from his play
And face aglow with joy,

Was walking, talking by his side,
So many tales to tell,
He had to hush him, while he tried
To hear the distant bell.

He sees again the sudden fright
At whirr of partridge wings,
Recalls again his grave delight
With every bird that sings.

Remembers how when from the track
He strayed upon a thistle
He winked his childish tear drops back
And started up a whistle.

And when at last he reached the gate,
His pride and joy complete,
To see his mother smiling, wait
Her grown-up son to greet.

He boasted how he now could keep
From her all lurking harms,
But when that night he went to sleep
He slept within her arms.

Oh, those were days more safe and glad
Than anybody knew,
Before the world had grown so sad—
When summer skies were blue!

* Written for and read at Old Home Sunday service, at Rollins Park, Concord, August 18, 1918.

He drives the cows himself tonight,
But thanks his gracious God
That should he fall in perilous fight
And sleep 'neath foreign sod,

The boy, God gave him, clean and true
As heroes famed in story,
Has helped to bear Red, White and Blue
To victory and to glory!

And though tonight he falls asleep
On fields with carnage red,
Where angel armies vigil keep
Above the hero dead,

I'm sure that he is just as safe
As when by mother's knee;
*For God who made us love him so
Must love him more than we.*

SUMMER

By M. E. Nella

In the brook cow lilies are blooming,
Gleaming, round balls of gold;
And about them the wild bees hover,
Droning a song so old.
The dragon flies poise on the petals,
Or dart from pads of soft green,
Which rest on the warm, brown water,
Where scarcely a ripple is seen.

There are hordes of white butterflies flitting
Round the spearmint, which borders its edge,
And a bull-frog far out calls a challenge
To one who keeps guard near the sedge.
The bobolinks sing in the meadow,
Gray catbirds call back from the tree;
And the hot sun beats on the curing hay,
While earth basks in its fragrancy.

THE WORLD WAR

By Georgie Rogers Warren

The penalty of being "physically fit," my son,
Is to "train for the service"—"go across"—"over there"—"somewhere"—
And face the "Hun"—with your heart and gun.

The honor of being physically fit, my lad,
Is when you have won—which is soon to come—
And you have made the whole world—glad.

WILMOT CAMP-MEETING, 1870

Group of preachers, singers and laymen taken at preacher's stand by Mr. Bachelder. Rev. George W. H. Clark,* presiding elder, stands behind desk. At his right hand are seven ministers: from left to right, Rev. O. W. Scott, Rev. E. A. Smith, Rev. A. C. Coult,* Rev. Reuben Dearborn,* Rev. Silas Quimby,* Rev. O. H. Jasper, Rev. Hugh Montgomery,* close to stand; directly in front of the latter are two unidentified clergymen. In the left foreground are Joseph G. Brown* and Samuel Stevens.* At the right of the stand are Rev. R. N. Tilton,* Rev. Newell Culver,* and Rev. Daniel C. Babcock.* In front of the stand, back row, are Mrs. Sarah Piper,* Mrs. Eben Kibbee,* Mrs. ——— Baker,* Rev. W. H. Jones; middle row, Rev. W. H. Stuart,* Rev. Lucien W. Prescott* and Mrs. Prescott,* Miss Lydia Hill* (afterwards Chadwick). First row, at right of tree, Rev. James Thurston, ———, Rev. A. W. Bunker.* In right foreground, Rev. C. F. Trussell, Rev. Jacob Spaulding. [Note—Identification of some of the above is uncertain but made as accurately as writer could determine. Those starred are undisputed.]

WILMOT CAMP-MEETING—HISTORICAL SKETCH

By Ernest Vinton Brown

A fiftieth anniversary was observed by the Wilmot Camp-Meeting Association during the first week of September, 1918, at the time of its annual series of services. The occasion was the fiftieth annual session on the grounds, close to the northern base of Kearsarge mountain, and was the fiftieth anniversary of the camp-meeting held at Wilmot Center in 1868.

This camp-meeting of the Methodist Episcopal denomination is in direct continuance of the one held for many years at Alexandria, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which was transferred to Lebanon in 1860.

The program began on Tuesday, September 3, with religious services which continued daily till Friday evening. The sessions of Wednesday, September 4, were especially devoted to the anniversary observance. In the forenoon there was a flag raising with patriotic addresses by Rev. D. E. Burns of Haverhill, Rev H. J. Foote of Littleton and Rev F. P. Fletcher of Sunapee. This was followed by an historical sketch by Ernest Brown of Concord. In the afternoon the Rev. Elwin Hitchcock of Newport and Rev. R. T. Wolcott of Sunapee, former district superintendents, gave reminiscent addresses.

Letters of congratulation were read by the president from Gov. Henry W. Keyes, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes; Rev. Adolphus Linfield, superintendent of Concord district; Rev. Jesse M. Durrell of Tilton; Rev. Otis Cole, who was present at the first meeting on the ground; Rev. Edgar Blake of Chicago, General Secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools; Rev.

Charles Parkhurst and Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, editors of *Zion's Herald*, Boston; Rev. O. S. Baketel, of Newark, N. J., editor of the Methodist year book; Rev. E. A. Durham of Nashua, and Rev. F. F. Adams of Connecticut.

The evening was given over to a "campfire," at which many personal experiences were related. The sessions were presided over by the Rev. T. E. Cramer of Manchester, district superintendent, and president of the association.

The preachers of Thursday were Rev. Elwin Hitchcock, Rev. A. H. Morrill of Woodstock, Vt., and Rev. Donald C. Babcock of Lebanon. Friday there were addresses by Rev. E. A. Tuck of Concord, field agent of the Lord's Day League and Mrs. Ellen R. Richardson of Concord, president of the N. H. W. C. T. U.

The historical sketch by Mr. E. V. Brown was in part as follows:

It is impossible to present an adequate history of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting. To do so it would be necessary to write hundreds of biographies and to consider the religious life of more than a score of towns. Neither can it be limited to fifty years. There were tremendous forces which brought men together in this grove in 1869, and tremendous forces will continue to go forth from this grove for years to come. We do not bow down in this place to worship nature as God, but the very trees about us join in saying "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And here have many seen the descending tongues of Pentecostal fire. The very air about seems filled with the

spirits which have here in mortal form praised God for redemption through the Blood of the Lamb. The only adequate history of this spot is being written on the books of eternity.

The first camp-meeting held on these grounds was in 1869. The records do not give the dates of opening or closing. The Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association, however, held meetings on Wednesday, September 1, Thursday, September 2, and on Friday, September 3. It seems probable that the religious meetings began on Tuesday and continued during the week. There is no record as far as I know of what tent companies were present or of the preachers who gave sermons. Of those who appear in the business records Rev. Lewis Howard was stationed at Antrim, Rev. Newell Culver at Hill, Rev. Charles H. Chase at East Canaan, Rev. Simeon P. Heath at Claremont. John Smith of Sunapee was made a member of the executive committee and that charge was probably represented.

The Wilmot Camp-Meeting is so intimately connected with the history of Methodism in Wilmot and the surrounding towns, that before entering upon its particular history it is well to go back more than sixty years previous to 1869 to an incident which links us to the founder of American Methodism. Wilmot was incorporated in 1807. A few years previous the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike was incorporated. "It was made in 1803, through an entire forest, without any inhabitants for fourteen miles above and about six miles below Wilmot." There were then in existence two county roads which traversed portions of what is now Wilmot. One was the road which passed just to the south of the camp ground up over the hill by the cemetery at the Center where the first town meeting house was erected, crossed over by the Pedrick place, then through the meadow at the foot of "Bog Moun-

tain," or, as I prefer, "Old England," and on through Springfield.

The other road was the North Road which crossed the northern extremity of the town and has left us a name for one of the two early settlements in Wilmot. The proprietors of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike naturally selected a route with as few hills as possible, as it was designed to be one of the main arteries of commerce on the route from Montreal to Boston. This turnpike, extending from Concord to Hanover, was constructed in the years about 1804-6. Wilmot was half way of its length and became an important center on this account. The road is still known as the Turnpike, as its course runs from West Andover to Wilmot Center and Springfield, and the old county road was crossed about half a mile east of the Gay tavern, two miles above Wilmot Center. In 1806 this turnpike probably had few houses, having been built such a short time and the settlers resided on the older roads.

If, however, on a beautiful May morning of that year one had stood a scant mile from the camp ground to the north on the then new Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike, he might have seen a man on horseback riding down the pike. The man had long, whitish hair, keen blue eyes, wore a frock coat and a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat. Behind him a pair of saddle-bags would contain a few books and tracts among other things. The man's face would have shown the marks of an outdoor life, spent on horseback. Yet there would have been marks upon it of the thinker. As he passed by so near the spot which now for fifty years has been associated with Methodism, I like to imagine him in meditation or prayer, and that the spirit of Francis Asbury, the great pioneer bishop of America, hovers over this place.

In his journal on May 19, 1806, he wrote:

"New Hampshire—We crossed the mountains and came into New Hampshire at Andover, and continuing on, dining and praying at Salisbury, to Concord, forty miles; we lodged at Mr. Ambrose's tavern, our host was polite and attentive. We came on Wednesday eighteen miles to dinner at Harvey's, Northwood, then through Durham and Dover, into Berwick, Maine, the first town in the district, where we put up for the night."

This entry, evidently made after reaching Berwick and from memory is slightly confusing. Whether the similarity of sound of Hanover and Andover or whether the lack of inhabitants on the New Turnpike caused the peculiar wording can not be determined. It would be about forty miles from Hanover to Salisbury.

It is probable the Methodist itinerants passed and repassed through the rapidly increasing settlements of this region during the early years of the nineteenth century. In an inventory of the town of Wilmot in 1822, after the passage of the Toleration Act of 1819, when the public money for preaching was divided between the denominations according to adherents, Daniel W. Stevens is listed as a Methodist. A few years later three union churches were built in town: at the Center, at the Flat and at North Wilmot. Methodists soon had part in each church and the circuit preacher occupied the pulpit at the Center on the fifth Sunday of months in which occurred five, and at North Wilmot one Sunday each month.

Wilmot was linked with various of the surrounding towns. Salisbury, Andover, New London, Sutton, Springfield, Danbury, appear in the appointments coupled with Wilmot. In the forties a quarterly conference was held in this territory.

How well these itinerants sowed the gospel seed will be revealed only in eternity. Enough strength had been gained in the early forties so that a

camp-meeting was held in town. It was accompanied by a great revival. This old-fashioned tent meeting was held near the town poor-farm, on the road to South Danbury. This was a point easy of access to North Wilmot, then the most populous part of the town. Two young men, drawn by curiosity, attended the meeting, became interested and stayed. The father of one hitched up his team and took other members of the family to discover the cause of the youth's detention. The whole family thus spent the week at the revival. Beans were baked at night in the brick oven and were carried with other substantial food to the grove each day. This was typical of the old-fashioned tent meeting. Many conversions took place and Methodism was strengthened throughout the entire region. That was the first camp-meeting in the town. While I have not yet learned the date it was probably about 1841.

There followed a period of religious activity and then a declining interest on the part of the public, but those who had been converted at that camp-meeting seem generally to have remained steadfast Christians throughout their lives.

In 1867 a stalwart Irishman, six feet tall, was pastor at Grantham. A man of force, wit and great native ability, he was a power for God wherever he was. He is remembered throughout New England as a power in the temperance cause. In a narrative of his life is the following:

"North Wilmot, about seventeen miles from Mr. Montgomery's home, was a wicked place. It had a church edifice, but no minister, and no public worship, though there were a few excellent people whose hearts mourned over the sin by which they were surrounded. Nine years previously a number of praying men, among whom was a pious Congregational deacon by the name of Stearns [Jeness], had covenanted together to meet once a week at the school-

house to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, until a revival of religion should be given. They thus met faithfully for some months, when one dropped off, and then another, and so on, until the good deacon was left alone. He could not let go his hold upon God. As often as the appointed evening came, he took his way to the schoolhouse, lighted his candle, read a portion of Scripture, and offered his prayer. For more than eight years did this saintly old man thus meet alone with his God, and keep the solemn covenant which he had made. And God, who is ever faithful, heard his servant's cries, and graciously poured out the Holy Spirit upon the community.

"In the scenes that followed Mr. Montgomery was called to participate. He says of them: 'One cold night in the middle of winter I was awakened from sleep by a loud knocking at my door. I arose and opened it and before me were two men heavily clad, covered with frost, and with icicles hanging from their beards. I bade them come in. I found that they had rode seventeen miles to see me, and after doing their errand they must immediately return, so as to be at their labor the next morning. I made a fire to warm them, and gave them a cup of tea. They told me that at North Wilmot there were indications of a great awakening, and they had come to get me to go there.

"'Brother Montgomery,' they said, 'the Lord is at work among the people; but we have no minister. Won't you come and preach to us next Sabbath evening?'

"'I don't see how I can,' I replied, 'for I am now in the midst of a revival in this place.'

"Those two strong men burst into tears and pleaded with me to go. They were so urgent that we knelt down and asked the Lord to direct us, and after prayer I decided to go as desired. They were very joyful

over my answer, and left, thanking me."

The two men referred to were the late Rev. Charles F. Trussell and the late Joseph G. Brown.

The church was filled, Montgomery arrived after going three miles out of his way in a snowstorm, and forty presented themselves at the altar for prayers. He remained several days and he says: "The zeal of the people was unbounded, many coming five and six miles every night on sleds drawn by oxen."

In 1868 some Christian Baptists at Grafton asked the Methodist conference for a minister and Montgomery was sent. Arriving at the house of the leader at eleven o'clock at night he found the project had fallen through and they refused to keep him. He found a Methodist at work in a sawmill who gave him his bed for the night and the next day went to Wilmot. Mr. Trussell saw the opportunity and proposed his moving to Wilmot. A house was purchased and his goods moved. He says of the work: "I preached or held a prayer-meeting every night somewhere in that or one of the neighboring towns for a circuit of fifteen miles from my home. Vital goodness was nearly dead in that whole section; and my soul was determined, by the help of God, if the honest preaching of the truth would do it, to awaken a new life in His cause.

"In pursuance of this purpose I planned a meeting to be held in the autumn for eight days, hoping to draw to it the people of all the country round about. I hired a large tent for the services; I also secured the town hall and spread upon its floors a couple of tons of straw for lodging purposes. The meeting was widely advertised and thousands attended. Ten or more of my brethren in the ministry came to my help and preached. Among them was Bishop Baker, who early saw the value of the movement. Brother Lewis was another; he labored with us the entire eight days, contributing very greatly to our

success. He was a noble workman and a sweet singer.

"Nearly a hundred souls professed to have been saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A large proportion of these converts lived in towns around us where there were no Methodist churches and they sought spiritual homes in other folds.

"The Kearsarge Camp-Meeting grew out of this meeting which I have described. Bishop Baker, while he was with us, with a wise look ahead, advised the purchase of the ground. It was bought, and the necessary grading, building, and seating were done in sufficient season for the first camp-meeting to be held there the next year."

The tent meeting of 1868 was held in the pasture now owned by Harriet M. Woodward, close to the Blackwater river in the rear of the residence of Miss M. Emma Brown. A shop on the river bank owned by Calvin Fisk and the townhouse were used by the attendants. Straw was strewn on the floor of the townhouse and it was used for sleeping quarters.

The story as told by the Rev. Hugh Montgomery gives us much of interest. But other things had combined to give him his opportunity. For a few years previously a camp-meeting had been held at Lebanon. The records of the association which conducted it somewhat quaintly record the following:

"In compliance with a generally expressed desire by the Methodist Churches in the Northern part of Claremont District, N. H. Conf. a Camp-meeting was appointed & held by Rev. Elisha Adams P. E. in the fall of 1860—on land owned by Rev. A. C. Hardy in the town of Lebanon, N. H.

"There were a goodly number of tents pitched, but for some reason or reasons the meeting did not appear to be as useful as it was expected it would be. Still some souls were converted, & the churches quickened. Several revivals followed this meeting.—

"The Second Camp-Meeting on the Claremont District N. Hamp. Conf. was organized on Tuesday September 9th 1862 by Rev. Elisha Adams P. E. on land leased from widow Sweatland for the term of five years & situated about one mile west of Lebanon Center. The ground was easy of access & well prepared for the meeting.—"

This camp-meeting adopted the name of "The White River Junction Camp-Meeting Association." In passing I desire to quote from its records action taken in 1862: "The Asso" voted adverse to permitting an Agent presenting the matter of the Contrabands of Port Royal, lest the attention of the people be distracted from the purpose for which they came together." As the camp-meeting at Lebanon was the immediate predecessor in the Claremont district of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting it may be interesting to note that in 1863 the records state: "Nine tents are pitched."

When the association met in 1866 a committee was appointed to see on what terms the Sweatland farm could be leased for ten years. This committee reported at a session held during the meetings that "the owners of the ground wished for a greater compensation."

The ownership appears to have changed and a vote in 1867 indicates twenty-five dollars was asked for the use of the land that year. The association discussed securing some other location, one being found within one mile of White River Junction, and a grove to be controlled by the Northern Railroad was considered. The Sweatland farm, it was found, could not be re-leased and its price—\$3,500—was evidently prohibitive. A committee was appointed to negotiate with the Northern Railroad in regard to a grove.

Then on the records appears the following:

"There being no session of the camp meeting for 1868 the Association was called together at Wilmot,

at a tent meeting, by the P. E. of Claremont District on Thursday, Sept. 17, at which meeting a motion was made that the lumber remaining on the old ground be sold and the proceeds put into the hands of the Treasurer. After some discussion the motion was withdrawn and it was moved that the matter be left with the Executive Committee. Carried. Bro. Folsom of Lebanon was chosen Treasurer. Adjourned to meet to-morrow morning."

Rev. B. W. Chase of Enfield signed as secretary and the next day recorded:

"The Association met according to adjournment. Moved that Bro. Rowe of Wilmot Flat be added to the Ex. Committee. Carried. Moved that the Executive Committee have instructions to secure a ground in Wilmot for a Camp-Meeting and that it shall be done as soon as may be. Carried. After a free talk adjourned."

The next record in the book is of a meeting of the Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association at the preachers' stand on the grounds on September 1, 1869. The ground had been purchased, buildings erected, and seats provided. These latter arranged in a semicircle, were of plank laid across peeled hemlock logs and were in the same location as the present seats.

Thus the zealous energy of Hugh Montgomery had resulted in the securing for Wilmot of the camp-meeting established for the old Claremont district, after difficulty had been met with in securing a suitable grove at Lebanon. The experience at that place pointed the necessity of outright purchase of a site, rather than leasing, and with good business judgment the Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association took steps to that end.

Rev. G. W. H. Clark was the presiding elder and thus was its first president. The other officers elected were Rev. S. P. Heath as secretary, an office he declined and for which he nominated Rev. C. H. Chase who was

then elected; Robert M. Rowe as treasurer acted for the association in securing the present grounds; the executive committee was composed of Rev. Charles F. Trussell, Minot Stearns of Wilmot, George W. Murray, William George of Caanan, John Smith of Sunapee, David Frye of Grantham (an interesting story of whose conversion is related in Montgomery's book), and Aysten Berry of Bristol.

Mr. Rowe at a meeting held the next day reported that the land cost \$325.00, boarding house, seats and work, \$475, or thereabouts, making the whole expense \$800. The association received from the Northern Railroad \$100, from the White River Junction Association \$80, leaving a debt of about \$620.

Steps were taken to have the property insured and the record states: "The treasurer was instructed to sell anything he thought not needed by the association."

When the association met in 1870 a more definite report was made showing nearly \$900 had been expended in the purchase of the grounds and fitting them up for the meeting, and that there was a balance of \$543.13 against the association. A collection toward paying this debt was voted and \$42.47 was raised at the afternoon service of Thursday, September 17.

That year it was also voted to take a subscription and collection for a bell for the stand, and \$10.93 was secured for that purpose.

It is recorded that "Mr. Bachelder, an Artist, paid into the hands of Br. Chase \$5.00 for the privilege of taking some views of the meeting."

This is an appropriate point to briefly draw a picture of those early camp-meetings. Mr. Bachelder, whose work as a photographer compares favorably with that of the present, pitched his tent near the entrance to the field each year. Many a first picture, a tintype, was taken in that tent. Horses and carriages filled the field south of the grove and lined the

road for half a mile to the north as well as around the field. The boarding tent had large quantities of fruit and confectionery, to attract the youthful, while, at meal times, baked beans and brown bread were served on heaped-up plates. Places at the tables were not always easy to obtain.

In the grove, especially on Wednesdays and Thursdays there was a surging crowd during the intermissions. The seats would be full with many standing during the services. In front of the platform the ground would be thickly strewn with straw. This was the "altar." In the circle of cottages would be several large white tents.

Early in the morning teams would begin to arrive and they would continue to stream in until toward noon. Many had risen before daylight, done their farm chores and driven many miles to be present. Nor were all present religiously inclined. On the roadside would be horse trading, and the horses would be driven along the road by the grounds to display their qualities. Sometimes in the neighboring woods a bottle would pass from hand to hand and many a session had an accompanying trial of some liquor vender before a justice of the peace. At noon the family groups would gather and eat their lunches. The cottages would have their cook stoves going. From each train would come a many-seated team, the driver flourishing a long whip which he carried with him as a badge of authority as he went about to announce his departure for the station.

These scenes, however, are not the substantial picture. That is limned in deeper colors in the hearts of those who have known the glories of Wilmot Camp-Meeting. There was the morning prayer service. It began at eight o'clock, and lasted till nearly time for the forenoon preaching. The Wilmot cottage would be crowded and those moments would be filled with song, prayer and testimony, fervid, sometimes crude and some-

times cultured, but always breathing the spirit of deep religious experience. Then came the forenoon preaching, ending with a stirring exhortation when the straw-carpeted altar would be filled with worshippers, and sinners would be urged to the open gateway of salvation. At one o'clock would come the noon prayer-meetings in the larger cottages, with halleluiahs shoutings and religious ecstasy. The seats would be full and the doorways crowded with those who came from many motives.

In the afternoon there would be a larger attendance than in the forenoon. The ablest men in the conference would speak at these services and another altar service would follow. Many from a distance would leave, at the close of the preaching but enough always remained to make the altar service one of interest.

At the noon hour there was a general renewal of acquaintanceship, while at the supper hour the social greeting was of a more intimate nature. Evening preaching, with kerosene lamps lighting the grove and its approaches, was appealing to the imagination. And then in the cottage prayer-meeting would be the driving home of the day's truths, the gathering of the harvest. On the last evening this meeting might be protracted till a late hour and many have been quickened and renewed in spirit.

After evening service the Wilmot "tent master" would be importuned by many for an opportunity to sleep in the bunks above the main room. These bunks extended the length of the "tent," and each year were filled with straw. Horse blankets would be spread over the straw and the places crowded so one could not turn in the night without the consent of their neighbors. A board partition down the center separated the men from the women.

Each year the association which is the business organization of the camp-meeting held its sessions. These did the prosaic things required. It may

be of interest to note some of them.

In 1871 it voted to build a fence on the south and east sides of the grove to Mr. Flanders, line. This was to be of posts and spruce boards six inches wide and four boards high, and was the one removed recently. The committee was William Flanders, Wm. Nelson, C. F. Trussell, R. M. Rowe, J. K. Wallace.

Elder Trussell was also appointed to see the selectmen and "have a police of six suitable legally invested with authority and appointed to serve in that capacity during the time of our camp-meeting."

The executive committee of that year consisted of Wm G. Nelson, Z. Dustin of Henniker, Ruel Whitcomb of New London, Chas. F. Trussell, Theodore Clarke, John Fitch of Sunapee, David Frye of Grantham, J. K. Wallace, Chas. Whitney of New London and Chas. H. Chase of Enfield.

This meeting, held at the preachers' stand on September 6, 1871, took important action when it "Voted that Br. Chas. H. Chase be a committee to see to obtaining an Act of incorporation for the society."

This resulted in the passage by the legislature of an act:

"That James Pike, George W. Norris, Chs. H. Chase, Moses T. Cilley, J. Mowry Bean, Schuyler E. Farnham, Chas H. Hall, Watson W. Smith, John H. Hillman and Lucien W. Prescott, their associates and successors be and they hereby are a body politic and corporate by the name of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting Association, for such religious and moral, charitable and benevolent purposes as said corporation may from time to time designate." The act was dated June 26, 1872.

The first meeting was called through the *Zion's Herald*, as required by the act, and was held at Canaan, October 29, the same year. The act was accepted and by-laws adopted.

The incorporators organized with Rev. James Pike, the P. E. as president, Chas. F. Trussell as secretary

and R. M. Rowe as treasurer. The executive committee were the preachers at Enfield and Canaan, Ruel Whitcomb of New London, Green Johnson of Wilmot, William G. Nelson of Wilmot and Zachariah Scribner of Salisbury.

Another meeting was held at Wilmot on March 15, 1873, when "Br. R. M. Rowe signified his willingness to convey by Deed the grounds occupied by the Camp-Meeting Association. The Association directed Chs. H. Chase to make a Corporation Note for the balance \$425 due him on the grounds."

September 11, 1873, the association voted that the secretary be authorized to draw upon the treasurer for money to pay the note he gave for the association, \$425. Thus in four years the association had cleared itself of indebtedness and stood in possession of a valuable property.

It appears as if the change of name by the incorporation was questioned, for it was at this meeting "voted that the secretary be requested to learn the name by which the association is Incorporated."

In 1873-6 the presiding elder was Rev. M. T. Cilley.

In 1874 it was voted to open the camp-meeting on Friday and close on the following Thursday, but when the association met, September 8, at the time of the meetings it had proved unsatisfactory and it was voted "that next year the camp-meeting shall not be held over the Sabbath."

At this same meeting the preachers present were constituted a committee "to confer with such persons from adjoining towns as are present in regard to an earnest effort to compass the object of society tents."

In 1871 Rev. J. W. Merrill was appointed to collect money by subscription to bring water on to the ground, and he reported \$15.25.

In 1874 it was voted to clapboard the preachers' stand, to put backs on one half of the seats, commencing

with those nearest the stand, to enlarge the kitchen by adding ten feet to the length, to build a fence the remaining distance on the road, to have the necessary lumber got out on the grounds during the winter, to secure a division of the fence on the north side and to build the association part, that Wm. G. Nelson be a committee to bring the water into the kitchen before the next camp-meeting, and purchase of crockery was authorized.

These indicate the prosperity of the association, which the treasurer reported was free of debt and with a balance on hand of \$178.59, and the secretary, Rev. George N. Byrant, adds, "The committee feel as though God was smiling on their efforts and look upon the future of the meeting as especially encouraging."

In 1875 W. G. Nelson's offer to move the preachers' stand back ten feet for \$10 was accepted. The vote to bring water into the cook house was rescinded.

The improvements made in 1875 caused an indebtedness of \$62.65. The treasurer reported \$106.29 paid on seats, \$116.35 on boarding house, and \$44.88 on furnishings, a total of \$267.52.

Rev. George J. Judkins became presiding elder in 1877. At a meeting in June that year a committee was appointed to arrange a lease of the well dug on Mr. Clark's farm, with the right to repair the pipe, and in September reported their success.

In 1881 at the annual meeting of the association "Dr. Jasper, the presiding elder peremptorily declined to act as president of the association, taking the ground that "no body could legislate a man into office against his will."

The same year the retiring secretary, J. A. Steele of Canaan, signed as acting secretary of a meeting, held after his successor was chosen, and appended:

"I make the above record although not regarding myself as Secretary as

I was elected only to hold office till my successor was elected."

Rev. O. H. Jasper in 1883 declined to conduct the affairs of the association as president and the executive committee instructed Rev. C. F. Trussell to perform all the duties usually devolving on the president of the association and he served also in 1884.

Dr. Jasper, a scholarly Christian gentleman, aroused because of the liquor selling on neighboring ground of which the association vainly tried to obtain control, determined at the session of 1882 to close the camp-meeting on Thursday afternoon. The news spread rapidly and aroused the townspeople and its supporters. They crowded into the altar and pleaded with him. At first he would make no concession but finally stated that if forty voters would clean out the liquor venders in the adjacent swamp the meetings might continue. More than the number volunteered, but when they reached the spot there were only a few broken bottles.

The announcement by Dr. Jasper led to one of the most stirring incidents in the history of the camp-meeting. Spontaneously the people crowded at the altar, burst into singing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." And for an hour and a half the people sang hymns, repeating verse after verse in fervid thankfulness. None thought of supper and few patronized the victualling tent that night, food being forgotten in the excitement.

This occurrence probably influenced Dr. Jasper in his attitude towards the camp-meeting. But liquor selling from that time became less rampant and gradually died out. Decreasing population, changes in social life, vacation habit, and Old Home gatherings reduced the attendance. The camp-meeting, however, still holds its historical attitude in remaining a purely religious gathering in its beautiful grove looking out on the northern slope of Kearsarge.

The presiding elders and later the district superintendents who have had to do with arranging the annual programs, and ex-officio were its presidents, have been: Revs. G. W. H. Clark, 1869-70; James Pike, 1871-2; Moses T. Cilley, 1873-6; George J. Judkins, 1877-80; O. H. Jasper, 1881-4; J. E. Robins, 1885-9; G. W. Norris, 1890 and 1897-9; O. S. Baketel, 1891-6; G. M. Curl, 1900-2; Elwin Hitchcock, 1903-8; R. T. Wolcott, 1909-14; E. C. Strout, 1915; T. E. Cramer, 1916-18. During Dr. Jasper's term Rev. C. F. Trussell was in charge.

The ministers whose names appear on the records of the association in the earlier years include Revs. Chas.

H. Chase, Charles F. Trussell, James Pike, George W. Norris, Moses T. Cilley, J. Mowry Bean, Lucien W. Prescott, John H. Hillman, George C. Noyes, George N. Bryant.

The laymen whose names appear in the first dozen years of the camp-meeting include Robert M. Rowe, Joseph K. Wallace, Theodore Clark, John Felch, David Fry, Albert Sanborn, William G. Nelson, Ruel Whitcomb, Green Johnson, Zachariah Scribner, Moses Brown, Lowell T. Buswell, Arthur A. Miller, Joseph J. Chase, Augustus E. Phelps. None of these remain with us today and for each a golden star appears on the service flag which memory raises within this sacred grove.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

By Ernest Vinton Brown

O knights of holy memory,
Look now on France and see,
Descendants of their chivalry
Who flew the fleur-de-lis.

The sunlight with its alchemy,
Transmutes the flag we see,
From one tri-colored splendidly,
Unto the fleur-de-lis.

Beneath that banner's errantry,
The knightly nations be,
Which honor noble ancestry,
Who blessed the fleur-de-lis.

These latter knights live righteously,
For Christ of Galilee,
Or bear for Him most willingly,
The cross-like fleur-de-lis.

They fight with beasts and dragon's brood,
Whose captives they would free,
And over home and womanhood,
They raise the fleur-de-lis.

Their triple vow is poverty,
Obedience and chastity,
As with such noble fealty
They serve the fleur-de-lis.

They seek the Holy Sepulchre,
Of Him who knew the tree,
They meet the host most sinister,
Who hate the fleur-de-lis.

They fight to gain His Calvary,
These knights the ancients see,
Where watch that ghostly company,
Who love the fleur-de-lis.

They wield the sword of Liberty,
These knights so brave, so free,
Who hold from God equality,
Who love the fleur-de-lis.

From faith they draw a warranty,
That men should brothers be,
So seal in blood and gallantry,
The royal fleur-de-lis.

When wearied by the mystery
That life and death should be,
Behold, they see the Trinity,
Within the fleur-de-lis.

While they who join the company
Of ghostly knights so free,
Stand near with that majority
Which guards the fleur-de-lis.

FREEDOM'S PLEADING

By Mary C. Butler

On that desolate horizon,
Whence all living things have fled,
See proud Freedom crushed and bleeding,
Millions dying, millions dead.
Hear her children, tortured, groaning,
Starving, wailing, asking bread.
Hark! Joan, herself, is pleading.
See'st thou not that queenly head?
See the maid's pure eyes entreating,
Asking for her people bread.
Will ye fail me now, my people?
Shall your cherished rights lie dead?
See, those mighty armies falter!
Shall my just cause fail for bread?
Rise ye up, my slumbering freemen;
Raise the standard high o'erhead;
Go ye forth to save and labor,
Fight for Freedom's cause with bread.

THE "OLD NORTH MEETING HOUSE"

**First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H. Erected 1751—Burned 1870
(Site now occupied by Walker School House)**

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

Of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church,
Concord, N. H.*

By John Calvin Thorne, Church Historian

This year we reach the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of our Sunday School, founded under the leadership of Dr. Asa McFarland, the third pastor of our church, from 1798 to 1825. He succeeded the Rev. Israel Evans, A.M., who was known as Washington's Chaplain, and who continued throughout the entire War of the American Revolution; and was followed by Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, known as Concord's first Historian.

Last year, May 8th, to the 13th, the American Sunday School Union intended celebrating its 100th anniversary, at its headquarters in Philadelphia, with exercises of a notable character to be held in the great Academy of Music. But as war with Germany was being declared by our government, it was decided to postpone the occasion until Peace should again come to the earth.

This national organization has been interdenominational in its work, laboring in the smaller communities, rather than in the large towns and cities of our country. During the hundred years of its existence it has organized 131,814 schools, or nearly four schools for every day of the century. In these were enrolled 699,034 teachers with 5,179,570 scholars. For the last sixty years it has published 174,000,000 pieces of periodical literature, which if placed, one upon the other, it is estimated, would make a column fifty times higher than the Washington monument. It is a great and noble work which this national society has done in laying the founda-

tion of religion throughout rural America;—it has been the pioneer of the Sunday School and the forerunner of the church.

But to revert to our own history, leaving the National Society to carry on its exalted labor, we must now ask ourselves what has been done in the years past, and what are we doing at present in our own church?

On looking at our early records I am obliged to quote from a paper I presented at the 150th anniversary of our Church, November 18, 1880, on the "History of the Sabbath School," from which I am able to give briefly the facts of the foundation and growth of this Garden of the Lord's planting. (For further and fuller information see the Historical Pamphlet published 1880.)

History records that in the Spring of 1818 our church organized four different schools in Concord, then being the only religious institution in the town (as we had been for the previous hundred years), although that year the First Baptist Church began its life among us, whose 100th anniversary is celebrated next month. One of our schools was opened at the old Town House (located where the present Merrimack County Court House stands); one in the Schoolhouse (where is now situated the Abbott-Downing Co's carriage shops); one in the West Parish, and one in the East Parish.

The one with which we are most intimately connected was the first one mentioned, which met at the

* Address delivered by Deacon Thorne, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1918, it being the 100th anniversary of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church of Concord.

Town House. This school gathered at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the ringing of the first bell, and after their exercises were completed, then anyone looking out on Main Street, at the time of the opening of the morning service at the church, would have beheld the beautiful sight of the scholars walking in the order of their classes, accompanied by their teachers, from the Town House, where they had assembled for the Sunday School at 9 o'clock, to attend divine worship at 10.30 o'clock, at the Old North Meeting House, standing where is now the Walker Schoolhouse.

The schools in the outlying districts gathered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the Sabbath. This arrangement was employed until the year 1842, when we removed from the old church edifice to the one on the present location; then all the schools were consolidated and met at the noon hour in the church. This method has been continued until the present year, as being the best possible time for all concerned.

The trial of returning again to the earlier way of seventy-five years ago is now presented to us as something quite new, it is thought by some, but is really an old idea and obsolete for three fourths of a century. It would seem as if the value of the noon hour for our Bible School has been firmly established by the custom and experience of more than two generations.

May we not ask ourselves—Is it not better for our minister, who is also a teacher, for the teachers also, and most of the scholars, especially the older classes, many of whom cannot positively attend at the early hour, to hold to the noon services? Shall our school be divided? Who will take that responsibility?

The only way of teaching the Bible in the Sunday School, in the beginning, was by committing to memory verses of the Holy Scriptures, and reciting the same without any explanation or comment by the teacher. It

is a matter of record that in 1826, eight years only after the opening of the schools, 480 scholars, not above fifteen years of age, repeated during the term of six months 161,446 verses—five times the whole number in the Bible, a wonderful record certainly. It was not until 1838, twenty years after the beginning of Sunday Schools in our midst, that adult classes were formed under the pastorate of Dr. Bouton.

Considering this first method of instruction, of committing to memory the words of Holy Writ, may we not ask—Was there not much truth inculcated into the growing minds of the young? Who can deny? That life-giving thoughts were in this way treasured in Memory's rich storehouse, there cannot be any doubt, ready to be called upon in later years for hope and strength to fight life's battle. In these days is it not possible that we are getting away from an intimate knowledge of God's direct word by relying too much upon the many explanatory books and helps of all kinds, thus losing the close and full contact with the Word which in the beginning was with God, and which is God?

It was in this same year of 1826, which was one of a great awakening and deep religious interest in the progress of the Sabbath School, that our library was established. It remained and retained its usefulness for more than three fourths of a century. Recent years have seen it gradually supplanted by the free public library and by many publications of infinite variety and value, issued by the steam-printing presses and spread broadcast over the land. Much of this change was due to the many weak and over-sentimental style of books furnished for our libraries—lacking in originality, interest or any real worth. When today our city libraries are passing out to the multitude of readers much literary trash, with some good books of general importance, however, it

may be a question whether or not, a small but well-selected list of suitable and instructive reading, prepared along the lines of the coming advance in religious education, might not demand a place upon our library shelves?

Our School has been through a great many changes in its teaching methods, in its hundred years of existence, generally moving forward in its endeavor to maintain a high standard of moral and religious instruction. At the first merely reciting verses from the Bible; then came "Select Scripture Lessons," the text being repeated from memory, then remarks by the teacher to explain and impress the truth upon the scholar. This latter was certainly an improvement over simply rehearsing the words of the Scripture. This better way came the very next year after the remarkable record of thousands of verses being given by the pupils. It is quite evident that the management of that early day saw the great need of instruction accompanying the text. After five years of this manner of teaching came the preparation of the subjects of the lessons by the pastor, Dr. Bouton, with the approval of the teachers. This plan was continued for more than thirty years including in the range of topics the whole Bible. (We have most of these lesson slips, for each term, on file with our church papers.) In 1857 a question book was introduced, called "Useful and Curious Questions on the Holy Bible." This was in use for a few years in connection with the regular lessons mentioned.

It was in 1865 that the "Union Question Book" series was adopted and continued for several years as a guide to Bible study.

In 1872 the "International Uniform Sunday School Lessons" came into use, and have been accepted as a leader to higher thought and nobler living by nearly all the Christian people of the world. At present the "Improved International Lessons"

have been recognized and received as best fitted to direct in the study of the Holy Scriptures. Mutual classes have been formed for independent investigation, also other adult groups of men and women who have pursued a choice of courses.

Yearly anniversary exercises of the school were first observed in 1825, by Dr. Bouton in the first year of his pastorate. The school assembled in the order of their classes, in the body of the church: an address adapted to the occasion, with reports of the officers, would be presented. This arrangement continued under the ministry of Dr. Bouton and Dr. Ayer for some fifty years, and it was an important feature in exhibiting to the church membership the work of its school.

Through all the many years we have had faithful and able superintendents, also both men and women teachers—a long list of names of noble volunteers who have led the way to a higher life. They are known to us all, and all shall receive their reward as good and faithful servants of the Lord. We are fortunate to have had the ability and fine service rendered to our school by our present superintendent: it is to be hoped that he may return to us and continue his good work.

The present is calling for more thoroughly trained workers in religious education in our Sunday Schools, as well as in the secular lines of instruction. An intelligent people see the need and are demanding more system and a better preparation in the leadership of our spiritual life. Perhaps even paid superintendents and teachers, as under Robert Raikes in England in 1780, will have to be employed. Those who can give trained thought, time and strength to the work will ere long be required to make our Sabbath Schools what they might be and what they should be for the existing and coming conditions which our country will have to meet.

A new era is dawning in this work.

We have had and are having conferences on Sunday School methods in different states for the training of workers. One such has been held in our own state, the last four years, at Dartmouth College, and largely attended: some of our own people have been students there, and gained knowledge along this present movement in preparatory work. It certainly has been to them a great source of inspiration and benefit. A fund has been given for this special course and plans are under way for incorporation. Many of the foremost leaders and instructors in the country have placed this school in high standing—its success has been due to the splendid planning of the Dean, Mrs. Nellie T. Hendrick.

Many colleges are introducing religious education in their curriculum; there are also Community Schools organized in our larger cities for the same purpose.

At the very present moment the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, made up of thirty leading church bodies of America, have united for a great drive for Teachers' Training during September and October. They realize that the greatest weakness is the lack of an adequate force of trained superintendents and teachers. The great majority show the need of preparation in their profession, for such it is coming to be, so this Council has adopted standards and courses of study, and is ready to move forward. Next Sunday, September 29th, is to be observed as Teacher Training Day, when there will be special effort to awaken an interest in this matter most vital to the churches.

The plan is that there be at least one Teacher's Training Class in every Sunday School in the United States, to meet once a week; that there be a Monthly Workers' Conference; also a coöperative Community School of Religious Education—to graduate for

special work, and to train superintendents in their administration duties and teachers as leaders of local classes; and finally to aid in the right selection of current literature and books on this important subject.

This new advance in Sunday Schools is to be committed to the supervision of the Education Society, and they will give every possible aid to pastors, superintendents and teachers in furnishing information for the desired end.

As a very great assistance in this new and to be desired advance, there will be for all those possible to attend, here in Concord, this next month, October 9, 10 and 11, at the South Church, the "N. H. Sunday School Convention." The program presented will embrace information and discussion on all the various phases of the new methods that have here been outlined.

This splendid movement to establish on stronger foundations the Bible Schools of our land must meet with a ready response. How often in the consideration of the greatest book on earth, of the most sublime thought and exalted teachings, how indifferent we have been; how little, and how poorly we have labored to prepare ourselves for living in this world, and still more for the life that is to come.

It is due, to our present pastor, and long list of able superintendents and teachers, to say that the work has been carried on with a high measure of earnestness and fidelity. All honor, then, to those who began and have maintained this school of the church among us. Who can tell of the influence of such an institution for one hundred years upon the intelligence, morals and character of our community?

"The Sunday school. Earth has no name
Worthier to fill the breath of fame,
The untold blessings it has shed
Shall be revealed when worlds have fled."

NEW HAMPSHIRE PIONEERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 1

ELDER BENJAMIN RANDALL

Founder of the Free Baptists

James Arminius, the eminent Dutch preacher who occupied a chair in theology at Leyden from 1603 to his death in 1609, became the founder of a movement of remonstrance against Calvinism. After his death the remonstrants became an anti-Calvinist party with "Arminianism" as their rallying slogan. In 1618 the synod of Dort, consisting of deputies from England, Scotland and the Protestant countries of Europe, summoned Episcopius and other active Arminians before them and banished, excommunicated, and drove from all ecclesiastical and civil offices, all who accepted Arminian doctrines. This tyrannical treatment defeated its own purpose, for the scattered Arminians became agitators in the various communities where they took refuge, and a few years later Arminians appeared everywhere, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century it was a movement fighting valiantly against the intolerant Calvinism.

In America the Massachusetts colony was under the iron sway of the Calvinist Puritans and the more liberal ideas of the Arminians made little progress. New Hampshire, however, offered a more congenial soil.

Benjamin Randall was born in the little seagirt town of New Castle, February 7, 1749. His father was a sea-captain. The boy was a deeply religious minded boy from five years of age. When George Whitfield visited Portsmouth and Exeter in Sep-

tember of 1770, Randall went to hear him. Though deeply impressed by the earnestness and power of Whitfield, Randall steeled himself against Whitfield because the great preacher was supposed to be not a sound Calvinist, though Whitfield broke with Wesley because Wesley too far abandoned Calvinism. Whitfield preached at Portsmouth for the last time on September 29, and the same day went to Exeter where he preached his last sermon, going from there to Newburyport, where he died in the night. A mounted herald rode into Portsmouth on September 30 announcing "Mr. Whitfield is dead." One of the first to hear the message was young Randall. His heart smote him. Had he done right in harboring his prejudices against the man who appealed to him so earnestly the day before and whose voice was now stilled in death?

Out of the experience came a deeper and more tolerant religious conception. The War of the Revolution broke out and Randall served a year and a half. He became a Baptist on the question of Baptism and planned to go to Stratham to be baptized by Dr. Shepard, but hearing that Wm. Hooper was to be ordained at Berwick, Maine, he went there instead. The same year the little colony from Durham went into the North Country to establish the town of New Durham, and the Randall family went with them. Randall had now become an Arminian and fellowshipped with those in Elder Lock's church of Loudon and Canterbury people who were forming an Arminian church. For this he was expelled by the Baptists, and the next

year, 1780, he formed the first "Free" Baptist church at New Durham. The movement spread throughout the state and Maine, and then into other states. The earnestness of the Free Baptist preachers impressed people everywhere, and their milder views took where the harsher Calvinism failed to appeal. Memoirs, journals and autobiographies of all the early Free Baptist preachers are in print, and from them one may get a first-hand vision of the religious views

and experiences of the movement. Later, missionaries went to the middle west of the nation. Randall and the Free Baptist preachers who helped him appeal to the people made a lasting imprint upon the religious life of America, and on the whole life of New Hampshire. And in thus calling about him his earnest little band he became the first of the New Hampshire Pioneers of a more tolerant religion than had been given New England by the settlers from the old world.

TILTONIA

By A. W. Anderson

Thou beautiful tiara of the granite hills!
 Thy river flowing from the smitten rock bestride—
 To thee, and thy fair name, Tiltonia, we thrill;
 Thou art the cherished object of thy people's pride!

From out the dimming shadows of the misty past
 Come forth the forms of thy brave pioneers;
 We hear their axes ringing in the forest vast—
 And straightway vanish all the intervening years.

The veil is lifted, and before us lies outspread
 Primeval wilderness, and foaming cataract;
 Unfettered flows the river o'er its rocky bed;
 On rushing thru the hills to meet the Merrimack.

In woodlands deep and dark, the naked Indian prowls,
 And in his heart the secret dread of white men bears;
 While from the wilds, at evening, the gray wolf howls,
 And mothers 'lone with little children hide their fears.

Hemlock and pine before the lusty woodsman fall;
 The giant oaks go crashing down beneath his blows;
 And where of late was heard at morn the wild bird's call,
 The thrifty farmer plows and plants his garden rows.

Where beat his drum the ruffled grouse at mating-time
 Now stands the settlers' staunchly builded hut of logs,
 And where the squirrels undisturbed the beeches climbed
 The wearied hunter makes his camp, and feeds his dogs.

The years fleet-footed pass away and changes come;
 The forest disappears replaced by fruitful fields;
 Where stood the fort-like cabin stands the modern home,
 And where the thorn tree stood, the vine its bounty yields.

Still flows the lovely river from her granite bowl;
No longer wasted is the might of her cascades,
For man has learned from nature's force to take his toll—
And now, enslaved, she turns the wheels of busy trade.

The wigwam of the Indian is seen no more;
Nor breaks his birch canoe the river's silv'ry sheen;
The smoke, upcurling from his campfire on the shore,
Is gone; supplanted by the fact'ry's murky screen.

Unchanged remains thru all time's strange vicissitudes
In their posterity the spirit of thy sires;
And in the stress and strain of fortune's varying moods,
The courage of thy patriarchs thy youth inspires.

When tyrants rise to drench the peaceful world with blood,
And set at naught Columbia's just and honorable claim;
Thy sons have been the foremost in the human flood
That rushes forth to save America's fair name.

And when the nation calls for succor and for aid,
Or poor humanity lies bleeding and distressed;
Thy noble daughters every sacrifice have made,
And dying soldiers their sweet ministrations blessed.

But not in times of trouble only do they shine
Like meteors that sudden flash, then quench their light,
In times of peace these daughters, and these worthy sons of thine,
A bulwark strong have ever been for truth and right.

The stranger in thy midst by various circumstance
Instinctive feels the friendly warmth of thy home-fires,
Thy leadership in human brotherhood's benign advance
The fainting heart with courage new and purpose strong inspires.

Thy founders, ever mindful of omnipotence,
Their God acknowledged in their daily lives,
And sanctuaries builded where in reverence
They humbly sought the dictates of His guiding rod.

So walk thy loyal children in this latter day,
Foregathering each Sabbath morn in faith devout,
With loving hearts for help divine to pray
Not for themselves alone but all the world without.

And from these centers of the Christian virtues bright
The leaven of the holy gospel permeates
The social mass; like winds of heaven recondite
And human lives and aspirations elevates.

Thrice blessed art thou in those who at thine altars stand
And preach the law sublime of righteousness and love
With single hearts; like Gideon's triple-tested band
Devoted to their people and their King above.

Nor art thou blessed less in those that throng the gates
And reverent hear the message from the sacred word;
From them the grace of human kindness radiates
Like golden sunshine bursting through the gloomy cloud.

With cordial handclasp and with kindly word they greet
Both friend and stranger in the common meeting-place;
Of purpose lofty and in unity complete
They vie in shining deeds of courtesy and grace.

And thy twin settlements; how peacefully they live
Together on the banks of thy fast flowing stream;
The blessings springing from this happy union give
A ruddier glow to friendship's ever brightening beam.

High on her green acropolis, with honor crowned,
Thy queen of erudition lifts her regal head;
Thru all the land for learning and for worth renowned
She in the vanguard of enlightenment has led.

The youth of nations foreign and of peoples strange
Dream of her classic beauty and her walls that stand
Like beacons, beckoning to wisdom's wider range
Children of far Formosa and the "Sunrise Land."

To those who 'neath her constant benediction dwell,
And knowledge find in life's bright morning at her feet
The mellow music of her tower-cloistered bell
A message seems to bear from regions of the great.

And in the hearts of those who pass her portals thru,
The treasured names of her loved pedagogues are found;
Dear memories of faithful friends and mentors true
Who share their future glory in the heights they gain.

And they, who guide with gentle hand and patient love
Thru learning's mysteries the childhood of thy hold,
The crown of everlasting gratitude shall have—
And benedictions fervent from the young and old.

So ever thus, Tiltonia, may thy fortunes be,
And future generations rise to call thee blest!
May genius, honor, wealth and peace inhabit thee
And righteousness remain thy constant guest!



SUNAPEE'S ANNIVERSARY

Historical Address Delivered Monday, September 2, 1918

By Albert D. Felch

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the present town of Sunapee, granted as Saville, Nov. 27, 1768, occurring this year, the town voted at its last annual meeting to celebrate the event in connection with the annual Firemen's Field Day and Labor Day parade, on Monday, September 2. The necessary committees were appointed, the arrangements made and duly carried out. The weather was fine, the attendance large, and everything passed off in a satisfactory manner. A parade, led by the Newport band, including many fine floats and decorated autos, was the feature of the forenoon. The exercises of the afternoon were presided over by Albert D. Felch, who also gave the historical address, prayer being offered at the opening by Rev. F. P. Fletcher. Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth, a native of the town, also gave an address, and informal remarks were made by Franklin P. Rowell of Newport and Gen. Joseph M. Clough of New London. An exciting ball game, between the Newport and Sunapee teams, won by the former, with a score of 11 to 9, followed the exercises, and a band concert, moving-picture exhibition and dance in the evening concluded the day's festivities.

The historical address by Albert D. Felch was as follows:

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

This town, originally of 23,040 acres (now 15,666 acres, 2,700 of which is covered by a portion of the lake) then in Cheshire county, was known as Coreytown, granted November 27, 1768, to Oliver Corey, John Sprague and others, under the name of Saville.

The name was changed to Wendell in honor of John Wendell of Portsmouth in 1781. The southern part of the town was combined with portions of Newport, Lempster, Unity and Newbury to constitute the town of Goshen December 27, 1791. Small tracts were severed between George's Mills and

Hon. Albert D. Felch

the twin lakes and annexed to New London December 11, 1800, and June 19, 1817. The name was changed to its present name July 12, 1850. The lake was found on maps engraved in London and Paris as early as 1750 as Sunope and Sunipee, showing that the lake was known to King George's surveyors. The names are two Algonquin words, meaning Goose Lake, implying that it was a favorite hunting ground

for the Penacook Indians during the autumn months. During the French and Indian War, one, Timothy Corliss, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Orin Cross, was taken captive by the savages at Weare Meadows and carried to Lake Sunapee. The Indians showed him a vein of ore on the eastern slope of Sunapee mountain from which lead was mined and bullets made. Corliss was kept in prison till after the fall of Quebec, when the Indians withdrew to Canada. The first white settlement was made in 1772 by a small company of immigrants from Rhode Island, who were soon followed by an enterprising band from Portsmouth. The names of the grantees of Saville in 1768 were ninety-four in number, only fourteen of the names now appearing on our tax list. The census of 1775 was only 65; 1790, 267; 1830, 637; 1850, 787; 1880, 895, and the last census of 1910 was 1,071.

As early as 1800 to 1815 Elder Nehemiah Woodard, a Congregationalist, settled in the south part of the town, which is known as the ministers' lot, on the east side of the road on the farm now owned by Frank M. Harding. Services were held for about thirty years in private houses or school-houses. Elder Woodard was of a mild temperament and easily satisfied, his salary being the products of the soil. Meetings were also held in the northern part of the town in dwellings of Elijah George and others, Thomas Smith and Deacon Adam Reddington being the leaders. July 24, 1830, Elder Elijah Watson organized a Free-will Baptist church with fourteen members which for twenty years was the leading society. Mrs. Mary Conant, widow of Josiah Conant, was the last survivor. The church edifice, now standing at the lower village, was built in 1832 and dedicated November 8 of the same year, N. J. Gardner raising the purchase price of the bell. At an adjourned meeting of the legal voters, held June 1st, it was voted that Nathaniel Perkins, Jr., John Young and Charles Sargent be the

building committee, and it was further voted that those that purchased pews should pay for the same, one-half in money and one-half in grain. For twenty years there was no permanent minister, being chiefly supplied from the Universalist faith. By decree of court the property was sold to W. W. Currier in 1906. In 1833 a similar church was built in South Sunapee, occupied for a time, but after many years of disuse, was torn down and the land used to enlarge the church cemetery. Methodism began in Sunapee in 1805 under the old circuit system, a Mr. Jones preaching in the house of John Chase, now occupied by Louis Davis, followed by Shaw, Beck and Twitchell. In 1818 services were held in the schoolhouse on the hill near David Harrison. In 1823 Steele preached in the house of Abiathar Young, afterwards Jordan and Hedding. In 1853 the Methodist conference sent Joseph C. Emerson to Sunapee, and during his pastorate the first church was built on the site of the N. A. Smith house, being dedicated October 29, 1856, and was burned June 10, 1871. Three years later the present church was dedicated June 18, 1874. The pastors from 1853 have been Emerson, Norris, Johnson, Hayes, Eastman, Robinson, Prescott, Stuart, Hillman, Quimby, Chase, Keeler, Kellogg, Dorr, Wolcott, Pillsbury, Onstett, Taylor, Tasker, Bartlett, Martin, Foote, Parsons and the present pastor, F. P. Fletcher.

Elder John Young, known to this generation, a minister of the Christian faith, preached within a radius of twenty miles of Sunapee nearly all his long life, and is credited with conducting nearly one thousand funerals and half as many marriages. He died Sept. 29, 1905. Ezra S. Eastman was another local preacher, who died Sept. 24, 1874. Those who have gone from Sunapee as ministers to preach the gospel are Edward R. Perkins, Charles E. Rogers, Joseph Henry Trow, Alden O. Abbott, Almon B. Rowell and David Angell.

The first general store was kept by John Dane in 1820, on the site of the Elwin Bartlett house, followed in 1825 by John Colby, who built a store about 1830 opposite the home of N. P. Baker when it was moved in 1853 to what is now conducted as the H. B. Sawyer store. The store now run by D. A. Chase was built by Josiah Turner and has had several owners, N. P. Baker occupying it for over thirty years. The store at the lower village was built by a Mrs. Marble for her son. At his decease it was continued by Wadley, Colcord, Edson, Russell and Brooks. O. T. and J. N. Hayes conducted a store at George's Mills in its early settlement which has continued to do business up to the present time.

The schooling for our town has always been considered a most vital asset. Up to 1885 the town was divided into school districts, each district hiring their own teacher from five to ten dollars per week, the teacher boarding around in the families. By an act of the legislature in 1885 the old district system was abolished and a school board created to care for the schools of the town. We now have but five schools aside from the high school established in 1914 (Hattie M. Smith, Albert D. Felch and Martha H. Abbott composing the school board). In our schools the foundation has been laid by many who have brought much credit to our town and success to themselves, not the least of whom one who is with us today, who brings back, not only credit to our schools, but to the state in which he is soon to be made governor, Col. John H. Bartlett.

The first town meeting was held April 23, 1778, in conjunction with the towns of Newport and Croydon. Benjamin Giles of Newport was elected moderator, Samuel Gunnison of Saville, clerk. Moses True, Esek Young and Samuel Gunnison were elected selectmen of Saville. December 5, 1782, Benjamin Giles was chosen to represent the town, being in the class with Goshen, until the popula-

tion reached six hundred, which was not until 1824. Then the town elected Thomas Pike to represent her alone, and has been well represented since, George E. Gardner being our present representative and Frank M. Harding, George E. Gardner and Charles G. Hutton our efficient selectmen. It is interesting to note that the first town charge was that of a son of widow Simister, whose labor was sold at auction to the highest bidder. Three years later Hannah Woodard, sister of the first minister, to board and tobacco, was sold to the lowest bidder for twenty cents per week.

Those among the first settlers who fought in the Revolutionary War were six in number, their names being given as Abiathar, Robert, Cornelius, Esek Edward and James Young and Christopher Gardner, all of whom returned without a scratch. Twenty-seven men fought in the War of 1812, whose names are on record. The Saville Guards was organized in 1841, a company of the 31st regiment, 5th brigade, 3rd division N. H. Militia, with William Young as its first captain, Joseph Lear ensign and Francis Smith lieutenant. Its last muster was held in Newport in 1851. At this time there was an independent company called the Bold Rangers, and men by the name of Putney, Roby, Young and Muzzey being saluted as captains.

We come now to the war of rebellion, in which Sunapee contributed 46 men, only three of whom are living, Samuel O. Bailey, living in Croydon, Jacob Sleeper in Laconia, and our respected townsman, whom we are pleased to have with us today, Wilbur Young.

December 3, 1702, Joel Bailey of Newport was invited to accept a gift of twenty acres as an inducement to build a grist and sawmill, but the first gristmill was not built until 1784, when John Chase erected a mill on the site of the Emerson Paper Co., sawmill. In 1780 a dam was built across the river, back of H. B. Sawyer's store of today, and the gristmill

built and run for many years in the building now used by the Emerson Paper Co., for a tenement house. About 1820 Hills Chase, son of John Chase, established a privilege below the gristmill, erecting a clothing mill in which homemade cloth was fulled and dressed. Jonathan Wooster and D. B. Colcord followed Chase in the business, Colcord moving the same to George's Mills, closing the business in 1845, the products of factories taking the place of home manufactured goods. In 1842 the foundation was laid for a tannery by George Keyser and David Haynes, the building still standing at the harbor. The tanning business was run successfully for many years, the power was formed by throwing a dam across the river below the grist mill dam. In 1837 the substantial stone dam was built east of the Harbor bridge, but nothing was done on this until 1844, when Christopher Cross, from Lowell, built the sawmill on the south end of the dam. About the same time Ephraim Whitcomb built a shop just below the bridge on the present site of the Brampton Woolen Co., for the manufacture of bedsteads, and that business was continued until 1852 when Dexter Pierce engaged in making clothespins. The basement was used by Royal Booth for the making of cardboard machinery and in 1857 took fire and not only destroyed this building, but one east of the bridge occupied by Abiathar Young for the manufacturing of shoe-pegs. The peg business was carried on by Abiathar Young for many years in a shop east of the harbor bridge; that, too, in April, 1887, was destroyed by fire and the business discontinued. Threshing machines, imitation leather, excelsior, among other things named, have been manufactured on our village stream.

In 1867 the hame business was started on the site of the Brampton Woolen Co. and developed under the ownership of Bartlett and Rowell until it was united with the Andover Hame Works and the hame business

of the middle west into the largest industry of its kind in the United States, with the principal plant at Buffalo, N. Y.

John B. Smith, a Sunapee boy, invented and patented a clothespin machine in 1868, which with a few minor improvements leads the world today in the making of clothespins, turning out one hundred and twenty-five finished pins per minute. Mr. Smith in his declining years, interested himself in the making of telescopes, selling one to the Cambridge Observatory. His heirs still have in their possession the largest he ever built, having six-inch lenses.

Sunapee claims the honor of having the first inventor of a horseless carriage in the person of Enos Merrill Clough, who forty-nine years ago brought out a finished product after fourteen years of study and labor an automobile containing 5,463 pieces. The machine was propelled by its power to Newport, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lebanon, Lancaster, Landaff and thence to Lake Village, now Lakeport, for exhibition. Although the invention was really a success, the authorities forbid Mr. Clough running it on the highways as it frightened horses. Mr. Clough became discouraged and sold the machine to Richard Gove of Lakeport, who ran it into a fence, doing considerable damage to the car. The machine was afterwards dismantled, the engine being sold to be used in a steamboat on the lake and the carriage part was afterwards destroyed by fire. This car was finished in a shop just east of our Methodist church connected with the house occupied by Mr. Clough. Mr. Clough predicted that he would live to see the streets full of horseless carriages, a prediction which has been abundantly verified. Mr. Clough was struck by a New York machine while doing flag duty at the Lakeport R. R. crossing, and died from the injuries received August 2, 1916, in his eighty-second year.

Among many who have gained dis-

tion in other lines as natives of Sunapee are Charles H. Bartlett, late of Manchester, Alfred T. Batchelder of Keene, Caleb Colby of New York and Dr. G. A. Young, late of Concord, whose well-established business in dentistry is continued by his son, William A., and Dr. Edwin P. Stickney of Arlington.

N. S. Gardner purchased of Moses George, about 1860, what is known as Little Island in Lake Sunapee for fifty cents, and in 1875 built the first public building thereon with bowling alley. At that time there were but twelve rowboats on the lake and one sailboat, but immediately following, Lafayette Colby built several for the accommodation of those desiring to go to the Island. The lake was first recognized as a summer resort, at this time, W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester, Mass., and Dr. John D. Quackenbos of New York being among the first to locate upon its shores. In 1854 Timothy Hoskins and William Cutler built a horse-power driven boat with a carrying capacity of one hundred people. The boat was operated eight years when it was broken up. In 1859 George Goings of New London built the first steamboat. It was a side-wheeler with a carrying capacity of three hundred people. The boat had but little use and in 1861 Goings enlisted, was made captain and his boat dismantled. In 1876 N. S. Gardner purchased and placed on the lake a small steamer called the Penacook, for the benefit of his fifty-cent Island enterprise. The boat did not run satisfactorily and was remodeled and named the Mountain Maid, being owned and operated by Captain Nathan Young. In the same year, 1876, Frank and Daniel Woodsum of Maine built the Lady Woodsum and have since added the Armenia White, Kearsarge, Weetamoo and Ascutney. In 1885 another commodious boat was launched, called the Edmund Burke, which had a short life due to accidents and litigation.

While it has been the custom of

many of our townspeople to rely upon Newport for medical aid and other needs, yet as early as 1815 a physician by the name of Buswell located in town and was followed, after a short practice, by Elkins and Corbin. In 1829 John Hopkins, a native of Francestown, began practice in town and remained here till 1864. During his stay, several young practitioners came in and took part of the business, among whom was Isaac Bishop, who came here in 1859. He moved to Bristol, N. H., and Dr. Hopkins went to Vineland, N. J., the same year, where he died in 1879, aged eighty-seven years. In 1866, Ira P. George, whose father was a native of Sunapee, practiced here for three years, removing to Newport and finally to Nebraska. D. M. Currier, a graduate of Dartmouth, practiced from 1868 to 1871, removing to Newport. C. F. Leslie from Maine followed in 1874, and moved to Windsor, Vt., in 1883. His place was soon filled by our present physician, Dr. Edwin C. Fisher.

Sunapee owes very much to William C. Sturoc, a historical son of Scotland, who died in Sunapee, May 31, 1903, leaving much on record in our Sullivan County history and elsewhere.

July 4, 1779, a liberty pole, cut from the Rogers woods, was raised on the northwest corner of the John Dame lot, now owned by Elwin H. Bartlett, from which flew the stars and stripes, which has given us protection to this day. We have renewed the raising of our flag today, which not only stands for our liberty but for liberty of all our allies. The church and community flag today represents thirty-four boys of our best blood who are in the service; and it is up to us to do our bit by keeping our brains working, and our hands from shirking, doing the things needed to be done, to keep the money flowing to the boys that are going to fight until our liberty is won.

I will ask you to rise as the names of these brave boys are read and at the conclusion join in singing America, led by the band.

Lieut. William Koob, John Brown,
E. J. Blake, Merton Sargent, Elmer
Rollins, Irving Young, Howard Sanne,
William Werry, Ernest Derry, Ernest
Collins, Jack Mathews, Robert Hayes,
William Morgan, Edwin Thornton,
Sergt. Jack Whitney, Ralph Cooper,
Wm. J. Hardy, Raymond Haven,

Charlie Lear, Harold Campbell,
Harold Gove, Andrew Abbott, Joe
Gamsby, Cecil Hadley, Willis Hoyt,
Ray Cooper, George Bartlett, Harry
Sanborn, Lester Walsh, George Lear,
Percy Muzzey, John Rowell, Clarence
Davis, Clifton Hayes, Leon J. Drew
and William Lambert.

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE, PRIUS DEMENTAT

By E. M. Patten

Once a mighty nation flourished, rich in science, music, art;
A Mecca for all students; of the earth a living part.
But hark! Didst hear the tocsin sound the hatred of the world
For Prussia, when her lawless flag in Belgium she unfurled?
When babes were slaughtered, boys were maimed, and men were
crucified;

Nuns, maids, and mothers raped and slain, all laws of God defied
By the ruthless Hun invader, by the Prussian vandals, mad
As the devilled swine in Galilee. They are mad, mad, mad.

The world, at first, could not believe such awful deeds were wrought;
Crimes worse than heathen savages have ever done, or thought.
But proofs on proofs were multiplied; there was no pause, no shame;
Destruction of world treasures forever will defame
The scutcheon of the Teuton; through all the years to come
The Lusitania's fate shall damn the record of the Hun;
His name shall be anathema; his language shall be banned
Till all the German people shall rise and rule their land.

One by one, the world's great nations arose in righteous rage
Against foul deeds that soiled the screed on history's darkest page;
From land and sea, his victims cried for vengeance on the Hun,
But a blasphemed God of justice hath his punishment begun;
For eye must see, and ear must hear, and memory shall not cease;
Ghosts, night and day, his heart shall flay, and he shall have no peace
From the drowning face, from the dying shriek, from the maimed
and blinded lad,
Till to God he cry, "O, let me die, for I'm mad, mad, mad!"

Hanover, N. H.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

At the Celebration of Acworth's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, August 21, 1918

By John Graham Brooks

When the invitation came to me to speak at this anniversary, I had been interested in three town histories that tell us of New England life and ways in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I doubt if any records exist that are more informing and in many ways more profitable for us, especially in these days.

We meet to revive something of that past, and listen to any message it may have for us and for our day. Yet something disturbing is in all our minds; something throwing its shadow backward into the past and forward into the future. I shall not discuss it, but it cannot go unmentioned. We have begun the fifth year of a war that has destroyed outright more than ten millions of human beings and, directly and indirectly crippled more than fifty millions—nearly twice as many as existed in our entire country at the time of our Civil War. Through the life of the youngest person here, and indeed much longer, it will probably stand out as the world's most overpowering and tragic event. This brief word must be given because on such occasion as this we cannot keep it out of mind. We cannot speculate about the past, or dream about the future, apart from the staggering record of these four years.

But what has this to do with our early histories and their instruction for us? I went to them first to see what people were thinking and saying when days looked black to them; when they, too, thought the world was tottering. It was a relief to get away from too constant dwelling on our daily press and to see how people lived and braved it out in other times and under other difficulties.

We take up Mr. Merrill's history of Acworth and note that the first settlers had barely made a home of it and the first baby that came in the ox cart with all the family goods had hardly learned to toddle alone, when troubles broke out which looked to those of that time as if devils had been let loose and were trying with some success to destroy the world. Acworth men had to march away to face a storm which did not clear for a dozen years, while those at home took up the burden.—I want to dwell a little on that burden.

I do not imply that it had any such measure of horror as the present conflict, although there was far more suffering and anxiety than any of us can in the least realize. But what I emphasize is that thousands of our countrymen then honestly believed that nothing worse had ever happened or was likely to happen. John Adams was a cool man, but he thought Boston was to suffer martyrdom and to expire. When salt cost twenty-seven dollars a bushel, tea and molasses ten times what they now cost, and loaf sugar four dollars a pound, and they had finally to get it out of corn stalk; when they made tea from sage, thoroughwort and currant leaves and could get no coffee; when labor had gone up seven and eight hundred per cent, and could hardly be had at that, John Adams wrote from Philadelphia beseeching his wife, a most thrifty woman, to be not only frugal but *parsimonious*. Let us, he says, eat potatoes, drink only water, and wear canvas and undressed sheepskins. There were bitter complaints about food, because pumpkins had to be eaten even for breakfast—and

not only in pies but in bread and sauce. There was a forced Hooverizing of which we have but the slightest conception.

A common needle was so rare that any fortunate possessor had to lend it about the village every spare moment when it was not in use. The needles most in service were made from sharp thorns, polished bones and even of wood. Pins, so much more essential than now, rose to unheard-of prices, but could rarely be got. We are proud of the incessant knitting for soldiers all about the land, but they were doing it too in old Acworth and everywhere else. There was then not a factory in the country. The tiny house was indeed itself the factory.

At Rowley, Mass., for instance, all the adult women (thirty-three of them) were up an hour before light, through with breakfast and ready, wheels in hand, at the village parsonage.

At Northboro, forty-four women spun 2,200 knots in one day. Then there was hoarding of food, very gross profiteering and conditions in Congress incomparably worse than anything the sharpest critic would suggest against our present Congress. The air was charged with incessant and venomous criticism and faction against faction, party against party, one prominent man against another, which we should not tolerate today through a single election.

By a happy accident, I knew one man who connects us directly with the time we celebrate. He was a historical scholar especially in our New England traditions, Dr. George Ellis. Though he was then almost exactly my present age, he seemed to me tottering on the edge of the grave. He told me of a visit he made in his youth to John Adams at Quincy, then over ninety years of age. In passing through a connecting hall to the dining room, the young man's attention was caught by a portrait of George Washington somewhat different from anything he had seen. He

stopped to look at it. Mr. Adams turned sharply and said, "Don't stop to look at that old fool." Now this was not wholly a joke. If this strong and educated man of Washington's own Federalist party could talk like this, what is it likely that the father of his country had to suffer from those we now call democrats and from his enemies generally.

It is such glimpses as these that our most trustworthy histories record, yet I have given you only one leaf out of a stiff volume.

But I confess it is not quite worthy of us to seek comfort for our ills by dwelling on the equal or greater troubles of other peoples. It is not this I have in mind, but rather the certain proof these old records show us that, however ugly times then looked, we can now see them *as a part of progress*. We now see our harassed ancestors, by strange and zig-zag ways, slowly getting on and reaching up to something better; better politics, better religion and better citizenship.

Following close upon our own Revolution came the far more terrible uprising in France which tore and shattered Europe for another dozen years. One of the wisest men of those times thought the race was committing suicide. Another thought that as an individual may become insane, whole peoples can fall into madness. Yet as we now look back upon that great upheaval, we see it a condition and a birth time of immense and permanent improvement. As it swept away huge abuses, it brought new liberties and new equalities.

This then is my question: Are not we also justified in thinking that even in the waste and misery of this war, forces may be at work to which those of a wiser future will look back as upon steps that lead to still more liberty and to a still higher social order? Our faiths are at least as good as our doubts—our hopes as our fears—and this faith and hope shall be ours as we look backward on this day of memories.

We are trying on this August day to commemorate—that is, call up again the far-off beginnings of our town. Some five generations have lived out their allotted space on these hills. Many left them for other scenes, but one and all of our ancestral roots are here, and no more than these village maples can we wholly cut ourselves off from our roots and really *live*. Far more than any of us know, those roots are a part of all that we now are. Here on these hills the child became father to the man. Here we were taught our first lessons and here dreamed our first dreams. However grizzled we have become, there is not a single pictured memory of those old days but enters into the life we now live. Yes, the older we grow, the more vivid become those first impressions. We turn back to them oftener, and I hope a little more fondly. We talk about them more, as if our latest days could only be enlivened and made tolerable by living again the days of our youth. To call this “second childhood” does not fully or rightly express it. It is rather the natural, ripened and completed life for every one of us.

What better use can our anniversary have than to make us rational and cheerful about our own lives and our own times? I am going to read you a few lines from one of the most deep-seeing and far-seeing Americans—a wit, a scholar, a poet and statesman—James Russell Lowell. He had very black moods at the time of our Civil War. But in this passage he looks back and out on the great life scene, and this is the summing up of his faith. The forefathers who worshipped in this church would have thought it rather blasphemous, but there is not an irreverent syllable in it.

“The more I learn, the more my confidence in the general good sense and honest intentions of mankind increases, the signs of the times cease to alarm me, and seem as natural as to a mother is the teething of her seventh baby.

“I take great comfort in God and think that he is considerably amused with us sometimes and that he likes us on the whole and would not let us get at the match box so carelessly as he does, unless he knew that the framework of his universe was fire-proof.”

Our own backward look should have this spirit in it. We need it the more I think, because, as the sparks fly upward, too many of us are prone to fault finding. We have a great talent for complaining of the time and events in which we live. I am going therefore to suggest a good remedy for this weakness. I want to imagine us all for the moment in the world of magic and fairyland where we can do the most impossible things. I want to put every one of you (myself included) back into the old Acworth for a vacation of about two weeks. We have got to stay there and live exactly as they lived. We must live in a log shelter, probably of one room. Even when the first chimney was built and one spare room under the roof, we must reach it by climbing up the side of the chimney. There is no such thing as a match or a bit of glass to let in the light. There is no doctor, and a dentist was as much unknown as an airship.

We must, of course, eat as they ate and just what they ate. We must get the wood, make the fire, and bring the water. We must dress as they dressed and, if sick or aching, we must take their medicines. I have a long list from which I select but two.

For a trouble of the eyes there was concocted an elaborate mixture of decayed creatures and bitter herbs made sticky by infusion of tar. One would think that even sore eyes might be useful until the meal was eaten, but this sorry mess was to be abundantly applied before each meal. If you waked in the night, you must daub it on again. Who of us would not think sore eyes a luxury if we could avoid medicine like that?

One more I take from the records of a community in which one of the most

enlightened women of those days is our informant—Abigail Adams, wife of our second President of the United States.

This is the medicine for one of the commonest diseases. You were to hunt until you filled a peck measure with snails. These were then to be well washed in small beer and put in a hot oven until they "stopped making any noise." They were then to be taken out and wiped with the green froth exuded in the oven; then bruised to powder in a stone mortar. You are by no means done yet. You have to go out with a quart measure and fill it with what we used to call here fish worms. These were to be carefully scoured in salt, then slit into strips.

I pause here, I think, for the same reason that made the old chronicler hesitate to add the further ingredients and the process of dosing soon to begin. There were a great many medicines much worse than this and probably just as utterly useless. It seems to have been a first principle that the more nauseating and disagreeable the dose, the more certain it was to cure you. And this principle applied also to a good deal of the religious instruction and observances. Even Judge Sewall gets such a moral shock at the most innocent April fool practices that he writes to the schoolmasters to stop the affront to the Almighty because in his own words it is "so defiling."

One of the Mathers confesses that he had often sinned, but of all his sins he says "none so sticks upon me as that I was *whittling on the Sabbath Day* and, what was worse, I did it behind the door." He says it is a specimen of atheism. The play of jolly little Sammy Mather, aged ten years, is called by his father "a debasing meanness." This explains another healthy boy's perplexity. After three Sunday sermons, he wanted to walk out for a little exercise but was refused. He came back to his mother with the question what "Holy" meant. She

was a little uncertain but said it was "good"—it was the best thing we could imagine; the boy went away puzzled, but returned to ask why God picked out such a disagreeable day as Sunday and then called it a "Holy Day."

And so I insist, if we were all set back into those days to live their lives to the letter as they lived them—especially to be dosed medically and religiously during our vacation—we should all come back to present-day ways of living, in spite of all their defects, with an enthusiasm and a satisfaction which would shame most of the grumbling well out of us, I hope, for our remaining days.

May I close this simple tribute to the Founder's Day with an old and perhaps too familiar story. I choose it because it has the soul and spirit of such memorials, as well as its lesson for us on this occasion. I choose it too because some of Acworth's best past citizens link us close to Scotch history.

A Scotch regiment, led by one of the Campbells, though in many a tough contest, was said never to have been beaten even if the battle was lost to others. The colonel was a silent man, but he always made a speech to his men that put fire and valor into them. It had one purpose, to recall and vivify old home memories—to call them up out of the past and make them live in the present moment.

As the men stood there, tense for the fight, their leader always repeated the same words, "*Scots, remember your hills.*" The very sound of them fired something which nerved them for victory.

I have looked on those Scotch hills and they are not fairer than our own, nor do I believe their traditions are worthier than our traditions. So changing a word or two, but keeping the soul of them, let us take up the spirit of that old valor-cry,

"Men and women of Acworth,
Let us 'Remember our hills.'"

GRAND OLD RED HILL

By Mary Blake Benson

Of all the charming scenes which greet the eye as one sails up the beautiful bay of Center Harbor, none surpass grand old Red Hill.

For ages it has looked out over our beloved Winnepesaukee, and down upon the smaller, but none the less lovely Lake Quinnebaug, nestling at its foot. Years ago, before the white man invaded this territory, the red men knew Red Hill as their hunting ground, and from its top gleamed their council fires. Gradually, however, their graceful birch canoes disappeared from the calm waters of the lake below, and their tribal feasts were held no more along its shore.

Always generous with its favors, the old Hill showered them as freely upon the white men as she had upon the Indians in whose steps they followed. Brave pioneers settled in its shadows, and built their log cabins of the staunch old trees which grew along its slope. Among its forests they hunted game, and from the lake at its foot they caught their fish; while on the fertile lowlands they planted fields of corn. Thus Red Hill befriended the white man and became his home, even as it had been the Red man's from time immemorial.

In 1797 its name was changed to Mt. Wentworth, in honor of Governor Wentworth of that time. Just how long this name endured is not known, but to one who has been fortunate enough to see the Hill in all the splendor of its autumn dress, there can be no wonder that the name Red Hill or Red Mountain, clings above all others. Its sides are thickly covered with a growth of oak whose foliage in the fall turns to a brilliant red. Here and there stately pines, in their

never changing beauty, and the bright yellow of maples and birches, stand out in striking contrast against the deep rich color of the oaks. Thus through all the beauty of the long autumn days, Red Hill looks out over the surrounding country serene in its glory—a wonderful mountain of red!

About 1800, a family by the name of Cook located near the summit of its western slope. Mr. Cook was a man of Revolutionary fame, as vigorous and strong as the very trees of which he built his little cabin on the mountain top. Just why he chose so isolated a spot for his home is hard to tell. It is said that, in the early days, pioneers settled on high land, not on account of its fertility, but to avoid the trails of the savages which were made along the river banks and by the lake shores.

Be that as it may, the site of the old Cook house was truly a delightful and picturesque spot. And the view from it was unsurpassed by any in New England. Here at least three generations of the family lived and died.

One of the earliest records which we have of them is found in an old Log Book which was presented to them by Charles A. Winthrop of New Haven, Conn. This book was kept at the Cook house and all who visited the mountain top were requested to write their names therein.

As the town of Center Harbor became settled, and its hospitable hotels were opened to summer guests, many visitors found their way to this beautiful lake region and likewise to the summit of Red Hill itself. According to the Log Book, a party of people ascended the Hill on a sight-seeing

trip as early as 1821 and the record tells us that this party was the third one which went up the narrow, rugged trail on a similar mission.

These old Log Books, in two volumes, covering the years from 1832 to 1869 inclusive, bear silent testimony to the hundreds of people who came from all parts of the world to pay homage to our wonderful New England scenery. Among the first entries in the book we find the following: "John Q. A. Rollins visited the Hill, June 3d, 1832, accompanied by other gentlemen from Concord, N. H. Come all you young men, wherever you be; come and visit Red Hill and see what you can see."

"July 4, 1834. John H. and Edward E. Wood ascended Red Hill this day and were highly delighted with the prospect; they would advise every one that visits Lake Winnepissiogee to ascend the Hill, for it is the most beautiful picture of natural scenery that the eye ever witnessed. Ladies may ascend with safety; should they ascend on horseback, it would be well to descend on foot. Their horses will be able to descend without assistance, never mistaking the path laid out for them. Adieu, Red Top. Adieu, Mrs. Cook and Family."

"July 9, 1835. Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough, N. H., ascended Red Mt., in company with Simon Drake, Esquire." (As is well known, Franklin Pierce later became president of the United States.)

After Mr. Cook's death Mrs. Cook continued to live on the mountain, with her son and daughter, the latter being both deaf and dumb. In summer they sold blueberries and milk to the many tourists who stopped at their humble home for rest and refreshments.

From some of the later entries in the Log Book, we have chosen the following: "May the kind old lady who lives here, and is called by the name of 'Mother Cook,' live long to show her kindness to others as she has extended it to us today. Fifty-nine years has

she lived here in this romantic spot. God bless her, and may the rest of her days be calm and peaceful, and may she sink to rest like the summer's sun sinking behind the summit of Red Mountain.—William O. Barnicoat, Boston; Isaiah A. Young, New York. August 31, 1848."

"September 14th, 1848. Paid my first visit to Red Hill. I am highly gratified with the prospect and scenery, which is most delightful. The terrific grandeur of the Ossipee Mountains, connected with the aquatic scenery of the lakes, form a scene difficult if not impossible to describe. I must not forget the kindness of Mother Cook; she gave us a very kind reception; she also produced a number of potatoes which were planted in the middle of June, which are equal if not superior to any in my native country.—Patrick Calhoun Mossaugh, Enniskillen, Ireland."

Reginald Neville Mantell, C. E., from London, England, visited and lunched at Aunt Cook's on August 5, 1869, being on a tour of the United States for the purpose of studying the interesting objects of science, art, and nature. The books are filled with beautiful quotations and interesting bits of information from the pens of those who sought in this way to express their appreciation both of the lovely landscape spread out before them, and also of the kindness and charm of old Aunt Cook. One writer put it very gracefully when he wrote:

"Led by 'the Lady of the Lake' *
Our hearts with beauty oft did thrill,
But our gratitude was awakened,
By the 'Lady of the Hill.'"

Romantic as the life of the Cook family may seem to have been in summer, the long severe winters must have tried the resources of these brave people severely. In those days only a bridle path led from the base of the mountain to the top, and this was, of course, nearly if not quite impassable during the deep snows and blinding

*The "Lady of the Lake" was formerly a passenger steamer on Lake Winnepesaukee.

THE ALBUM QUILT

By Eva Beede Odell

The Benson farm was next to the last one on the road which lost itself at the foot of the mountain. One fine spring morning in the early fifties, Susan, the ten-year-old daughter of the house, heard a wagon cross the dooryard, and then a very energetic "Whoa!" Exclaiming, "Oh! somebody's come," she skipped to the door, followed by her mother and Aunt Phoebe.

"Of all things, Mis' Pettingill," said Mrs. Benson, "who'd ever 'ave thought o' seein' you this time o' day? Hitch up to the corn-barn post there an' come right in."

"Good land! This 's ol' Kate. She'll stan'. She druther stan' than go any time," was the response. "I sh'll hev ter tell ye my errant spry an' be a-movin' on, fer I'm a-layin' out ter go all round in the neighborhood this forenoon. Dretful warm spell fer the time o' year, hain't it? I'm heftier 'n I uster be an' it takes holt on me."

"Susan, you run up chamber an' fetch down one o' Aunt Phoebe's gray goose fans," said Mrs. Benson, as Mrs. Pettingill settled herself in the big rocking chair. Then, as the good lady slowly fanned herself, she unfolded her plan.

"Wall, you know there hain't be'n much talked on lately 'cept Beniah Wood's goin' out 's a forrin missionary, an' what a gre't honor 'tis to our society. I do pity his pore mother, though. I shouldn't s'pose she'd 'spect ter ever set eyes on him ag'in in this world, but he got so chock full o' religion off t' the 'cademy that he felt it his duty ter go ter Indy an' convert the heathen. Course you knowed that he was a-goin' ter merry Elder Ethridge's darter, down t' the Lower Village. There was three gals gin out word that they was

willin' ter go, but he went ter see Phil-indy Ethridge fust, an' was so well pleased with her that he didn't look no further. Folks say they may be two months on the v'yage, an' like 'nough seasick most o' the time. I've heern tell 'twas a dretful squeamish feelin'. Sairy Ann Judkins says she hopes ter mercy the natives won't make 'em into a stew fust thing when they land. He's so kind o' spare like, mebbey he won't be so temptin', but she's purty plump. Now what I come up here for is ter tell ye about the album quilt that we wimmin wants ter git up for 'em. Each one is to make a square out o' some pieces o' her calico gownds, dark an' light, with a block o' white in the center to write her name on in indelible ink. I sh'll put on mine 'Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pettin-gill.' I've fetched ye the pater'n," said she, diving into the depths of her carpet bag. It'll be sot together with a sash. His mother an' Aunt Hitty an' the gals is a-goin' ter do that, then everybody that's pieced up a square's ter be invited ter the quiltin'."

One beautiful afternoon, a few weeks later, when the short grass, like a dainty green carpet, spread over the broad fields, and the trees had just come out in the delicate shades of spring, the good women met at the old homestead, at the end of the mountain road, which had sheltered the Wood family for three generations, to quilt Beniah's album quilt. The west room was opened for the occasion. The heavy green paper curtains, behind the dainty white muslin ones, had been rolled up, letting the sunshine in. It shone on the pretty spindle-legged table and the mahogany bureau. It lighted up the gilt-framed looking-glass and brought out the beautiful

shades in the peacock feathers around it. Even the face of the woman, in mourning garb, leaning against the family monument under the weeping willow tree, in the dark frame above the fire-place, brightened in the sunlight. It rested on the plaster of Paris cat and dog watching each other from opposite ends of the mantelpiece, glinted the tall brass candlesticks and the snuffers in the painted tray, and gleamed from the great polished balls on the andirons standing on the hearth below.

Here in readiness was the quilt. Busy fingers, with darning needles and strong wrapping yarn, had sewed the lining into the quilting-frames, had laid on the thin sheets of batting, and then had basted on the patchwork. The corners, where the frames crossed were held in place by gimlets and put between the slats in the backs of four kitchen chairs.

The only child in the company was Susan. "She c'n quilt as good 's any on us," said Aunt Amos. Then, as Mrs. Benson did not enjoy very good health, Susan went everywhere with Aunt Phoebe; together they roamed the woods and pastures, breaking off great bunches of hemlock for brooms, digging roots to put into beer for the haymakers, picking the wild berries and gathering herbs for tea to cure all ailments. The one exception was when Aunt Phoebe was called upon to sit up nights with sick neighbors; there she watched alone.

Susan wore her hair in braids crossed at the back of her neck. Her calico dress had a brownish stripe and one of rosebuds on a background of light blue. It was cut with a low yoke, long sleeves, a short waist and scant skirt, reaching nearly to her calf-skin shoes, which were made by the traveling shoemaker, who during the winter months went from house to house. Each woman had on a new calico dress

and a long white apron and the older ones wore white lace caps.

By half-past one all were in their places around the quilting-frames. The skeins of thread were cut in two lengths and braided in the middle to avoid snarling when needlefuls were drawn from the hanks. Little Susan kept up with the older quilters and followed the long chalk lines with straight rows of daintily set stitches. When each one had quilted as far as she could reach, then they were ready to roll up. The gimlets were unscrewed and the quilt was rolled over the frames as far as it was finished. New lines were chalked as the women seated themselves to the work again. After the second roll-up, it was not long before the quilt was ready to be ripped from the frames.

During the visiting time which followed, some took out their snuff-boxes and exchanged friendly pinches with their neighbors, but soon the hostess appeared in the doorway, saying, "Now, all walk right out ter supper." A beautiful pink tea-set graced the table, with little glass cup plates in which to stand the cups when not in use, for the custom was to pour the tea into the "sassers" to cool and drink it from them. Cold meat with warm biscuit, fresh butter, tansy cheese, and hot maple syrup, plum cake and caraway cookies to eat with the cup custard which stood by each plate, made a bountiful repast.

The women went home early to get supper for the hungry men folks who were doing the spring plowing, but the good time they had over Beniah's album quilt they never forgot. Across the ocean it went to a foreign land, and for many a year comforted the hearts of the missionary and his wife, as again and again they read the names of the dear home friends so far away.

WILLIAM PLUMER FOWLER

By Frances M. Abbott

The death of William P. Fowler, which occurred at his summer home at Little Boar's Head on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 3d, calls for more than passing mention in the city of his birth. The third son and fourth child of the late Judge Asa and Mary Cilley (Knox) Fowler, he was born at the "old North End" in what is now the Streeter house, Oct. 3, 1850. This house was built by Judge Fowler in 1840, but about 1870 the family moved to the Governor Gilmore place, now occupied by St. Mary's School, which continued to be their Concord home till Judge Fowler's death in 1885.

William P. Fowler was educated in the Concord schools, graduating from the High School in 1867 under the stimulating principalship of the renowned Moses Woolson. He took his A.B. at Dartmouth in 1872, was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1875, and after that Boston became his permanent home.

Mr. Fowler was much more than a successful lawyer. A man of fine literary taste, conversant with the best literature of the world, a judicious philanthropist, devoting years of his life to unpaid service in connection with the city's important charities; a man of domestic qualities, whose immediate relatives had most occasion to know his sterling worth—with a religious man who reverently followed the deeds of the Master as well as the observances of the church, he preferred the higher things of life and contributed to the world's sum of good. His death is a distinct loss to the community in which his lot was cast.

For many years a parishioner and a close friend of Edward Everett Hale,

he acquired many of the ideals of the latter, as well as Dr. Hale's broad religious views and wide interest in human welfare. The Fowler family has always been identified with the Unitarian faith and they were among the up-builders of this church in Concord. William P. Fowler bettered the traditions of his people. Not only in Boston, where he was

William P. Fowler

chairman of the Unitarian Festival Committee for many years, but at Little Boar's Head, where he was most active in promoting the religious services in the Union Chapel, will he be missed.

For a quarter century he was president of the Cambridge Shakespeare Club, succeeding the famous critic, Dr. William J. Rolfe. Possessed of a rich, mellow voice and, like other members of his family, trained from

youth to memorize the best poetry Mr. Fowler was peculiarly well fitted to interpret the great authors and his readings will long be remembered as a delight. Only last September the writer heard him at Little Boar's Head give selections from Kipling, Whitman and other poets in a way that will linger in the memory.

The gift of the Fowler Library building to Concord in 1888 was a noteworthy act. Although our town had been in existence more than a century and a half, up to that date none of its citizens had ever reared a structure for its benefit. That William P. and Clara M. Fowler, a brother and sister in the early prime of life, should thus be mindful of their native city made the benefaction of double value. They gave joyously, freely,

generously, while in the flower of their youth and health, instead of waiting for the time when earthly goods must be laid aside upon the inevitable summons.

On October 14, 1899, William P. Fowler was married to Susan Farnham Smith at North Andover, Mass. Besides his widow he is survived by three children, William P., Katherine and Philip; by his only sister, Miss Clara M. Fowler, and by the three children of his elder brother, the late Judge George R. Fowler, Minot, Mary and Robert of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and by two nieces at Concord, N. H., Elizabeth and Evelyn Fowler. Many outside the immediate family circle have reason to mourn the passing of a good man and a useful citizen.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER

Jacob H. Gallinger, United States Senator from New Hampshire since March 4, 1891, died at the hospital in Franklin, to which he had been removed for care and treatment from his summer home in Salisbury a short time previous, on Saturday, August 17.

Senator Gallinger came home early in the summer, after a strenuous winter's service in Washington, hoping to regain strength for further service, as he had done the previous year in the bracing atmosphere and amid the cheerful surroundings of his summer home at Salisbury Heights; but, at his advanced age, his recuperative powers proved unequal to the demand. Dangerous symptoms developed, his removal to the hospital followed, and the final summons, to which all must respond, sooner or later, came on the date above named.

The career of Senator Gallinger, who had represented the state in the upper branch of Congress longer than any other man, has been sketched more than once in the pages of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, but the following brief outline is not out of place at this time:

JACOB HAROLD GALLINGER was born at Cornwall, Ontario, Canada, March 28, 1837, the son of Jacob and Catherine (Cook) Gallinger. He was educated in the common schools and by private tutors; graduated M. D. from the Medical Institute, Cincinnati, in 1858; from the New York Homeopathic Medical College in 1868 and received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth

College in 1885. He was of German ancestry on the paternal side, his greatgrandfather, Michael Gallinger, having emigrated to this country and settled in New York in 1754, later removing to Canada, while his mother was of American stock; one of twelve children, he learned and worked at the printer's trade, before entering upon the study of medicine; located in medical practice in Keene, but removed to Concord in 1862, where he has since resided; early allied himself with the Republican party and entered actively into politics; was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, in 1872 and 1873, and again in 1891; member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876; State Senate, 1878-79-80, being president the last two years; surgeon-general on staff of Gov. Natt Head, with rank of brigadier-general, 1879-80; chairman of New Hampshire Republican State Committee for eighteen years; at one time New Hampshire member of Republican National Committee; chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Conventions of 1888, 1900, 1904 and 1908, member, United States House of Representatives, 1885-89; elected United States senator for six years from March 4, 1891 and four times re-elected, the term for which he was last elected ending March 4, 1921, being the oldest member of the Senate in point of service; president pro tem of the Senate in the sixty-second Congress; minority floor leader since 1915, and long regarded as a leading champion of the protective tariff

policy; chairman of the Senate committee on District of Columbia for many years and instrumental in promoting many public improvements; member of the important committees on Appropriations, Finance, Library, Printing and Rules; chairman of the Merchant Marine Commission of 1904-05; member of the board of trustees of the Columbia Hospital for Women, and of the board of visitors to the Providence Hospital; member of the National Forest Reservation Commission, the National Washington Monument Association, and vice-chairman of the Water Ways Commission; Baptist; Mason, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, member of University Club and Lock Tavern Club of Washington, D. C.

He married, August 3, 1860, Mary Anna Bailey, daughter of Maj. Isaac Bailey of Salisbury, who died in Washington, February 2, 1907, having been the mother of six children, of whom one only, Mrs. H. A. Norton of Winchester, Mass., survives, the last to pass away being Dr. Ralph E. Gallinger, a successful practitioner in his native city and physician at the New Hampshire State Prison.

ROGER G. SULLIVAN

Roger G. Sullivan, one of the most prominent citizens of Manchester, and leading cigar manufacturers of the country, died in a Boston hospital on July 13.

He was a native of the town of Bradford, born December 18, 1854. When five years of age he removed with his parents to Manchester where he attended the Park Street Grammar School, but early in life learned the painter's trade, which he followed some years at Amesbury, Mass. Returning to Manchester in 1874, he commenced the manufacture of cigars on a small scale, employing one man to work with himself, but gradually developed his business, through the excellence of his product, till his establishment became one of the largest in the country, employing more than 1,000 hands, and producing 1,000,000 cigars per week. He is said to have been the largest individual tax-payer, to the internal revenue department, in the United States.

Outside of his manufacturing his business interests were extensive. He was a director of the Amoskeag National Bank, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, the Manchester Traction Light & Power Company, and the Derry Street Railway, of which he was also president, and was a trustee of the Manchester Public Library. He was a Catholic, a Knight of Columbus and a member of the Derryfield Club. Politically he was a Democrat, and was one of the electors who cast the vote of New Hampshire for Wilson and Marshall in 1912.

In March, 1875, he married Susan C. Fernald of Manchester, who survives, with three married daughters.

SAMUEL D. BEMIS

Samuel Dana Bemis, a leading citizen of the town of Harrisville, died at his home at Chesham in that town August 18, 1918.

He was born on February 8, 1833, in that part of the town of Dublin which later became a part of the new town of Harrisville, the son of Thomas and Anna (Knight) Bemis, and was educated in the academies at Westminster, Vt., and Hancock, N. H. In early life he was engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware, but later bought a farm and continued in agriculture to the time of his death. Through his efforts the township of Harrisville was incorporated, the town being a part of towns of Dublin and Nelson. He served as moderator at the first town meeting and held that position until about ten years ago. He was also the first selectman chosen and served on the board of selectmen for twenty years, being chairman of the board most of the time. He was a member of the school board for sixteen years and always took great interest in the educational welfare of the town. He was also treasurer of the school district for a number of years, holding that position when he died.

Mr. Bemis was the second representative sent from the town, serving in 1872. He also was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1876. In politics he was a staunch Democrat and long one of the leaders of the party in Cheshire County.

September 27, 1859, Mr. Bemis married Calista M. Russell, who survives him. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1909. He leaves one son, Bernard F. Bemis of Chesham, and three grandchildren.

WOODWARD EMERY

Woodward Emery, a prominent Boston lawyer, died on Thursday night, July 11, at his home, 160 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 5, 1842, the son of James and Martha Elizabeth (Bell) Emery. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1864, received the degree of LL. B. from Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He was a special judge of the Cambridge Police Court, from 1872 to 1878, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1885. He was a member of the Commonwealth Harbor and Land Commission from 1894 to 1906, and served as its chairman. He joined the Boston Bar Association as a charter member, and long had been prominent in his profession, his office being at 110 State Street, Boston. He was a member of the Union Club.

He is survived by a widow, Anne Parry (Jones) Emery, a son, Frederick I. Emery of Brookline, who is treasurer of the Suffolk Savings Bank, and a daughter, Mrs. Alfred C. Cox, Jr., of New York, formerly Helen Prince Emery.

REV. CHARLES H. LEONARD, D. D.

Rev. Charles Hall Leonard, D. D., long dean of the Crane Divinity School at Tufts College, died at his home in Somerville, Mass., August 27, 1918.

He was born in Northwood, N. H., September 16, 1822, the son of Lemuel and Cynthia (Claggett) Leonard, and was educated at Haverhill, Mass., and Atkinson (N. H.) Academies, Bradford (Mass.) Seminary and the Clinton (N. Y.) Theological School, from which he graduated in 1848, immediately entering the Universalist ministry as pastor of the church at Chelsea, Mass., where he continued till 1871. Meanwhile he was made Goddard Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Crane Divinity School, Tufts College, in 1869, and resigned his pastorate to devote himself to the duties of that position. In 1884 he was made dean of the school, continuing till 1914. While pastor of the church in Chelsea he instituted the custom of observing the second Sunday in June as Children's Day, which has since been adopted by churches throughout the country. He was the author of several notable religious works.

DR. WILLIAM CHILD

William Child, M. D., born in Bath, N. H., February 24, 1834, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Meader, at North Haverhill, July 20, 1918.

He was educated in the public schools, and

at the Bath Academy under the instruction of such men as Rev. Edward Cleveland, Nathan Lord, Jr., and the late Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter, walking six miles per day for four years to attend this latter school, at which he was prepared for advanced standing in college, but entered the Dartmouth Medical School in 1854, graduating in 1857. He rode for six months with the celebrated Dr. McNab, of Wells River, Vt., and commenced practice in his native town, where he met with a high degree of success, and established a reputation for professional skill and ability.

In August, 1862, he was appointed assistant surgeon of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, and later became surgeon of that famous fighting organization. He was present at all important battles in which the regiment was engaged, and was a division surgeon at the close of the war. After the war, he at once resumed his practice in Bath, and entered into a large and successful business in his chosen profession. He never sought public office, but was twice elected representative from his native town to the general court of New Hampshire. He was for some years president of the New Hampshire State Medical Society, and is credited with having read more papers before that society than any other member.

He is survived by three sons and two daughters and a widow who was his third wife, his former wives having been sisters, and daughters of the late Capt. Sherburne Lang, of Bath.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The absence of all political excitement over the approaching November election in this state, is due entirely to the universal and commanding interest in the great war, in which the civilized world is involved. Notwithstanding the death of Senator Gallinger renders necessary the choice of two United States Senators, and a governor and two members of Congress are to be chosen as well as a council and legislature, it seems to be utterly impossible to arouse partisan interest in the outcome to any extent. Candidates may be anxious, but the people mainly are intent only upon winning the war and the promotion of the public welfare, and candidates generally will be voted for with reference to their ability and fitness, rather than their partisan affiliation or service. Nor is the state likely to suffer because of such action.

On Wednesday, September 18, memorial tablets, placed on a boulder in the old burial ground on Chapel Street, Dover, marking the last resting place of the remains of Maj. Richard Waldron, slain by the Indians in the famous massacre of 1689, when a large part of the inhabitants of Dover were killed by the savages, were formally dedicated under the

auspices of Margery Sullivan Chapter, D. A. R., and the New Hampshire Society of the Colonial Wars. The placing of the memorial is due to the efforts of Margery Sullivan Chapter, of which Mrs. Olive Hill Houston of Dover is regent.

The Congregational church at Lebanon observed, during the week commencing Sunday, September 23, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization. The pastor, Rev. F. G. Chutter, gave an historical address on Sunday morning, and on Friday following was held the anniversary day proper, with appropriate exercises, and an address in the evening by Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, D. D., of Manchester.

A neat little volume of verse, entitled "Songs from the Granite Hills," just issued by the Gorham Press, Boston, is from the pen of Clarke B. Cochrane of Antrim, and is a meritorious contribution to the lyric literature of the state, which will be appreciated by every lover of true poetry. The writer has surely quaffed deeply from the Parnassian spring, and his verse gives evidence of the inspiration derived therefrom.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. I, Nos. 10-12

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1918 NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, Nos. 10-12

WILLIAM TARLETON

The Tavern Keeper of Piermont

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Not far from the White Mountains, a little lake called Tarleton, with thickly wooded, sloping shores, lies high among the hills of New Hampshire. Long ago, there were several prosperous, though small settlements of farmers in its vicinity, but these were gradually deserted, and for some time the country around the lake remained wilder than any near it. The beauty and peacefulness of its location, the high elevation and splendid air, all conspired against its permanent abandonment, however. One by one, a few little camps were erected on its shores; and, finally, the splendid possibilities of further development becoming apparent, a company was formed, and a clubhouse built.

The success of the undertaking was immediate. Within a year, the clubhouse could not begin to accommodate the would-be guests clamoring for admittance. One addition after another had to be arranged for, and bungalows under the same central management were also erected for families who wished to live by themselves and still be relieved of all household cares. Tennis-courts, golf links, and wide gravel walks began to replace hitherto undisturbed pasture land. A garage, a boathouse, and a steam laundry sprang up as if by magic; and throngs of pretty women in dainty summer dresses, romping children, and men in

white trousers and knickers began to crowd the place which a few years before had been very nearly a wilderness.

The Tarleton Clubhouse of today, however, is not the first hospitable hostelry beside the quiet lake to open its doors to an eager public. Not far from it stands—though now changed by additions and “modern improvements” almost past recognition—a farmhouse, where, almost a century and a half ago, a young man named William Tarleton established himself, and hung in the breeze a beautifully painted sign, made of a single piece of solid oak. This sign is still preserved, in excellent condition. On one side there is a picture of General Wolfe (who was in the height of his fame when this tavern was opened) in full uniform, with the name “William Tarleton” above it, and the date “1774” below it; while on the other side there is a representation of “Plenty,” which must have immediately suggested to the tired traveller, journeying over the old turnpike road on foot, on horseback, or by stagecoach, that he would be sure of finding rest and refreshment within.

For many years the tavern prospered; the little lake by which it stood became known far and wide by its landlord's name, and William Tarleton himself became one of the most famous hosts of his day—a position of some influence

and importance in Colonial times. The railroad, when it came, however, swung far to the west of the old stage road, following closely along the line of the Connecticut River, and there was soon no incentive to keep the old inn open; the tide of travel had turned another way. But now that the place has once again sprung into prominence, it is interesting to trace the history of the man who first brought it fame.

The earliest record I have found of the Tarleton family dates back as far as 1400. There were two branches in England, one in London, one in Liverpool. In the former, there was a well-known actor of Shakespeare's plays, at the time they were written, who is said to have been able, when Queen Elizabeth was serious—"I dare not say *sullen*" remarks the faithful chronicler—to "undumpish her at will." A man who could "undumpish" this great but hardly sweet-tempered sovereign must have possessed no small amount of good humor and talent himself, and indeed we further read that to make "comedies complete, Richard Tarleton never had his match for the clown's part, and never will."

For the most part, however, the London Tarletons were tradespeople of comfortable means, but of no special talent or distinction. The Liverpool branch was more noteworthy. There were several mayors, justices of the peace, and naval officers among its members, and Sir Banastre, one of its later scions, was very prominent on the Tory side during the American Revolution. Mr. C. W. Tarleton, in his "History of the Tarleton Family," to which I am indebted for much valuable information, says of him:

"At the outbreak of the War, Banastre left the study of law, and purchased a cornetcy of dragoons. In December, 1776, he commanded the Advance Guard of the patrol which captured General Lee in New Jersey, and served with Howe and Clinton in the campaigns of 1777-1778. After the evacuation of Philadelphia, he

raised and commanded, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a Cavalry Corps of Regulars and Tories called the British Legion. This Corps was constantly rendering important service to Cornwallis until he and Tarleton surrendered at Yorktown. In May, 1780, he surprised Colonel Buford, and massacred his entire force, refusing to give quarter, and so 'Tarleton's Quarter' became a synonym for cruelty. He was in many engagements, and was a brave and skilful, though cruel officer."

He continued his military career after his return to England, becoming finally Major-General of the Eighth Light Dragoons. He was also made a baronet, and a member of Parliament, serving twenty-two years. Sir Banastre's grand-nephew, who inherited his estate, as the former died childless, became an admiral in the Royal Navy, serving in many engagements, and displaying both courage and wisdom in his command.

Such was the family to which the first Tarleton, Richard, who came to this country belonged—the sturdy, "upper middle-class of Great Britain," hardy, prosperous, and brave. There seem to have been no students among them; yet all were possessed of a good education for their time and position in life; only one minister, but many church members; no men of great wealth, but no paupers either. Such families form the backbone of every nation in which they are found, and Richard promptly set about to form such a family in the New World.

He appears to have come to Newcastle between 1685 and 1690, with John Mason, as a master workman, a carpenter, to build houses on the island. He lived there until his death, from drowning, in 1706. The Assembly seems to have met at his house between 1693 and 1696, and he was one of thirty-two signers of a petition to the Governor asking that Newcastle be incorporated as a separate town and not considered a part of Portsmouth.

He was a man of solid worth, though not of great note in the community. His first wife, Edith, had died before he came to this country, and he left one daughter there. About 1692 he married, in Newcastle, Ruth Stileman, who, with four children, survived him. The eldest son, Elias (a name which occurs over and over again in the annals of the Tarleton family) was a cooper in Portsmouth, dying at the ripe age of ninety-two after a busy and useful life during which he was active in all matters of value to the public welfare; and his eldest son, also named Elias, was the father of the genial tavern-keeper whom it has taken me so long a time to reach.

William Tarleton was born, either in Portsmouth or Rye, on November 23, 1752. There is no record of his mother's name, or the date of her marriage or death, but he had a sister and three brothers, and he must have passed an interesting childhood, for his father, who started life as a ship's carpenter, was also a soldier, both in the French and Indian Wars, and in the American Revolution, and later became keeper of the lighthouse at Fort Point, a position which he held until the time of his death; even while he was absent at war, he was regularly paid as guardian of the light. When and why William left Portsmouth we do not know, but he was in Orford in 1772, and his name appears on a list of young men in that town who had improved land there. Two years later—that is, when he was only twenty-two years old—he had moved to Piermont, and was "Master of the Inn" at Tarleton Tavern. And there he remained, except during his Revolutionary service, until his death in 1819—a period of forty-five years. It is seldom indeed that a young man finds his "life job" as early as William Tarleton did, and having found it, sticks to it, and makes the success of it that he did.

As a soldier, he seems to have been very little less distinguished than his

distant cousin, Banastre, who fought on the opposite side in the war, and there is no black stain of cruelty, no "Tarleton's Quarter," against his name. He served first as a sergeant in Colonel Bedel's regiment, and later on his rank was raised first to that of captain, and then to that of colonel. He was twice married and his patriotic interest shows itself quite markedly in the names of his fifteen children, among whom we find George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and James Monroe—a collection, which, had they been endowed with the diverging opinions and characteristics of their namesakes, must have produced a considerable amount of family discord! After the Revolution, he became deeply interested in politics; he served as selectman in Piermont, as high sheriff of Grafton County, twice as member of the state legislature, and twice as presidential elector. But it was as host of Tarleton Tavern that he shone supreme.

In those days, the keeper of an inn, if he possessed any force of character at all, was inevitably a man of influence and high standing. The Inn was not only the hotel, in the modern sense of the word, of its village—it was the club, the railroad-station, the bank, the news-bureau, and the political nursery. William Tarleton was entirely equal to the position of bartender, train (or, to be strictly literal, *stage*) despatcher, cashier, journalist, and statesman! He welcomed and sped each arriving and departing guest; saw that the game roasting in front of the huge fireplace was done to a turn, that the brass warming-pans were passed through the linen sheets of the high wide beds, and that the stage- and saddle-horses which crowded his dooryard, no less than their masters and mistresses, had good food and good quarters against their next day's journey. He made money, and he deserved to; no better inn was to be found for miles around. He became famous, and that also he deserved, for

BIRDS EYE VIEW OF TARLETON PLATEAU FROM PIERMONT MOUNTAIN—MOOSILAUKA IN BACKGROUND

genius, like virtue, often consists merely in doing well our "duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call us."

Can the lady, stepping from her limousine at the door of the Lake Tarleton Club today, her "motor-trunk" instantly seized by waiting bellboys, herself and her belongings quickly installed in a "room and bath," electrically lighted, cooled by electric fans in summer, warmed by steam

season, to sleep in a great feather bed, and perform such ablutions as she could with the help of a "ewer and basin" which we should consider hardly large enough to serve a dessert in!

Can the leisurely male golfer, or the more strenuous tennis player, disporting himself on the club's carefully cultivated grounds, form a mental image of the traveller of the same period, who helped take care of his own

Autumn Scene on Road from Pike to Lake Tarleton

heat in spring and fall, picture the lady of 1774 alighting from the coach, or from the pillion behind her husband's saddle, her belongings wrapped in a round bundle, or—very rarely—in a little raw-hide trunk; her wide skirts billowing around her, after she had eaten her evening meal in the main hall with the rest of the travellers—and probably enjoying her mug of foaming ale with her lord!—repairing by the light of a tallow candle to the little chamber under the eaves, shivering or sizzling, according to the

horse, and bring in the great pine knots for exercise? And is it not in a way almost a pity, that the immaculate little girls and boys, in their well-guarded play, superintended by watchful nurses on the club piazzas, know so little of the healthful hardships of those youngsters of a hundred and fifty years ago, travelling in their mothers' arms, wrapped in shawls and "comfortables," sleeping at night in trundle-beds, eating heartily of bacon and corn-bread and foaming milk? There are none of us, probably, who

could truthfully assert, that we would willingly exchange the conditions of the Lake Tarleton Club for those of Tarleton Tavern; but if we *are* truthful we cannot help confessing that those conditions produced a type of men and women from which the most luxury-loving among us is proud to have descended.

We are amply supplied—oversupplied, some cynical persons think—with fact and fiction concerning the bravery of Revolutionary soldiers, the learning of Revolutionary scholars, the piety of Revolutionary clergymen;

will not some novelist with real imagination, or some chronicler with the poetry of history in his soul, do justice to the true hospitality and sterling worth of the Revolutionary innkeeper, and present his story to the managers and proprietors of hotels, and to the guests that fill them throughout the country today? And if such a writer can be found, and will undertake this pleasant and far too long-neglected task, what better subject could he have for his labor than William Tarleton, the Tavern Keeper of Piermont?

IN THE OLD HOME, ONCE AGAIN

By E. M. Patten

From the far West, I've been writing to my parents in the East;
They will get the letter Christmas; they will read it at their feast.
And my thoughts go with the message speeding toward that home of mine,
Till, 'mid dirty, noisy cities, I can smell the balsam pine.

Now, methinks I cross loved Boston and just catch the Concord train,
Soon, it seems that I am walking down the village street again.
Ah! I see the white-haired deacon; there's Judge Fitts and Doctor Towle;
There's the minister and lawyer, and my dear old Grandma Cole!

How I fain would stop and gossip with each one; the large, the small;
But that I must hurry, hurry, to the dearest one of all! . . .
This old latch is out of order; I am *sure* that gate swings out;
I'll just step 'round to the kitchen; mother's there without a doubt.

There she is! Oh, I can see her sitting in her old armchair!
"Mother, dear," I cry; . . . and waken, wake to find no mother
there. . . .

Yes, my letter's speeding onward, but *I* take the midnight train;
I'll be there in time for Christmas, in my old home once again.

Hanover, N. H.



HON. WALTER H. SANBORN, LL.D.

Presiding Judge, U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals*

One of the ablest and most distinguished members of the judiciary of the United States resides in St. Paul, Walter H. Sanborn, United States Circuit Judge and presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Judicial Circuit; in population, in area and in varied and important litigation the largest circuit in the nation, comprising the thirteen states, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

For twenty-one years Judge Sanborn was an active member of the Minnesota bar and as a practicing lawyer added many laurels to the name which has some of the most distinguished associations in this state. While as a lawyer and public-spirited citizen Judge Sanborn has for more than forty years been prominent in St. Paul and the State of Minnesota, his services as a judicial officer in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals long ago elevated him to the rank of a national figure. He was commissioned United States Circuit Judge March 17, 1892, and for more than twenty-two years has served as a member of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Circuit, and since 1903 has been the presiding judge of that court.

It has been said of him that he has done more in recent years to make St. Paul famous than any other man. Since he has been on the bench he has delivered some of the most important and influential opinions ever rendered in this country, opinions so broad and comprehensive, so replete with legal learning as to constitute in reality clear, vigorous and authori-

tative treatises upon their respective subjects. Conspicuous among these are his opinion on the power of railroad companies to lease the surplus use of their rights of way, in the Omaha Bridge cases, 2 C. C. A. 174, 51 Fed. 309; his definition of proximate cause and statement of the rules for its discovery and the reason for them in *Railway Company v. Elliott*, 55 Fed. 949, 5 C. C. A. 347; his declaration of the effect by estoppel of the usual recitals in municipal bonds and rules for their construction in *National Life Ins. Co. v. Huron*, 62 Fed. 778, 10 C. C. A. 637; his treatise on the law of patents for inventions in his opinion in the *Brake-Beam* case, 106 Fed. 918, 45 C. C. A. 544, which has been cited and followed by the courts in many subsequent decisions and has become a leading authority upon that subject; his opinions in *United States v. Railway Company*, 67 Fed. 948 and in *Howe v. Parker*, 190 Fed. 738, setting forth and illustrating the quasi-judicial power of the Land Department and the rules governing the avoidance of its patents and certificates, and many others that cannot be cited here. He has delivered more than one thousand opinions for the Circuit Court of Appeals, opinions that in clearness of statement, strength of reason and of diction are equalled by few and that disclose an intuitive sense of justice, a profound and accurate knowledge of the law and an amount of labor that have rarely, if ever, been excelled.

The great national judicial issues during the last twenty years have concerned the supremacy and extent of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States and the enforcement of the federal anti-trust act,

* This sketch is taken from a recently published volume of sketches of "Minnesota Men."

HON. WALTER H. SANBORN

and upon these questions Judge Sanborn's opinions have been pioneer and formative. It was he, who, while a practicing lawyer, argued before the Minnesota Legislature the unconstitutionality of the bill for the "dressed beef act," and after its enactment challenged it in the United States Circuit Court and in the Supreme Court of the United States and sustained his position that it was violative of the commercial clause of the national constitution (see *In re Barber*, 39 Fed. 641, *Minnesota v. Barber*, 136 U. S. 313); it was he, who, in 1911, when the State of Oklahoma by legislation and by refusal to permit transportation across its highways, undertook to prevent the export of natural gas from its borders, in a logical and luminous opinion established the proposition subsequently adopted by the Supreme Court that "neither a state nor its officers by the exercise of, or by the refusal to exercise, any of its powers may prevent or unreasonably burden interstate commerce in any sound article thereof," *Haskell v. Cowhan*, 187 Fed. 403, 221 U. S. 261; and it was he, who, when in 1911 the question became instant whether national or state regulation of railroads should prevail when in conflict, demonstrated in an exhaustive opinion that the nation may regulate fares and rates and all interstate commerce, that to the extent necessary completely and effectually to protect the freedom of and to regulate interstate commerce it may affect and regulate intrastate commerce, and that where a conflict arises between such national regulation and state regulation the former must prevail, 184 Fed. 766; and while the Supreme Court modified the practical result in that case, 230 U. S. 352, it subsequently affirmed that principle and the reasoning on which it was based and they have now become the established law of the land, 234 U. S. 342.

In 1893, before the national anti-

trust act had been construed by the courts of last resort, it became the duty of Judge Sanborn to interpret it, and he delivered an exhaustive opinion to the effect that it was in reality an adoption by the nation of the common law upon the subject of combinations in restraint of trade, and that under it those combinations only that were in unreasonable restraint of competition and of trade violated it and that in each particular case the restrictions under the facts and circumstances presented must be considered in the light of reason. *Trans-Missouri Freight Assn.*, 58 Fed. 58. In 1896 the Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, reversed that opinion and adopted the view that every restraint whether reasonable or unreasonable rendered a combination unlawful, 166 U. S. 291. Fourteen years later, however, that court by a vote of eight to one abandoned that conclusion and adopted the view originally taken by Judge Sanborn, *Standard Oil Co. v. United States*, 221 U. S. 1, and it did so in a case in which the opinion it was reviewing was written by him and affirmed by that court. In 1914 he delivered a dissenting opinion founded on the same principles, 214 Fed. 1002, which has since been followed by the Judges of two circuits and is now under consideration by the Supreme Court. These and other like opinions have established his reputation throughout the nation as one of the ablest jurists of his time.

In addition to his labors in the Court of Appeals the administrative work of the circuit has fallen upon him. There are nineteen district judges and courts in the Eighth Circuit and it is his duty to supply the places of judges disqualified and to assign the district judges to the courts where their services are most needed. As a part of his administrative work, and of a quasi-judicial character, he has successfully conducted great receiverships and operated great railroads: the Union Pacific from 1894

to 1898, the Great Western in 1908 and 1909, and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Co. in 1913, 1914 and 1915. In the management of the receiverships of the Union Pacific and its twenty allied railroads he collected through his receivers and applied to the operation of the railroads and the distribution to creditors more than two hundred and sixty millions of dollars without the reversal of a decree or order or the loss of a dollar.

In Free Masonry he wrought long and faithfully to reach and to teach the lofty ideals of liberty, fraternity and justice the members of its order seek to attain and he commanded their respect and confidence. He was elected eminent commander of Damascus Commandery No. 1, of St. Paul, the oldest commandery in the state and one of the strongest and most famous in the land in 1886, 1887 and 1888, and in 1889 he was elected grand commander of the Knights Templar of the state.

Walter H. Sanborn was born on October 19, 1845, in the house in which his father and grandfather were born, on Sanborn's Hill in Epsom. His great grandfather, who was state senator three terms, representative eight terms and selectman twenty years, built this house, which has long been Judge Sanborn's summer residence, in the year 1794, and it and the farm upon which it stands have descended to the eldest son of the family since 1752, when Eliphalet Sanborn, a soldier of the French and Indian and of the Revolutionary War and clerk of the town in the memorable years 1773, 1775, 1776 and 1777, and selectman in 1772, 1773 and 1774, settled upon it. Honorable Henry F. Sanborn, the father of the Judge, was selectman of his town six years, representative in 1855 and a member of the state senate in 1866 and 1867, when that body consisted of but twelve members. He entered Dartmouth College, but failing health compelled him to abandon a professional career and he devoted his life

to education and farming. His mother, Eunice Davis Sanborn, of Princeton, Mass., was a granddaughter of that Thomas Davis who served under Prescott at Bunker Hill, took part in the battle of White Plains, was one of the victorious army which compelled and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne, served through the war and was one of the veterans present whom Webster addressed as "Venerable Men" at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument in 1825.

Walter H. Sanborn spent his boyhood and his youth in manual labor on the homestead farm, except when he was attending school and college, until he was twenty-two years of age. He was fitted for college in the common schools and academies of his native county, and entered Dartmouth College in 1863. During his four years in college he taught school five terms, was elected by all the students of the college in 1866 one of two participants in the annual college debate, led his class for the four years and was graduated in 1867 with the highest honors as its valedictorian. He received from his college in due course the degrees of A.B. and A.M., and on June 19, 1893, Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1910 he was elected President of the Association of the Alumni.

From February, 1867, until February, 1870, he was principal of the high school in Milford, and a law student in the office of Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, afterwards United States Senator. In February, 1870, he declined a proffered increase of salary, came to St. Paul, Minn., and in February 1871, was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. On May 1, 1871, he formed a partnership with his uncle, General John B. Sanborn, under the firm name of John B. and W. H. Sanborn, and practiced with him for twenty-one years, until on March 17, 1892, he was commissioned United

States Circuit Judge. He was one of the attorneys in several thousand lawsuits and leading counsel in many noted cases. .

In politics he is a Republican. In 1890 he was the chairman of the Republican County Convention and for fifteen years before he was appointed a judge he was active, energetic and influential in every political contest. In 1878 he was elected a member of the city council. In 1880 he removed his place of residence to St. Anthony Hill and in 1885 he was elected to the city council from that ward, which was the wealthiest and most influential in the city. From that time until he ascended the bench he was reelected and served in that position. He was vice-president of the council and the leading spirit on the committees that prepared, recommended and passed the ordinance under which the cable and electric system of street railways was substituted for the horse cars. When he entered the city council there was not a foot of pavement or cement sidewalk on St. Anthony Hill, but under his energetic supervision that hill, as far west as Dale Street, including Summit Avenue,

was paved, boulevarded and supplied with cement sidewalks. He was treasurer of the State Bar Association from 1885 to 1892 and president of the St. Paul Bar Association in 1890 and 1891.

On November 10, 1874, he was happily married to Miss Emily F. Bruce, the daughter of Hon. John E. Bruce, of Milford, and ever since 1880 they have maintained their town home in spacious grounds, shaded by more than twenty native oaks and elms at 143 Virginia Avenue, St. Paul, and their summer home at the old homestead on Sanborn's Hill in Epsom. Their children are Mrs. Grace (Sanborn) Hartin, wife of Mr. C. G. Hartin, Mrs. Marian (Sanborn) Van Sant, wife of Mr. Grant Van Sant, Mr. Bruce W. Sanborn, attorney at law, and Mr. Henry F. Sanborn, General Freight Agent, at St. Paul, of the Great Northern Railway Company, all of St. Paul.

Judge Sanborn is a member of the Minnesota Club, the Congregational Church, the Commercial Club and the Minnesota Historical Society.

A CYCLE

By Lawrence C. Woodman

Days of sun,
And nights of moon,
Apple blossoms,
Sunrise-time—June!

The joy of summer!
 . . . And summer's joys!
Lure of life,
And life's alloys.

Time of harvest.
 . The afterglow . . .
Saving my life
From the undertow.

Came the snow,
And then the rain,
Washing the ground
And my heart again.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.

By Frank J. Pillsbury

The First Baptist Church of Concord, next to the old North or First Congregational Church in years and influence upon the religious life of the Capital City, observed its one hundredth anniversary on Wednesday evening, Dec. 4. An elaborate programme had been prepared for the anniversary, which really occurred October 8; but on account of the prevalence of the influenza at the time this

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

The first Baptist preaching in Concord was by Rev. Hezekiah Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church in Haverhill, Mass., who, with some of the members of his church, came here on a missionary tour in 1771, almost one hundred and fifty years ago. The doctrines taught and held by the Baptists were looked upon with but little favor in those days. The old established form of worship was considered to be *the thing*, and those who differed from it were regarded as meddlers and opposers of the truth. The bond of union and sympathy between those of different beliefs was lacking. It required courage and a strong faith in God to break away from "The Church" as it was then considered. Thank God this feeling is rapidly passing away. We believe our church has had a large share in bringing about this result.

It does not appear that any immediate results followed this first service, but it is very probable that the seed sown at that time fell on good ground and later resulted in the formation of the church, whose centennial we are now observing.

During the succeeding years there was occasional preaching by Baptist clergymen—elders they were then called—who passed through the village of Concord, and there certainly were members of Baptist churches, in other places, residing here, prior to 1814. Rev. P. Richardson, a missionary of our faith and practice, spent several days here in 1817; but nothing was done looking to the organization of a church until the spring of 1818. Our book of records says: "May 20 1818—A number of

Rev. Walter C. Myers

had to be abandoned, and it was decided, finally, that the occasion should be celebrated in a less formal manner, and in connection with the church supper, on the date above named, when, after the material feast, the assembly was called to order and the following carefully prepared history of the church was read by the author, Dea. Frank J. Pillsbury, after which many pleasant reminiscences were given by others present:

brethren and sisters living in this town and belonging to different Baptist churches, met at the house of Mr. Richard Swain, in said town, for the purpose of ascertaining what degree of fellowship exists among them in the faith and order of the gospel, and to consider what were the prospects with regard to the formation of a church of their own number, agreeably to the principles and practices of Our Lord." At this meeting two brothers and four sisters gave to each other an expression of their Christian fellowship. A few days later three sisters related

the town and most likely it was administered in the Contoocook River. This Mr. Hoit was the first settler in the part of the town known to us as "Horse Hill," coming there in 1772. His name appears among those who signed "The Association Test" in 1776, and the next year the town voted "To lay out the money which they shall receive for land sold Oliver Hoit for a town stock of ammunition." He died in September, 1827, aged eighty years.

Dr. Bouton's History says: "He was a worthy member of the Baptist Church and had honored His Savior by a uniform life of piety for a number of years." Some brethren from the church in Bow were present by invitation at this meeting to advise in the matter of forming a church organization. The record says: "They unanimously advised to embody, organize and invite the neighboring churches to give us fellowship as soon as might be convenient."

Sunday, September 20, the brethren and sisters met at eight o'clock in the morning, listened to the experience of Mr. Nathan Putnam, and it was voted to receive him into membership after baptism. The record says: "After the forenoon service, repaired to the water side when he was baptized and came up straightway out of the water." He was chosen the first clerk of the church, but did not long remain in the town, having been dismissed in April, 1824.

On September 23 the members agreed to call a council to give them fellowship as a church of Christ, to be held on the 8th day of October at two in the afternoon and "To send for the assistance of the Baptist churches in Salisbury, Weare and Bow."

On the eventful day named—October 8—the brethren and sisters met precisely at nine o'clock in the morning. At this time they received Elder William Taylor, his wife and one other sister to their fellowship. "The council, after deliberating by themselves, voted unanimously to give

Frank J. Pillsbury, Historian

their experience, and the record says: "Those present who had previously united expressed to them their Christian fellowship."

At this meeting Mr. Oliver Hoit related the dealings of God with him, and after deliberate examination they unanimously agreed to give him fellowship in the ordinance of baptism and that it be administered on the next Lord's Day at half-past twelve, noon. This, most likely, was the first instance of baptism, as we hold it, in

the brethren and sisters named fellowship as a church of Christ, and that the moderator give the right hand of fellowship."

The founders of the church, and it would seem there should be a tablet bearing their names on our wall, were Elder William Taylor, James Willey, Oliver Hoit, Nathan Putnam, Sally Bradley, Deborah Elliott, Sally Mann, Mary Whitney, Polly Hoit, Hannah Colby, Betsy Elliott, Ruth Eastman, Mary Robinson and Sarah Taylor, four men and ten women. Services of recognition were held in the "Green House," so called. Elder John B. Gibson of Weare preached the sermon. Elder Otis Robinson of Salisbury gave the right hand of fellowship and Elder Henry Veazey of Bow offered the closing prayer.

At this meeting the members adopted articles of faith, twenty-five in number, and a covenant of considerable length and fully covering the duties of church-members. It is said "The several parts were performed according to previous arrangement and to general satisfaction."

The building in which this service was held was near the State House, and was called the "Green House," not on account of its color but because it was the residence of Judge Samuel Green, one of the first lawyers to practice in Concord and for twenty years a judge of the Superior Court—a prominent citizen. As he was not connected with the Baptist Church we can suppose that he was one of those noble, broad-minded, generous-hearted men found in every community—of which our city always had and still has its full proportion—who have sympathy with and are willing to aid a good cause. So, as there were no public halls in those days and his house was large and roomy he opened it for the infant organization. The first church meeting was held on October 12, at two of the clock in the afternoon. Brother Nathan Putnam, as has been stated, was chosen clerk and Elder William Taylor moderator.

The Salisbury Baptist Association was formed just after this date and our church voted to apply for admission, which request was granted. Elder Taylor and Brother Putnam attended this first meeting which was held in Salisbury.

Elder Taylor would appear to have been a missionary preacher, an enthusiastic, self-sacrificing worker, well fitted for pioneer labor and at that time he was considered one of the leading Baptists in this section. In the spring of 1818, passing through Concord, he stopped over and preached. The meeting that day was held in the Carrigan House. Most likely he spent more time here and that his efforts on this occasion resulted in the organization of the church some months later. Certainly our church should be, as it always has been, a missionary church. The Carrigan House is still standing on North Main Street, the residence of Dr. William G. Carter, now deceased. It was built by Philip Carrigan, a brilliant Scotchman, at one time secretary of state and the publisher in 1816, of the first map of New Hampshire. There is nothing to show that Mr. Taylor was ever called to be the pastor, or that any stated salary was given him. It would rather appear that he supplied the pulpit from Sunday to Sunday and received such compensation as the brethren and sisters saw fit to give him.

On November 5 the church voted to hold communion services once a quarter—on the first Sabbath in February, May August and November. James Willey was chosen deacon at this meeting. He continued to serve in that office till his death in August, 1853, nearly thirty-five years. He was ever active in the affairs of the church, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the community.

Some of the expressions in the record book sound rather queer to us. When coming as a member by baptism they say, "Voted to receive to the Ordinance of Baptism." When joining by

letter, "Voted that —— be a member of this church." Speaking of the communion service—and for several years there is an entry on the record book for each such service—they use such words, "Then proceeded to an agreeable communion." Many requests were received for meeting in council with other churches for various purposes. Voted "to send to their assistance." On May 26, 1826, after entering their church home they voted to hold communion each month, except December and January.

For the first four and one-half years there are no records of any business of a secular nature being attended to; nothing about money affairs whatever; but on March 12, 1823, a meeting was held in the town hall at which time the record reads: "Voted that we accept the constitution and that we avail ourselves of the privileges of incorporation by giving notice of our existence in the *Concord Patriot*." The first article of the constitution reads: "We, the subscribers to the following constitution, wishing to promote the cause of truth, and feeling the importance of establishing religious order, do, for that purpose, form ourselves into a Baptist Society and adopt the following articles, agreeing to be governed by the same." This was signed by sixteen men, six of them members of the church, the other ten, citizens of the town, and so was commenced the body which, until October, 1904, over eighty years, had the care of the temporal and physical affairs of the organization. Our notes from this time on will be made up of extracts from both the church proper and society records. Article 7 reads: "It shall be the duty of the committee, which consists of three members, to employ a regular, Calvinistic Baptist preacher, and by order to draw money from the treasury to remunerate him for his services."

The meetings of the church during these early years were held in various places, at the home of the pastor or some of the members, occasionally

with some one in the West Village, also in the East Village, and very many times in the village schoolhouse, probably meaning what, in later years, was known as the Bell School House, such a wonderful building in those days as to cause people from the surrounding towns to come and see it. It stood on the lot now occupied by the Parker School, but nearer State Street. The western part of the lot is described as part frog pond, part sand bank.

But the time had come when they felt that to maintain their position and accomplish the good they felt the head of the church had for them to do, they needed a church home. As much of the help in building must come from outside parties, a society, as conditions then were, was a necessity. It was a great undertaking; money was not plenty; but their faith was strong; the cause—Baptist preaching and doctrines—not altogether popular; but they had a vision. They felt the Lord had called them to do a certain work and they trusted Him to provide the means. So they decided to arise and build.

We can well believe that there were many anxious prayerful gatherings. Help from outside was given. It would be very interesting to have the names of the helpers, but we only know that the land on which the church stands was given by Col. William A. Kent, a prominent and well-to-do citizen, not a member with them. In passing we will say he also gave the land on which the Unitarian Church stands, and it was his desire to give the town of Concord, a large tract of land in what is now the central, the thickly settled part of the city, for a public common or park. The town fathers did not feel it was wise to accept his offer. "Pity 'tis 'tis true." The condition of the gift was that the land should always be used for religious purposes, and that a house of public worship should be built within two years.

At the second meeting of the society

it was voted to raise thirty-two dollars for the support of Baptist preaching. On May 16, 1823, a building committee was appointed and at a meeting a few days later their duties and powers were set forth in a paper containing six articles. As originally planned the building was to be sixty feet long, fifty feet wide and two stories high, but at a later meeting it was voted to add ten feet to its length. The committee consisted of Col. John Carter, Benjamin Damon and Dea. James Willey. This John Carter was never a member of the church, but was an active and efficient member of the society. He was a Revolutionary soldier, a colonel in the War of 1812, and a prominent man in the community. He was repeatedly chosen as moderator of the meetings and served on various committees many times. He is buried in the Old North Cemetery, where a granite monument records his services to our country. He was the grandfather of our Dea. Orin T. Carter, and lived at the south end, near what is now known as "The Pines."

Benjamin Damon was one of a number of young men who came here from Amherst, about 1806, all of whom, with one exception, proved to be of great help to the growing town. Mr. Damon did not become a member of the church until August, 1832, but he was one of the most active in society matters, and after his baptism was equally efficient in church affairs. He was elected to the office of deacon January 31, 1840, and continued to honor that office until his death, September 18, 1872. He built, and for many years lived in, a house where the State Block now stands. This was burned in the fire of November 14, 1801, when the deacon bought, and occupied for the rest of his life, a house standing where Col. G. B. Emmons now lives.

Deacon Willey, as has been already mentioned, was the first one to hold that office, and well did he fulfill its duties. He was a blacksmith and

lived in a house still standing on West Street. Neither of the last two named have any descendants in this city that we have any knowledge of.

In the spring of 1824 Elder Taylor visited Boston and Salem and collected \$320 for the building. So, in various ways, the fund grew and on May 28, 1824, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate services, as follows: Singing the 127th Psalm, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." Address by Rev. Mr. Taylor. The stone was placed in position by Mr. Taylor, assisted by Rev. Dr. McFarland of the North Church, thus showing that the pleasant Christian spirit existing between the "Old North" and the "First Baptist" is not a thing of recent growth. Elder Taylor, standing on the stone, offered a fervent prayer to the Most High and the services closed by singing Psalm 84, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, Oh Lord of Hosts."

The work of building progressed slowly, so that the dedication did not take place until December 28, 1825. The order of exercises was: Anthem; prayer by the Rev. Mr. Robinson of Salisbury; reading short portion of Scripture by Rev. Mr. Barnabee of Deerfield; singing Psalm 132, L. M.; dedicatory prayer by Rev. N. W. Williams, who was later to be the pastor of the church; singing Hymn 132, C. M.; sermon by the Rev. Mr. Ellis of Exeter—text, Haggai ii, 9, "And in this house will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts"; prayer by Rev. Mr. Carleton of Hopkinton; singing Hymn 136; closing with an anthem. The singing was by the "Concord Central Musical Society," which had been invited "To take charge of singing on the day that our new brick meeting house is dedicated."

As originally built the church was seventy feet long, about two-thirds the length of the present edifice, and fifty feet wide. It had seventy-two pews on the ground floor, and thirty in the galleries, which were on three

sides of the church, supported by pillars. There were two rows of windows, one in each of first and second stories. The windows on the south end of the building, each side of the vestibule, give us an idea of these windows, and how the original church looked on the outside. The pulpit, elevated seven feet from the floor, supported by columns and entered by winding stairs on each side, was at the south end, between the inside entrance doors, and there was a small vestry over the vestibule. The tower was erected at this time. Each pew was valued at eighty dollars and they were all to be sold, except four which were called "the society pews," and were held as the equivalent of the money collected by Elder Taylor from the friends in Boston and Salem, Mass. They were the straight backed, wooden looking pews now occasionally seen in some ancient country church. Each pew had a door which the occupant was supposed to close on entering. As first arranged there were only two aisles, the pews on each side being built into the walls. We can well believe there were no cushions on these pews. A deed was given by the committee and the pew was looked upon as so much property, as witness, many old-time wills say, "To my son Jacob or my daughter Rebecca I give and devise Pew—in the ———Church." We are fortunate in having one of these deeds to present at this time. A tax was levied on each pew, the amount to be determined by assessors, chosen at the annual meeting. The proceeds from the rent of the pews, with the money received from the town, were for the expenses of the society. These taxes could be collected by law, at that time, the same as on any other property.

The building was a much more expensive one than had been the original intention, but the offers of assistance from residents, not connected with the organization, encouraged them to build the edifice as described. It cost some \$7,000, one third of which was unpaid. This debt was a source of

anxiety for a number of years. It was difficult to meet the payments as they became due. People in Concord, not connected with it, offered to pay the debt if they could control the pulpit. As this most likely would have defeated the object for which the church was formed, this offer was courteously declined. Aid was then asked from people outside the town, outside the state even, and at last the indebtedness was paid. It may be interesting to note that the church in Bow gave \$100, a very liberal donation in those days—another reason why we should have a missionary spirit.

Nothing in the records show that Mr. Taylor, Elder Taylor as he was called, ever preached in the building which he was so active and instrumental in securing. Doubtless there was some good reason for this, but we are not able to state what it was. The only reference regarding his going away is on June 30, 1826, when he and his wife were dismissed to join the church in Sanbornton. He died in Schoolcraft, Mich., June 7, 1852.

A subscription paper, dated December 31, 1825, reads: "We the subscribers agree to pay the sum affixed to our names to be appropriated to the purchase of a bell and clock to be placed on the Baptist Meeting House in Concord, N. H." To this paper eighty-two persons signed their names, and the amount pledged was \$705. William A. Kent, who so generously gave the land for the church, gave \$100; Joseph Low, one time postmaster and the first mayor of the city, \$50; Isaac Hill, editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, one time United States Senator, three years governor of the state and solicitor of the treasury under President Jackson, gave \$150. Eight others gave \$155, the balance being made up of small contributions. Among other names is that of Andrew Capen who died on the Isthmus while on his way to the land of gold. He was an uncle of our treasurer, William A. Capen. A perusal of the list shows that it was a

town affair, only a few members of the church signing it, nearly every prominent family of the time being represented; but such are the changes ninety years make in a community, very few of the names are now found among us.

The clock and bell were placed in position, and gave great pleasure to the people of the town; two town clocks in the village the size Concord then was being an uncommon thing. The clock did faithful service for fifty years when, the illuminated one having been placed on the Board of Trade Building, it did not seem to be needed and was sold to a church in another town, where it continues to remind the passer-by of the flight of time. Some misfortune befell this first bell, for a paper dated June 12, 1827, reads: "Whereas the bell on the South Meeting House" (you will remember there were but two churches in the town then) "is unfortunately broken and rendered useless, whereby the public sustains a loss in being deprived of the use of it, and likewise of the clock attached to the same, we the subscribers, being sensible of the loss and desirous of assisting in procuring another bell, do engage and obligate ourselves to pay the sum set against our respective names." The people from all parts of the town responded freely. Governor Hill again helped with a contribution of \$15. The others from ninepence—12½ cents—to \$5. The bill for this second bell is interesting: "Messrs Isaac Hill, Wm. Gault and John H. Chaffin to Joseph W. Revere, Dr., Boston, August 17, 1827, to a church bell, 1240 lbs., 35 cents; Tongue, 28 lbs., 35 cents, \$443.80. Deduct old bell and tongue, 1252 lbs. at 30 cents, \$375.60—balance, \$68.20. This bell is warranted for twelve months, accidents and improper uses excepted, and unless it be rung or struck before it is placed in the belfry, or tolled by pulling or forcing the tongue against the bell by string or otherwise, received payment for the same. Joseph W. Revere."

The bell was brought to Concord by the Concord Boating Company, a corporation operating a line of boats between Concord and Boston at an expense of \$7.25. This second bell was unfortunately cracked after a service of many years and, June 4, 1855 a committee was authorized to procure a new bell as soon as possible.

The first mention of heating the building is under date of October 30, 1826: "Voted to accept the use of Col. William Kent's stove, and a committee of four be appointed to procure funnel from him for said stove." Colonel Kent came here as a worker in tin and sheet iron, and doubtless had a stock of stoves for sale. So, it would appear that, during the first year, the brethren and sisters depended for external heat on foot stoves, as was then the custom. One of these stoves is on the platform. Later on, we do not know just when, two of the large cast-iron stoves used in public places years ago were placed in the south end of the building, and a long arrangement of funnel made the building somewhat comfortable, and used up a large quantity of wood. Some of the older people of the city remember this method of heating, or attempting to heat. It would seem that furnaces were installed some time before 1856, as on January 21 of that year some action was taken regarding the furnace "as it does not heat properly." This same old story has been told over and over again in the past sixty odd years.

Rev. Nathaniel West Williams, of Windsor, Vt., and his wife, were received into the membership of the church July 2, 1826, and it would appear he then entered upon the duties of the pastorate, though the formal vote of the church to call him was not taken until November 18, 1827. Rev. Mr. Williams had been a seafaring man and at the age of twenty-one years was captain of a ship engaged in the East India trade. Although brought up in a different belief he there met some Baptist missionaries, and his

THE OLD FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
As it appeared from 1845 to 1875

acquaintance with them changed the course of his life. In 1816 he entered the ministry. No doubt his experience led him to emphasize the work and worth of missions, thus early in its history causing our church to be a missionary church. He is spoken of "as being a clear, sensible, methodical but not a brilliant, preacher." Rev. Baron Stowe wrote of him, "He understood his own capabilities and never ventured beyond his depth. He respected the rights of others, was not a controversialist, but loved peace and the things which made for peace." Mr. Williams continued to serve the church and was a help to it for nearly five years, resigning his charge and asking letters dismissing himself and wife, June 26, 1831, which was accepted and letters granted, and suitable resolutions adopted.

For the next few months the church had supplies, how regularly we do not know. But Rev. Mr. Freeman and Rev. Mr. Randall of Methuen are mentioned as having administered the rite of baptism.

In those early days the records say: "Met in church conference and examined the brothers and sisters with regard to the exercise of their minds." Occasionally it says, "Found them in a low state," but more often "Found them to be in a comfortable frame of mind." These meetings were held in the afternoon of some weekday.

At a meeting of the society, February 26, 1832, it was voted "To concur with the church in giving the Rev. E. E. Cummings a call to become their pastor." And at a later date it was voted "To offer Rev. E. E. Cummings \$350, to supply the desk for the present year."

The salary of the janitor was fixed at \$15 for the year. Mr. Cummings was continued in the pastorate with an increase in salary from time to time so that the last year it was voted to pay him \$800 and allow him two weeks' vacation, the pulpit to be supplied at the expense of the society, thus disproving the statement we

often hear that the church, in former days, did not provide for a pastor's vacation.

In the spring of 1835 important changes were made in the interior of the church, the gallery in the north end being removed, the pulpit placed on a platform at that end, and the pews turned to conform to this arrangement. The room over the vestibule which had been used as a vestry, to be for the singers' seats as then called. The pews were set nearer together so that eight pews were added. The committee having this work in charge were to take the additional pews to pay for the same. Faithful service was rendered, for the committee having charge of the alteration reported that "They have the satisfaction of saying that the work has been perseveringly attended to and faithfully performed, and in the opinion of the committee the undertakers have done more for the interest of the pew holders than for their own interest." The society accepted and concurred in this report and further say, "That we believe the property in said house is greatly advanced in value by the alteration."

The galleries were supported by pillars which interfered with the view of some of the people, and it was later voted that the committee might remove them, provided they would put in iron rods for support and provided further that the committee take the pillars for their pay. Probably the outside of the building was painted about this time, 1837 or 1838. In 1845 the attendance had so increased that more room was needed and other improvements were desired. Twenty feet were added to the north end of the building, the galleries on the sides removed, the windows lengthened, and the pews rearranged to form a center and two side aisles, as we now see them. A neatly constructed pulpit, painted white and highly polished, was placed on the platform, and from the ceiling hung a large chandelier of curious workmanship. The ladies of

the congregation purchased a carpet for the platform and aisles.

A writer of that date says: "The congregation reentered their improved and beautified house of worship October 26, 1845, having been absent from it three months and six days." The text of the first sermon preached in the remodeled edifice was from II Samuel vi, 11, "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord helped Obed-edom and all his household." The same writer says, "The church and congregation entered their renovated sanctuary with gladness and thanksgiving. Everything seemed to be in harmony with the tastes and wishes of its people."

"The walls and ceiling, with the pulpit and platform, were of immaculate whiteness, and in beautiful contrast with the carpet and pews, and when, subsequently, green blinds were furnished for the windows, the contrast was intensified."

Mr. Cummings resigned June 22, 1859. His pastorate had been very successful. The church had prospered in every way. A writer in the history of Concord says: "Few of the Baptist ministers in the state were college graduates and the fact that Dr. Cummings held a diploma from Waterville College enhanced his standing in the denomination. He was an old-style preacher, strong on denominational points, not eloquent but vigorous." During his pastorate occurred the noted revival, under the leadership of Rev. Jacob Knapp. A very great number were converted, united with the church, and for the next forty or fifty years were among its most active and useful members. From the lips of one of the number we have it that on one occasion when the hand of fellowship was given the candidates stood across the front of the church and on each side of the main aisle.

On December 15, 1842, the clerk says "one hundred and thirty-six

have united with this church within three months, one hundred and twenty-eight by baptism." We think the last survivor of those who united during this work of grace was Mrs. Dr. Oehme, formally Miss Clara Walker, who was baptized at the age of ten years. She was the daughter of the second clerk of the church and died in Portland, Ore., which had been her home for many years, September, 1917, so that the lives of this father and daughter embraced nearly the entire time this good old church has existed. All who knew Mr. Cummings revered him because of his kindheartedness and benevolence, and he was affectionately known as "Father Cummings." He is the only native born son of New Hampshire who has served us as pastor and the only one, also, who is buried in our city. He died in Concord, July 22, 1886, aged eighty-six years.

Rev. Charles W. Flanders was installed as pastor, January 13, 1851, at six o'clock in the afternoon—notice the early hour at which the service was held. Rev. Baron Stow, one of Boston's leading pastors, preached the sermon and several other ministers from Massachusetts had parts in the service. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. D. Bouton. Dr. Flanders entered on the work of the ministry after having labored for several years as a carpenter. He graduated from Brown University in 1829, and studied theology under President Wayland. His first settlement was in Beverly, Mass., where he remained ten years. He was a man of distinguished appearance but quiet manner. He was scholarly rather than brilliant, but was popular because of his kindly spirit, his work among the young people and for the deep interest he took in the families of the society and for the personal calls he made in the parish.

The church prospered under his ministration, over two hundred being added in the fifteen years he served

us. This extract from the resolution adopted by the church and concurred in by the society shows the appreciation in which he was held: "Resolved, that, so long as irreproachable integrity and manly consistency may be regarded as elements of true nobility, will we remember with especial pleasure the devotion to his calling and duty, the purity of character, uprightness of life, kindly and benevolent impulses in behalf of the poor and afflicted, and high Christian attainments of our pastor, whose resignation we accept with deep regret." While he was our pastor we had what was known as the "Verse-a-Day Class" composed of members of the Sunday School who were to learn and repeat once a month a verse of Scripture for every day. The ones doing this for a certain time—a year we think it was—received a Bible. Several of these Bibles may yet be found in the homes of our people. This was the Sunday School Concert, was of great interest, and was largely attended. Dr. Flanders died at the age of sixty-eight years, in Beverly, Mass., August 2, 1875. He had retired from pastorate labor.

Rev. D. W. Faunce was called July 30, 1866, and entered on his work as our fifth pastor in September. His previous pastorates had been in Worcester and Malden, Mass. A graduate of Amherst College, he was a preacher of a very different class from any of his predecessors. A clear thinker, a ready writer, a good speaker, his pulpit addresses were earnest, eloquent, and practical. During the time he was with us he delivered the sermons which afterward were incorporated in the book, "A Young Man's Difficulty with His Bible"—a book which at once became popular and still continues to be one of the standard books on religious subjects. He also received the Fletcher Prize from Dartmouth College, for the best essay on Christian Doctrine, the book known as "The Christian in the World." He also prepared a ques-

tion book for Sunday Schools, which was largely used in New England and to some extent in other sections. A leave of three months' absence was voted him that he might visit the Holy Land. On his return we were favored with many interesting lectures concerning the things he had seen on his trip. The fiftieth anniversary of the church was held while he was our pastor. On this occasion the third and fourth pastors and the son of the second pastor were present and took part in the exercises. An original hymn, written by our sister, Lucy J. H. Frost, was sung and historical addresses of the church and society were given by Dr. Faunce and Hon. J. H. Gallinger. On January 31, 1875, he resigned to accept a call to Lynn, Mass. He afterwards preached in Washington, D. C., and died in Providence, R. I., June 3, 1911.

During these last two pastorates the Ladies' Charitable Society, every year, secured the service of some distinguished preacher from another place to deliver a lecture on Sunday evening. These services were looked forward to with interest by the whole community and resulted in a large collection for the use of the society.

Rev. William V. Garner preached his first sermon, as our sixth pastor, on Sunday, September 5, 1875. He came to us from the Charles Street Baptist Church in Boston. He was a Christian gentleman in every respect and as fine an orator as ever filled a Concord pulpit. Some of us remember well his reading the Scriptures, especially the Psalms. The words seemed to stand forth in their full meaning. A kindly man to meet, he was popular in the church and in the community as well. The church prospered under his ministrations. During the summer of 1875 extensive repairs were again made on the church edifice, which left it as we now see it, except that the walls were frescoed, as was then the style. While the repairs were in progress, by the kindness of our Pleasant Street brethren,

we held our services in their church Sunday afternoons. Rededicatory services were held on the afternoon of December 23. Rev. Dr. Cummings gave an interesting historical address. The pastor preached the sermon and Dr. Faunce offered the dedicatory prayer. The hymn sung at the laying of the corner-stone was sung. The organ, a gift of George A. and Charles A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, Minn., former members of this church, was used for the first time at this service. Our friend and brother, who so lately departed this life, George D. B. Prescott, officiated. In the evening the installation services of Rev. Mr. Garner as our pastor were held. Rev. Dr. Faunce preached the sermon, from Jonah iii, 2, "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." Dr. Cummings gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. S. L. Blake of the South Congregational Church welcomed him to the city; Dea. J. B. Flanders gave the hand of fellowship.

Rev. Mr. Garner resigned, to take effect July 1, 1884, having been called to the First Baptist Church in Bridgeport, Conn., where he died quite suddenly on November 23, 1892. *The Watchman*, our leading denominational organ, summed up the story of his life in these fitting words: "Mr. Garner was an accomplished preacher, a faithful pastor and a noble Christian man. He was highly esteemed by his brother ministers and by all who knew him."

Mr. Garner was succeeded by Rev. C. B. Crane, former pastor of the old historic First Baptist Church of Boston—which church was established in 1665—and commenced his labors with us April 5, 1885. Dr. Crane—what a flood of memories, what a host of recollections that name invokes—was a genial, loving, lovable man of wide experience which had made him charitable and considerate of the opinions of others, though not in the least disposed to be a charlatan. He thoroughly believed in the Baptist faith, but was broadminded enough

to feel there might be good in other denominations. So it came about that he counted as one of his best friends, Father John Barry, whom all Concord honored and respected and whose tragic death we all so much deplored. Dr. Crane was a tactful man, able to smooth out any differences that might arise; popular not only in our church but in the community, so that his going away was considered a public loss. In speaking of the close of his ministry the *Monitor* voiced the general sentiment when it said: "In the broadest sense Dr. Crane's life in Concord has shown him to be a Christian; he has struck hands with every servant of the Lord who was intent in doing his Master's bidding. It is, therefore, in no ordinary sense that his removal from this state and from the activities of the ministry is a loss." His resignation was accepted September 25, 1896, when he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he acted as supply for several years in various pulpits though not being settled as a pastor. His death occurred in that city in January, 1917.

The pulpit was supplied from October, 1896, to August, 1898, by Rev. Roland D. Grant. He was a brilliant, interesting preacher and considerable additions were made to the church as a result of his labors, but he did not care to accept the call to become our settled pastor. When he closed his labors with us quite a number of his friends asked for and received letters and formed an organization known as "The Friends' Christian Union," which held services in different halls for several months, but the enterprise finally came to an end.

Rev. Joel Byron Slocum entered upon his pastorate December 4, 1898. He was a younger man than any of the former pastors, but he possessed ability as a preacher and tact as a pastor. Largely through his efforts an invitation was extended to those who had gone out, as mentioned above, which invitation was accepted by very many, and though several of them

have been called away the remaining ones have been, and still are, among our most valued members. During his pastorate the duplex system of envelopes was introduced and has continued to gain in popularity because it seems to be the best method yet devised of raising money for the work of the church. In July, 1899, Mr. and Mrs. Slocum started on a trip to Japan, returning in October. We enjoyed many interesting accounts of what they saw while abroad. While Mr. Slocum was away we were favored with the services of our former beloved pastor, Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D.

Rev. Mr. Slocum resigned, to take effect November 1, 1903, having accepted the call to the First Baptist Church in Columbus, Ohio. Afterwards he served in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Norwich, Conn., and is now the beloved pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches in New York, the Warburton Ave., in Yonkers.

Rev. Sylvanus E. Frohock was installed as pastor March 16, 1904. Dr. Faunce preached the sermon and the other parts of the service were rendered by pastors of other churches in the city. While he was with us the society was dissolved, and the church as a body assumed charge of the secular as well as its spiritual affairs. December 6, 1906, Brother Frohock, having received a call to the Chestnut Street Baptist Church in Camden, Me., tendered his resignation to take effect January 31, 1907, which was accepted, and suitable resolutions adopted. Though he had been with us but a short time his ministry had been successful; additions had been made to our numbers and he had labored for our upbuilding. We have learned he has recently concluded his labors in Camden and is now settled over the church in Milo, Me.

On March 29, 1907, the committee appointed to select a pastor reported, recommending Rev. Virgil V. Johnson of Claremont, and it was

voted to extend the call to him. He commenced his services with us July 7, 1907, after having taken a trip to Rome, France and England. Recognition services were held September 19, the sermon being given by the pastor's brother, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson of Boston, the ministers of other churches in the city taking part in the services. The records say: "Exercises were very interesting and the attendance large."

On October 29, 1911, Pastor Johnson tendered his resignation to take effect November 12, in order that he might enter on the work of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." It was voted to accept the resignation and resolutions, expressing our high appreciation of him as a man and a preacher, were adopted. He has since been engaged in social settlement work in New York City, in Rockford, Ill., and, for some time, was engaged in religious work in some of our army camps. At present he is in Philadelphia, as district secretary of the Travelers' Aid Society.

During the next three months the pulpit was supplied by different ministers. The record says: "We have had very interesting, helpful sermons and the attendance has been very good."

On December 28, 1911, it was voted to extend a call to our present pastor, which call was accepted, and he preached his first sermon February 18, 1912, from I Corinthians ii, 2, "For I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That he has ever had in mind the purpose this expression indicates, all who have listened to him will bear witness. His sermons have been founded on *The Book*, in which he firmly believed from the first word in Genesis to the last word in Revelations, no doubts, no questions, but "Thus saith the Lord."

All the ministers we have had have been respected and held in high esteem by the public and no one of the ten who have preceded him have

been regarded more highly than Rev. Walter Crane Myers. He has always been willing to take his stand for the advancement of the best, the highest things in the community.

VESTRIES OR CHAPELS

As has already been stated the room over the entry was used as a chapel for some time. The first mention of a vestry in a separate building was under date of April 2, 1839, when it was voted to have it insured. It would seem that this was a company affair. It was a long, bleak two-story building, the upper part being owned and used by Prof. Hall Roberts, a member of the church, for a private school. The building completely changed in appearance now stands on Tahanto Street and is owned by Mr. Arthur H. Britton. The need of a more convenient chapel became apparent and, on April 11, 1853, it was voted to proceed with the erection of one as soon as possible. A committee of seven of the leading members of the society was chosen. Not one of the seven is now represented in our church or city. It was dedicated with appropriate services December 1, 1853. The seats at that time were stationary like the pews in the church, and there were also seats on each side of the platform. The walls were whitewashed. In 1877 settees took the place of the pews, and other repairs were made. The part now used as a ladies' room and the kitchen were built at this time. Later on these settees were replaced with the seats now in use, and in 1916, when the repairs on the church were made, the chapel walls were repainted as we now see them.

MUSIC IN THE CHURCH

The first reference to a musical instrument in this First Baptist Society, Concord, N. H., is as follows: "Bought of Abraham Prescott, Concord, April 25, 1829, one double bass viol, \$50." This was paid for by subscription, William Gault giving half

the amount; seventeen parties giving the balance. What became of the bass viol there is nothing in the records to show.

Soon after 1845 we find action taken about the organ, which had been presented to the church by a few individuals. The names of the donors are unknown. A piano had been bought some time before May 20, 1861. Our present organ, as has been already stated, was placed in the church in 1875.

BAPTISMS

Baptisms have been administered in several places. As has been already said it is probable the first observance of the rite was in the Contoocook River at Horse Hill and at the same place at other times, as on September 4, 1828, mention is made of the baptism of James Hoit and others. This Mr. Hoit was a very active member of the church fifty or sixty years ago, and was the great-grandfather of our sister, Ruth Bugbee. Several times it was observed in the Contoocook River near Fisherville, now Penacook; also on several occasions in the Soucook River in the towns of Chichester and Loudon, in which latter place we at one time had a branch, as it was called. In the East Village, near the bridge over the Merrimack, the ordinance was administered more than once; while in the city proper it was many times administered in the Merrimack near the Free Bridge, in Horse Shoe Pond, in Hospital Pond and in a pond of which few now have any knowledge, between Jackson and Lyndon streets, near Beacon. On one occasion, at this place, a thunder shower came up and the record says, "All present were impressed with the deep solemnity of the scene."

As far back as 1829 Pastor Williams introduced the subject of a baptistry and a committee was appointed to consider the matter. Reading between the lines it would seem that some of the members felt the ordinance could only be administered in

running water, and the project was dropped. Several times in later years the matter had been agitated but it was not until November 25, 1854, that a baptistry in the church was obtained. Four persons were baptized on that date, but no representative of them is now living.

OTHER CHURCHES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

On June 3, 1842, letters were granted to twenty-three persons to form a church in Boscawen, which is now known as the First Baptist Church of Penacook. The first pastor of that church, Rev. Edmond Worth, was a member with us.

On November 11, 1853, letters were granted to thirty brothers and sisters to form the Pleasant Street Baptist Church.

We rejoice in the prosperity God has granted these churches and we are

glad to welcome representatives from them on this occasion.

The Sunday School was organized in 1826. Its fiftieth anniversary was fittingly observed on June 25, 1876. Senator Jacob H. Gallinger delivered an address and there were other appropriate exercises. Its seventy-fifth anniversary was observed June 23, 1901. Quite an elaborate program was presented. For fear of exhausting the patience of the audience we forbear any extended account of this helpful adjunct of the church. Later on, we hope, God willing, to prepare a paper giving an account of that, and of other organizations that have been or are now connected with our church, as well as mentioning several who have brought special honor to us; also, to present some other interesting incidents connected with our history and a complete list of those who have served us in official capacities.

UNCLE SAM'S BRIDE

An Historical Ballad of 1918, A. D.

By Charles Poole Cleaves

I ain't no mother's darling, and beauty makes me shy;
But some gals kinder fancy me and keep me on the fly.

There was Massachusetts steadied me; and old New York can rule;
And me and Miss Virginny—why, I went with her to school!
But I kinder took a notion, and my taste j'ined with my pride,
That some day I'd lead the chorus with New Hampshire for my bride.

States' Chorus:

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Now I am some inventor; but I'm slow to take a hint;
And Dandy Booze, he had a rig—how that machine could sprint!
'Twas some like an automobile, but was named an autobust;
And he took the gals all riding, and he loved 'em all the wust.
Then I sighed for my New Hampshire, riding on that pesky thing.
But I'm just a plain old Democrat and Dandy Booze was king!

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

I had a dear old steady, Maine, way down by Water View.
And we grew up together, and she knew a thing or two.

She was so darned independent she could take no what nor which;
But she could use a hammer; and she hammered out a hitch
That she called a water wagon. And she ran it sixty years.
(She can tell her age.) She did it, so she said, by saving tears!

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Then some other gals—young Kansas, Oklohomby and the rest,
Caught on to her invention, right before me, I'll be blest!

There was wheels a-whizz and whirring! Dandy Booze, he druv ahead.
To court 'em and to keep 'em he'd ha' stolen half my bread;
And when he rode down to Washington he swore he'd see me fried
Before I'd lead any chorus with New Hampshire by my side.

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Now New Hampshire, she was sensible. She'd let me have my say;
But I saw her riding off with Dandy Booze, and ev'ry day,
A fussin' her and mussin' her, he kept her up o' night,
Until the dudes o' Boston p'inted fingers at her plight;
And she looked so jade and wilted that I kind o' lost my pride.
When folks said: "You think you want her? Want New Hampshire for
your bride?"

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Then! I took my latest wagon—Hooverized and some complete—
And I washed it off and dusted it and drove up Congress Street
To some fellers that I knew there, run a water-motor shop,
And I got down off that wagon and I said to them: "You hop!
You make this a water wagon and I'll let my ploughing slide
Till I get the gals behind me and New Hampshire by my side."

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Then New Hampshire—stole my wagon! Yes, by hook! she up and did it;
Came and stole it in the winter, and she ran it off and hid it;

And I looked a thousand daggers when we passed in town next day;
But she luffed and swore—she'd run it, all herself, the First of May.
And I hadn't got my peas hoed before I looked up to see
Hampy on that water wagon, calling: "Come and ride with me!"

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

Lord! How quick I leaped beside her! I've took medicine before,
But O, how it stirred and thrilled me when New Hampshire at my door
Sat there, furbished up, all ready! lost her signs o' young decay.

Dimpled up and gay and laughing: "Sam, is this the First of May?"
Said I, "Hampy, will you have me? I'll be chauffeur by your side."
But she took my hand and kissed me. "Dear old Sam! I'll be the bride!"

*"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"*

ADDRESS OF REV. RAYMOND H. HUSE

At the Patriotic Praise Service in the South Church,
Concord, N. H., November 11, 1918

It is very easy for the average American to speak extravagantly. We are apt to be generous with our words as well as with our possessions. The last storm is the biggest; the last winter is the coldest; the last event is the most wonderful. But I think I am speaking words that history will calmly verify in the cool light of life's tomorrow when I say that this is the greatest day since Jesus Christ burst the bonds of death, put Easter in the calendar and hope in the dictionary!

I did not know but what this celebration might possibly break loose while we were at church yesterday and so I went prepared. I gave my organist and chorister instructions and I carried with me Whittier's poems that I might read the lines he wrote at the ratification of the amendment to the United States Constitution abolishing slavery.

In that poem he said,—

"Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?"

"How they pale
Ancient myth and song and tale
In this wonder of our days;
When the cruel rod of war
Blossomed white with righteous law
And the wrath of man is praise!"

It is good to hear a serene gray-coated Quaker shout like that over the victory of human freedom.

But, without minimizing the importance of the event that set his heart singing, it had to do with but

one ocean-bound, hide-bound republic, for that is what we were, then. This event, this day, concerns the world and the gladness of its shining spreads as far as man is found.

This morning while the Boys' Club was having its quiet celebration in front of the State House, tidings were traveling on feet of fire over all the world that made every tyrant on earth feel for the back of his neck to see if his head were still on! Democracy's day has dawned for humanity.

It is natural and appropriate that we think of the heroes of the hour. One of the best poems I have seen in the war was in one of our daily papers. It was this:

"Boche!
Foch!!
Gosh!!!"

Not by the side of Napoleon who fought for name and fame, nor Caesar nor Alexander does he stand in history's hall of heroes, but with Washington and Lincoln and with Moses, who loved a cause more than he loved himself and led that cause to victory and to glory!

Somebody has suggested that it is time for Pershing to make one of his famous speeches such as he made at the tomb of LaFayette and say this time, "William, we are here!" The difference is that when he made the first speech who can doubt that the spirit of LaFayette, hovering evermore in holy helpfulness above the sacred soil of France, was there to get the message. But when Pershing was ready to make the second speech, "William, we are here," there was "Nobody on this line now. Please

excuse us." William Hohenzollern has made his exit!

Then, there is that master man of England, King George. I do not refer to the kindly grandson of Queen Victoria who to his credit has come through this war with unsullied honor and unstained hands. I mean Lloyd George, great commoner and Christian democrat!

I might mention the generals of Italy, but I hardly dare to try to pronounce their names! *They do not dare to pronounce them in Austria either!* I might speak also of the brave monarch of war-rent Belgium, Albert, almost the only king in Europe who has come through the fire with his crown on straight!

I do not want to introduce any matter that is partisan at this time, but I cannot resist the temptation of saying that I am a Republican of the Republicans and as such I wish to declare my belief that *Woodrow Wilson has come to the kingdom for such a time as this*. He is the voice of America, crying in the wilderness of the world, "Prepare the way for Democracy and make her paths straight."

But, as great as have been and are their leaders, their work would have been impossible and the victory would never have come, had it not been that the cleanest and most glorious bunch of men the sun ever shone on, in trench and camp and on deck, with look of morning on their faces, have followed the example of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

We may say of this meeting and of every meeting like it that is being held today, as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the world will little notice nor long remember what we say, but the world will never forget what they did!

It has been our sacred privilege to stand behind the men behind the guns during these years. Let us do it still. The United War Work appeal is no less keen because the bells chime of victory and of peace. It is after the strain is broken, in the reaction of nerve and muscle and mind and soul

that comes now, that our boys will need all the Christly ministry that can be given them. Don't shout too loud today unless you are willing to give tomorrow.

There is a beautiful little story oft told, of a man in Chicago who was walking out with his little child when the evening star was blossoming up there in the afterglow of sunset, and the child said, "Look daddy, God has hung out His service flag. *He must have a son in the war.*"

It is in recognition of that fact that we have gathered in the church this day, following the sacred custom our fathers have followed before us on similar occasions. We have seen that the victory of the day would have been impossible without both leaders and soldiers. It would also have been impossible without God. His Son has been in the war.

It is not necessary to recall the interpositions that seem almost supernatural in their divineness,—Was it Kitchener who said that God must have miraculously stopped the Teutonic onslaught at the first battle of the Marne?—nor to remember the vision of the White Comrade on the fields of Flanders, nor even to remind ourselves that since America went to its knees for a day of prayer in May the whole map of Europe has been changed. Down underneath these things there is the deep undercurrent of a conviction that, "working invisible, watching unseen" the God of justice and of right has been helping the forces of liberty who were fighting for humanity "for whom Christ died"; strengthening the morale of mothers and of men, steadying the hand and heart of the people and the army; guiding events by His own providential laws, so that today we would be blind and deaf and dead if we did not recognize that the victory is God's. Not wholly God's for He is no selfish tyrant, but a Father who delights to share His work and His glory with His children, but chiefly God's.

And to recall again the famous saying of Lincoln it has come not because God is on our side but because we are on God's side. The battle of liberty is always divine. The war for human rights tugs evermore at the heartstrings of the everlasting Father!

In this our hour of triumph let us dedicate our lives anew to be on His side in times of peace as well as times of war.

Let us keep our national life and our personal life so clean; let us share the passion for humanity and for universal brotherhood of the immortal Christ. Let us follow Him.

"He has sounded forth His trumpet
That will never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;
O be swift my soul to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on."

CHRISTMAS DAY

By Fred Myron Colby

O Christmas bells! O Christmas bells! ring, ring a merry chime,
And set our hearts to music on this joyous festal time;
Call up again the memories that haunt this natal night,
The glorious scenes of olden time that fill the world with light.
Bring, bring to us the love of Christ, the grace that does not fail,
And let us pray as church bells tell the wondrous Christmas tale.

We see the town of Bethlehem 'neath far-off Judean skies;
And shines the Star with luster bright that dazed the Magi's eyes;
We see the Babe, the manger low, and Mary's saintly face,
We see the treasures of the East spread in that lowly place;
We hear the echo of that choir that sang in accents clear—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men and Christmas' holy cheer."

King Herod in his marble halls o'erheard that sweet refrain,
But in his worldly heart of pride felt but a moment's pain.
Caiphas, God's own chosen priest, with deafness closed his ear,
And haughty Scribe and Pharisee turned pale with sickly fear.
But fishermen and publicans and they of low degree
With pleasure heard the angel strain that startled earth and sea.

The cattle in a thousand stalls, the sheep upon the hills;
The palm trees whispering in the shade, the grasses by the rills,
And song birds in the Orient groves with adoration bright
Welcomed the coming of that Light which banished heathen night.
On Carmel's height a radiance shone o'er the dark salt Sea;
It flashed along Esdraelon to waves of Galilee.

And ever since those holy beams have widened broad and far;
O'er heathen lands and Christendom shines down the Christmas Star.
That wondrous birth is welcomed with joy in every land
From bleak Norwegian fiords to India's coral strand.
For Pagan and for Christian the Christmas bells shall ring,
To tell to all the story of Christ our Saviour King!

NOT WHAT SHE ORDERED

By Myron Ray Clark

Letitia Jane MacNicoll was a spinster in our town,
Whose stocks and bonds and real estate secured her much renown.
Her wealth of golden ducats brought her suitors by the flock;
But none came twice because her face would really stop a clock.

She lived alone except for cats, of which she kept a score,
And though she had so many, she was always getting more.
Her tender nature simply loved the entire feline breed,
And drowning tiny kittens wasn't part of Letty's creed.

At night she'd put her Tabithas, each in its little bed,
And tuck them in and kiss them all and then,—her prayers said,—
She'd carefully examine all the closets in the place,
A smile of expectation plainly writ upon her face.

The search was ever fruitless, but her hope refused to die,—
She'd just blow out the candle and she'd breathe a little sigh,
And go to bed to dream about a gallant Lochinvar,
Who'd come some day to fetch her in a mighty motor-car.

* * * * *

Now "Sulky Spike" McNulty was a burglar of some fame,—
Once shot by a policeman and resultantly quite lame.
This handicap precluded him from urban operations,
So countryward perforce did "Spike" divert his machinations.

He reached our town and limped about a bit to reconnoitre,—
"A rich bloke there, all right," he growled, "I hope he gets a goitre."
What roused his ire was Letty's house, the finest in the vil'age,—
It fanned in "Spike's" resentful breast a fierce desire to pillage.

By ten p. m. the sleeping town was plunged in deepest gloom,
And "Sulky Spike" was groping blindly 'round Letitia's room.
He'd scaled the front veranda by a honeysuckle vine
And found a window open and he'd gently murmured: "Fine!"

Just then Letitia's sprightly tread resounded on the stair,—
If you'd been there to listen, you'd have heard "Spike" softly swear.
His refuge was a closet where he tried to hide himself
Beneath the frills and furbelows upon the bottom shelf.

Letitia stood before the glass and laved her face with lotions,
Then knelt beside the bed and made her usual devotions.
Then she peeked inside the closet where—Oh such is Fate's caprice—
She discovered "Spike" concealed behind a crêpe-de-chine chemise.

She screamed just once—then slammed the door and quickly turned the key,
While "Spike" yelled: "Lemme out!" with fierce impetuosity.
"You naughty man!" she simpered, "not without a chaperone."
"I'll get one now," she cooed, and called . . . the sheriff on the phone.

NEW HAMPSHIRE PIONEERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Rev. Elias Smith of Portsmouth, New Hampshire's Theodore
Parker

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer of Kensington

New Hampshire had its Theodore Parker as well as Massachusetts, and he came a half century earlier. Rev. Elias Smith of Portsmouth was a man much after the type of Boston's great prophet-preacher. He was born at Lyme, Conn., June 17, 1769. At six years of age he was taught to read from the New Testament, and that book became his great center of interest through his life. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on his sixth birthday, and when news reached him he was terrified and feared death for all his family from the victorious Red-Coats. Hearing his elders discuss the Tories, Regulars and Rebels, his boyish mind became averse to Tories and Regulars, and that aversion continued till his death, for he was ever a pioneer. In 1782 his father moved to Woodstock, Vt., and Smith's autobiography gives us a vivid picture of the hardships endured by the settlers of upper Vermont and New Hampshire.

Being a serious-minded lad he acquired some education and became a school-teacher. He gave much time to serious thinking on the one supreme intellectual topic of the countryside, religion; and when he was twenty-one years, one month and four days old, preached his first sermon. He followed his father in being a Baptist, and was strongly set against the established Congregational Church, and its Calvinist creeds. After the custom of his time, he set out in 1791 on an itinerant preaching tour, having as his destination the groups of Baptists in southern New Hampshire; the brethren at Bradford, Vt., having provided him with "a poor cross horse,"

a watch, pair of boots and \$7.50 in money.

He finally landed at the home of Josiah Burley in Newmarket. With this family he made his home, and from it made preaching tours among the Baptists of Epping, Stratham, Brentwood; Salisbury and Amesbury in Massachusetts. He made an agreement to preach two-thirds of the time at Lee and live there, and the other third at Stratham, stopping with Richard Scammon while there. Smith's ordination took place at Lee, in August, 1792, on a stage built before the meetinghouse, and it is estimated that 3,000 people were present, an Elder Baldwin coming from Boston to preach the sermon. The next day the newly-ordained preacher and Elder Baldwin rode horseback to Kingston Plain, where they separated, Baldwin going on to Haverhill and Boston, and Smith off to East Kingston and South Hampton on a preaching tour.

These travelling Baptists were thorns in the flesh to the established Congregationalists, and as Smith held radical views, believing that the clergy should not be called "reverend," receive stated salaries and be permanently located in a pastorate, he was especially obnoxious. In Candia the established preacher ordered him from his parish, but Smith of course did not go.

In January, 1793, he was married to Mary Burleigh of Newmarket, and for the next nine years was an active Baptist propagandist in New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts. But the Baptists were growing more and more prosperous and adopting

more and more of the ways of the Congregationalists, and accepting the hated Calvinist doctrines, and in 1802 Smith broke with the Baptist clergy and issued his pamphlet, "The Clergyman's Looking-Glass." It was mainly directed against the Portsmouth clergy and was a scathing indictment and led to his later expulsion from the Baptist clergy.

In October of 1802 Smith came to Portsmouth and opened his popular meetings in *Jefferson Hall*; he became a free-lance preacher, after the manner of Theodore Parker, and proclaimed political as well as religious ideas. In June, 1803, Elder Abner Jones who had formed a "Christian" church in Vermont came to see Smith, and his ideas appealed to Smith as beyond his own, and he joined Jones to become a propagandist of the new order of "Christians," and was soon accepted as the leading light of the new faith.

"Reformations," as they called them, followed their preaching, and in little towns the "Christian" churches were built. The "Christians" held to Smith's radical ideas; their preachers were called "Elders" rather than "reverend"; black coats and settled pastors were looked upon as marks of popery; in fact all creeds and ideas not expressly taught in the New Testament were rejected and the New Testament was literally taken as the rule of the new order. One great advance the new order made was to adopt the use of the New Testament discipline of members who violated New Testament ethics; this made the new churches practical rather than doctrinal. The "Christians" were a growing force till 1843 and 1844, when their popular character and self-educated ministry made them peculiarly susceptible to the Millerite dissension, and the churches were split and weakened and began to fade away.

Smith, however, was not always in good favor with all Christian churches; he accepted a form of Universalism and denied the doctrine of the trinity

as an un-New-Testament idea, which was received coldly by many. In 1805 he began the publication of a quarterly magazine, and in 1808 he began the publication of the first religious newspaper in America, *The Herald of Gospel Liberty*. Smith was a strong follower of Thomas Jefferson, and had been active among the adherents of the Republican-Democrats who sprang up after Jefferson's return from France.

Portsmouth and Rye had gone anti-federal in the election of 1797, the first New Hampshire towns so to vote. John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, signers of the Federal Constitution, had become Republican-Democrats. The centers of conservatism were the established churches; around this church in every town was organized the religious and political and social life of the town. Strongly intrenched as these centers were, the Republican-Democrats accepted the Jeffersonian doctrine of religious liberty and declared for it in every state.

The established clergy now became fiery opponents of Jefferson's party; but the numerous members of the new sects—Baptists, Free-Baptists, Christians, Universalists—were too strong, and Vermont went Jeffersonian and repealed its religious statute in 1807. The next year New Hampshire sought to compromise and granted freedom to Universalists and Baptists, but the Jeffersonians could not be placated. The leader in the fight for this tenet of Jeffersonianism was Elias Smith. By public choice and through his paper he was praising Jefferson and attacking the established clergy. Over the top of his paper he boldly declared, "Jefferson will always be loved by those who love liberty, equality, unity, peace; for this he is hated by the hypocrites who would grind the people in the dust and deprive them of their rights."

Success attended the brave efforts of Smith and his followers, and in 1819 New Hampshire granted full religious freedom.

Rev. Elias Smith was a restless soul, but a pioneer, and his influence is stamped forever on New England life. While in Massachusetts, the farmers of the central and western part of the state were Republican, the well-

to-do classes along the shipping coast were strongly conservative; Portsmouth was in striking contrast with Salem, Boston and Newburyport—due some what to the work of Elias Smith.

OUR CHILDHOOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

From days of yore, O Memory,
Bring back our childhood's Christmas tree!

Bring back that old-time Christmas tree,
Cut down by father's sturdy hand,
Amid a pathless timber land,
And dressed by mother's thoughtful care,
With dainty touches here and there;
Adorned by ribbons red and white,
A festive and enticing sight,
Where pop-corn, candies, nuts were strung,
And tinselled trinkets thickly hung.

How beautiful, on Christmas night,
It stood, ablaze with candle light;
When round that tree in times gone by
The household gathered—you and I!—
Awaiting eagerly our share
Of gifts that hung so tempting there,
Which *Santa Claus*, in costume grand,
Presented with a lavish hand.

Upon us, like some sleepy spell,
The fire-light shadows softly fell,
And sometimes at the window pane
There tapped a fast and frozen rain;
Around our tree of love and cheer
We lingered, far from strife or tear,
When 'mid that room's low-posted space
There was as yet no missing face.

Bring back our childhood's Christmas tree
From days of yore, O Memory!



THE BRIDGE OF FIRE

By Professor J. K. Ingraham

It was a rainy day at the old farm, "Bear Camp," in Ossipee, N. H. We played in the barn until we were tired. Then we scampered over the wet lawn to the house and teased grandfather to tell us a story.

Grandfather Chase closed the old family Bible and replied:

"Yes, my little dears, I will tell you a true story of the early days among the White Mountains.

"When I was eighteen years old, Red Serpent, an Indian boy of the same age, Bessie Brown, seventeen years old, and I went hunting on Moat Mountain. When we were near the top, Bessie exclaimed: 'There's a bear.' Then she fired her gun.

"The biggest bear I ever saw shamled from the bushes. Red Serpent and I fired quickly. But the three bullets did not kill the big bear. He came at us on a mad run, screaming with pain and foaming with rage.

"At this moment the mountain trembled. We heard strange sounds. The earth trembled more and more. We had hard work to stand up. We heard a great tearing and grinding all around us. The bear cowered upon the ground and whimpered with terror.

" 'Heap bad,' shouted the Indian boy. 'Heap bad. Landslide. We slide. We killed sure. Heap bad. Heap bad.'

"Then I knew what had happened. We were going down the mountain on a landslide.

"The trembling of the earth grew worse every moment. The ground rose and fell in waves. We could not stand up. We cowered on the ground, like the bear. The tearing and grinding became deafening. Suddenly, the earth opened and swallowed up Bessie and the bear.

" 'Heap bad,' shouted the Indian

boy. 'Heap bad. Girl gone. Bear gone. Wego soon. Heap bad. Heap bad.'

"Far below, I saw the famous Indian village of Pequaket, now Conway. The landslide was shooting toward it, with a great roaring, like the crashing of thunder. Squaws, papooses and dogs were running out of the wigwams in wild terror; but an army of red warriors faced us calmly.

"The landslide arrived at the foot of the mountain and began to slide over the plain. It slowed up. Red warriors took the Indian boy and I by our arms and led us before Paugus, the famous Sagamore of the Abnakis Indians. He looked at us as calmly as though we had come by the usual road to Pequaket.

" 'The white boy and the red boy have had a good slide,' he said. 'They may go with me.' Then Paugus, with his red army, started to raid the white folks. This was the beginning of Lovewell's Indian War, the worst in the early history of New Hampshire. "A short distance from the village, Paugus halted. His red warriors laid me on the ground, on my back, with my legs and arms extended. They tied my wrists and ankles to four stakes.

"The fatal fifth stake was driven into the ground about ten feet from my head. An Indian laid a buckskin bag near this stake. He opened it cautiously. Slowly, out of this bag, came the repulsive head of a big rattlesnake.

"With a forked pole, a warrior quickly pinned the head of the rattlesnake to the ground. With a similar pole, a second Indian held the tail. A third warrior tied a rawhide cord around the neck of the rattlesnake. Paugus tied the other end of this cord to the fifth stake. The forked poles

were then raised and the warriors bounded out of danger.

"This rough treatment had enraged the big rattlesnake. It coiled swiftly, sounded its warning rattles and darted straight at my head. The fangs of the rattlesnake came so near to my head that I could feel them at the ends of my hair. Then the cord stopped them, with a rough jerk. This increased the rage of the rattlesnake. It darted madly at my head again and again.

"Paugus laughed with joy.

"The rattlesnake does not reach the paleface,' he said. 'But it will rain. The wet rawhide will stretch enough.' Then Paugus and his red raiders marched away. I was left alone with the mad rattlesnake.

"Presently, I heard some one coming on a run. My bonds were cut swiftly. I was pulled away from the rattlesnake. I saw the face of Bessie Brown. I heard the sweetest laugh in the world.

"O Bessie, I thought you were dead,' I exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm all right,' laughed Bessie. 'When the earth opened, the bear and I and a lot of sand dropped into a gully. I climbed out and watched you and Red. Now let's find Red.'

"We soon found him. The Indians had cut the thick branches from a low hemlock, so as to leave sharp stubs. Then they had wound wet rawhide many times around the boy's body and the tree. As the rawhide dried, it would shrink and draw the poison points slowly into the body of the boy.

"Bessie cut the rawhide quickly. She trembled. Her face was pale. 'Let's go home as quick as we can,' she said, in a faint voice. 'We ought to have minded our folks and not gone so far away from home.'

"'Heap bad,' cried the Indian boy, 'Can't go home. More Indians come. Burn us at stake. Look. Heap bad.' All the Indians in the village were running toward us, in great excite-

ment. We were three children, with no weapons, except Bessie's small knife.

"At such times, the mind with the greatest capacity assumes the command. Bessie was transformed. Her large gray eyes shone like stars as she said to the Indian boy:

"'You run the fastest. Run home. Tell them John and I are in the Haunted Ruins, without food, water or weapons, and surrounded by Indians. Run your best for our lives.'

"Her inspiring words changed the boy into a warrior. He did run his best, with great odds against him. To me, she said, in the same tone of command: 'Follow me, John. Our only hope for life is in the Haunted Ruins.

"These Haunted Ruins are one of the most interesting remains of the mysterious people who lived among the White Mountains, before the Indians. They are the ruins of a stronghold on the middle of a plain. This plain is surrounded by a deep moat. From this moat, the nearest mountain was named Moat Mountain. The Indians believed these ruins were the abode of the Evil Spirit. They do not enter them.

"These Haunted Ruins were about half way to the Indians. I followed Bessie on a swift run to the moat. We crossed it on a rude bridge of one log. At the same time, the Indians arrived at the moat on the opposite side of the plain. The women and children leaped about, brandishing all kinds of weapons and shouting mad threats at us. The men assembled in council.

"The council was soon over. The Indians went around the moat to where we had crossed it. This gave us an unguarded road for escape to our homes. Bessie was troubled. She had heard old men say that an Indian council developed deep deviltry.

"'Climb to the top of the ruins, John,' she said. 'See what they are doing. Be careful. Remember, In-

dians are good shooters.' I climbed to the top. I saw no Indians on the side of the plain toward our home. They were busy on the other side. I could not tell what they were doing. I was not careful. I heard a gun. A red hot iron entered my leg. I fell on the stones. I tried to get up. I could not use or move my right leg.

"In a moment, Bessie was at my side. She carried me to a safer place. Then she cut strips of cloth from her petticoat, stopped the flow of blood and dressed my wound. Suddenly, she turned pale and trembled.

" 'What's the trouble, Bessie?' I asked.

" 'The Indians are setting fires,' she answered.

" 'You must go home, while you can,' I advised. 'The Indians will not hurt me now. They will wait till I get well, so I can suffer longer torture. Our folks will have time to rescue me.'

" 'You do not quite understand the situation, John,' replied Bessie, in a gentle voice. 'This plain is covered with dry branches, mostly pine. There are many dead trees. The wind blows this way. In a few minutes there will be a big fire.'

" 'You must go now, Bessie,' I pleaded. 'You have a father, a mother two sisters and a brother. For their sakes, go, now. If you stay here, you cannot help me a bit. If you go now, you can save your own life. Go, now.'

" 'I will go, John, you will go too.'

"Bessie took me in her arms and carried me out of the ruins. When the Indians saw us, they danced and yelled with glee. I was a good sized boy. I weighed 125 pounds. This was a heavy load for a girl of seventeen to carry in her arms. Bessie carried me a few yards. Then she was so tired she had to lay me down. After a moment's rest, she took me in her arms again and ran as far as she could. In this way, running and resting, she carried me toward the bridge.

"The fire spread faster and faster. The strong wind carried sparks and

burning brands to start new fires. Dead pines blazed furiously. The fire gained on us. I felt the heat. Sparks fell upon us. Fires started all around us. There were times when the smoke was so thick I could not see.

"Bessie did her best. As she carried me in her arms on a run, I heard the panting of her lungs, I felt the furious beating of her heart. The fire was soon right upon us. From the tops of tall trees, great flags of flame unfurled and waved in the wind, almost above our heads. Burning brands fell upon us in showers. Our clothes caught fire. The heat was something fearful. We could not live in it much longer.

Bessie toiled on over the burning plain with her great load. She did not dare to stop to rest. Her long, thick, golden hair had worked loose. It caught fire in several places. I put out the fires with my hands.

"Presently, Bessie stumbled and fell. I thought she had swooned. She rose slowly upon her hands and knees, but she did not rise to her feet. I thought she was somewhat dazed. 'Bessie, you have done all you can,' I pleaded, once more. 'Run home and get help. I can now crawl to the bridge. I can straddle the log and hitch myself across the moat with my hands. I can crawl out of danger.'

"Bessie did not answer. She was on her knees. Her hands and face were raised toward Heaven. I heard her pray: 'Oh, God, give me strength. Give me strength.' The prayer was over. Bessie removed her shoes and stockings. She took me in her arms again. Her panting had ceased. Her heart was steady. She carried me as if I were a baby. We soon came to the moat. This was bridged with one birch log, long and slender.

"The top of this log was on fire in several places. I did not think the fires had burned deep enough to weaken the log much.

"We were on the log bridge. With her bare feet, Bessie felt her way along the log, carefully and safely. With

her great load, she could not have walked safely with her slippery shoes on the smooth bark of the slender log.

"I could see down into the moat. At this place, it was deep and wide. It looked like a natural rift in the ledge. The bottom and sides were rough rock, with points as sharp as knives. The slender log bent and swayed under our weight. Every step shook off burning coals and blazing bark.

"I shuddered with sympathy for the intense pain. Bessie was walking with her bare feet upon live coals of fire. There was no other way. The log was old and punky. In several places the fires had smoldered into a bed of live coals, a yard or so in length.

"Every moment, the birch bark kindled and blazed up fiercely. Bessie's clothes caught fire a number of times. But the homespun woolen cloth smoldered and smoked without flame. Bessie had to feel her way carefully with her bare feet upon these burning coals.

"Suddenly, we were threatened by a more startling danger. After their council, the Indians had appeared to go half way around the moat and leave this bridge unguarded. But several strong warriors had stayed behind. These warriors were hidden in some thick bushes. They had a rope which was fastened to one end of the log bridge.

"When we were on the middle of this bridge of fire, these red warriors would pull on their rope and draw the log into the moat. Then Bessie and I would fall, about twenty-five feet, upon the stone points as sharp as knives.

"With Indian cunning, they had concealed the rope with grass and bushes. I did not see the rope till it moved when the Indians began to pull. It was then too late to escape. The Indians had driven us by fire from the Haunted Ruins into this death trap.

"At this moment, I heard a great snapping. The log was breaking.

We were shooting through the air. I heard the broken log go crashing down. I fainted.

"I revived. A strong man was by my side.

"'Am I hurt very bad?' I asked, in a faint voice. 'Bless you, no, you aren't hurt,' replied the man in a most reassuring way. 'You've got a hole in your leg, but it will soon heal.'

"I sat up. Bessie was lying near me. Two other men were wrapping bandages around her feet. How white and still she was. 'Is Bessie dead?' I asked.

"'Bless you, no, she's only fainted,' replied the man, 'Her feet are burned to blisters, her clothes and hair are burned full of holes, but she'll soon be the queen of the settlement!'

"Strong men were all around me. They had guns. The fire was dying down. The Indians were gone.

"'What's happened?' I asked.

"'I'll explain,' replied the man, after a sharp glance to see if my mind was clear. 'We are hunters and trappers. When we heard about the Indian war, we came from the mountains.'

"'A short distance from here, toward the settlement, an Indian boy caught up with us. He told us that Captain Chase's son and Deacon Brown's daughter were in the Haunted Ruins, without food, water or weapons. They were surrounded by a mob of yelling Indians. Most of us had served under Captain Chase in the old war. We were on our way to his house to ask him to lead us against Paugus. When we heard about his son, we started on a run for the ruins. We'd give the Indians something to yell for. We came in sight just as the girl, with golden hair started to cross the bridge of fire, with a wounded man in her arms. We didn't dare to shout to her, because it might startle her and cause her to fall.

"We saw the girl, with the greatest load a girl ever carried, pick her way so slow and careful, with her bare feet on burning coals, with many fires

blazing fiercely before her and behind her, with her clothes and hair on fire in a dozen places.

"We heard the log snapping. We thought the girl was lost. But she made a swift run. At the right moment, just before the log parted, the girl made a wonderful jump. She landed on this side, all right.

"It was the grandest feat in the history of the White Mountains. We cheered her as we never cheered before. She turned toward us, tottered a few steps, swayed blindly to and fro and fell in a deep swoon. The girl had done all she could and 'twas enough.

"Young man, the love of this noble girl is the greatest treasure in

this world. Always remember how she saved your life today.'

"I always have remembered," concluded my grandfather, Jonathan Chase, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Every day I remember how Bessie carried me in her arms out of the doomed castle, over the burning plain, across the bridge of fire, out of the jaws of Death."

My grandmother, Bessie Chase, rose from her easy chair, with a slight flush on her still beautiful face. "Now Jonathan," she said in a tone of gentle reproof, "you know you are praising me too much, for it was not my strength that saved your life, but it was the Hand of God, in answer to my prayer."

THOUGHT*

By Horace G. Leslie, M. D.

Thought is eternal as the years
And every spark of flame divine,
Kindled in all the ages past,
Lives, and will, throughout all time.

The purple light in Western sky
That lingers after sunset hour,
Is not the stardust science claims
But thought's unloosed immortal dower.

Could we command a crystal lens,
Moulded with rare alchemic skill,
We'd find the old Platonic germs
Were moving in their cycle still.

They come and go with varying force,
Awakening life's lethargic cells,
As, far across some distant field,
The sleeper hears the morning bells;

And odes of the Homeric muse,
Unclaimed by pen or printer's art,
Await in evening's silent air
The meeting of some kindred spark.

* This poem, written by the late Dr. Leslie of Amesbury, Mass., for the GRANITE MONTHLY, many years ago, has never before been published.

They are not dead in all these years,
 But breathe Lethea's breath alone,
 And need but hand to smite the rock
 And claim the water for its own.

The wise man said that no new thing
 Has found a place in earthly field;
 That only things were new to us
 When fate the other side revealed.

* * * * *

Thought is no plant of annual growth.
 The rings concentric slowly form;
 The breath of the eternal years
 Must buffet it like autumn storm,

To give the fibre and the strength
 To beams that bear the lofty roof,
 Beneath whose shade the unchained soul
 Holds converse with the King of Truth.

* * * * *

All that Greece heard, or Rome e'er knew,
 Was but a sample sheaf of grain,
 Snatched from the shallow furrowed earth—
 A promise only of the brain.

The present welds the broken links,
 Scattered along the path of time,
 (The artifice of unknown hands)
 Into one perfect chain of mind.

These books of mine, with vellum bound,
 Hold part of what some one has dreamed;
 Oh, could we know that other part
 No earthly hand has ever gleaned!

The poet sings some sweet refrain,
 That echoes in the vale of years.
 We feel he had some other note,
 Unsung, save in the distant spheres.

This is the song we fain would hear
 The music of a broader life;
 The harp strings tuned in silent space
 Beyond the jar of human strife.

* * * * *

The pages of historic lore
 Are stained by hands of prejudice;
 And what should be but facts alone
 Oft prove but frame for fancy's dress.

The fruit of this erratic vine
 Needs mell'wing power of sun and light;
 And days should be a thousand years
 In which to set its flavor right.

Too near the lens the view is blurred,
 And strange distorted visions rise;
 'Tis distance gives a clearer sight
 And juster value in the eyes.

E'en creeds and doctrines change with need;
 No fixed stars shine in sky of thought;
 The children cast the temples down,
 On whose strong walls their fathers wrought.

The water that was sweet of old
 Grows bitter as in Marah's spring,
 And over ruined dreams and hopes
 Forgetfulness like grey vines cling.

* * * * *

When Romance spins her gauzy strands
 Across the window pane of life,
 The warp and woof of checkered web
 Is but a dream of love and strife,

Caught by that spider's cunning plan,
 And served for food of present needs;
 The marsh gas, fitful, wavering flame
 Around a pool of mud and weeds.

And yet it oft a purpose serves,
 As mulch around some tender shoot,
 To guard it from the frost and cold,
 'Till thought secures a firmer root.

Truth sometimes needs a coat of sweet
 As we the bitter pill disguise.
 The virtue still remains the same
 Though hid from sight of peering eyes.

Thus thought, in all these varying ways,
 Is brought before the human mind,
 And ever up its tendrils creep
 Around life's moss-grown trunk entwined.



FROM THE SUMMIT OF LOON MOUNTAIN

By Norman C. Tice

One pleasant morning in October I was standing on the summit of Loon Mountain, not far from the summer village of North Woodstock. There had been frosty nights but as yet no wild, rough storm had despoiled the foliage of its beauty. The clear blue sky was nearly obscured by lowering clouds, but sudden bursts of sunshine lighted up the valley and the surrounding mountain range.

The mountain-ashes, on the slope of the peak, vied with the sumac in vividness of colors, and were heavily fruited with clusters of crimson berries. Every dwarf shrub was clothed with bright-hued leaves, and the gray rocks and the winding, mossy trails were splashed with blots of fallen, gay-colored leaves.

In the distance were the purple and gold slopes of Mount Moosilauke. The purple was the clumps of spruces, wrapped in the smoky veils of Indian Summer. The gold was the Midas-touched foliage of the slender paper birches. The summit of this peak was capped with a floating mass of filmy clouds that drifted away toward the south. The blue shadows brooded over the slopes of the mountain and crept down the winding valley.

Franconia Notch was half in shadow and alternate bands of sunshine. Where the stripes of sunshine

came could be seen the vivid foliage of Autumn, now a blur of red, then one of yellow, or orange. Toward the Notch, and somewhat lower than the summit, could be seen the shores of Loon Pond. The cold, gray waters mirrored the cloud streaked sky, the gorgeous foliage in the trees that overhung the stream, and the leaning birches and spruces.

In the valley below were the nestling villages. Bordered by fields of green aftermath and outlined by groves of trees in Autumn dress, they seemed like painted pictures. Now and then a cloud shadow crept over the valley, darkening the green fields and the gay trappings of the trees, slid over the mountain wall and vanished.

The stream that curved down the valley gleamed in some open eddy, in a long line of yellowish foam, then hid away in the shrubbery. It appeared now and then as if coquetting with the observer, then vanished in the purple haze at the end of the valley.

In the rustling of the gold leaves of the paper birches and in the ruby cheeks of the mountain-ash berries, one could read the signs of the approaching winter, when the village in the valley and the wooded slopes of the encircling peaks would be wrapped in snowy dreams.



THE SPIRIT OF THE BELL OF GHENT

By L. Adelaide Sherman

(The ancient alarm bell of the Belgian city of Ghent was inscribed with these words: "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire; when I ring there is victory.")

The bell has long been silent; long ago
The church and tower have vanished quite, but lo,
A mighty host has gathered once again—
Yea, all the hero dead from hill and plain,
With folded hands and heads in reverence bent
To hear the message of the Bell of Ghent.

Ring, ring the bell, St. George, that England may
Hear the good news, rejoice with us today.
For O her dead have borne a gallant part—
Their names shall live in every patriot heart.
And still Britannia rules the ocean waves
To prove that Britons never shall be slaves.
Ring, ring the bell. Its word from sea to sea
Is Victory and Victory and Victory.

Ring, ring the bell, Joan, that France may hear—
Her children answer with a jubilant cheer.
Pull, pull the cord, while Belgium's blue-eyed king
Shall hear the joyful, peace-winged message ring,
Rejoicing that he checked the foe's advance
And saved the honor of his sister, France.
Republic France! Thy word from sea to sea
Is Liberty—is blood-won Liberty.

Yea, Father of thy country, Washington,
Ring, ring the bell, while every loyal son
Hearkens to its inspired peal; it rings
The downfall of all coronets and kings.
Rejoice, ye dead, for from your sacrifice
Freer and holier nations shall arise.
Ring out, ring out your word from sea to sea,
Democracy, Democracy, Democracy.

The vision fades! And One in robes of white
Stands by a Cross, bathed in eternal light.
English and German, Frank and Austrian stand
In adoration with hand clasping hand.
Their voices blend in one triumphant strain,
And heaven is echoing the glad refrain;
The angels sing it round the crystal sea,
Christianity, Christianity, Christianity.

Contoocook, N. H.

N. H. NECROLOGY

EDWARD J. CUMMINGS

Hon. Edward J. Cummings, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second New Hampshire District, died at his home in Littleton, N. H., September 23, 1918.

Mr. Cummings was born in Littleton August 13, 1881, graduated from the Littleton High School in 1900, from Dartmouth College in 1904, and the Harvard Law School in 1907, when he was admitted to the bar and practiced in Concord with Hon. Henry F. Hollis till the fall of 1908 when he located in practice in Littleton and there continued. He was elected solicitor of Grafton County, as a Democrat, in 1912, serving for two years following. He was a member of the legislature from Littleton during the last session, and took an active part in legislation, being especially prominent in advocacy of prohibition and woman suffrage. In the last state primary—September 3—he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Second District, but died suddenly of pneumonia twenty days later.

He was active in the affairs of the Episcopal Church in Littleton, and prominent in the Independent Order of Foresters, having held the office of high chief ranger for New Hampshire and Vermont.

He married in June, 1911, Eunice J. Marsh of Haverhill, Mass., who survives, with a son.

WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT

William H. Elliott, a prominent citizen of Keene, died at his summer home in Nelson, August 2, 1918.

Mr. Elliott was born in Keene, May 25, 1850, son of John H. and Emily A. (Wheelock) Elliott. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, class of 1872; studied law, and received the degree of LL.B., from Harvard Law School; was admitted to the bar and took up his residence in Keene, but devoted himself mainly to business and financial affairs. He was a director and president of the Cheshire National Bank, president of the trustees of Elliott City Hospital, founded by his father; president of the Beaver Mills Corporation, of the Keene Gas and Electric Co., and a director in many other corporations. He was a Unitarian, and a Republican, and was several times a member of the Keene city government.

He married, in 1882, Mary Fiske Edwards, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas M. Edwards, who survives him, with a son and two daughters.

HON. A. CHESTER CLARK

Allan Chester Clark, judge of the Municipal Court of Concord, died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in that city, from pneumonia, September 23, 1918.

Judge Clark was born in Center Harbor, N. H., July 4, 1877. He was educated at the Meredith High School, New Hampton Institution and Dartmouth College, leaving the latter after the first year. He studied law for a time with Bertram Blaisdell of Meredith, but soon removed to Concord and engaged in journalistic work, as Concord correspondent of various newspapers, meanwhile pursuing his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar June 27, 1913, being soon after appointed judge of the Concord District Court by Gov. Samuel D. Felker. When the district court system was overturned by the Republican legislature, in 1915, to get rid of the Democratic judges, Judge Clark was one of the very few Democrats retained by Governor Spaulding, and was made judge of the new municipal court which position he filled with marked ability, establishing a reputation which extended throughout the state and beyond its borders.

He was a Unitarian, a Democrat, a Knight Templar Mason, a Patron of Husbandry, and a Knight of Pythias, having been a chancellor of Concord Lodge and deputy grand chancellor of the New Hampshire Grand Lodge. He was a delegate from Center Harbor in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and secretary of the conventions of 1912 and 1918.

He married, June 12, 1917, Jennie A. Ross of New Brunswick, who survives him, with a son, Allan Chester, Jr., born subsequent to his decease.

HON. EDWIN F. JONES

Hon. Edwin F. Jones, born in Manchester, April 19, 1859, son of Edwin R. and Mary A. (Farnham) Jones, died in that city, from pneumonia, October 6, 1918.

He was educated in the Manchester schools and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1880; he studied law with the late Hon. David Cross, was admitted to the bar in 1883, and was in practice in Manchester till the time of his decease, with distinguished success.

Mr. Jones was a Unitarian and a Republican. He served as assistant clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1881; as clerk in 1883 and 1885, as city solicitor of

Manchester twelve years, from 1887, as treasurer of Hillsborough County from 1887 to 1895, as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and as president of the Convention of 1912. He was president of the Republican State Convention in 1900, and a delegate at large from New Hampshire in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1908. He had been a trustee of the Manchester City Library since 1906, was a member of the American Bar Ass'n, N. H. Bar Ass'n, (president, 1906-8), a 32d degree Mason and Knight Templar, and grand master of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire in 1910. He was a member of the Manchester Committee of Public Safety, and chairman of the Speaker's Bureau of the New Hampshire Committee of Public Safety.

On December 21, 1887, he was united in marriage with Nora F. Kennard of Manchester, who survives. A daughter, Rebecca, died in October, 1902, at the age of twelve years.

FRANK P. MAYNARD

Frank P. Maynard, a prominent business man, and for many years an extensive shoe manufacturer of Claremont, died on November 7.

Mr. Maynard was born in Fairfield, Me., August 25, 1850. He went to California in youth where he was engaged three years in mining. Returning East, he engaged in shoe manufacturing in Nashua, where he continued eight years, then engaged in the retail shoe trade in Boston for a time, but removed to Claremont in 1883, where he established an extensive shoe manufacturing plant and conducted the same many years with great success. He was prominent in many other business enterprises, was president of the Claremont Building Association, Peoples National Bank, and the Claremont Gas Light Co. He was instrumental in introducing electric lighting in Claremont. In politics he was a Republican, and served on the staff of Gov. George A. Ramsdell.

He leaves a widow and one daughter.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The subscriber, who founded the *GRANITE MONTHLY* in the city of Dover, in 1877, removing the same to Concord two years later, who has been its editor and publisher during a considerable portion of its existence, hereby announces its sale to Harlan C. Pearson of Concord, who assumes control January 1, 1919.

It is with no little regret that he takes this step, but advancing years and other interests render it necessary. He has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the magazine is passing into the hands of one who is abundantly qualified to make it a publication in which every New Hampshire man and woman, at home or abroad, may well take pride; and whose succeeding volumes will fitly supplement the fifty volumes already issued, as a repository of New Hampshire history and biography, and of literary and descriptive matter pertaining to the State and its welfare.

No man in New Hampshire is better acquainted with the State, its people and its interests, than Mr. Pearson, who has been the Secretary of six of its governors and long editor of the *Concord Monitor* and *Statesman*, also Concord correspondent of the *Associated Press* and many newspapers in and out of the State. The subscriber bespeaks for him the hearty support of all present patrons, and of the general public in the earnest and honest effort which he will make to improve the character and extend the influence of this magazine.

Volumes 49 and 50 of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, embracing the issues for 1917 and 1918, bound together, in one book, after the style of preceding bound volumes, will be ready for delivery to such subscribers as have been accustomed to exchange their unbound numbers for the same, early in the coming year.

Subscribers who are in arrears should make payment up to January 1, 1919, before that date, as all bills not then paid will be placed for collection at the advertised rate of \$1.50 per year for subscriptions not paid in advance.

H. H. METCALF,
Publisher.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LI

CONCORD, N. H.
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1919

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New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

New Hampshire Needs a State Budget

By Former Governor R. H. Spaulding

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CAPITOL, CONCORD

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

JANUARY, 1919

No. 1

NEW HAMPSHIRE NEEDS A STATE BUDGET

By Rolland H. Spaulding

Within ten years, the expenses of the state of New Hampshire have increased from a million dollars a year to more than two and a half times that amount.

This fact, in itself, is not a subject for just criticism. It is brought about by the necessities and the tendencies of the times. Every state in the Union and the Union itself is in the same situation, many of the states to a greater degree than New Hampshire.

Leaving war activities and expenditures out of the question, as an unusual demand upon the public purse, there remain several lines of work which the state is doing, and which it ought to do, but which had not been entered upon, or, if so, to only a slight extent, a decade ago.

Very few people would have any of these lines of work discontinued or lessened. Larger vision, day by day, makes clear the duty and obligation of the state to guard the public health and to promote the public welfare in ways which former times left to the lesser units of government or even to the individual.

The state is doing work today which the counties, the cities and the towns used to do or which was not done at all; and the state, of course, is paying the bills.

It must keep on doing so. And with conditions as they are now and as they promise to continue for some time to come, the state's expenditures cannot be lessened, but, in all probability, must continue to increase.

All we can do is to accept the situation with equanimity and resolve to get the utmost possible value out of the increased number of dollars we are required to contribute for the public support.

The best way to do this and the most immediate improvement possible for us in New Hampshire is the adoption of a state budget.

The word, "budget," is defined variously, but as good a statement as any is that of Frederick A. Cleveland in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, as follows: "A budget may be defined as a plan for financing the government during a definite period which is prepared and submitted by a respon-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Hon. Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester, a successful manufacturer, noted for the independence of his views and the strength of his convictions in matters of public welfare, was governor of New Hampshire in the years 1915 and 1916. Through his influence and during his administration reforms were effected in the city and town finances of the state from which great benefits have resulted. Uniform methods of accounting, adequate responsibility for trust funds, public debts bonded on an honest and economical basis have increased the credit of the units of government in New Hampshire to a wonderful degree. In this article ex-Governor Spaulding shows a way for getting better value out of our state expenditures, which is worthy the careful attention of all taxpayers and their representatives.

sible executive to a representative body whose approval and authorization are necessary before the plan may be executed."

"A budget is essential if there is to be a proper balance between revenue and expenditures and in order to give the representatives of the people adequate control over expenditures," says the report to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1917 by its commission to compile information and data.

Most writers upon the budget system in the United States fail to give the state of New Hampshire credit for any advance whatever upon this line, but this is an error.

Chapter 10 of our Laws of 1909 says:

"SECTION 1. The chief of each department of the state government, each state board of commissioners, the trustees or managers of each state institution, and all agents of the state in charge of public works shall on or before February 15, 1909, file with the state treasurer estimates in detail of the amounts required by their respective departments, boards and institutions for each of the fiscal years ending August 31, 1910, and August 31, 1911.

"SECT. 2. Similar estimates shall be filed with the state treasurer, for each biennial period, on or before the first day of January preceding each legislative session.

"SECT. 3. Such estimates shall be submitted to the appropriations committee of the House of Representatives, who shall seasonably prepare and introduce an appropriation bill or bills to provide for the necessities of the state for each biennial period."

At the same session of the Legislature all annual standing appropriations were repealed and the authorization of, and provision for, all state expenditures centered, rightly, in this one procedure.

The state treasurers have discharged their duties faithfully and efficiently

under this act, as under all others, and have rendered to the Legislatures at the time designated complete statements, classified by departments, of the actual expenses of all state departments and institutions, of appropriations available, and of all requests for appropriations, regular and special.

These requests are made and these figures are forwarded, and here is one great defect of the system, precisely as they are made by the heads of departments.

Each head asks, of course, for all the money he thinks he may need during the next two years, and he would be more than human, if, in making his estimates, he did not take into consideration the probable cutting down and paring off which they will undergo in the Legislature, if the future might be judged by the past.

"How much do you want?" and "I'll give you so much" have been as characteristic of legislative appropriations as of horse trades, in New Hampshire in the past.

This undignified, to use a mild word, relation between state departments and legislative committees in New Hampshire is disliked by the former for another good reason.

Even the department head who has shrewdly and with forethought swelled his estimates to take care of the inevitable cut often finds himself and his work sorely wounded by having the legislative committee do its operating on a part of his schedule which he had not anticipated. The pound of flesh sometimes is taken from too near the heart of the subject.

To such an extent was this the case at the legislative session of 1917 that when the House of Representatives appropriation committee was ready to report and the worst was known in regard to what it had done, the heads of state departments formed in a body, moved in procession to the executive chamber and pleaded with the governor to save the financial lives of some of their projects and lines of work.

This the governor was able to do to some extent, unofficially; but so far as his power in the matter under the laws and constitution extends all he could have done would be to veto the entire appropriation bill and to withhold his approval until the various items in it had been adjusted in accordance with his wishes.

There have been times when governors have been sorely tempted to do that very thing, but it never has been done, and with the adoption of an up-to-date budget plan it never need be done.

The state of Maryland has gone so far as to make the budget plan of state finance a part of its constitution by vote of the people in November, 1916, and several other states have the same step under consideration; but it is to be doubted if New Hampshire, with its well-known and on many accounts commendable conservatism in regard to constitutional changes will go so far as that.

What it should do, however, and from this proposition no dissent is heard anywhere, is to so amend the constitution that the governor can veto individual items in appropriation bills without requiring the reconsideration of the whole measure. When President Albert O. Brown of the Constitutional Convention of 1918 calls that body together again within a year after the signing of a peace treaty, it is to be hoped that one of the amendments which it will propose to the people of the state for ratification may be this one in regard to appropriation bills.

It may be of interest, however, to consider briefly the how and why of Maryland's action in becoming the first state in the Union to make a financial budget requirement a part of her constitution. To put it baldly, Maryland in 1915 found herself bankrupt. She was out of cash and she owed a million and a half dollars of current bills with no provision for their payment. The people demanded that something be done.

That something was the appointment of a commission to prepare a new plan of state finances. That commission was headed by Professor Frank J. Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University, and it did its work so well as to attract national attention. Governor Henry W. Keyes of New Hampshire in his inaugural message of January 4, 1917, recommended the report of this commission to the attention of the Legislature of this state, but there is nothing to indicate that his recommendation was heeded.

The people of Maryland, however, gave attention to the report, thoroughly approved of it and, as has been said, voted it into the constitution of the state.

It calls for the preparation of a budget containing a complete statement of the revenues and expenditures of the two years next preceding and also a proposed plan of expenditures and revenues for the coming two years. In addition there must be an exact statement of assets, liabilities, reserves, surpluses or deficits of the state. This program must be prepared by the governor, who has the right and, if called upon, must regard it as his duty, to appear before the Legislature and explain and advocate his budget.

Before the Maryland Legislature can act on any appropriation bills it must consider the governor's budget. It can reduce, but not increase, the amounts which he demands to meet the expenses of the state. Only after it has passed this budget, as proposed or amended, can the Legislature pass additional bills calling for expenditures.

Charles A. Beard, director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, New York, writing of this Maryland movement and describing its success in actual practice in the year 1918, says: "Under the leadership of an able governor, who took his task seriously, and went at his work in a businesslike way, the State of Maryland has been able, so to speak, to

take its goods away from the pawnbroker's shop. It knows where it stands. It works to plans. It follows simple and elementary principles of good management, common sense. The wonder is that it has taken so long to discover the obvious."

While Maryland has gone the farthest of any state along the road of financial reform by executive budget making, there are twenty-two other states which have taken longer or shorter steps towards the same end, and the heaven is working in almost all the rest.

Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, Ohio and Utah have statutory provisions for executive budget systems.

In New Jersey all requests for appropriations must be made to the governor before November 15 and he transmits his decisions in regard to them to the Legislature in the form of a special message on the second Tuesday in January. To this message he may make later additions, if he sees fit, but provision is made that all appropriations shall be included in a "General Appropriation Bill," and it is the intent of the act that no supplemental, deficiency or incidental bills shall be considered. No limitation is placed upon the Legislature in considering the governor's budget and that body may increase as well as strike out or reduce items that are recommended. The Kansas law is similar to that of New Jersey.

Under the Ohio law, which is less detailed and specific than the others mentioned, the governor is given authority, of which he has taken advantage, to appoint a budget commissioner, who compiles the necessary data for the governor's use and advises with him in regard to his recommendations.

An interesting feature of the Nebraska law requires the governor to give brief reasons for each item of expenditure in which the proposed appropriation is different from that of the previous biennial period. Min-

nesota requires that the budget bill be submitted to the legislature not later than February 1.

Massachusetts did not take formal action in the matter of an executive budget until 1918 although much of its procedure, like New Hampshire's, had been on that line. The Bay State Legislature of 1917 created a joint special committee on finances and budget procedure which submitted a bill, "To establish a budget system for the Commonwealth," which became Chapter 244 of the General Acts of 1918.

This act provides that the heads of all state activities shall submit to the supervisor of administration, on or before October 15, in each year, their estimates for the coming year, and that the auditor shall compile the same, together with a statement of "his estimates for the ordinary and other revenue of the Commonwealth" and "a statement of the free and unencumbered cash balance and other resources available for appropriations."

The supervisor of administration thereupon prepares a budget for the governor who submits it to the General Court not later than the second Wednesday in January. It must include in detail "definite recommendations of the Governor relative to the amounts which should be appropriated" and as to the financing of the expenditures thus recommended.

Other states which have a budget system, but in which the executive is not the central figure, usually have a budget board or commission, which includes the leading executive officers of the state and the chairmen of the finance committees of the Legislature. This is the Wisconsin plan, the first budget system adopted in this country, and has been copied by New York, Connecticut, North Dakota, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont and Washington. Later developments are away from this type and towards the executive budget system, now favored by the principal authorities on government finance.

But New Hampshire, because of the extent to which Vermont conditions and problems resemble our own, may be interested especially in a brief outline of the Green Mountain law on this point. Across the Connecticut a law enacted in 1915 provides for a state budget committee composed of the governor, auditor, state treasurer, chairman of the finance committee of the Senate, chairman of the appropriations committee of the House, chairman of the ways and means committee of the House and the state purchasing agent. The governor is chairman of the committee and the auditor is the secretary.

All heads of departments, boards, institutions, etc., are required to report during the month of October to the secretary of the budget committee the amounts required by their departments for the ensuing two years and the amounts appropriated and expended for the current year and for the two preceding fiscal periods. The budget committee also receives statements from any individual, corporation, association or institution desiring an appropriation. Any person having a claim against the state is likewise requested to file a statement of the amount of such claim.

The budget committee then proceeds to prepare the budget, being required, whenever there is a difference between the requests made by a department and the recommendations of the committee, to explain the reasons for the change. The budget report, when completed, must be printed and sent to each member-elect of the incoming Legislature and to the clerk of each town before December 10; and when the Legislature convenes and has organized it shall be presented to the newly organized committee on the budget.

Since the houses of the incoming Legislature may appoint new chairmen of the committees on finance, ways and means and appropriations and thus change the membership of

the budget committee which drew up the tentative budget, the act provides that the newly formed budget committee shall have power to review the budget as originally prepared. With this end in view, provision is made that the newly formed budget committee shall at the beginning of the legislative session receive the tentative budget from the outgoing committee and after examination shall make such revision as it deems advisable and draw up a consolidated statement of the estimated income and expenditures as finally agreed upon.

Readers who may be interested in securing more information about the budget systems of the various states and of some cities than it is possible to give in the limited space here available, can consult Volume LXII (November, 1915) of *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, and Bulletin No. 2, "State Budget Systems in the United States," submitted to the Massachusetts constitutional convention by the commission to compile information and data for the use of the convention. Each of these publications has been mentioned previously in this article and from them liberal extracts have been made by the present writer. The Massachusetts report includes a very useful bibliography of the subject, brought up to the present year.

It will be noted that whether the executive budget system or the budget committee system is in force, there are some features common to both. Every department head, for instance, not only can, but must, prepare and present his estimates for the future cost of his work. He must be ready to answer questions as to the whys and the wherefores of his figures. He must show where the state will get value received for the dollars he proposes to expend. On the other hand by this procedure he is guaranteed against having his estimates ruthlessly chopped, maimed and mangled

by men in authority who are without exact knowledge as to what his various items mean and what difference their reduction or elimination would bring about in the accomplishment of the state's work. The usefulness of public hearings in this connection is self-evident.

Another good result which is sure to come from the competent enforcement of either kind of a budget system is earlier action by the Legislature in the matter of appropriations and in all probability an earlier final adjournment of the General Court. In New Hampshire, in 1917, when the legislative session began January 3, it was fifteen weeks later, on April 11, when the general appropriation bill was introduced into the House of Representatives. One week later the session ended.

The following week some of those interested in certain projects of state work found that while bills authorizing the work had been enacted into law, the funds for carrying them into effect had been omitted from the appropriation bill; and these persons compared themselves with the well-known darling daughter, who was allowed to go out to swim, but mustn't go near the water.

On the whole, New Hampshire has not suffered greatly, thus far, from her lack of a better budget system. She has been very fortunate in the character and ability of the men who have administered her financial affairs. The late Colonel Solon A. Carter, so long state treasurer, was a remarkable man in his line, and, as has been said, made a budget beginning in New Hampshire. His successors have maintained and are maintaining his standard. Almost all of the governors of the state have been men of business training, and have administered state affairs, so far as was in their power, on good business lines.

It is probable that no other state can equal the record of New Hampshire in having at the head of its

principal legislative committee on finance a man who has served thirty years in the Legislature, has been a member of the appropriations committee for twelve years, its chairman in eight of them and its most influential member in the other four. It is said that the gentleman in question, Colonel James E. French, who is elected to the Legislature every two years by the unanimous vote of the town of Moultonboro, has provided in his will that upon his tombstone shall be carved the epitaph, "He saved the state of New Hampshire a lot of money." And whether the story is true or not, the epitaph certainly would be.

There are those who complain that Mr. French regards the tree of New Hampshire state finance as too much his own personal property, and that while he is willing others should water it and fertilize it and pick its fruit, the process of pruning is one that he keeps for himself and in which he uses very sharp shears. They say he is too severe in refusing to allow any growth of the tree for ornamental purposes. They say that now and then in his pruning he cuts off or trims too closely a branch bearing, or about to bear, valuable fruit. They say that he is too much opposed to growing new scions upon the old stock, even when experience elsewhere has shown their value.

But it must be admitted that the old tree is kept in the best of health by his care and that when any of its fruit in the shape of state bonds is sold in the open market it brings the highest price.

At this writing Colonel French is approaching the subject of state finance from a new angle as a member of a special recess committee of the Legislature of 1917, charged with the duty of investigating the whole subject of the revenues and expenditures of the Commonwealth with instructions to report recommendations in that relation to the Legislature of 1919.

The other members of the committee, appointed by Governor Henry W. Keyes in accordance with the terms of the concurrent resolution of the General Court, are Senator Clarence M. Collins of Danville, Representative Benjamin W. Couch of Concord, chairman of the House committee on the judiciary, Representative James F. Brennan of Peterboro, and Representative and Senator-elect Richard H. Horan of Manchester. The make-up of the committee insures a valuable report as the result of its deliberations and it is possible that the first step in the way of further budget reform in New Hampshire may be among its results. The step may be taken, also, as the result of a renewal by Governor Keyes in his valedictory of the suggestion which he made in his inaugural for the consideration in New Hampshire of the Maryland idea. It may come through its inclusion by Governor-elect Bartlett in the forward-looking program of his inaugural address.

How it comes matters not, but that it should come is of real importance to the state of New Hampshire.

It is true that it has not reached Washington as yet, but this fact merely ranks budget reform among the many improvements in government made by the states as individuals before the central authority has seen the light.

And so far as that goes there have been those at the national capital keen enough to see the faults of the present financial procedure there and wise enough to recommend the proper remedy.

In 1910 President William H. Taft selected a commission on economy and efficiency to study the methods employed by the Federal Government in the transaction of its business, methods which, according to Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, wasted three hundred million dollars a year of the people's money.

This commission soon discovered that "a very conspicuous cause of inefficiency and waste is inadequate

provision for getting before Congress annually a definite budget, that is, a concrete and well-considered program or prospectus of work to be financed."

And on June 27, 1912, President Taft sent a message to Congress, transmitting, with his approval, the report of the commission, entitled, "The Need for a National Budget." This document, says Doctor Beard, "was a temperate and convincing condemnation of the financial methods of the Federal Government and a clear-cut demand for a positive budget system."

For half a dozen years now it has been gathering dust in the archives of Congress, but meanwhile its spirit has gone marching on through the country, and there are indications that before long it will be back in Washington again, this time backed by an irresistible public sentiment in its favor.

It is the fact rather than the form of budget procedure which it is important for New Hampshire to consider at once.

It is very likely that satisfactory work would be done here by a commission made up on the Vermont model to which allusion has been made and which preserves the essential features of early estimate, wise and impartial consideration and authoritative report. Expert opinion, however, is all in favor of the executive budget.

Says Rufus E. Miles, director of the Ohio Institute for Public Efficiency: "By whom shall the departmental data be reviewed, modified, correlated, and united into a homogeneous whole? Among the considerations in favor of placing this function in the hands of the chief executive may be mentioned the following:

"(1) By reason of the manner of his election, he represents the entire citizenship and not merely a section of it.

"(2) There is now an increasing tendency in city, state and nation, to

hold the chief executive responsible for the policy of the government as a whole.

"(3) It is a part of the regular duty of the chief executive to understand, correlate and supervise the work of the various administrative departments, which constitute the bulk of governmental work.

"(4) It would be loose organization to have such departments dealing directly with the Legislature independently of their chief, who is responsible for them,

"(5) When the program contained in a budget formulated by the chief executive is approved by the Legislature, the most definite and concen-

trated responsibility possible is placed upon him to carry out that program as set forth therein."

Because of the precedent in New Hampshire against the reelection of governors it might be wise to provide for the framing of the budget by the outgoing governor, but with the cooperation and approval of the incoming governor, thus making use of the experience of the one and the authority of the other.

The main thing is to get a real budget, however framed and executed. New Hampshire needs it and will not be as happy and well off as she might be until she gets it.

ENGLAND

By Alice Brown

Not for the green of her myriad leaves,
 Heavy with dews of dawn;
 Not for the web her cloud-wrack weaves,
 Dark and bright, over low-hung eaves
 Storied castle and scarp and lawn;
 Not for her larks, outsinging the sun,
 Gold on gold, in melodic flight;
 Nor the bird of mystery, known of none
 Who hunt her by day, the authentic one,
 Interpreter of the night;
 Not for her leisured water ways,
 Her fringes of circling foam,
 Nor the lingering light of her long, sweet days,
 Is she mother of millions of souls of men,
 Keeper of keys of their hearts' true home.
 Hail to her! hail to her! hail her again!
 England! England! mother of men!

Look where she sits in her sturdy pride,
 Zoned by the sounding sea.
 The nurse that suckled her towers beside,
 Old as Destiny, young, like a bride;
 Liberty, wind of the world, is she—
 Chanting the paean of England's dead,
 Burnt on the brim of her shield's bright gold.
 And the brave of yesterday, they who bled
 In the breathless last assault she led
 Are no less than the names of old.

These are England's witnesses, heart of her heart,
 Sinew and thew of her, blood and bone,
 Of her pride the peak and her pain a part,
 Equals in valor, from city or fen,
 Each man to the fray though he fight alone.
 Hail to her! hail to her! hail her again!
 England! England! mother of men!

O giant mother ribbed of the rock
 Cooled out of primal fires!
 Beacon goddess, when mad winds mock,
 Battering, buffeting, shock on shock,
 At the ark of a world's desires!
 Fair is she as a mother is fair,
 The twilight star of dreams in her eyes,
 Roses and thyme on her shadowy hair,
 The faint fine circlet glimmering there
 Down-dropt from immortal skies.
 The good earth smiles from her smiling mouth.
 Her hands are the warders of sick and strong.
 Wine of the north and sweet of the south
 Is her breath, when, over her wizard pen,
 She chants her children their natal song.
 Hail to her! hail to her! hail her again!
 England! England! mother of men!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Alice Brown, born in Hampton Falls, has achieved the most eminent success in literature of any living native of New Hampshire. Critics assign a high place in American fiction to her stories of New England rural life and in verse and drama, also, she has won laurels. Her tribute to England, printed above, was published first in the *Boston Herald* of recent date.

HONOR FOR SON OF EXETER

Mr. John E. Gardner, electrical engineer of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, was elected president of the Association of Railway Electrical Engineers at its annual meeting held in Chicago, last month. Mr. Gardner, says the *Railway Electrical Engineer*, was born at Exeter, in 1882. He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1900 and from Harvard four years later, following which he entered the service of the General Electric Company at its Lynn works where he was engaged in motor testing and steam and gas turbine research work. In 1905, he resigned to go with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy as

special apprentice, in which capacity he was engaged on locomotive testing and miscellaneous laboratory work. Later he was consecutively employed in locomotive erecting, in the machine shops, car shop, drafting rooms and machinery installation. In 1909, when the Burlington first began to install electric lights on its suburban and through trains he was employed on work of this character at the Aurora shops and also on special work on the staff of the shop superintendent until 1911, at which time he was transferred to the office of mechanical engineer on special construction work. On March 1, 1913, he was appointed electrical engineer of that road.

LIEUTENANT ARCHIBALD L. SMITH

LIEUT. ARCHIBALD LAVENDER SMITH

Address by Rev. E. D. Towle at a Memorial Service on Sunday,
December 1, 1918, at the Smith Memorial Church in
Hillsborough, N. H.

Four years ago we believed that the heart of young America was in the right place. We hoped also that the teachings of the fathers had not been without effect. Now we know that Washington and Lincoln still live.

Of the vast host of clear-eyed, truthful, loyal, chivalrous young men who have gone forth to fight our battles, we have gathered to do honor to one known of all present, admired by all, loved by all.

Many of you have been acquainted with him as long as I, that is, all his life.

The years pass so rapidly that it is hard to realize that had he lived he would be thirty years old the coming February first. Born at Hillsborough Bridge, the elder son of Gov. John Butler and Emma E. Lavender Smith, he belonged to Hillsborough in a peculiar sense.

Father and grandfather had been closely identified with the community's interests in all their phases.

It could not be but that he should be known of all. It was the endearing name of Archie by which he was called in infancy, boyhood and manhood, and when the sad news of his sudden taking off in a distant land spread from house to house along every road and path of his beloved town, it was still the same tender, affectionate name made familiar in early days that all employed.

Little incidents of his boyhood will occur to many. I recall when he was a lad to whom travel in his own country and even abroad was open, that he preferred New Hampshire's hills, and how to a group of boys praising their own towns and distant states, he turned with eagerness and sought to know if they had ever visited the "Bridge."

From the local schools he went to Noble and Greenough's preparatory school and thence to Harvard, graduating in the class of 1911.

He was married to Miss Madeleine Fellows of Manchester, N. H., November 1, 1916. The glad tidings of the birth of a son, born August 2, and named John Butler, reached him in camp in France.

After leaving college the intimate training received by both sons, under the immediate supervision of their father, qualified them upon his death to assume the care of the family's widely extended business interests. Never rugged he yet had kept himself equal to his work through his love of outdoor life, being especially expert in horsemanship.

Then came the call that startled a self-complacent world. How he met the call you remember. For him the life of camp and battlefield had no attraction. He was not deceived as to what it all meant. He weighed the future with the present and the glamor of war held nothing to compare with what was already his. It was all against his temperament, his training, his ideals. No overflow of animal spirits could carry him easily out of the old life into the new. But duty called and he answered.

He enlisted in the Quartermaster's Department August 7, 1917, and was attached to the 301st Company, Motor Supply Train 401. Upon arrival in France he wrote his mother, "Dec. 5th, 12:40 A. M., our ship sailed out of New York harbor and landed us at San Nazarre."

He remained in France until his death, August 21, when after a single day's illness he "went West." He had written home: "I am gradually get-

ting accustomed to my new work. Upon this office devolves jurisdiction over all motor vehicles, repair shops, reserve parks, storage depots and operating personnel through the section. I know that it will prove interesting work."

It is gratifying to learn that his faithfulness and ability have been recognized by his superiors, a lieutenant's commission having been announced almost simultaneously with the news of his death. How exacting his task was may be learned from this extract from one of his letters, "The last and the first days of the months are busy days in Army offices, payrolls, strength reports, ration-returns and rosters all require much care and consideration and endless hours of work."

Concerning the part he played in this critical period of the world's life, a soldier-friend in Europe wrote, "He is doing a wonderful work and doing it well." His will to serve was stronger than his bodily strength. Doubly great then is the meed of praise that is his due.

In Archibald Smith flowered the finest traits of New England culture. The commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother" never was more sacredly kept. It was the keynote of his being. The signal conscientiousness manifested in his devoted attachment to brother and aunt as well as parents was the most pronounced feature of his character.

Modest, reverent, teachable, respecting the rights of others, but never self-assertive, he grew in wisdom and power until the end. With what distinctness are the very depths of his teachable nature revealed in the well-remembered words, spoken at the beginning of his business career: "I may not seem to be doing anything. I am just listening to father." His careful thoughtfulness, which weighed all things most scrupulously, was carried into every relation of life.

A beautiful courtesy lent distinction to his bearing. No one, rich or

poor, wise or ignorant, ever felt that the just respect due him was denied.

His innate refinement kept him from the coarser things, but pure democracy, for which he died, was also something by which he had always lived.

Reserved and self-contained as he may have seemed to strangers, those closest to him recognized how deep and warm were his affections. The love manifest in the inner circles of the home was transformed beyond their boundaries into undying friendship for his comrades.

Many a youthful soul has laid down his life for his native France, England, Belgium or Italy. Many another valiant boy from America has crossed the wide seas to fight and die by their side. But nowhere, on sea or land, or in the air, has a more knightly spirit answered to the summons of death than Archibald Lavender Smith.

We are told that the young men, who comprise our armies overseas, are to return to their homes, grander men than when they left them, because they have been baptized into a consciousness of the spiritual realities of existence. No doubt Archibald, had he lived to come back, would have returned with his realization of the religious value of life deeply enhanced. But when he left home, he marched away, not only a soldier of his country, but a soldier of the cross as well. Let me quote these characteristic words sent home: "I am thankful that you and my beloved father taught me the way and the wisdom of the Christian life. I am trying to live up to my ideals. It may be, that I will be called upon, to lay down my life, in this great struggle. I do not fear death, but I want to live for my loved ones."

From childhood up religion was a reality to him. He united with the Hillsborough Church September 10, 1905. I can see in memory, you too can see, the tall willowy figure moving graciously along these aisles, welcoming all who came. He could not

but have carried his religion with him, for it was a part of himself.

I have been proud this last year to think that the noble-minded young men of England and of France whom he might meet would find before them a typical young American at his best. He was the royal product of the democratic American home, community and church. He embodied American idealism. In an army that makes no distinction between rich and poor, Archibald marched side by side with his comrades.

He was conscious of what he was giving. He had much to give and he gave all, for he had learned that service of humanity crowned with love to God is the sum total of life's meaning. Last January he wrote: "I know what it is like to have a sense of duty calling you in two directions at once. If your soul is sincere, you must yield to the stronger call. That is what I did, and I found it to be a problem." (In letter of January 3.)

Amid the host of high-minded American boys, that have swept across the fields of France, or searched the ocean depths, or climbed the heights above the earth, there is not one more noble than he whom his native town crowns with loving honor today. Of perfect integrity, true as steel, unspoiled by prosperity, this young man, who kept the commandment to honor father and mother, should, we feel, have received the promise that "thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." But his memory will be long in the land.

The bell of Smith Memorial Church will sound-sweeter as the years go by.

His spirit and the spirits of his brave companions who have gone forth from Hillsborough to die in the cause of humanity will become a part of the very air we breathe. The roads about his native village, the hills and lakes and streams, with which he was so closely associated, will grow more beautiful. He will live, too, a source of inspiration in every word of truth and every act of right and liberty of this town.

Had he returned there is no honor that could come to him equal to the honor that has overtaken him in a foreign land and crowned in death.

Tradition has it that Lafayette requested that soil from Bunker Hill be brought to France for his last resting place and that in this holy earth he was buried.

The soil of America will not be less sacred—it will be more sacred—because the bodies of our beloved boys that, now that the war is over, are to be reverently borne back to their native land, have first for a little space slept in the glorious soil of France or Belgium, lands for which they have died, that they might be set free from tyranny and wrong.

"I with uncovered head salute the sacred
dead,
Who went and who return not. Say not so!
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expect-
ation."

A NEW NEW HAMPSHIRE NOVELIST

The list of books to be published in the spring by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, will include a novel, "The Old Gray Homestead," by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Mrs. Henry W. Keyes) of Haverhill, N. H. It is a matter of pride to the GRANITE MONTHLY that the first published

contributions of Mrs. Keyes were printed in this magazine; soon followed, however, by her appearance among the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals of national circulation. The appearance of her first novel will be awaited with much interest in her home state.

OFFICIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1919-1920

I

By Harlan C. Pearson

In one respect the biennial election of November, 1918, in New Hampshire, was of unique importance. Because of the death of United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, two members of the upper house of the national legislature were elected on the same ballot; one to complete Senator Gallinger's unexpired term until March 4, 1921, and the other to succeed Senator Henry F. Hollis, who was not a candidate for re-election, for the term ending March 4, 1925.

There were also chosen at the same time a new governor, two congressmen, the five members of the executive council, twenty-four state-senators, four hundred and six members of the state House of Representatives and eighty county officers.

Because of the lively contest for the Republican senatorial nomination, in which Governor Henry W. Keyes won from former Governor Rolland H. Spaulding by the narrow margin of three hundred votes, much interest was taken in the Republican primary, which continued, also, into the convention by which a candidate to succeed Senator Gallinger was chosen.

The fact that there was no sharp rivalry for the Democratic nominations gave the leaders of that party an opportunity to bring about the selection of a strong ticket, headed by former Congressman Eugene E. Reed and Chairman John B. Jameson of the Public Safety Committee for the senatorial seats; State Senator Nathaniel E. Martin of Concord, one of the leaders of the state bar, for governor; and two young lawyers of eloquence and vote-getting ability, William N. Rogers of Wakefield and Harry F. Lake of Concord, for congressmen.

The Liberty Loan campaign and the influenza epidemic occupied the public attention so completely during the month of October that the political campaign was one of the shortest on record and entirely out of proportion to the importance of the issues and offices at stake.

Former Mayor Dwight Hall of Dover, who managed the Republican campaign of 1914, which elected Governor Spaulding and Senator Gallinger, was called back to the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee, and City Solicitor Alexander Murchie succeeded as the Democratic Committee chairman his brother, Major Robert C. Murchie, who was in France with the American Expeditionary Force.

The period of active campaigning covered less than a fortnight, but in that time rallies were held in all the principal centers, the newspapers carried a record-breaking amount of political advertising and the rival committees managed to spend about \$20,000 each with the aggregate of the expenditures by individual candidates amounting to as much more.

President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt wrote letters asking for support for the Democratic and Republican candidates, respectively, and former President Taft came to New Hampshire to speak for the Republicans. United States senators and congressmen, cabinet members and other political leaders of national fame also were heard on the stump, and the suffragists and anti-suffragists took a prominent part in the fray.

The result was that in spite of the absence of 17,000 New Hampshire men in the army and navy, only a few of whom were reached by the soldiers' voting law, the total vote passed the 71,000 mark. The Re-

GOVERNOR JOHN H. BARTLETT

publicans made almost a clean sweep by majorities of from 1,000 to 6,000, the highest office to which a Democrat was elected being the seat in the executive council from the Manchester district.

The printing of brief sketches of the men who will make up New Hampshire officialdom in 1919 and 1920 is begun herewith and will continue in subsequent issues.

Governor-elect John Henry Bartlett was born in Sunapee, March 15, 1869, the son of John Z. and Sophronia (Sargent) Bartlett. He attended the public schools, Colby Academy, in the neighboring town of New London, and Dartmouth College, where he was a prominent member of what has since become known as the famous class of 1894. After graduation, while studying law, he supported himself by teaching and was principal of grammar and high schools in Portsmouth for four years. Admitted to the bar in 1898, and becoming a partner of Judge Calvin Page, he has attained a high degree of success in that profession. He was postmaster of Portsmouth for two terms under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Always an ardent Republican he served as chairman of the party city committee at Portsmouth and as a member of the state committee. He was chairman of the state convention of 1916 and a member of the House of Representatives of 1917, serving on the committee on the judiciary. He was the author of some of the most important pieces of legislation of the session and made some of its most notable speeches. From the entrance of this country into the world war he devoted almost his whole time to patriotic service in whatever capacity he was most needed. He was nominated for governor in the Republican primary without opposition and the majority by which he was elected in November was the largest of that of any candidate on the ticket. Colonel Bartlett

gained' his military title by service on the staff of Governor John McLane. He is a Mason, Knight Templar, Knight of Pythias, Patron of Husbandry, member of the Portsmouth Athletic Club, the Warwick Club, the Theta Delta Chi college fraternity and the Casque and Gauntlet senior society at Dartmouth. He is a trustee of Colby Academy and of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company. Colonel Bartlett married Agnes, daughter of Judge Calvin Page, and they have one son, Calvin Page Bartlett, a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Mrs. Bartlett is Portsmouth's war historian and an accomplished genealogist. Governor Bartlett was reared a Methodist, but since his marriage has attended the Unitarian Church. The large measure of professional, political and personal success which he has achieved has been the result of hard work, diligent and thorough study, a keen brain and an eloquent tongue. All these qualifications will contribute to his equipment for the governorship and make it possible for him to shed new luster upon the family name he bears, one of the most distinguished in New Hampshire history.

United States Senator Henry F. Hollis was elected by the Legislature of 1913, just before the adoption of the constitutional amendment for the election of senators by the people, for the term ending March 4, 1919. He is, and has been for some months, in Europe on a diplomatic mission, and, for personal reasons, was not a candidate for reelection.

Senator Hollis was born in Concord, August 30, 1869. He received his preliminary education at the Concord high school and with a private tutor at Concord, Mass. He graduated, *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa, from Harvard University in the class of 1892, with the degree of A.B., and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in the following March.

Since that time he has practised law in Concord, with especial success in the trial of large personal injury cases in the state and federal courts.

Up to the time of his election as Senator, Mr. Hollis had held but one elective office, that of member of the Concord school board; but he had been the candidate of the Democratic party for Congress and for governor

regarded by his colleagues as of such value that he was made chairman of the sub-committee on rural credits and became the father of the important legislation on that subject.

The Free Tolls Bill, the Federal Trade Commission Bill, the Shipping Bill and various war measures on President Wilson's program have been the subject of important speeches

United States Senator Henry F. Hollis

and was its recognized state leader after 1900.

Immediately following his arrival in Washington, Senator Hollis took a prominent part in the consideration of the new tariff bill and made a speech concerning the textile industry in New Hampshire which attracted wide attention. The Federal Reserve Banking Act next received his attention and his work upon it was

by Senator Hollis in the upper house of the national legislature and he also has made addresses in various parts of the country which have attracted wide attention. In October, 1914, he was appointed a regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

Following the passage of his Farm Loan Act, the New Republic said in May, 1916, "Senator Hollis has established a place for himself on the

roll, none too long, of constructive American legislators through his work in preparing and securing the passage in the Senate of the Rural Credits Bill that bears his name."

Governor Henry W. Keyes, elected to succeed Senator Hollis, was born in Newbury, Vt., May 23, 1863. He was educated in the Boston public schools, at Milton Academy and at Harvard College, receiving the degree

the farm with Holstein-Friesian cattle, personally selected by him in Europe, and has made it a model establishment of up-to-date agriculture and stock-breeding.

Public affairs, however, have engrossed much of his time. From 1894 to 1918 he was continuously selectman of his town. He represented it in the Legislatures of 1891, 1893 and 1915 and was a member of the state Senate in 1903. From that year

United States Senator Henry W. Keyes

of Bachelor of Arts from that institution in 1887. While of creditable scholastic standing, Mr. Keyes was especially prominent in the athletic and social life of the university, being captain and afterwards coach of the 'varsity crew and first marshal of his class for Commencement Week.

After graduation Mr. Keyes elected to follow the life of a farmer upon the broad and fertile acres of the estate which his father had founded at North Haverhill upon the banks of the Connecticut river. He stocked

until 1913 he was a member of the State License Commission and in 1915 and 1916 was its chairman. He also has served as a trustee of the State College at Durham and has received from that institution the honorary degree of LL.D., while Dartmouth has made him a Master of Arts.

Important business positions held by Governor Keyes include those of director of the New England Telephone Company, president of the Sullivan County Railroad, president of the Passumpsic and Connecticut

Rivers Railroad, president of the Woodsville National Bank, vice-president of the Nashua River Paper Company, director of the United Life and Accident Insurance Company, etc.

Governor Keyes is a Mason and Patron of Husbandry and by religious affiliation an Episcopalian. He married at Newbury, Vt., June

attention at his hands and he established a new record in the way of frictionless relations between the chief executive and his council and with the General Court.

United States Senator George Higgins Moses was born at Lubec, Me., February 9, 1869. His father, the late Rev. T. G. Moses, soon removing

United States Senator George H. Moses

8, 1904, Frances Parkinson Wheeler, and they have three fine sons, Henry W., Jr., John P. and Francis.

As a "war governor" Senator-elect Keyes was most successful, and the authorities at Washington have been prompt and cordial in acknowledging the thorough coöperation of the state of New Hampshire in all war measures. The affairs of state not connected with the war also received careful

to Franklin, this state, the son was educated in the high school there, at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Dartmouth College, class of 1890. Immediately upon graduation, Mr. Moses joined the editorial staff of the *Concord Evening Monitor*, beginning a connection which continued almost twenty-eight years and which included all grades of editorial service and responsibility, and, since 1898,

a half ownership in the property. In the earlier years of his journalistic work, Mr. Moses was a frequent contributor to the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, as well as to other magazines, and his historical sketches of New Hampshire towns are among the best features of certain volumes of this periodical.

The natural inclination of Senator Moses for participation in politics showed itself early in his life and before he had attained his majority he was secretary to Governor David H. Goodell during the legislative session of 1889. And in 1890, as secretary of Chairman Frank C. Churchill of the Republican state committee, he began a connection with that body which in continuous, intimate, valuable service is approached by but one other man in the New Hampshire.

From 1893 to 1907 Senator Moses was secretary of the New Hampshire state forestry commission. In 1905, during the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations at Portsmouth he acted as secretary to Governor John McLane of New Hampshire. In 1908 he was delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention at Chicago; and in 1909 the nominee of that convention, President William H. Taft, appointed Mr. Moses envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the kingdoms of Greece and Montenegro.

Returning from that mission in November, 1912, Mr. Moses engaged in building up the commercial relations between this country and Greece, while acting as the fiscal agent of the latter country in the United States. He also became the active head of the National Republican Publicity Association, with headquarters at Washington, and was engaged in that work at the time he became a candidate for the Senate. Originally a candidate in the primary for the succession to Senator Hollis, Mr. Moses withdrew from that race after the death of Senator Gallinger and transferred his campaign to the

convention which made the nomination for the unfinished term. This was a successful piece of political strategy characteristic of Mr. Moses's keenness in sizing up a situation.

Senator Moses is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry and of clubs in various cities. He attends the Congregationalist Church. On October 3, 1893, he married Miss Florence A. Gordon of Franklin and they have one son, Gordon, a midshipman in the United States Naval Academy.

Edward Hills Wason of Nashua, elected for his third term in the national House of Representatives, was born in New Boston, September 2, 1865, the son of the late George A. and Clara Louise (Hills) Wason. He was educated in the town schools of New Boston, at Francestown Academy and at the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, from which he graduated in 1886 and of which he has been an alumni trustee since July, 1906.

He studied law with George B. French at the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in 1890, being admitted to the New Hampshire bar in the same year. He has practised his profession since that time with marked success in the city of Nashua and at the same time has owned and managed one of the best farms in the state, situated in a suburb of the city. He has been president of the Nashua and Greenfield fairs and in very many ways has shown his interest in agriculture, an interest which has received appreciative notice in his appointment at Washington as a member of the very important House Committee on Agriculture.

From his youth Congressman Wason has been intensely interested in public affairs and thoroughly convinced of the necessity for the success of the Republican party principles in order that the prosperity of the nation shall continue. He was sergeant-at-arms of the New Hampshire State

Senate in 1887 and 1889, assistant clerk in 1891 and 1893 and clerk in 1895. In 1891 he was chosen a member of the Nashua board of education and became its president in 1895. He served as city solicitor of Nashua, county solicitor of Hillsborough

second degree Mason, Knight of Pythias, Patron of Husbandry and Elk; president of the Nashua Institution for Savings and the Nashua Coal and Coke Company and a member of the Nashua Country Club. He is unmarried.

Congressman Edward H. Wason

County and two years as president of the Nashua city council.

A member of the House of Representative of New Hampshire in 1899, 1909 and 1913 and a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1912, Mr. Wason so thoroughly impressed the people of the state with his fitness for valuable service as a legislator that his promotion to the national arena at Washington was fore-ordained.

Congressman Wason is a thirty-

Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, reelected to Congress from the First New Hampshire District, was born in Dunbarton, February 6, 1870, the son of John H. and Helen M. (Baker) Burroughs. He attended the town schools of Dunbarton and Bow and prepared at the Concord high school for Dartmouth College, from which institution he graduated with high honors and the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1894. While at college he was especially distinguished

as a speaker, but was prominent in various activities.

After graduation he went to Washington as secretary to his uncle, the late Congressman Henry M. Baker, at the same time studying law and receiving the degrees of Bachelor of Laws and Master of Laws from Columbian University. Admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1897, he has practised his profession since that year in the city of Manchester most of the time as a member of the lead-

an opinion shared by the voters of his district, as shown by his reelection in November.

No man in the state has shown a greater degree of interest in its progress along all worthy lines than has Congressman Burroughs and few have given to such causes an equal amount of time and energy. He was a member of the state board of charities and corrections from 1901 to 1917 and its chairman after 1911 and is now the president of the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society. He is an Episcopalian and a trustee of the diocesan Orphans' Home; a thirty-second degree Mason and a member of various clubs. He married, April 21, 1898, Helen S. Phillips, and they have four sons, Robert P., John H., Sherman E., Jr., and Henry B., the oldest of whom is now following in his father's footsteps at Dartmouth.

Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs

ing firm headed by Hon. David A. Taggart.

In 1901 he was a member of the Legislature from his old home town of Bow and served with distinction on the judiciary committee, also taking a prominent part in the debates of the session; but with this exception he found no time for political service until his election to the national House in 1917 to fill out the unexpired term of the late Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway. In the brief period of his official residence at Washington he already has established himself firmly in the estimation of his colleagues as a valuable member;

Stephen W. Clow of Wolfeboro, elected to the executive council from the First District, comprising the counties of Carroll, Coös and Grafton, was born in Wolfeboro, April 2, 1866, and was educated in the district schools and at Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy, a famous school half a century ago. He always has resided in Wolfeboro and is recognized as one of the town's best and most substantial citizens. He has served the town more years as selectman than has any other man in its history and now holds that office. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1893, serving on the committees on Military Affairs and Industrial School, and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1902. For six years he has been a commissioner of Carroll County. Councilor Clow always has been a Republican and a firm believer in the party principles.

Mr. Clow is extensively engaged in farming and lumbering and owns and operates the box and sawmill at Wolfeboro, doing a general mill business.

In addition he handles outside operations to the extent of from three million to five million feet of lumber a year, and is the largest single em-

son of Honorable Aaron and Ariannah Barstow Whittemore, being the great-grandson of a Revolutionary soldier and the great-great-grandson of Pembroke's first minister, Rev. Aaron Whittemore, who was ordained in 1737. On his mother's side he is descended from Elder William Brewster of Plymouth. Councilor Whittemore was educated at Pembroke Academy and the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1879, having practiced his profession with consistent and marked success since that date.

A director and a trustee of the Strafford National and Strafford Savings banks, of Dover, he rendered distinguished service as receiver of the Dover National Bank in 1895 and also

Councilor Stephen W. Clow

ployer of labor in Wolfeboro, as well as the largest owner of real estate and heaviest taxpayer in the town. Always taking a deep and active interest in the welfare of Wolfeboro he has had a prominent part in the development of its summer business and takes just pride in its success.

Councilor Clow is a member of Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, of the Masonic order, and of the Eastern Star. He attends the Advent Church. He and his wife have two daughters and a son, Captain Fred E. Clow of the Medical Reserve Corps, a leading medical practitioner of Carroll County, who was a member of the local draft board under the selective service act prior to his enlistment.

Arthur Gilman Whittemore, councilor from the second district, was born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, the

Councilor Arthur G. Whittemore

assisted in reorganizing the Somersworth National Bank. He was water commissioner of Dover from 1887 until his election as mayor in 1900. He served three terms in that office and while mayor was also elected representative to the Legislature of 1903, serving on the committee on the

judiciary, which was made also the committee on liquor laws. From 1903 until 1911 Mr. Whittemore was a member of the state railroad commission.

He married June 21, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett of Dover, and they have two children, Lieutenant Manvel Whittemore, U. S. A., a Dartmouth graduate, and Caroline, a member of the senior class at Radcliffe College. Mr. Whittemore is an Episcopalian and a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Bellamy Club, Dover, and the Derryfield Club, Manchester. He has been president of the New Hampshire Genealogical Society and governor of the Society of Colonial Wars in the state of New Hampshire.

Councillor John G. Welpley

In the council of Governor John H. Bartlett, as was the case with the council of Governor Henry W. Keyes, there is one Democrat, furnished by the city of Manchester. Mayor Moise Verrette, who represented the third councillor district in 1917 and 1918, is succeeded by John G. Welp-

ley, who will occupy the chair for the years 1919 and 1920. Mr. Welpley was born in Manchester, March 1, 1868, and educated in the public schools of that city. For more than twenty-five years he was in business as a barber on Granite Square. He is interested in real estate and is a notary and justice of the peace; his ability as a linguist adding to his business qualifications.

Councillor Welpley has been prominent in trades union matters for many years and was the first state organizer of the J. B. I. U. of A. He is especially well known as an entertainer, both as a vocal soloist and as a reader, and as a member of the Imperial Male Quartette, a leading vaudeville, minstrel and concert attraction. Mr. Welpley was a member of the once famous Bradley Lyceum of Manchester; was secretary and member of the board of directors of the West Side Reading Room for seven years; and secretary of the West Manchester Taxpayers' Association.

The councillor has been a delegate to many labor and political conventions and is a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1918. He is a member of the executive committee of the Ward 11, Manchester, Democratic Club, but has not been an active aspirant for political office for himself. Fifty prominent men of his party in the third district petitioned for his nomination for councillor, he was unopposed at the primary, and defeated that well-known Manchester attorney City Solicitor Charles D. Barnard at the November election.

Councillor Welpley is married and the father of two children. He is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry.

General John Henry Brown of Concord, councillor for the fifth district, was born in Bridgewater, May 20, 1850, the seventeenth and youngest child of Deacon James Brown, and was educated in the town schools and at New Hampton Institution.

He moved to Bristol with his parents in 1867 and in 1872 married Marietta S., daughter of Joseph and Sally (Cram) Lougee. He was in trade in Bristol for a number of years and

Henry W. Keyes, caused by the death of Hon. Edward H. Carroll, General Brown was elected without opposition; and at the regular election in November he was chosen to serve in Governor Bartlett's council by a majority of 2,129.

Councilor Brown is a thirty-second degree Mason and Shriner and a member of the Wonolancet Club, Concord. He is an extensive owner of real estate in Ward Six, Concord, where he and Mrs. Brown have a handsome home on South Spring Street. A successful business man and competent public official, General Brown also has, and well deserves, the reputation of being one of the most sagacious political leaders in the state.

Councilor John H. Brown

later was engaged in the lumber business and as a land surveyor. In 1881-82 he was a railway mail clerk and from 1882 to 1885, post-master at Bristol, where he was selectman for eight years, deputy sheriff, four years, and representative to the Legislature of 1891.

He was freight and claim agent for the Boston, Concord & Montreal and Boston & Maine railroads for many years, during which he removed to Concord, of which city he was post-master from 1905 to 1917. He was commissary general on the staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel, 1895-96; delegate to the Republican national convention of 1896 and an "original McKinley man"; presidential elector in 1900; and delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918.

At a special election to fill the vacancy in the council of Governor

Councilor Windsor H. Goodnow

Honorable Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, councilor from the fourth district, is one of the leading merchants and business men of south-western New Hampshire. Born in Lyme, December 11, 1863, he spent his boyhood in East Jaffrey, where he attended the public schools, afterwards beginning his business career in the

general store in which his brother, Hon. Walter L. Goodnow, was a partner. On attaining his majority he became a partner in the W. L. Goodnow Company, now Goodnow Brothers Company, which controls a chain of fourteen department stores in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, employing in the aggregate six hundred people.

For twenty-five years Mr. Goodnow has been a respected and influential resident of the city of Keene, which he served two years in the city council, one year as its president. In 1903 he was a member of the state House of Representatives and in 1911 of the state Senate.

Councilor Goodnow is deeply in-

terested in agricultural pursuits and is a member of the executive committee of the Cheshire County Farm Bureau. He is a director of the Ashuelot National Bank, of the Keene Development Company and of the Keene Commercial Club and is a trustee of the Keene Savings Bank, and of the Keene Academy Fund.

Mr. Goodnow is affiliated with the Masonic Order through Charity Lodge of East Jaffrey, the chapter and commandery in Keene and Bektash temple of the Mystic Shrine at Concord. He is also a member of the Elks, Odd Fellows and Red Men and of the Wentworth Club. His religious connection is with the First Baptist Church of Keene of which he is a trustee.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LAUREL

By E. R. Sheldrick

More hardy than the holly,
Or the climbing mistletoe,
Our dark green laurel glistens
Above the Christmas snow.

When springtime wakes the flowers
And roses come in June
Then is the sturdy laurel
All sweet with rosy bloom.

And now though snow shrouds cover
The earth, all dead and sere,
Like the promise of the laurel
Comes the dawning of the year.

Wilton, N. H.



EDITORIAL

Fifty volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY fill the bookshelves before us in honorable and impressive array, as we write. Sets similarly complete are among the prized possessions of the best libraries, public and private, in our state. Those who have consulted them most often are best aware of the treasures of historical and biographical information and the large amount of good literature to be found within their covers. So far as our information goes, no other state in the Union has a state magazine with an equal record of continuous publication and steady devotion to a single purpose.

That the GRANITE MONTHLY has been able to make such a record has been due in very large measure to the historical learning, the journalistic ability, the unselfish devotion and the unshaken patience and perseverance of one man, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf. He founded the magazine and during most of its life has been both its editor and publisher. The monetary return from his labors has not been large, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that no other man of his time has done work of equal value in ascertaining, recording and preserving for posterity the accurate annals of New Hampshire. To say nothing of the several admirable books of history and biography, which bear his name as author, editor or compiler, and upon the most ambitious of which he now is engaged, the fifty volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY form a life work monument of which any man well might be proud.

The new editor and publisher of the GRANITE MONTHLY realizes that he cannot hope to continue Mr. Metcalf's work upon the same lines with

similar success. But he has lived in New Hampshire all his life; his active newspaper work for twenty-five years has been a daily, practical study of the people and the places, the resources and the problems, of New Hampshire; he loves the Granite State, reveres her past, believes in her future; and proposes to give his utmost efforts to making the GRANITE MONTHLY an instrument of some utility for the welfare of our commonwealth.

To preserve the past, to picture the present, to plan for the future, of New Hampshire, will be the mission and the motto of the GRANITE MONTHLY under its present direction.

If it is to be able to do this, it must have as much support, at least, from the people of New Hampshire and the friends of the Granite State, as it has had in the past. This means an increased subscription price; because in no business has the purchasing power of a dollar decreased in greater proportion than in magazine publication. No one cares to listen to a demonstration of this problem. Everyone has troubles of his own on the same line. But the fact remains that two dollars a year for the GRANITE MONTHLY does not mean as much to the publisher today as one dollar did when the magazine was founded.

So we feel compelled to increase the price of the MONTHLY to twenty cents a copy and two dollars a year; but at the same time we make this offer in good faith: To any paid in advance subscriber who at the end of the year feels that he has not received his money's worth, we will refund, cheerfully and without argument, his two dollars.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

One of the best of the "war books," and one the interest, timeliness and value of which have not been decreased by the ending of hostilities, is "The Fighting Fleets," written by Ralph D. Paine, representative in the New Hampshire Legislature of 1919

seasick he would be if he took a cruise in that flotilla!

However, he took that cruise and many others with our American sea fighters across the Atlantic. He went with full credentials from the Navy Department and the Committee on Public Information; he saw all there was to see, he heard all there was to hear; and with admirable discretion, but tremendous interest, he has told the story, a story that will thrill every true American with pride for our Navy, ships and men. It did not take long, after we once got into the war, for the information to spread that our Navy was doing itself proud. We believed it, we were glad of it, but as to the details of it we were more than a bit hazy. Mr. Paine in his book supplies some of these details, many of them, and for every one of them we are glad.

With him we can sail the sea hunting for the enemy and protecting the bridge of ships; we can go down in submarines, we can go up in sea planes, and, now and then, we can touch land again, in Ireland, on the English North Sea coast, in Brittany, at Dunkirk; and everywhere we find quiet bravery, heroic devotion to duty, mingled with unquenched humor and that American spirit, which, according to Kipling, fears not to shake the iron hand of Fate. There is grim tragedy in some of Mr. Paine's pages; in others there is fresh emphasis upon the hellishness of the Huns; but the dominant note of the book is the willingness, the readiness and the ability of the American Navy to do the great work which it had to do in the world war. Just as Mr. Paine himself was able, willing and ready, to fill the great war reporting assignment of which this book is the result.

Ralph D. Paine

from the town of Durham. Mr. Paine has been a war correspondent for twenty years, beginning in Cuba in 1898, a boy four years out of college, and afterwards watching the Boxers in China, the Russians and the Japs, the Greeks and the Turks, the Slavs and the Teutons. Also, he was a sailor years before he was a writer, and he has been in everything afloat from a Yale 'varsity boat to a blockade runner. No wonder he was indignant when a destroyer commander condoled with him about how

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MRS. SOPHIA D. HALL

Mrs. Sophia Dodge Hall, wife of Colonel Daniel Hall of Dover, died at their home in that city on Sunday afternoon, December 1, after a long and painful illness, borne with great resignation. Her activity in good works and for the public welfare was known and appreciated throughout the state and she is widely and sincerely mourned. Mrs. Hall

Mrs. Hall's name headed the list of charter members of Sawyer Woman's Relief Corps, when it was organized at Dover in 1886, and she was its first president. In 1892-93 she was president of the New Hampshire Department, W. R. C. In 1892 she was appointed by the governor of the state to represent New Hampshire upon the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago and

The Late Mrs. Sophia D. Hall

was born in Rochester, August 16, 1842, the daughter of Jonathan T. and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge, and was a graduate of Abbott Academy for young women at Andover, Mass. An excellent singer, she often was heard as a soloist at patriotic meetings in Strafford county in the days of the Civil War.

Her wedding to Colonel Hall took place January 25, 1877, and their more than forty years of happiness together were passed in the beautiful home which Colonel Hall had built for his bride on Summer street in Dover. Their one son is Arthur W. Hall, attorney-at-law, of Dover.

her work there was unexcelled in success by that of any of her fellow members in that famous board.

Among her many good works was the collection of \$5,000 for furnishing the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home at Tilton, in which she was much interested. She was chairman of the board of managers of the Wentworth Home for the Aged at Dover from its organization to her death. One of the founders of the Dover Woman's Club, she was for four years its president. The Northam Colonists and Margery Sullivan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution were organi-

sations which enlisted her active support, because of her intelligent interest in history and her appreciation of the importance of its preservation and study. Of marked ability and efficient zeal in all the varied activities which she undertook, Mrs. Hall's chief charm was found, nevertheless, as one has written who knew her well, "in her warm and benevolent heart and her friendship and charity for all."

She had great executive ability and lent all the energies of her nature to whatever she undertook. "Service" was the keynote of her life, and she could truly say:

"I live for those who love me,
And those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the Future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

She loved her home and was a model housekeeper, her house always a synonym of neatness and order; and she was proud of the fact that no one ever went away from her door hungry. Altruism was the strength and accent of her character. "She stretches out her hand to the poor; yea, she stretches forth her hands to the needy."

CAPTAIN WILKIE I. ELLIOTT

Captain Wilkie I. Elliott of Nashua died of cancer in an army hospital in France, November 14. He was born in Nashville, Tenn., January 22, 1868, but came to Nashua as a child with his parents. Enlisting for the Spanish American War in 1898, he remained in the Army for seven years. Returning to Nashua, he identified himself with Company I of the New Hampshire National Guard and soon became its captain. He led the company in Mexican border service during the trouble there and at the beginning of the recent war was made a recruiting officer, in July, 1917. He sailed for France, March 25, 1918, and on arrival there was detailed to the military postal service for which his civil life experience particularly fitted him.

JOSEPH LEWANDO

Former State Senator Joseph Lewando, who, in the days of his activity, was one of the best known men in the state, died at his home in Wolfeboro, November 19, after a long illness. He was born in Boston, Mass., December 3, 1850, and at the age of twenty assumed the management of his father's dye house in that city. Removing to Mount Tabor, Oregon, he resided there for eight years, filling many important positions, and then came to Wolfeboro, his home since 1882. He was

vice-president and director of the Wolfeboro National Bank and for many years a general merchant on a large scale. He was many years town treasurer, served in the House of Representatives in 1897, where he was chairman of the committee on banks, and in the state Senate of 1903; and was an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1902. He was captain of the local military company in 1883; and was prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship. A widow and two children survive him.

EUGENE B. WORTHEN

Eugene B. Worthen, one of the oldest and best known of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company overseers, died at his home in Manchester recently. He was born in New London in 1846, but went to Manchester upon attaining his majority and had been employed there ever since with the exception of a few months, having been an Amoskeag overseer since 1873. He had served in the city council and was a member of the Legislature of 1909. One of the oldest and most prominent Odd Fellows in the state, he had served as grand patriarch of the grand encampment and as representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

DR. C. W. CLEMENT

Dr. Chauncey W. Clement, born in Dunham, Que., in 1841, died, December 9, in Manchester, where he had resided since 1864, following graduation from the Boston Dental College. One of the oldest and best known dentists in the state, he was a man of many other varied interests, a lover of the drama, a skilled hunter and angler, and active in fraternal orders, being a charter member of Manchester Lodge of Elks and belonging also to the Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Grange, Amoskeag Veterans, Derryfield Club, etc. He was an extensive owner of real estate at York Beach, Me., and in Cuba, where he had a plantation on which he spent many winters.

LESTER C. DOLE

Lester Carrington Dole, one of the best known athletic instructors in America, died, December 10, at his home at St. Paul's School in Concord. He was born in Meriden, Conn., July 8, 1855, and came to St. Paul's forty years ago, upon the erection of the gymnasium there, as the school's first director of athletics. There he had remained ever since, developing athletes who afterwards attained international fame, especially as oarsmen and hockey players. All of the thousands of "old boys" of the school knew him and loved him. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Paul L. Dole of Windsor, Conn., and Lieutenant Richard C. Dole, who is at Nice, France, with the 304th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

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The

Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

Government Ownership: A Symposium

By

Allen Hollis

Jesse M. Barton

Calvin Page

& Clarence E. Carr

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP: A SYMPOSIUM

I

By Allen Hollis

Government ownership or permanent operation of railroads as opposed to private ownership and operation, more or less under public control, apparently presents only questions of expediency. Which method of supplying the people with this indispensable service promises to produce the most satisfactory results?

Among the arguments in favor of public ownership are:

1. The government can obtain abundant funds at a low interest rate.
2. It can handle all the railroad facilities as a unit with such subdivisions as may be logical.
3. The manipulation of railroad securities will cease.
4. The government motive will be to supply good service rather than to make profits.
5. Private enterprise can accomplish nothing which the government can not do as well or better.

Theoretically, all these reasons are sound. In practice none but the first has been realized, and this advantage is said to be offset by the larger cost of doing construction work under government methods.

After all, the discussion narrows down to the question of efficiency. Good service is the most important factor in the problem. While efficient management has not characterized all railroad operation in this country, the great weight of opinion among intelligent and unprejudiced people is that government operations are rarely either economical or efficient.

Men in government service as a rule do not display the same interest, industry and initiative which have made American business a success. Politics, red tape, human nature are to blame. Unless this difficulty can be overcome, government ownership will not satisfy anyone except timid investors who would like to get government securities in place of their depreciated railroad stocks and bonds.

Government ownership, like other ideals of what we call socialism, will succeed when the individual has reached such a high stage of moral development, that he will work as hard for the general good as he will for the security of himself and his family. Most people in this country do not think that time has yet arrived.

It is quite possible that government ownership, though undesirable, may be the only solution for the railroad problems which now exist. If private enterprise does not find the job attractive, the government will be obliged to do it; and this will depend on whether Congress can and will devise amendments to existing laws which will permit private capital to have an assurance of reasonable returns, give to private management a fair measure of elasticity, and allow such rearrangement of railway systems and terminals as to enable existing facilities to be used to best advantage. These amendments, however, must at the same time safeguard the public from the kind of abuses which uncontrolled monopoly knows how to impose.

As the railroads are now in the care of the government, which alone has the financial strength and legal authority needed to keep them in operation under the present stress in finance, labor, business and politics, it would appear to be the part of wisdom not to return them to private hands until they have been strengthened to receive them by these necessary amendments. In the meantime the people are receiving valuable enlightenment as to the practical effects of government operation of railroads which will go far to reconcile them to a return to private management.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Hollis, who is one of the leading members of the New Hampshire bar, is largely interested in public utilities and is recognized as an expert upon their problems. Forest, water-power and waterways development also have held his attention to the public benefit. He is a director of the Federal Reserve Bank, Boston. In politics he is a Republican of what have been called Progressive tendencies.

II

By Jesse M. Barton

As a distinctly qualifying statement, it should be said at the outset, that I know nothing about the financing and operation of railroads, and like the bulk of the traveling public do not own a share of stock in any railroad corporation. I am, therefore, associating myself with the large majority who, constantly, or from time to time, criticise adversely the manner in which our railroad men perform their duties. With this admission, one can not reasonably expect anything in the line of constructive suggestions, assuming that the subject would admit remarks of such a character.

Primarily, railroads were a distinctly private enterprise undertaken by men of energy and forethought with an idea of making money out of the business of transporting freight and passengers for cash, a field heretofore occupied, if not monopolized, by the stage coach and the six horse wagon.

From a hazardous mode of travel and a doubtful venture in finance, the railroad has been adopted by the people as their common carrier, and its securities have found lodgment in the strong boxes of the most conservative investors.

A few years ago William Jennings Bryan, having just returned from Germany where he had made a study of railroads, declared himself in favor of government ownership of railroads and tried to commit his party to this program. His effort was received with general disapprobation by men of affairs throughout the nation, while those who had clung to their idol through his free silver experience, seeing a lot of good in him and hoping he would eventually develop a sound business judgment, surrendered unconditionally. The Republican party waxed strong on this new evidence that the Democratic leader was an unsafe guide, if not of unsound mind. The Socialists alone hugged each other with delight as they saw in the glow of Bryan's oratory the flare of the great lights of their millennium.

Then followed the era of trust busting and investigation when the railroad came in with the rest of "big business" for its share of public scandal. This short era was clearly as destructive of public enterprise as the twenty-five years next previous had been constructive and the damage it wrought in tearing down structures of monumental achievement in all great fields of endeavor, reared by men whom we had proudly styled "Captains of Industry," was so tremendous as to be impossible of calculation, while it effectually strangled every ambition to reach out and do things on a big scale either in old or undeveloped fields.

Next we drifted, watched and waited till the nation was drawn into the vortex of the great European War. In this crisis, as a purely war measure, so we were told, the government took over the railroads for the duration of the war. Since Bryan's fam-

ous "break" on the public ownership of railroads, the socialistic spirit has taken hold of the minds of enough professors and politicians to enable them to make quite a stir in favor of such a course, and they realize that now is the most opportune time, while the government is in possession of the railroads, to press their case.

Probably half, if not three-quarters, of the people do not care whether our railroads are operated by corporations or by the government, or by the executor of the will of Julius Caesar. They simply want to start and get there, and to have their freight reach its destination within a reasonable time. Others there are, however, who feel that the question of government ownership of railroads is deeply involved, extending even to a change in our form of government.

Summoned on the spur of the moment to write these lines, and limited in the space I may occupy, I can but briefly assign my objections to the government of the United States operating the railroads of the land.

If we own the railroads we must buy and pay for them. This means that the people will need to dig down again for billions of money. Bonds would of course be issued, and on these interest would have to be paid probably to the end of time, or until some wiser generation should discover our mistake and coincidentally a buyer who would take the rails at a bargain, and leave the people to retire the balance of the bonds by some new scheme of taxation. Everyone knows that the government is extravagant. Money comes easy. The only business which the government has managed for any length of time has been the post office and it is common knowledge that this department has met actual expenses only a few years since it was organized. Just as soon as the department comes out ahead of the game, some way is devised for either cutting off revenue or boosting expenses so that it gets back into the deficiency class where it really feels at

home. If this is true in the post office department, what ghost of a show has the railroad department to break even? Millions of employees, ranging from the manager to the track walker, will have to be watched and paid, repairs, new equipment and extensions will be needed, and interest on billions of bonds will have to be provided for. If a strike should come just before election, one can see, without a very fertile imagination, where the money that had been laid aside for dividends would go. If now we have to sit up nights and work Sundays to keep the government from dredging brooks for water-ways, just to satisfy some influential representative's constituency and give employment to uneasy labor, one can easily see how a little branch railroad into some back "district" would be a small item in the large budget. And so the money would go, and the dear people would pay the bills.

Then, too, the railroad management would be exceedingly liable to change materially at every new election or change in administration. Why not? Postmasters change at such times, except a few little one horse affairs placed in grocery stores in the small back towns, where the occupants may hold by virtue of efficiency as tested under the civil service laws, but these may be changed by executive order to suit the whim of the politicians. My what a chance when the railroads get into politics!

Not only would the President reward his chief lieutenants with the largest jobs, but the senators could look out for the big state jobs, while the representatives could take care of station agents, freight handlers, crossing tenders and section men. Conductors, engineers and trainmen might be open to the field.

If one administration should be in power for eight years and handle the labor question satisfactorily, the people would have to bid good by to the traditional two term limit for our

chief executive, and look to Mexico to see how long a President may continue his term in office.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Judge Jesse M. Barton of Newport, president of the New Hampshire State Senate of 1917 and recently acting Governor, during the illness of the Chief Executive of the state, is remembered in railroad circles as one of those who sought to bring about railroad competition in New England through construction of branches of the Grand Trunk railroads to terminals on our sea coast. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1912.

III

By Calvin Page

If there are any reasons why an intelligent citizen, who has only the best interests of the country at heart, should favor government ownership of the railroads I must confess that I have never seen these reasons plainly stated so that the ordinary man or woman can understand them.

I think I am stating an absolute fact, which experience has fully demonstrated in this country, when I say that the government has never been and never can be able to own and conduct any public service, with the same ability and economy as it has been and is conducted by the private individual. Politics and favoritism must necessarily enter into and control a government ownership of any business, and instead of having men thoroughly trained and fitted for the work, politicians and favorites of the government authorities hold the positions and control the business. No matter how good a man is at the head of an institution the result of his management must be a failure when the duties which those under him are expected to perform are committed to politicians and incompetents who are backed by those who can control the head.

It is also a well-known fact that, in every branch of the government service, two men at least are required to do the work which one man only does in privately owned business, and

in nearly every case, these two men have no special fitness for their work.

When the railroads of the United States are owned by the government, and any political party in power is thereby controlling hundreds of thousands of votes with power to fix salaries and wages and tolls at will, there can be no fair and free elections.

The questions as to the kind of service a government owned railroad could furnish to the public in this country, and the many other serious problems arising from such a complicated situation manifestly cannot be discussed in the limited space allotted to me. None of them in my judgment can be answered in favor of government ownership.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Judge Calvin Page of Portsmouth, former president of the New Hampshire Bar Association, president of the Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, banker, State Senator, etc., is a leading New Hampshire Democrat.

IV

By Clarence E. Carr

I approach this question which I have been asked to discuss, with much diffidence, disclaiming expert knowledge and the deep study necessary for the best consideration of any question, especially the great railroad problem. I can therefore only state in the most general way some of the things "burned into me" on this vitally important question, convictions based on half a century of experience common to common business men, such knowledge as I have of my country's life and history, a love for and pride in her institutions, and a great fear that ill-considered action to meet an emergency, and a desire to shirk work and responsibility by shifting it to government shoulders, may impair our national virility and endanger the very institutions we have been fighting to make safe.

With me, these are the main considerations. Others are important.

COST

There is no business conducted by the government from the mail service to ship-building, river and harbor projects, government printing and all other governmental business undertakings, but costs from 33½ per cent to at least 100 per cent more than it costs private individuals or corporations to do the same work. Senator Aldrich was correct in saying that as a private enterprise he could run the business of the government and save \$300,000,000 per year, or a third of the expenses at that time. I have not heard of a business man who has studied the problem that challenged the statement.

This is not an argument that the government should never engage in business for there are times, as has been recently the case, when coordinated and immediate action was imperative, when the government at whatever cost is justified in engaging in many kinds of business; but all our governmental experience is proof that it should do as little as possible from an economic standpoint. There are certain things that it has to do under the constitution.

What is true of the "cost" question as to business in which the government has thus far engaged in times of peace, is true to a greater extent of government ownership of railroads, the most gigantic single business enterprise in the country.

Government ownership will take away all incentive to economic operation, to invention and new methods. It will eliminate the personal equation, the greatest equation in economic progress, invention and accomplishment the world knows. This all adds to cost and reduces effectiveness. Note the present cost of fares and freights and operating expenses. The government is doubling these and reducing service, which is far from being as efficient as it was before the war.

Why, our government has not even a budget as a business basis for its expenditures.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

Some man or men have to run the railroads. "The Government" is a sort of a general inchoate body clothed in our minds with *quasi* supernatural garments or power, when as a matter of fact it is composed of very human individuals, with very many and human limitations. Whether run by individuals or by the government, we must not forget that it will be an *individual* or *individuals* who form and direct the policy of government-owned railroads. We must know that no man can meet and perform an herculean task *inside* a government office that ninety men can only do by herculean labors *outside* a government office and that the honor and salary of a government official will not be likely to command the ability and capacity for such heart breaking work as can be commanded for equal honor and larger compensation in doing a similar work *outside* a government office.

Shifting responsibility from individuals *outside* a government to an individual *inside* a government is not a panacea for our national ills, no, not even progress toward their cure.

Would Mr. MacAdoo, Mr. Hines or Mr. Burleson in the cabinet be a better man to run *all* the railways in the country than either of them and Daniel Willard and James J. Hill out of the cabinet, devoting their entire attention to *three* of them?

OPINION OF RAILWAY MEN

The judgment of men engaged in managing any occupation relative to its conduct is generally better than that of men who never conducted such business or had personal experience in its conduct.

More than ninety per cent of the great leaders of railroad enterprises in this country are opposed to government ownership of railroads. They know their job. They know the responsibilities of it and the business acumen necessary for its successful conduct. They are honest and pa-

triotic men. It is idle talk to say that prejudice outweighs their honesty and patriotism. They know the past. They have the clear vision of the future demanded of men fit to be placed at the head of such big business enterprises. They understand great enterprises, the economic handling of such, and the management of men in them. They know the bane and blight of public ownership. What they ask is intelligent cooperation helping not hampering them in the discharge of their public functions. They are willing that such cooperation should be backed by supervisory authority sufficient to prevent any railroad from abusing the privileges incident to such help.

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION

The Constitution of the United States authorizes Congress to regulate commerce among the states and with foreign nations. There is no provision in the constitution authorizing congress or the government to engage in commercial enterprises except as specifically set forth. The exclusion of powers is understood where powers are not specifically granted to the government. When the constitution put in the hands of congress the power to "*regulate*" commerce among the states it thereby inhibited congress or the government from *conducting* commerce between the states.

Government ownership of railroads means the *conduct* of business between the states as well as its *regulation*. For the latter there is constitutional authority; for the former none.

It can hardly be argued that ownership of the railroads is necessary to preserve the existence of the government to do which every power needed is of course given the government, either expressly or impliedly, by the constitution. Therefore, I do not believe the government has a constitutional right to engage in the

general railroad transportation, under peace conditions, which government ownership necessarily involves.

A POLITICAL MACHINE

Ours is a government by parties, the freer the people are to vote unprejudiced, unbought and unawed, the better our government will be.

Disguise it as we will, the post office department is a great political asset and machine in the hands of the party controlling the government and most jobs in it ultimately go to the partisans of the party in power "To the victors belong the spoils" is a fact and not a name simply. I know of no better exemplification of this than is now evident.

Government ownership of railroads would add a real partisan army to the successful party with a financial power almost irresistible. One to one-and-a-half million of votes would be such an asset to a party that it would require almost a revolution to oust it. Add the political demoralization of the men who constituted it. Held together by financial interests and desire to retain positions—"offices"—it would make a most powerful and dangerous political machine. It is bad enough as it has been. We have an awesome precedent for this view. We have had a foretaste in this country of what may happen in the hold-up Adamson bill. If enterprises of that kind can be repeated and carried through continuously along a sufficient number of lines under our government, our democracy will be reduced to a state bordering on anarchy with autocracy as its end.

EFFECT ON DEMOCRACY

The advocates of government ownership of railroads have for years supported their arguments by reference to Germany as the shining example of the success of such a plan. Let us assume without admitting it that the beauty and efficiency of government ownership of railroads

really existed in Germany. Germany operated less than 20,000 miles of railroad, primarily laid out for military purposes and under an autocratic government where all the officers and employees were practically soldiers. In this country we have about 250,000 miles of railroad and nearly two million of employees, not soldiers, not directed by an autocratic government or employer. A government-owned railroad is a logical adjunct of an autocracy, means an autocratic or bureaucratic head, leads to a centralized power and personal irresponsibility, the antithesis of the democratic idea. The greater the mileage and the larger the army of men employed the greater the danger to democracy, but America's slogan is, "Make the world safe for Democracy."

We can well afford then to have railroads pay the men who invest their money in them ten or twenty per cent profit, even more, rather than have the government run them, first because it will then cost less than under government ownership and will be infinitely more efficient, and secondly is far less a strain on democratic institutions.

Individual responsibility and opportunity to gain reward for personal service and ability are the greatest incentives to progress, advancing civilization and freedom, yet known. Paternalism restricts and destroys that and government ownership is a form of paternalism.

We have just "licked" the German Idea which covered every form of business activity and absorbed and lost the individual in a single will which was an autocracy and a single object which was the state, which again was simply a machine of autocracy. Are we to embrace and marry out-of-hand the "Idea" that spells misery for humanity? The bride may be fair to look upon but beneath the white garments there's a skeleton clutch, a strangle hold, and the ceremonies of democracy.

PRESENT STOCKHOLDERS

So far as the stockholders are concerned, there would be one great present advantage to them in government ownership. Their stock transformed into government securities would entail no business risk because taxes upon everybody would surely meet dividends no matter how carelessly and expensively the business might be conducted. Even this would not be a permanent advantage. Sooner or later the expensive government operation of railroads, to be expected from all the evidence of past performances, will result in taxation and other burdens which would undoubtedly annul all temporary advantage.

SUGGESTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE

We think all the railroad men who have studied the problem would welcome a more extended supervision than is now possible under the Interstate Commerce Commission. That might still be continued as an appellate body with regional bodies over the country to determine rates and routings, to act as a board of final arbitration between railroads and patrons, between railroads and employees on questions of labor and compensation, but these are only the merest suggestions. Because it may be difficult to solve railroad problems in a way that will be for the protection of the public and the best interests of it and the owners, it is foolish to refuse to undertake such solution by turning the same question over to less interested, less responsible, less capable and less intelligent people under the name of government ownership.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Clarence E. Carr, lawyer, manufacturer, publicist, twice the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, member of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety, has taken an active interest in railroad problems, particularly as they affect New Hampshire, because of his position as a trustee of the John H. Pearson Fund, largely composed of railroad securities.

A POLITICAL "IF"

The Story of a New Hampshire Boy, Unremembered Now,
Who Once Lacked but a Single Vote of Becoming
President of the United States

By Willis McDuffee

In the history of this still youthful, although tremendously powerful nation, its unparalleled growth and rapid development, its unrivaled opportunities for the young and ambitious, no matter what their station or early advantages, there are many personal chapters which read like veritable romances and which have become household words long since. There are also many yet unwritten stories and incidents not less remarkable and romantic and full of human interest.

Among these latter is the life history of a New Hampshire boy, who entered the political arena from a little country store at a cross road, actually became a United States senator and probably was prevented from becoming President of the United States by a single vote. If ever in the life of any man did famous old Dame Fortune illustrate all her capabilities in the line of fickleness, it was in the case of this native of the Granite State, whose career, remarkable for its actual attainments and successes, was far more so for what it missed by the narrowest of margins. In few lives of famous Americans has that little but puissant word, "If," loomed so large as it did in the true story of this man, long since practically forgotten in the rapid march of events political.

Benning W. Jenness was his name and he was born in the little country town of Deerfield, which boasted within its limits not even a respectable sized village but, located under the shadow of the Pawtuckaway mountains, had the qualities of scenery, climate and soil which have given to

so many New Hampshire men those granite characteristics which have made them famous the world over.

His surname was common enough but the names which were prefixed thereto by his fond parents were stately, high sounding and aristocratic indeed, so that the whole effect was one of considerable incongruity, which was in a measure symbolic of the life of the one who bore it. He was named for the rugged old royalist governor of the Province of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth, and in that name the boy certainly had something to live up to. How brave an effort he made so to do, you shall see.

Benning Wentworth Jenness had other handicaps besides that of his name. He was not born in a log cabin. He did not have to struggle for an education. He was not obliged to fight for his start in the world. In that respect, the chapter which he furnished in American history was out of the ordinary. Perhaps it was just that handicap which prevented his landing the final political honors that he so narrowly missed.

His father was well-to-do, if not wealthy, for those days. The son was given all the education which the district schools afforded and was then sent to Bradford Academy. Following this, he did not, like most boys, have to serve an apprenticeship in some business or trade but his father bought for him a well stocked country store in the neighboring town of Strafford.

Young Jenness was but seventeen years of age at the time and, with the gift of the store, his father placed him entirely on his own resources and told

him to make his way in the world. This atoned in a measure for the lack of the prescribed boyhood hardships which go to the making of the successful American. He was not thrown by his Fates into a fathomless pool in his infancy and told to swim or drown, it is true, but he had been taught first to swim by careful hands and had then been ordered to strike out for himself into the great currents of life's waters.

In the country store the young man made good. He was a boy large of stature, vigorous of mind and body, of commanding personality and determination to succeed. His business grew and prospered; he made money; he made friends; he also made dependents.

The country store in those days was more than a place of business. It was the social rendezvous of the masculine portion of the community. It took the place of the club, the hotel, the restaurant of modern city life. There, sitting on barrels, boxes and a rickety chair or two, in a circle of which the capacious sheet-iron stove with its box of sawdust beneath was the center, the voters discussed town, county, state and national affairs, chewed tobacco and squirted the juice incredible distances into the box of sawdust, or peeled and ate apples, as the argument proceeded. Once a week somebody read to the assembled sages the news of the day from the columns of the local weekly paper published in a neighboring city. The fate of nations was settled, the careers of politicians disposed of; not summarily, however, but only after long and serious discussions.

The proprietor of the store naturally was a personage of some importance in that group, especially if he chanced to be a young, active, keen individual, with more than the usual amount of education and a large fund of information on a wide variety of subjects. When you add to this the fact that this same proprietor extended credit to a considerable por-

tion of his audience and held mortgages on the farms of not a few of them, you may readily imagine how far his voice carried in the arguments which were held. There were "barrel-politicians" in those days in a double sense.

Well, Benning Wentworth Jenness went to the New Hampshire legislature when he had barely attained his majority, being the youngest member of that august body. Nor did he merely go as an early acceptance of an honor which is supposed to come to every New Hampshire voter once in his lifetime. While there, with the confidence begotten of his debates in his store amid the circle of his admiring fellow-townsmen, he became one of the few who actually had a hand in the shaping of legislation. His fine presence, his energy, ambition and personality counted even in the larger field, youthful though he was.

The young man's constituents were proud of his record. They gloried in their acquaintance with a state figure. The circle in the country store expanded. Jenness was re-elected several times and soon became a real power in state affairs.

He began to climb the rounds of the ladder of fame with unusual rapidity. All the offices he held were not those of glory and public service merely, either. For fifteen years he was postmaster of Strafford, and for five years he was sheriff of the county. Both of these jobs paid salaries, and his business also prospered.

He became a leading figure of his party and presided at many a big convention with dignity, force and efficiency. He was even made judge of probate, although he had never had any legal training. In those good old days, however, justice was not a secondary consideration to the technicalities of the law. His was a clear and logical mind, his sense of right and equity strong.

It was in 1845 that the larger honors of this remarkable political career began. In that year Hon. Levi

Woodbury, one of the most conspicuous public characters in the annals of the old Granite State, resigned his seat in the United States Senate, to become a justice of the United States Supreme Court. To fill out his unexpired term, the governor appointed none other than Judge Benning Wentworth Jenness. Thus at the age of just thirty-nine years, he became a national character.

It must have been a rather disconcerting transition, this, from the country store at Strafford, or even from the little capital at Concord, to the Senate chamber in Washington. But if the Judge had any tremors, or any lack of confidence in his own powers, which had never yet deserted him but, like a tireless and well-trained army, had followed unflinchingly in the rapid forced marches from obscurity to fame and fortune,—he never manifested it. Aided by his charming and faithful wife, the pretty little Strafford girl whom he had married in 1827, he made a place for himself in the social and political circles of the great national capital, even in the brief period of his residence there.

The picture of this forceful young man, thus suddenly thrust upon the national arena at Washington, amid his senatorial surroundings, is preserved to us in the newspapers of that day. His seat was directly behind that of Senator Simon Cameron, and at his right sat Senator Allen, later Governor of Ohio, at whose inauguration in 1874, Mr. Jenness, because of the friendship begun at Washington, took a prominent part.

Describing his appearance in the Senate, a Washington paper of the time said: "He is under middle age, hale and stout, the very picture of health and vigor. He wants but little of six feet in stature, with a genteel waving figure and has quite an attractive appearance. His face is between oval and round, full and fair as a lady's, with regular manly features of remarkable symmetry. His fine, classical forehead is oval

and deep and bespeaks strong mental powers, while his neat, arched brow, somewhat stern, has all the pride of independent defiance. His eye is remarkably fine, being a strong, clear blue and glittering as a gem, and shows genius of no common class and a visible elevation of mind."

Now comes the strange part of this fascinating life story,—the Russian campaign, as it were, of this Napoleonic career, although apparently it was due to no mistake of the victim but simply the capriciousness of Fate. Up to this point Dame Fortune had not only smiled on the young man, she had actually courted him; everything had come his way. His progress had been an uninterrupted series of triumphs, but Fortune had now become weary of her lover or else she desired the excitement of teasing him, and tease him she certainly did.

At the expiration of the time of his appointment as senator, Jenness had no difficulty in obtaining from the Democratic party a nomination for a full term and as that party was in the ascendancy in the state, this nomination had been thought equivalent to an election. But a combination of Whigs and Free-soilers defeated him.

Disappointed, but not crushed, and with a grim determination to recover his lost political fortunes, he came out the next year as a candidate for Congress and was nominated by his party. It was a hard-fought battle. His enemies had belittled his oratorical powers. Indeed, he had had no forensic training, but he was a clear thinker, a plain, direct reasoner. Above all, he was a fighter. Compromise was not in his vocabulary; quarter was neither asked nor given in his political warfare. The people liked that spirit no less in 1847 than they like it today. And although a flowery style of oratory was in vogue at that time, even then there were other sorts of arguments more convincing. Senator Jenness stumped his district; and his speeches, fore-

runners of those of a later, more business-like age, were effective.

He received a plurality of votes over his nearest rival. But there were two other parties in the field and the Constitution provided that a majority was necessary to elect, and so there was no choice.

A special election was necessary and another campaign was made with a similar result. This situation was getting to be intolerable, and the law was changed, so that a plurality would elect for members of Congress. Again Jenness entered the field, this time confident of success. But it was too late; if he did not compromise, his opponents did. Again the Whigs and Free-soilers combined, and Jenness was finally defeated.

And so we come down to the famous National Democratic Convention of 1852. The histories of that memorable event contain no mention of our Strafford Judge's name. But how little of what really goes on behind the scenes does the most faithful history record. The figures of the Punch and Judy show are drawn, described and depicted, until we can see them almost as if we had been present. But the hand that moved the wires was usually out of sight at the time, and hence it is small wonder that we see no trace of it, as we read the story of dramas long since enacted.

So, the accounts of that celebrated convention which have been preserved to us, that convention to which the one at Baltimore in 1912 has been so often compared, simply record the score of candidates voted for, after the balloting was begun. It was at the thirty-fifth ballot, we are told, that the name of Franklin Pierce first put in an appearance, and it gathered strength and following, until on the forty-ninth ballot the New Hampshire man received the nomination, a nomination which meant an election as President of the United States.

It was a cleverly managed dark-horse campaign, indeed, and one that

has become historic. But back in the shadow of the curtain, another story lies hidden.

The New Hampshire delegation to that convention was a group of masterly politicians. They went to Baltimore, impressed with their opportunities and determined to take advantage of them. Out of all the bickerings and warfare of rival candidates, out of the deadlock that was bound to ensue, these men would bring a New Hampshire man as head of the ticket, the man who should be the next President of the nation.

Well, they did, as we all know. But for a long time it was uncertain who that New Hampshire dark horse should be. At last a meeting of the delegation was held to determine the matter. Mr. Pierce had refused to be an active candidate but his name was presented as one to be considered. The hero of this strange story was the other candidate. The vote stood, when counted, four and four, and after some deliberation the chairman voted for Mr. Pierce.

So, by the single vote of that chairman, the choice of this convention, the selection of the President, was really made. Speculation as to how the destinies of this nation might have been affected by a different casting of that single vote, is too fruitful a theme for the limits of this story. Senator Jenness was a thorough Democrat and his views in general coincided with those of Mr. Pierce. He was firm as a rock in his convictions and resistless in his energy in carrying them out. Above all things, he wished to avoid a civil war and to keep a united country. At the same time, his clear mind, practical commonsense and keen foresight might easily have led him into a different course as President from that followed by Franklin Pierce; and his statue might now adorn the State House yard at Concord, in place of the one so long denied to the only New Hampshire man who did become President.

As it was, this was the end of Benning Wentworth Jenness's political career. Refusing a nomination as Governor of New Hampshire, after it had been given him, in 1861, he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, in the following year, where he died after amassing a fortune in the lumber business.

He is remembered with affectionate pride by his daughter, who still resides in Cleveland. He is recalled with admiration by an aged citizen of Dover, New Hampshire, who when a young man was a clerk in Jenness's Strafford store and kept his position, notwithstanding that he differed from his employer on political matters and used to argue with the customers to counteract the effect of the Judge's own powers of persuasion over them.

There are a few others who recollect or have heard of him, and there is a council of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics at Strafford that bears his name.

The store that Hon. Benning Wentworth Jenness used to keep at Strafford was long since destroyed but other country stores have taken its place. The voters still gather in the winter days around the stove, talk politics, dispose of the ambitions of their neighbors and prophesy as to the outcome of the war. Perhaps this story may be read to the group and some venerable citizen may clear his throat and with pride declare that he well remembers as a boy the Strafford storekeeper who once came within a single vote of being President of these United States of America.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Of the contributors to this issue, Willis McDuffee, Dartmouth, '90, is the editor and one of the owners of the *Rochester Courier*, wherein his column, "Roundabout," is one of the most readable features of New Hampshire journalism. Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, native of Kensington, is not only a clergyman, lecturer and author, but also one of the interesting figures

in the political life of Massachusetts, where he is a veteran member of the Legislature. Charles Nevers Holmes, formerly of Dover, writes much verse, but reaches the heights of poetry in his prose descriptions of the changing heavens. Edward Hersey Richards, Exeter business man, employs his leisure time in philosophizing in both prose and poetry.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN HONORED

Philip W. Ayres of Franconia, for-ester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, has been elected president of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the first time a New Hampshire man has been thus honored. Dr. Charles Greeley Abbott, native of Wilton, for many years connected with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, has been elected its assistant secretary. Professor Walter C. O'Kane, the head of the department of entomology at New Hamp-

shire College, has been elected president of the American Association of Economic Entomologists. Professor Frank Malloy Anderson of the faculty of Dartmouth College has been summoned to Paris to act as an adviser upon matters of history to the American Peace Commissioners. Joseph C. Grew, summer resident of Hancock, has been designated as supervising director of the secretarial staff of the Peace commission, with the rank of minister plenipotentiary.

OFFICIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1919-1920

II

The State Senate

By Harlan C. Pearson

As President Arthur P. Morrill said in assuming his office on January 1, 1919, the New Hampshire State Senate has a unique distinction in its small numbers as compared with the bulk of its coördinate branch of the Legislature. In some states the number of senators is less than New Hampshire's twenty-four, but nowhere, is the ratio of representatives to senators greater than the Granite State's seventeen to one.

As President Morrill pointed out, this places an increased burden of responsibility upon the members of the upper house of the New Hampshire General Court and requires in them qualities which the voters of the state generally have sought and found in making their election of senators.

At the adoption of the state constitution and the meeting of the first Senate, in 1784, there were twelve senators entitled to seats, five from Rockingham county, two each from Strafford, Hillsborough and Cheshire and one from Grafton. In 1793 senatorial districts were substituted for county representation. The districts changed often and do now, for that matter, but the number of senators remained stationary until 1878, or more than a century. Then the number became twenty-four and so continues.

Woodbury Langdon of Portsmouth was the president of the first state Senate and the other members were John Langdon of Portsmouth, Joseph Gilman of Exeter, John McClary of Epsom, Timothy Walker of Concord, John Wentworth of Dover, Ebenezer Smith of Meredith, Francis Blood of Temple, Matthew Thornton of Merrimack, Simeon Olcott of Charlestown, Enoch Hale of Rindge and Moses

Dow of Haverhill; names that still mean much to every student of New Hampshire history.

Glancing through the list of members in the hundred and thirty-five years many other famous names are seen, from Ezekiel Webster and Isaac Hill, down to very recent days. More than half of our governors, United States senators and members of Congress have seen previous service in the state senate.

That the Senate of 1919 ranks well up to the high average of its many predecessors will be seen by reading the following brief sketches of its members:

Arthur Putnam Morrill, president of the New Hampshire State Senate of 1919, was born in Concord, March 15, 1876, the son of Obadiah and the late Lilla (Walker) Morrill. He was educated in Concord schools, at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., at Yale University and at the Harvard Law School and in 1900 was admitted to the New Hampshire bar; but being associated with his father in the leading insurance agency of Morrill & Danforth, he finds little time for the general practice of his profession, though occasionally he accepts such duties as being one of the executors of the will of the late United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger. Senator Morrill entered public life as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1912 from Ward Five, Concord. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives of 1915 and served on the Judiciary Committee and as chairman of the Merrimack county delegation. At the close of that session, owing to the resignation of Speaker Edwin C. Bean to become

ARTHUR PUTNAM MORRILL
President of the New Hampshire State Senate

secretary of state and the illness of his successor, Captain Olin H. Chase, there was a vacancy in the office of speaker which was filled by the choice of Mr. Morrill as acting speaker. The manner in which he discharged the duties of the place under trying circumstances made his pathway easy to the permanent speakership, when he was reelected to the House of 1917; and, continuing his progress, his

absolute fairness and remarkable efficiency as a presiding officer. Senator Morrill married, November 5, 1901, Florence E. Prescott, and they have two children, Elizabeth and Virginia. He is an Episcopalian, a Mason and a member of various clubs. Among his business positions are those of trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank and treasurer and director of the State Dwelling House

Senator Daniel J. Daley
District No. 1

eminent success at that session in the chair of the lower branch, rendered his further promotion to his present position almost certain when he was elected to the state Senate from the Fifteenth District in November, 1918. His choice in November was particularly gratifying to Republicans because it redeemed his district from a Democratic control which seemed in danger of becoming permanent; and his election to the position he now holds was pleasing to the whole state because of his wide reputation for

Insurance Company. He was vice-chairman of the New Hampshire branch of the American Red Cross, a member of the executive committee of the N. H. Speakers' Bureau for War Purposes and a member of the Concord Committee of Public Safety.

Senator Daniel J. Daley, Democrat, of Berlin, representing the First District, is the only member of the 1917 state Senate reelected to that of 1919, and received the votes of his party associates for president of that

body. Senator Daley was born in Lancaster, January 27, 1858, the son of John and Bridget Daley. He received a common school and academic education and studied law in the office of William and Henry Heywood in Lancaster, being admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1885. Since November of that year he has practised his profession continuously and with conspicuous success at Berlin, of which city he was five times elected mayor. As a youth he held town offices at Lancaster and from 1888 to 1892 was solicitor of Coös county, declining further election to that office. He also served three years in the Berlin City Council and three years on the Berlin Board of Education, its chairman in 1909. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1902. Senator Daley married, May 8, 1886, Ardelle A. Cowan of Lancaster and they have one daughter, Helen J. Daley. He has been president of the People's Building and Loan Association, the Berlin National Bank and the Berlin Water Company and a trustee of the Berlin Y. M. C. A. In the present Senate he has been assigned to service on the Committees on Rules, Joint Rules, Judiciary, of which he is clerk, Incorporations (chairman), Education, Revision of the Laws, School for Feeble-Minded and Engrossed Bills.

Senator Joseph P. Boucher changed the representation of the Second District from Democratic in 1917 to Republican in 1919, thus displaying the full measure of personal popularity and vote getting ability which his friends had prophesied for him with confidence. He is one of the members of the present Senate promoted from the House of Representatives of 1915, where he served on the important Committee on Appropriations and was chairman of the Coös county delegation. Senator Boucher is a resident of the village of Groveton in the town of Northumberland and was born there March 5, 1866. He was edu-

cated in the schools of his native town and at Whitefield and his life story is that of a successful business man, as a general merchant at Groveton. For his years Senator Boucher is a man of extended public service, having been selectman of his town six years and a member of its board of education twelve years and declining further election as commissioner of Coös county after eight years in that office. That he is a man of social instincts is shown by his membership in the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Independent Order of Foresters, the Knights of Columbus and the Loyal Order of Moose. Senator Boucher is married and has a fine family of five children. In the present Senate he is chairman of the Committee on State

Senator Joseph P. Boucher
District No. 2

Hospital and serves also on the Committees on Claims, Agriculture (clerk), Elections and Fisheries and Game.

Senator Frank N. Keyser of the Third District is another member of the House of Representatives of 1917 who is promoted to the upper branch

in 1919 because of his good record as a legislator and his personal popularity among the voters of his section.

chairman of the Committee on Labor and serves also on the Committees on Incorporations, Railroads (clerk), Towns and Parishes, and Fisheries and Game (clerk). Senator Keyser married May 11, 1894, Addie M. Kimball. He is a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Order of Railway Conductors of America and of the Anchor Club of Boston. He attends the Methodist church.

Since the year 1897 it has seemed a rather hopeless undertaking for any man in the town of Moultonboro, with one exception, to try to come to the Legislature at Concord. This year, for the first time since 1895, there is another man than Colonel James E.

Senator Frank N. Keyser
District No. 3

Senator Keyser's circle of friends extends far beyond political boundaries, however, for he has been one of the best known and best liked passenger conductors on the White Mountains Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad for many years. Along with ex-Governor Henry W. Keyes and some other good men, Senator Keyser resides at North Haverhill in the town of Haverhill, and was born there September 12, 1866, receiving his education in the town schools. February 27, 1888, he entered the service of the railroad, in which he has continued ever since. The Senator first came to the state house as a member of the lower branch of the Legislature in 1915 when he served on the Committee on Fisheries and Game. Re-elected in 1916, he served in 1917 on the same committee and also upon the Committee on Liquor Laws which recommended the passage of the state prohibitory law. In the Senate he is

Senator George A. Blanchard
District No. 4

French in the General Court from Moultonboro. He did not do it by defeating Mr. French at the polls, for a glance at statesman's row in this 1919 House shows the veteran chairman of the appropriations Committee in his accustomed seat, but chose the easier way of making a running broad

jump across Mr. French and landing in a chair in the higher branch of the General Court. George A. Blanchard accomplished the feat, to Mr. French's entire satisfaction, be it said, and represents the Fourth District in the present state Senate. While Senator Blanchard, by reason of the unique political situation in his town, never has served in the House, he has held all other kinds of offices and at the time of his election to the Senate was, and is now, commissioner of Carroll county for his ninth year, selectman for his twelfth year and member of the school board for his ninth year, a triple political hitch amply attesting his popularity. Senator Blanchard was born in Sandwich, October 16, 1863, and educated there at Beede's Academy. He is a farmer and dealer in grain, a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, Knights of Pythias and Red Men. He attends the Methodist church and is married and the father of two children. In the Senate he serves as chairman of the Committee on Forestry and as a member of the Committees on Agriculture, Finance, School for Feeble-Minded and Public Health.

Senator George W. Barnes, Republican, of the Fifth District, was born in the town of Lyme, which is still his legal residence, March 18, 1866. He was educated in the public schools of that town and in the academies at Thetford, Vt., and St. Johnsbury, Vt. He was a member of the House of Representatives from Lyme in 1915, serving on the Committee on Towns, and again in 1917, being chairman of the Committee on Public Improvements, a position which he holds, also, in the assignment of Senate committees. He is the representative of the upper branch on the Joint Standing Committee on State Library and is a member of the Senate Committees on Forestry, Public Health, School for Feeble-Minded (clerk) and State Hospital. Senator Barnes has been selectman of his town for nine years, being

chairman of the board at the present time and a member of the school board for two years. He is a trustee of the town trust funds, of the Dartmouth Savings Bank, of the North Thetford church funds, etc., and is a director of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, of the Connecticut Valley Telephone Company, etc. As trustee of the large estate of his brother, the late Herbert H. Barnes, Senator Barnes is obliged to spend much of his time in Boston and maintains a business office there. At White River Junction, Vt., he has large real estate interests and at home in Lyme he is an extensive farmer, specializing in Hereford beef cattle, in sheep and in poultry, which he has dealt in largely. He has been very active in

Senator George W. Barnes
District No. 5

war work, being a member of the State Public Safety Committee and National Defense League, local food administrator, town war historian, district chairman of War Savings Stamp work, etc. Senator Barnes married, in 1897, Laura A. Smith. He attends the Methodist church and is a member of

the Masonic order, the Patrons of Husbandry, the Boston City Club and the New Hampshire Historical Society.

longs to all the Masonic organizations, including the Shrine, the 32nd degree bodies and the Eastern Star; also, all of the Knights of Pythias bodies, including the U. R. K. P. and Pythian Sisters; and the Patrons of Husbandry, the Laconia Gun Club, the Laconia Board of Trade, the Laconia Business Men's Club, etc. At the session of 1915 Mr. Dearborn served on the House Committee on Fisheries and Game and was chairman of the Belknap county delegation. In the Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Roads, Bridges and Canals, clerk of the Committees on Finance and Manufactures and also serves on the Committees on Claims and Forestry.

Senator Burt S. Dearborn
District No. 6

The 1919-1920 state senator from District Number Six, the Belknap county district, is Burt Stephen Dearborn of Laconia, who, as a member of the House of Representatives in 1915, achieved fame as the founder of the Real Republicans Club. Mr. Dearborn was born in Thornton, February 18, 1881, being the youngest member of the present Senate, with one exception. He was educated in the schools of Laconia, including the High School, where he was a student in the commercial department. Marrying the daughter of the late William Wallace of Laconia, who was likewise a state senator not many years ago, Mr. Dearborn engaged in business with his father-in-law and now is the head of the concern, the Wallace Building Company, contractors and builders, dealers in building supplies, wood and coal. Senator Dearborn is of a very genial and social disposition and be-

Senator Guy H. Hubbard
District No. 7

Guy H. Hubbard, Republican, who represents District Number Seven in the state Senate, is a resident of the village of Penacook, with his home on the Boscawen side of the Contoocook river and his place of mercantile business in Ward One, Concord. Senator Hubbard was born in Penacook, November 4, 1864, the son of the

late John P., and Martha (Knapp) Hubbard. He was educated in the schools there, including the then flourishing Academy, and always has been a resident of his native town, being now and for thirteen years the town clerk, for seventeen years the tax collector, many years a member of the Board of Education and representative from Boscawen in the Legislatures of 1915 and 1917. At the former session he served on the Committee on Fish and Game, which made a new codification of the laws on that subject, and two years ago he was promoted to the Committee on Revision of Statutes. In the Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Railroads, clerk of the Committees on Claims and Education and serves, also, on the Committees on Agriculture and Public Improvements. Senator Hubbard married Grace (Greene), daughter of the late Ezra S. Harris of Penacook, and they have one daughter, Doris, a graduate of St. Mary's School, Concord, and at present a student in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston. He is an Episcopalian, a Mason, Odd Fellow and Rebekah; belongs to the Wonolancet Club, Concord, the Union Club, Penacook, and the Beaver Meadow Golf Club; and is fond of and an adept in all out-of-door sports.

Five members of the present state Senate have been complimented by their constituents with an election to the upper branch of the Legislature without the previous apprenticeship of a term or terms in the House. One of the five is Senator Fred H. Perry of Charlestown in District Number Eight; and it is a further proof of his popularity and the esteem with which he is regarded that he defeated for the Republican nomination in the primary election a veteran legislator, Representative William E. Beaman of Cornish. Over in Charlestown they began to elect Senator Perry as town clerk almost as soon as he attained his majority and they have kept him

in the office for twenty years; but his first ambition for outside honors was manifested in his successful senatorial candidacy. Senator Perry was born in Charlestown, February 25, 1873, and was educated in the schools there and at Claremont. He is cashier of the Connecticut River National Bank of Charlestown; vestryman of St. Luke's Episcopal church; member of the order of Odd Fellows; married, and the father of three children. President Morrill has honored him with the chairmanship of the Committee on Banks in the upper branch; he is clerk of the Committees on Incorporations and Public Health; and in addition serves on the Committees on Finance and Revision of the Laws.

Senator Andrew J. Hook
District No. 9

Senator Andrew J. Hook, Republican, of District Number Nine, was one of the prominent members of the lower branch of the Legislature of 1917, in which he represented the town of Warner. As chairman of the Liquor Laws Committee, which reported favorably the act for state

prohibition, Mr. Hook was a center of interest, and was given much credit for the success of that legislation. Born in Cornish, December 7, 1864, Senator Hook attended the town schools and the business college at Manchester. He is an insurance agent and engaged in general business, besides serving as savings bank trustee, and is held in affection and esteem through a wide circle of country surrounding his home town. Senator Hook is a 32nd degree Mason and a Patron of Husbandry. He held the office of postmaster for eighteen years and that of town treasurer nineteen years and has served as selectman. During the past two years he has been very active in helping his town meet and exceed the demands upon it in all forms of war activities. Senator Hook at this session is chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and his other assignments are to the Committees on Judiciary, Banks, Soldiers' Home and Public Health.

George Herbert Eames, Junior, Republican, senator from District Number Ten, was born in Keene, August 25, 1884, the son of George H. and Margaret (Anderson) Eames. He was educated in the schools of Keene, including the High School, at Colby Academy, New London, and at Tiffin's Business College, Keene. In religious belief he is a Unitarian. Senator Eames was elected to the Keene city council of 1915 and to the board of aldermen of 1916. On June 19 of that year, on the departure of Mayor Orville E. Cain to the Mexican border with the First Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, in which he was an officer, Alderman Eames was chosen acting mayor, and was twice reelected by popular vote. His business is that of wholesale and retail grain dealer. He is a member of the Masonic order, of the Elks and of the Monadnock Club of Keene. On November 1, 1905, he married Amy M. Ballou and they have one son, Herbert Howell, born August 5,

1909. He has been chairman of the Keene Public Safety Committee and a member of the Draft Advisory Board. In the Senate he is chair-

Senator George H. Eames, Jr.
District No. 10

man of the Committee on State Prison and Industrial School, represents the upper branch on the Joint Committee on State House and State House Yard and is clerk of the Committees on Roads, Bridges and Canals, Revision of the Laws and Public Improvements, besides serving on the Committee on Banks.

After looking at the portrait of the late Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway, "the Tall Pine of the Merrimack," which hangs near one of the entrances to Representatives' Hall, state house visitors are likely to exclaim: "They don't make men like that nowadays!" Whereupon the capitol guide, if well-posted, will take his charges into the Senate gallery and let them look down upon Senator Benjamin G. Hall, of District Number Eleven, six feet, seven inches, in height, weighing over 300 pounds with not an ounce of it

superfluous. And it is not alone physically that Senator Hall is a "big" man, as his success in politics and business attests. Born in Epsom,

Senatorial District Number Twelve, which is one of the combined city and town districts, is represented this year by a city man, giving Nashua two state senators in 1919-1920; and by a curious coincidence both are public utility managers. George L. Sadler, Republican, is the Twelfth District senator and he is the superintendent of the Nashua division of the Manchester, Traction, Light & Power Company, which controls the electrical supply of both Manchester and Nashua. Superintendent Sadler is a member of various electrical societies and is one of the state's experts in his line. Born in Windsor Locks, Conn., December 15, 1867, he obtained his early education there. He is an Episcopalian, a 32nd degree

Senator Benjamin G. Hall
District No. 11

October 1, 1871, he was educated at Pembroke Academy and Bryant & Stratton's Business College. In early life he was a granite cutter and stories of his prowess at his trade are still current among New Hampshire stone men. Removing to Cheshire county, he was for some time city marshal of Keene, then purchased a fine farm in the neighboring town of Marlborough, where he now resides. He also is a member of the firm of Hall & Croteau, furniture, insurance and undertaking. He has served his town as selectman and as representative in the House of 1913, where he served on the Committee on Education. In the Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Elections, clerk of the Committee on Soldiers' Home and a member of the Committees on Education, Fisheries and Game and State Prison and Industrial School. Senator Hall is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Forester and Patron of Husbandry.

Senator George L. Sadler
District No. 12

Mason and Knight of Pythias and a member of the Nashua Country Club. He is married and has one child. Senator Sadler formerly served in the New Hampshire National Guard and when the New Hampshire State Guard was formed as a war measure he promptly enlisted and saw active

duty when his company was ordered out to meet an emergency last year. Senator Sadler was a member of the House of Representatives in 1909, serving on the Committees on Labor and on Towns, and in 1911, when his assignment was to Roads, Bridges and Canals. In the Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Towns and Parishes, clerk of the Labor Committee and a member of the Committees on Judiciary, Military Affairs, and Railroads.

The Nashua colleague of Senator Sadler is Senator William F. Sullivan, Democrat, and his public utility position is the superintendency of the Pennichuck Water Works. Senator Sullivan is a civil engineer by profession and is a member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers and the New England and American Water Works Associations. He was born at Lowell, Mass., in 1869, and educated there. He is a Roman Catholic; a member of the Knights of Columbus, of the Nashua Auto Club, the Nashua Country Club and the Nashua Board of Trade. He is married and has three children. Senator Sullivan has the unique distinction of being the only member of the upper branch whose first public office is one of this distinction. Further, he is the only member of the present Senate who was the regularly nominated candidate on both the Republican and Democratic tickets in his district, an indication, in this instance, of the high regard in which he is held by those of his constituents, whatever their political allegiance, who desire good government first and partisan success afterwards.

Herbert Brainerd Fischer, Republican, who represents District Number Fourteen in the state Senate, was born in Charlestown, Mass., July 26, 1872, the son of Anson B. and Caroline Frances (Cutler) Fischer. He was educated in the public schools of Charlestown and Marlboro, Mass., and

in early life was employed by the Boston & Maine Railroad. Since 1901 he has been a resident of Pittsfield, where he is cashier of the Pittsfield National Bank and treasurer of the Farmers' Savings Bank; treasurer of the town, of the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company, of the Pittsfield Gas Company and of the Red Cross; president of the Board of Trade; chairman of the Liberty Bond Committee; and for several years organist and choir

Senator Herbert B. Fischer
District No. 14

master of the Congregational church. In 1907 Mr. Fischer was a member from Pittsfield of the House of Representatives and served as clerk of the Committee on Retrenchment and Reform of which Honorable Robert P. Bass of Peterboro, afterwards governor, was chairman, and whose investigations created considerable stir at that session. At this session the Senator's committee assignments are to Claims (chairman), Banks (clerk), Towns and Parishes (clerk), Incorporations, and Roads, Bridges and Canals. He is a member of the Masonic order. He married in 1900

Clara H. M. Goss of Pittsfield, who died in 1906. He has one son, Robert H., born March 2, 1905.

The city of Manchester sends four of her citizens to this state Senate, evenly divided as to politics and all highly regarded by their constituents, as shown by the ballot box totals last November. From District Number Sixteen comes John J. Donahue, chairman of the Republican City

the Committee on Revision of the Laws, clerk of the State Hospital Committee and a member of the Committees on Judiciary, Education, and Towns and Parishes. Senator Donahue is a past grand sachem of the Order of Red Men of the state and also belongs to the Patrons of Husbandry and various clubs. From 1907 to 1914 he was a highly competent special examiner for the United States Pension Bureau and he also has served as deputy sheriff of Hillsborough county. Senator Donahue attends the Unitarian church. He is the liveliest debater and most fluent orator in the upper branch at this session. He and his wife, Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue, have two daughters, Helen R., Radcliffe '16, and Esther, Manchester High School '19. Mrs. Donahue is a leading club woman, social worker, and craftsman, actively engaged in literary pursuits and prominently identified with the national organizations of the Unitarian denomination.

Senator John J. Donahue
District No. 16

Committee, and a gentleman of wide acquaintance throughout the state. Born in Keene, August 7, 1859, he was educated in the public schools of that city, and in early life he was a merchant there and at Peterboro. Since 1890 he has been in the insurance business and has been located in Manchester for nearly a score of years. In 1903 and again in 1905 he was a member of the House of Representatives from Ward Two of that city, serving in each instance as chairman of the Committee on Insurance. In the Senate he is chairman of

The Manchester Senator from the Seventeenth District is known in the Queen City as the Beau Brummel of the Amoskeag Corporation and visitors to the Legislature have noted that when he comes to Concord, as he is rather in the habit of doing, he does not let down any in his sartorial standards. Senator Clarence M. Woodbury was born at Paxton, Mass., August 29, 1855, and became a resident of Manchester the following year. Educated in the schools of Manchester, he entered the employ of the Amoskeag in 1870 and since 1880 he has been one of its overseers, holding its record of longest continuous service in that position. Senator Woodbury is a Universalist, an Odd Fellow and a Red Man. Always a Republican, he represented Ward Seven in the Manchester city council in 1887-1888, and in 1893 came to the House of Representatives from Ward Eight, serving on the Committees on Incorporations and Journal of the House. Twenty years later he came back to

the House, this time from Ward Four, and was a member of the Committee on Manufactures. His third term in the House was at the session of 1917, when he served on the Committee on State Hospital. This year he is

Ward Four, Manchester, and served on the Committee on Manufactures and as clerk of both the Hillsborough county delegation and the Manchester city delegation. Re-elected to the House of 1917 he served on the important Committee on Ways and Means and was appointed by Governor Keyes on the special recess Committee to investigate state finances, which recently has made its report to the General Court of 1919. Senator Horan is chairman of the upper branch Committee on School for Feeble-Minded, is clerk of the Committee on Elections and Forestry and serves also on Labor and Finance.

Senator Clarence M. Woodbury
District No. 17

chairman of the Senate Committee on Fisheries and Game and is a member of the Committees on Labor, Roads, Bridges and Canals, Railroads, and Manufactures.

• The youngest man ever elected to the New Hampshire State Senate is Richard H. Horan, Democrat, of Manchester, who was born in that city June 29, 1888, and in less than six months after he became eligible was chosen to the office he now holds as representing the Eighteenth District. Senator Horan was educated at St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, and is a metal works manager. He is a Roman Catholic, unmarried, member of the Foresters of America and of the St. Paul's T. A. S. He was elected to the House of Representatives of 1915 by the Democrats of

Senator Richard H. Horan
District No. 18

For several consecutive sessions of the Legislature the French Canadian citizens of Manchester have had creditable representation in the upper branch of the General Court in the person of Senators Belanger, Marcotte Joyal and Chatel, and this precedent is continued at the session of 1919 by the presence in the Senate from District Number Nineteen of Honorable

Gedeon Lariviere, Democrat, born in Somerset, Province of Quebec, Canada, October 12, 1861. Senator Lariviere was educated in the schools of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Manchester. His business is that of a contractor and carpenter and he is a member of the Carpenters' Union as well as of the Independent Order of Foresters and the Association Canado-Americain. He is a Roman Catholic and is married and the father of six children. For six years he served in the New Hampshire National Guard. He has been a member of the board of aldermen and of the water commission of the city of Manchester and is one of the substantial and trusted men of that municipality. Senator Lariviere's Republican opponent at the polls last November was the well known former secretary of the Republican State Committee, Oscar F. Moreau, Esq. Senator Lariviere is chairman of the Senate Committee on Soldiers' Home and a member of the Committees on Military Affairs, Roads, Bridges and Canals, Claims, and State Prison and Industrial School.

Hon. J. Levi Meader, senator from the Twentieth District, was born in Gonic, September 12, 1878. He is the son of John E. and Clara E. Meader. He attended the Rochester High School from which he was graduated and received the remainder of his education at the Moses Brown School at Providence, R. I. From early childhood, he worked in the Gonic Manufacturing Co., manufacturers of woolen goods in Gonic, and of which he is now managing director and resident agent. This concern is one of the largest tax paying industries of Rochester. In a business way he has been director of the Peoples' Building and Loan Association of Rochester since its inception and organization. As a Republican, he has been affiliated with all matters pertaining to the public interests in the town or city, honorably filling all of the offices which he has held. In

1907 he was representative in the Legislature and during 1917 was Mayor of Rochester. When war was declared, he was appointed by Governor Keyes, as a member of the Committee of One Hundred for the Public Safety and Patriotic Service of our state, and also served on the Public Safety Committee of Rochester. He is chairman of the County Republican Committee, also a member of the Republican State Committee and an ex-officio member of its executive board. He is treasurer and chairman of a local organization which is organized through the coöperation of the Salvation Army in Rochester, for the welfare of the young men and boys. He is affiliated with the Masonic

Senator John Levi Meader
District No. 20

order, Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council, Knights Templars, and Mystic Shrine.

Senator Meader is chairman of the important Finance Committee of the Senate and a member of the Committees on State Prison and Industrial School, School for Feeble-Minded, Labor and Manufactures and of the Joint Committee on Engrossed Bills.

The oldest member of the state Senate of 1919—and he is but sixty-six—is Honorable Alvah T. Ramsdell of Dover, representing at Concord the Twenty-first District, who was born in York, Maine, April 15, 1852, and there received his education. He is an architect by profession. Senator Ramsdell was been prominent in public affairs in the city on the Cocheco for twenty-five years, having been a member of the Dover City Council in 1894 and 1895, its president in the latter year; an alderman in 1896 and 1897 and a member of the House of Representatives at the important session of 1903, serving on the Committee on Revision of Statutes. In the Senate Mr. Ramsdell is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, especially appropriate in view of the fact that he is in charge of the Dover armory construction for the state, and is a member of the Committees on Incorporations, Manufactures, Soldiers' Home and Public Improvements. At the present time Senator Ramsdell is a member of the water commission of the city of Dover. He is a Congregationalist; Mason, Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias and member of the Bellamy Club.

The chairman of the premier committee, that on the Judiciary, in the upper branch of the New Hampshire Legislature of 1919 is Senator Benjamin T. Bartlett of Derry, representing District Number Twenty-two. Senator Bartlett is rather unusually distinguished along this line, for at the session of 1915, although a new member of the House of Representatives, he was made the chairman of its Committee on Revision of Statutes, second in importance to Judiciary and Appropriations, only. He serves, also, in the Senate, on the Committees on Military Affairs, Elections, State Prison and Industrial School and Soldiers' Home. Born in Haverhill, Mass., November 9, 1872, Senator Bartlett was educated at Dean

Academy, Franklin, Mass., at William College and at the Boston University Law School. Since admission to the New Hampshire bar he has practised

Senator Benjamin T. Bartlett
District No. 22

the legal profession at Derry and was justice of its police court from 1906 to 1913. He is a Universalist; married, the father of four children; a Mason, Odd Fellow and Eagle and member of the Derryfield Club, Manchester.

Professor James Arthur Tufts, Republican, of Exeter, senator from District Number Twenty-three, was born in Alstead, April 26, 1855, the son of Timothy and Sophia P. (Kingsbury) Tufts. He prepared for College at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated from Harvard in 1878, the president of his class, as he had been, while in the Academy, president of the famous Golden Branch Society. Immediately upon concluding his college course he joined the faculty at Exeter and there has remained ever since, having been for some years secretary of the faculty and one of its most useful, esteemed and beloved

members. He is a member of the Modern Language Association, the American Philological Association and the American Unitarian Association; vice-president of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, a cause in which he has taken a long and useful interest; trustee of the New Hampshire

the Committee on Education. He is now chairman of the same Committee in the Senate, is clerk of the Committee on Military Affairs and a member of the Committees on State Hospital, Revision of the Laws, Forestry, Rules and Joint Rules. Senator Tufts presided at the Republican state convention of last Septem-

Senator James A. Tufts
District No. 23

State College since 1913 and the secretary of that board; trustee of Robinson Female Seminary in Exeter, of the Exeter Public Library and the Kensington Social Library; and a past president of the New England Association of English Teachers. Senator Tufts is married and has five children living. He was a member of the House of Representatives at the sessions of 1905 and 1907, serving at each as chairman of

ber and is well and favorably known as an orator of patriotic and other occasions. He is county chairman of War Savings work.

Marvin, a familiar name in the political annals of southeastern New Hampshire, is well represented in the Legislature of 1919 by Senator Oliver B. Marvin, Democrat, of Newcastle, occupying the seat in the upper branch of the Twenty-fourth District.

Senator Marvin was born in Portsmouth, October 16, 1879, and was educated there in public and private schools. He is a salesman by vocation; married and has two sons; belongs to the Elks and Knights of Pythias; and is a very popular young man in his section, as is shown by his victory at the polls over that strenuous Republican leader, former Representative E. Percy Stoddard of Portsmouth. Senator Marvin has served his town of Newcastle in almost all its official capacities, as selectman, town clerk, auditor, assessor and member of the board of health, as its member in the House of Representatives of 1909 and as its delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918. Also he is chairman of its Public Safety and War Savings Stamp committees and a leader in other war work activities. In the Legislature of 1909 he served on the Committee on Banks. In the present session he is chairman of the Committee on Public Health and a

member of the Committees on Railroads, Agriculture, Towns and Parishes and Fisheries and Game.

Senator Oliver B. Marvin
District No. 24

OLD HOME DAY IN COURT

George W. Anderson, native of Acworth, presided over the December term of the United States Court for the District of New Hampshire at Concord, his first appearance in his judicial capacity in his native state. From the length of the criminal docket demanding the attention of the grand jury, Judge Anderson may have gained an erroneous idea as to

moral conditions in the state where he was born. The other side of the shield is shown by the fact that at two superior court sessions of recent date the grand jury in each instance reported but one indictment; and that at this writing the Merrimack County House of Correction at North Boscawen is without a prisoner inmate for the first time in many years.

DARTMOUTH, '94

Just to show that all the success of the famous class of 1894 in Dartmouth College is not confined to New Hampshire, Arthur Allan Adams, who leads the class alphabetically, was elected mayor of the city of Springfield, Mass., recently. The same class furnishes editors for two of

the best newspapers in Massachusetts, Philip S. Marden of the *Lowell Courier-Citizen* and Maurice S. Sherman of the *Springfield Union*, and Matt B. Jones, the Boston telephone official, and George E. Duffy, the Worcester manufacturer, are other big guns of the Ninety-Four roarers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE PIONEERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

No. 3

Hosea Ballou, Apostle of the Larger Hope

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

However sharply the doctrinal battle between denominations waged in the earlier days of New England history, now all pay tribute to that noble and far-seeing son of New Hampshire who fought so valiantly to soften the harsh dogmas of Calvinist religion. Hosea Ballou's father was born in Rhode Island and when about forty-four years of age he crossed Massachusetts and settled as the farmer-pastor over the Baptist Church at Richmond, N. H., which adjoins the Massachusetts line on the southwestern corner of our state. Richmond was then a wilderness and the conditions of life were hard. Stephen, the tenth child, was born in 1768, and April 30, 1771, Hosea opened his eyes on this life. Two years later the worn-out mother died.

New Hampshire has no more heroic picture to present its boys and girls than that of the boy Hosea Ballou, learning to read by the light of pitch-pine blazing knots before the family fireplace, on the long winter evenings. Though a strong robust boy and fond of outdoor life and amusement, Hosea was a serious minded lad, and at eighteen years of age we find him a lover of Nature and vitally interested in religion.

Caleb Rich was born at Sutton, Mass., in 1750. He was a farmer-elder in the Baptist Church, and a scholarly man; he moved to Warwick, Mass., in 1771 and while there was excommunicated from the Baptist Church because he came to believe in Universalism. The doctrine of universal salvation Elder Rich preached in Warwick, Richmond and neighboring towns and gathered

about him in Warwick a little group of Universalists. Hosea and two older brothers accepted the larger faith of Elder Rich and were like him, excommunicated from the Baptist Church. This was in 1790. In 1785, Rev. John Murray called together in Oxford, Mass., a convention of the sixteen New England ministers who accepted the doctrine of universal salvation; they were, besides Murray, himself, Adam Streeter, Caleb Rich, Thomas Barnes, Noah Parker, Elhanan Winchester, Moses Winchester, Shippie Townsend, John Tyler, Matthew Wright, Noah Murray, Zebulon Streeter, George Richards, Joab Young, William Farwell, Michael Coffin. The convention alternated its yearly meetings between Oxford, Boston and Milford, and thus came back for its annual meeting at Oxford in September, 1791. Hosea Ballou and his brother David attended; David having already become a Universalist preacher. Shortly afterward Hosea Ballou preached his first sermon upon the advice of his brother and Elder Rich, the service being held at the home of Deacon Thayer of Richmond. The next five years Hosea Ballou spent in farming, school-teaching and itinerant preaching, attending the yearly conventions and consulting with Universalist believers. During these travels the young man had found great satisfaction in gathering with a group of Universalist brethren who lived in a community about twenty miles south of his home, in a locality where the three towns of Hardwick, Petersham and Greenwich came together. Here lived the three John-

son brothers, Silas, Stephen and Aaron, all Universalists; also a Seth Johnson, Earl Flagg, Joel Amsden, John Town and others. This group of men in 1796 arranged with Hosea Ballou to come there and live among them and preach one Sunday a month, devoting the other Sundays to neighboring towns. The young man, then twenty-six years of age, accepted, and married Ruth Washburn of Williamsburg and settled with them, preaching in that part of Hardwick which was in 1803 incorporated as the town of Dana.

Mr. Ballou had by this time passed through a mental evolution to where he took a ground far advanced of the rest of the Universalist brethren. In the next town, New Salem, the pastor was Rev. Joel Forster, known as a learned and pious Calvinist minister; and to him, in a spirit of earnest inquiry and recognizing his own limits in scholastic learning, the young Universalist pastor addressed a letter asking criticism of new views. The Rev. Joel Forster was a very liberal minded man, and well-read in orthodox learning; the letters that passed between himself and Hosea Ballou, and which Forster later published, form interesting reading.

In February of 1803, Elder Ballou took charge of a group of Universalists in the five towns in Vermont, Barnard, Bethel, Bridgewater, Woodstock and Hartland. The same year the Convention of Universalists met at Winchester, N. H., the adjoining town to Richmond, and adopted the historic Universalist Creed. The next year, 1804, Ballou wrote his "Notes on the Parables." Then came his greatest intellectual contribution, "The Treatise on the Atonement." These books are not great works of genius like the work of Jonathan Edwards, but when we consider that the author was a self-educated man, a hill-town pastor with no books or a library, one must admit that the "Treatise" shows in-

tellectual powers of a very high order. Ten years before Channing started his work, fifty years before Bushnell made his attempt to soften orthodox theology, this unschooled preacher of the hill-towns of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont, made his great contribution to theological thinking which broke his denomination from the teachings of Rely and Murray and made Universalism a distinct religious sect. Next Ballou, who wrote some decent verse, tried his hand at reforming the crude and brutal hymnology of Calvinism. After six years at Barnard, during which time he like the Apostle Paul made many visits around New England to strengthen the brethren, and engaged in many controversies, Ballou moved to Portsmouth, in 1809.

Father Ballou was rejoiced to again enter his native state, though now as a famous preacher to enter the commercial city of Portsmouth rather than his quiet native town. John Murray had established a Universalist Church in Portsmouth as early as 1782 and Rev. Noah Parker had been its first pastor. Ballou successfully defended his views in controversies with the Rev. Messrs. Buckminster and Walton, orthodox Portsmouth pastors. Then came the War of 1812. Public feeling ran high and Portsmouth sentiment was against the war. Elder Ballou, however, was a strong supporter of the war and preached a pro-war sermon. The fires thus kindled never died out and three years later, in 1815, Ballou was dismissed to go to his pastoral labors at Salem, Mass. Then three years later, at the age of forty-seven, and a figure of New England fame, he entered upon his Boston pastorate, from which place he exercised the leading influence over the Universalists till his death, thirty-three years later.

The last ten years of his life Father Ballou had an assistant at the School-Street Church, and he spent much

time visiting Universalist churches as a venerable bishop; and he appears to have been especially happy when visiting the churches of southern New Hampshire. The last year of his life, his eighty-first year of life, the venerable man, well preserved and able to preach two or three sermons of from 45 to 60 minutes each on a Sabbath, made what he called "A Valedictory Journey of the Churches." That summer of 1851 he visited and preached at Kensington, Sandown, Brentwood, Newton, Atkinson, Portsmouth, Concord, Weare, Kingston; and in October made a last visit to his beloved Richmond. The next spring he felt able to continue another summer but pneumonia claimed him in May, and

though his robust physique fought it for weeks he finally succumbed.

Father Ballou was a valiant pioneer and one of America's useful men. He was a brave spirit and had a mind of vigor and power. He was a John the Baptist crying for a saner and sweeter religion than Calvinism. Of the great men born amid New Hampshire hills he ranks in the foremost ranks. Like Webster, Greeley, and Hale, Ballou was a pioneer. Of the three men, who in the days of religious thinking between 1775 and 1860, sought to establish a more liberal religious conception, Randall, Smith and Ballou, Ballou was of course the largest figure, and his influence reached the whole Anglo-Saxon world.

DEATH AND ROOSEVELT

By Ernest Harold Baynes

(In *The Independent*)

He turned your lance, O Death
 Full often from its mark.
 But he fought only in the day,
 Nor dreamed you'd take the coward's way,
 And stab him in the dark.

Were you afraid, O Death—
 So brave the front he kept?
 Dared you not face him in the light,
 But crept upon him in the night
 And slew him as he slept?

Meriden, N. H.

QUALIFICATIONS OF ELECTORS

And Persons Elected to Public Office Under the Colonial Government*

By Albert S. Batchellor

Colonial government in Portsmouth, Dover and Exeter, as these three distinct groupings of the early settlements are commonly designated, developed as three independent municipalities. Hampton, granted by Massachusetts, in which the principal settlement took place in 1628 or 1629, was regarded as a Massachusetts town until 1679, and as a municipal unit in the same sense that other towns in the colony were such units. The treaty of union, having exempted New Hampshire from the provision of Massachusetts law that freemen must be church members, a wide difference in one of the most essential features of the suffrage was established for the two parts of the colony.

The regulations as to the suffrage and qualifications for office in Massachusetts had been a growth beginning in the first years following the emigration, and assuming a definite and permanent form in the statute which appears in the colonial laws, edition 1660, p. 196. The previous statutes from which this enactment resulted were those of 1630, 1642, 1647, 1653, and 1658.

A transcript of the original text is its best description:

"And it is hereby Ordered and Enacted. That all Englishmen, that are settled Inhabitants and house-holders in any town, of the age of twenty four years, and of honest & good Conversation, being Rated at twenty pounds estate in a single Country Rate, and that have taken the Oath of Fidelity to this Government, and no other (except freemen) may be Chosen Select men, Jurors or Constables, and have their vote, in the Choice of the

Select men, for the Town Affairs, Assessments of Rates and other Prudentials Proper to the Town, Provided always the Major Part of the Companies of Select men, be freemen from time to time, that shall make a valid Act, as also where no Select men are, to have their vote in ordering schooles, hearing of cattle, laying out high-ways, and distributing lands, any law, use or custome to the contrary notwithstanding." Colonial Laws of Mass., ed. 1660, p. 76; id. reprint, 1889, p. 196.

Taxes were assessed against males from the age of sixteen upwards: I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 39. Severe penalties were imposed at the time of the first union upon those guilty of fraudulent practices in the election of assistants. The simplicity of the method of balloting is noteworthy. The act of 1643 was as follows:—

"It is Ordered by this Court and the Authority thereof, that for the yearly chusing of Assistants, the Freemen shall use Indian Corn and Beans, the Indian Corn to manifest Election, the Beans contrary; and if any free man shall put in more than one Indian Corn or Bean, for the choice or refusal of any publick Officer, he shall forfeit for every such offence, ten pounds, and that any man, that is not free, or hath not liberty of voting, putting in any vote, shall forfeit the like sum of ten pounds." Colonial Laws of Mass., ed. 1672, p. 47.

In the Puritan commonwealth the status of a freeman, his rights, privileges and duties, was clearly prescribed and well understood. The statute of 1647 relates to this subject in terms

*This article by Mr. Batchellor, former State Historian, was left among other unpublished papers at the time of his decease.

which afford an adequate description of the office of freemen:

"To the end the body of freemen may be preserved of honest and good men, It is Ordered, That henceforth no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this Common-wealth, but such as are members of the some of the Churches, within the limits of this jurisdiction; and whereas many members of Churches to exempt themselves from Public service, will not come in to be made freemen, It is Orderd, That no members of Churches within this jurisdiction, shall be exempt from any publick service, they shall be chosen to by, the Inhabitants of the severall Townes, as Constables, Jurors Select men, surveyors of the Highways. And if any such person shall refuse to serve in, or take upon him any such Office, being Legally chosen thereunto, he shall pay for every such refusall, such fine, as the Town shall impose, not exceeding Twenty shillings, for one Offence." Colonial Laws of Mass., ed. 1660, p. 33; id. reprint, 1889, p. 153. It is presumed that this statute was deemed valid in Hampton for reasons above stated, but elsewhere in New Hampshire, including Exeter, church-membership was not a qualification for citizenship. Bell, *History of Exeter*, p. 44.

Subsequent to the restoration, energetic influences were brought to bear upon the colony in favor of more liberal statutes relating to membership in a Puritan church as an indispensable qualification for the office of freeman. The desires of the ministry met with a degree of compliance in the colony. The act of 1664 presents an apparently extensive revision of the former laws. The essential value of these changes might, perhaps, be better ascertained in the application of the law as amended than from its text. The act is as follows:—

"This Court doth Declare, That the Law prohibiting all persons, except Members of Churches, and that also for allowance of them in any

county Court, are hereby Repealed. And do also order and Enact, That from henceforth all English men, presenting a Certificate under the hands of the Minister or Ministers of the place where they dwell, that they are Orthodox in Religion, and not vicious in their lives, and also a Certificate under the hands of the Select Men of the place, or the major part of them, that they are Free holders, and are for their own proper estate (without heads of persons) rateable to the Country in a single Country Rate, after the usual manner of valuation in the place where they live, to the full value of ten shillings, or that they are in full Communion with some Church among us; It shall be in the liberty of all and every such person or persons, being twenty-four years of age, House-holders and settled Inhabitants in this Jurisdiction, from time to time to present themselves and their desires to this Court for their admittance to the Freedom of this Commonwealth, and shall be allowed the priviledges to have such their desire propounded, and put to vote in the General Court, by the suffrage of the major part, according to the Rules of Our Patent." Colonial Laws of Mass., ed. 1672, p. 56.

An act passed in 1673 prescribes the formalities and conditions under which persons not church-members may be admitted to the privileges of freemen. Colonial Laws of Mass., ed. 1672, Whitmore ed., p. 210.

The king's commission by which New Hampshire was separated from Massachusetts and a distinct province created by the commission of 1679, provided for a president and council which was to be the executive branch, the supreme court, and the first branch in the General Assembly. The president and council were empowered to designate the persons in each town who were to have the privilege of voting for members of the first house of representatives. This discretion was exercised and some traces of dissatisfaction are discovered in the history of

the period. I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 2; *id.* note, p. 12, *et seq.*; *id.* Appendix E. I., p. 779. In the *Cutt* laws it is provided in regard to the qualification for holding office as follows:—

"It is Ordered by this Assembly and the Authority thereof; THAT all English men, being Protestants, that are settled Inhabitants & freemen holders in any Town of this Province, of the age of Twenty four years, not vitious in life, but of honest & good conversation, and such as have Twenty pounds rateable estate, without heads of persons; Having also taken the Oath of Allegiance to His Ma'ty and no others, shall be admitted to the liberty of being freemen of this Province, and to give their votes for the choice of Deputies for the General Assembly, Constables, Select-men, Jurors, & other Officers, and concerning the Town where they dwell. PROVIDED this Order give no liberty to any person or persons to vote in the disposition or distribution of any lands, timbers, or other properties in the Town, but such as have real right thereto: And if any difference arise about the said right of voting, it shall be judged & determined by the President and Council, together with the General Assembly of this Province." I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 26.

This article was in operation at least until the *Cutt* laws were disallowed by the king, April 19, 1682. Cranfield's instructions, art. 26, Appendix A, *post.*

By the laws enacted in the time of Cranfield, the provisions as to qualifications for electors and of those elected to office were as follows:—

"FROM the regulation of the choice of Jurors, Assemblymen, Trustees or Overseers for the respective Towns &c. That all persons, settled inhabitant & freeholders in any Town of this Province of Twenty one years, and no other, Shall have liberty of giving their votes for the choice of Assemblymen, Jurors, Trustees, or Overseers for the Respective Towns, Constables, or other necessary Town Officers, or in

any other Town concerns. Nor shall any be chosen Assembly-men, Jurors, or Trustees &c. for the Towns, but such as hath a rateable estate of 15 L according to valuation of stated by Law." I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 63.

In the time of the Dominion of New England, 1686-1689, there were no popular assemblies and the law-making power was vested, first in the president and council, and subsequently in the governor and council. I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 92-259. That part of the laws of the Dominion of New England which regulates towns, relates more directly to the powers of towns than to qualifications of inhabitants, as voters and office holders in the municipalities. Among the early orders issued by the king in his commissions and instructions, or by the executives and their several councils, was a provision that the laws of the province previously existing should remain in force until repealed by the order or act of the legislative councils of the dominion. In New Hampshire this rule continuing the former laws might apply to the acts of the time of Cranfield, and perhaps to the acts of the time of the union.

In the brief period of about eight months which intervened between the end of the second union with Massachusetts, the New Hampshire towns failed to agree upon a constitution under which they should be united for a government of the whole as a temporary state.

Under the second union of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, the former laws were declared to be in force. I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 294; *id.* p. 371. There is no reason to suppose there would be any exception in regard to the qualifications of electors and as to eligibility for public office as the resolve makes no exception. I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p.

King James, the Second, abdicated in 1688. The downfall of the Andros government, Dominion of New England, ensued in April, 1689. In the

period of the second union of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, 1690-1692, every effort was made to obtain a renewal of the charter of 1629 from William and Mary. These efforts were futile. The charter of 1689 was substituted. The new constitution was not satisfactory in many important particulars. It impinged materially upon the independence which the colony enjoyed under the charter of 1629. About the same time, New Hampshire was established as a province under the king's commission. From this time on, the colony and province had a separate government although in about half of this period the king designated the same person to be governor of the colony and province.

Among the most objectionable features of the Massachusetts laws in the first colonial period from the point of view of the home government was the restriction of the privileges of citizenship which appear in the laws defining the status of freemen and prescribing the qualifications for its enjoyment and exercise. The colony was compelled from time to time by pressure from the Crown to liberalize these laws. The last of these attempts to compose these differences as far as they related to the privileges of the freemen appears in the time of the second union in 1689-90. The act is as follows:—

"It is Ordered by this Court, That the Clause in the Law title Freemen, referring to Ministers giving Certificate to Persons Desiring their Freedom, be and hereby is repealed, And the Sum of Ten shillings is reduced to four shillings in a Single Country Rate (without heads of Persons) Or that the Person to be made free have houses or Lands of the Clear Yearly Value of Six Pounds Freehold w^{ch} Value is to be returned to the Court by the Select Men of the Place, or the Major part of them, who also are to Certify that such Person is not Vicious in Life And the Additional Law title freemen, made October 15th 1673 is

hereby likewise repealed." *I Laws of N. H., 1679-1702, p. 355.*

The colony charter of 1691 and the province commission of 1692 prohibited discrimination in the privileges of citizenship between the adherence of the various sectarian denominations except Catholics, often referred to in the parlance of that day as Papists. Religious freedom and equality were enjoined with the exception mentioned. Two notable results ensued. Religious freedom and equality were conceded in the colonial laws and the standing order enjoyed a growth and prosperity which it had never experienced under the rigors of the earlier system of laws relating to this subject. Doyle, *English Colonies in America, New England, in the Intercharter Period.*

In 1699 an act entitled "An Act to return able and sufficient jurors to serve in the several courts of justice and to regulate the election of representatives to serve in the General Assembly within this province" contains the following provision:—

"No person Inhabiting within this Province, other than Freeholders of the value or income of Forty Shillings Per Annum or upwards in Land, or worth Fifty Pounds Sterling at the least in personal Estate, shall have any vote in the Election of Representatives; or be capable of being elected to Serve in the General Assembly."

An act upon this subject was passed in 1723, but it was disallowed in the Privy Council.

A very important act was passed in 1728 entitled "An Act for calling and electing assembly men and their qualifications." According to Mr. Belknap the purposes of the act were of a constitutional nature and effect. As to the qualifications of electors and as to eligibility to office, it provides as follows:—

"And that no person shall be allow'd to serve in the house of representatives as a member thereof, unless he hath a real estate within this province of the value of three hundred

pounds; and the qualifications of the person so elected shall be determined by the house of representatives, other than such, who has a real estate of the value of fifty pounds within the town, parish, or precinct where such election shall be." Laws, ed. 1771, p. 166. The law on this subject remained unchanged until the termination of the province period.

WHAT'S THE USE?

By Edward Hersey Richards

Sometimes we mortals weep and moan
Because we think we're all alone,
Within a world whose heart is stone.
But what's the use?

Suppose the thought were really true,
One might as well be bright as blue,
It's just the same when one is through.
So what's the use?

Sometimes we think that honest men,
From business haunts have gone to den,
And only come out now and then.
But what's the use?

The business world is built, you see,
On confidence and honesty,
Therefore, most men must honest be.
So what's the use?

Sometimes we find in politics,
Deceit and graft and fraud and tricks,
That burn and sting to finger quicks.
But what's the use?

All things in love and war are fair
And love and war each have a share
In politics, 'most everywhere.
So what's the use?

Sometimes we think the weather's bad,
The worst that mortals ever had,
If we could change it we'd be glad.
But what's the use?

Life's brightest sunshine lives within
The human heart, and cannot win
As long as we refuse to grin,
So what's the use?

EDITORIAL

Both Governor John H. Bartlett and the people of New Hampshire are to be congratulated upon the fact that throughout the state, during the first month of the year 1919, the chief topic of debate has been the inaugural message of the new chief executive. It is an obvious fact, often commented

speedily disappears, unless something sensational happens to keep him awake.

That something sensational has been furnished by Governor Bartlett's salutatory, and for thus stirring to life dormant interest in state affairs His Excellency should be thanked, even

Campaigning in New Hampshire—1918

Left to right, front row, ex-President William H. Taft, U. S. Senator George H. Moses; second row, Governor John H. Bartlett, Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs, H. L. Grinnell, Esq.; third row, Howard O. Nelson, Charles D. Barnard, Esq.

upon, that the average citizen is not so much interested as he ought to be in the workings of the official organisms, local, state and national, in which he is a unit. The indifferent citizen is an American type as truly as the tired business man and represents an even less desirable class of the population. It is a hard task, sometimes, even to get him to the polls on election day, and once the results of that voting have been announced his interest in government, visible and invisible,

by those of us who do not agree with his fundamental principle that our present form of government, largely through continuing commissions, should be replaced by a more direct responsibility of the governor and council for the administration of the state's business.

Governor Bartlett complains that the executive department has been "stripped of its powers," but Article 55 of the Constitution of New Hampshire still says: "No moneys shall be

issued out of the treasury of this state and disposed of (except such sums as may be appropriated for the redemption of bills of credit or treasurer's notes, or for the payment of interest arising thereon) but by warrant under the hand of the governor for the time being, by and with the advice and consent of the council, for the necessary support and defense of this state and for the necessary protection and preservation of the inhabitants thereof, agreeably to the acts and resolves of the general court."

The hand that holds the purse strings rules the roost, and as a matter of fact no considerable expenditures have been made by any of the commissions of which Governor Bartlett complains without consultation with and approval from the governor, at least, and usually the council, as well.

For many years it has been the New Hampshire custom, a bad one, on the whole, not to re-elect a governor for a second time no matter how successful and worthy his administration may have been. The same rule has applied to members of the executive council. And there is no indication of any intention on the part of Granite State voters to change their attitude in this respect.

The result is that once in two years half a dozen new men begin at the beginning to study the same problems of state government business and executive direction which their predecessors took up afresh at the start of the previous administration. The damage to the state in delay and difficulty is quite enough as it is; it would be infinitely greater if the recommendations of Governor Bartlett should be adopted and the state's policy in regard to all its institutions, its highways and other important branches of its business should be subject to instant change at the hands of inexperienced, uninformed and oftentimes impulsive members of a new governor and council body every two years.

For more years than some seem to remember we have been progressing

in New Hampshire towards that ideal form of government in which partisan politics is kept out of the state's business. We have not reached it yet, but we are nearer to it than we were and it would be a matter for regret if we were to slide to the very bottom of the hill again.

With many of Governor Bartlett's ideas and recommendations we are in hearty accord. Especially are we glad to have him urge so strongly the executive budget system in support and explanation of which former Governor Spaulding wrote in the January issue of this magazine. With that adopted, some of the present chief executive's recommendations would lose much of the ground upon which he bases them.

His idea that some of our state commissions can be reduced from three members to one with financial gain and without loss of efficiency depends for its successful working out upon the quality of the one surviving member. We fear that the one man qualified to discharge all the duties, judicial and otherwise, of the public service commission or the tax commission, would deserve and demand a higher salary than the state of New Hampshire ever has paid a public servant.

There will be no dissent from the governor's statement that the state must have more revenue. The direct way to get it is by increasing the state tax. Income, inheritance and corporation taxes are popular, however, and have scriptural sanction in the avowal, "From him that hath shall be taken."

Much of the increase in the state's revenue, however secured, the governor would spend in freeing toll bridges, beginning with that at Portsmouth, and in increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the schooling which is provided for the children of New Hampshire.

A toll bridge today is an anachronism, of course, as well as a nuisance. They are disappearing quite rapidly

and we should hasten the process as much as we can with financial justice to the other demands upon the state treasury. And though New Hampshire is small and poor, as compared with Maine, probably our state pride will lead us to match her and the federal government dollar for dollar in the work at Portsmouth.

The educational problem is quite as great, but not quite so simple, as it is made out to be in the governor's inaugural and in the special committee report made to him in the matter. We all should be glad, of course, to have the children in Hart's Location, if there are any, enjoy as good schools as the children of Manchester; but it is almost as impossible, from a practical standpoint, that they should, as that the children of Manchester should see every day as grand scenery as is a part of the life of the Hart's Location children. Moreover, any one who has been in touch with the New Hampshire legislatures of the recent past knows that the people still cling tenaciously to some measure of home rule in the matter of their schools. It must not be forgotten that among the earliest acts of the first settlers of our towns was the building of churches of their own and schoolhouses of their own, without needing or desiring or-

ders to that effect from higher up. The closer together the school and the home, the greater the interest which father and mother take in the education of son and daughter, the better for all concerned; and a state commission, ruling, from Concord, all the school affairs of every city and town would have elements of danger in it as well as the opportunities for service which the committee and the governor emphasize.

Whether or no this Legislature gives the governor more power on various lines, he will find, as he becomes better accustomed to his new office and its work, that he already has much more power than, from his inaugural, he seems to think he has; as much, perhaps, as any inexperienced governor—and all New Hampshire governors are inexperienced when they assume office—ought to have.

If this general court takes Governor Bartlett at his word and turns over to him and his council sole control of the highways and the institutions of the state, will he, on January 8, 1920, as he turns over that sole and supreme control to a new governor and a new council, believe that thereby the best interests of the state are being served?

We do not think so.

GIFTS OF HOUSES

During the past month two notable gifts for public purposes of two well-known New Hampshire homes were made. Mrs. Nellie Putnam Chamberlin, widow of Horace E. Chamberlin, famous well-known railroad manager, gave by will her beautiful home on Pleasant street in Con-

cord to the Concord Woman's Club for a clubhouse; and Miss Eva L. Van Dyke offered the Van Dyke homestead in Lancaster, one of the finest estates in that handsome town, for use as home for a boys' club and as a memorial to sons of Lancaster in the war.



A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Mrs. Larz Anderson (Isabel Perkins) is one of the present day authors in whose works New Hampshire people take particular interest. The daughter of our Granite State naval hero of the Civil War, Commodore George H. Perkins, U. S. N., his memorial, through her filial love,

are more dear to her in all the wide world of which she has seen so much, not even her magnificent homes at "Weld" in Brookline, Mass., and at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Anderson is the author of a baker's dozen of books, about equally divided between charming juveniles

Mrs. Larz Anderson as a Hospital Nurse

forms one of the attractive and important features of the civic center of the state capital. From her father she inherited, and with him in girlhood she shared, a love for the hills of New Hampshire and its rural life. The Perkins family homestead in Hopkinton and the extensive estate which her father founded in the neighboring town of Webster are still her property, and no places, it is said,

and highly interesting books of travel. Most recently published, but now in its second printing, is "Zigzagging" (Houghton Mifflin Company), an account of her eight months of war work in France, managing a canteen on the Marne, serving as hospital nurse, meeting the King and Queen of Belgium, General Pershing and General Edwards, and, in general, making the most of unusually good oppor-

tunities for seeing all sides of war activities as well as of having a helpful part in many of them.

Mrs. Anderson's literary style is fluent, yet direct, and full of pleasing contrasts which hold the attention of the reader and relieve the strain which some war books put upon our minds and hearts. Typical of these merits is her description of her visit to the rulers of Belgium. At Calais she was met by an officer of the court and taken in the King's motor to La Panne to dine with the King and Queen. At Dunkirk a very bad air raid was going on, and, she writes, "I was sitting on the bottom of the motor, so that in case the glass was broken I might not be cut and also in order that I might gaze up into the sky and see what was going on."

Arrived at the royal villa, she found that her travelling bag had not been put into the motor, so that, perforce, she dined with the King and Queen in her uniform of nurses' blue.

"Across the hall a door opened, and there stood the King and Queen in the center of a small sitting-room. I curtsied at the entrance. The Queen put out her hand, and I curtsied again, and also to the King, as is the custom. He was in khaki, with the black-and-red collar and the stars of the commander-in-chief of the army. She wore a simple white gown, cut V-shaped in the neck, and no jewels. They both looked extremely well, in spite of what they had been through, and both as young as I remembered them five years ago.

"Her Majesty asked me in a very informal way to follow her into the dining-room. The room was small, with a round table that left rather a blue and white impression on me. My seat was on the King's left, and the Countess was on my other side. I was extremely tired and very hungry, and did full credit to the simple meal of soup, fish, meat, pudding and fruit. I had had nothing since a cup of chocolate at 11, except the bread in my pocket.

"The thing that stands out now in my mind is that the King, who looked rather solemn, surprised me by joking.

"After dinner . . . the Queen and I had quite a long talk in the little parlor, all by ourselves. She was very simple and sweet and bright, and told me a good many interesting things, speaking in English and in the very low voice which royalty always seems to use. . . .

"As I was leaving the palace, to my surprise, a little package was handed me, in which I found a nightgown of the Queen's, a comb and brush, soap and several handkerchiefs! . . . The little inn was filled with men playing the piano and singing. I went to sleep with rollicking soldier songs in my ears."

Another side of her experiences is given in extracts from her journal while at the Ocean Hospital.

"But after the concert was over I walked home alone as usual in the blackness and crept up the three flights of dark stairs to my little corner, where I boiled some water and had a drink of malted milk, grabbed my hot water bottle and tumbled into bed all dressed—not because I was afraid of the boches, but to keep warm. . . . There are moments when I am a little tired of getting up at dawn and preparing my own breakfast in a stone-cold room, where my fingers are so numb I can hardly hold the dishes. What is wanted over here is simply women who have strong arms and legs—you should be young and well and willing to do what you are told. . . .

"The Queen arrived at 10 o'clock this morning and stayed for two hours. We had given the salle an extra cleaning and got a special outfit all ready for her majesty—the usual white rubber apron and white cotton overshoes and rubber gloves. Instead of the white veil which French and Belgian nurses wear, she put on a sort of turban cap of white silk.

"She came in very quietly, and we

all curtsied. Then, as she dressed the wounds, doing the work of the doctors, we waited upon her. I stood behind the movable table with dressings. Her first case was a man with a very bad arm, her second a man who had both legs cut off. She used to do this sort of thing in hospitals even before the war.

"I think it is quite wonderful of her to work so hard, and to do it so well. For it is not pleasant to see such dreadful wounds, all open and bleeding, and to hear men groaning and grinding their teeth with pain, some crying and yelling and biting their blankets, and, when under the influence of ether, talking so strangely."

THE OLD TOWN PUMP

By Charles Nevers Holmes

By the old town hall in the village square
Stood an old town pump, like a landmark there,
With its short-nosed spout and its handle strong,
And a chain attached to a dipper long.

There the horses stopped, on an August day,
And the oxen passed with huge loads of hay,
And the children played, while their parents spoke
Of good crops or news, or the latest joke.

How that handle rose and that handle fell,
As the water gushed from the deep, dark well,
Through the short-nosed spout in a silver stream,
Sparkling bright and clear 'mid the sunlight's gleam.

Here the schoolboy came, homeward bound at noon,
And fond lovers met 'neath September's moon,
And the squire so grave, or the parson gray,
Often paused a while when he passed this way.

And the farmer, hot from midsummer's heat,
Drank its cooling draught like some nectar sweet,
Which his sires had quaffed in the years of yore
And which he would quaff till life's toil was o'er.

By the new town hall in that village square
There's no old town pump like a landmark there,
And no horses stop on an August day,
And no oxen come with their loads of hay;

And that pump is gone like the times long past
For of earthly things all must die at last,
Yet some folks still live—just a few—who know
Where the town pump stood years and years ago.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

PHILIP F. AMIDON

Philip Francis Amidon was born at Hinsdale, January 27, 1852, and died there on November 9, 1918. He was the eldest son of Charles Jacob and Mary (Harvey) Amidon,

the few close friends who understood his rare qualities satisfied him; that "best portion of a good man's life." The little nameless remembered acts of kindness and love were the daily record of his sojourn here. He "put his creed into his deed" and exemplified in all his dealings "that to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

EBEN M. WILLIS

Eben Marston Willis, treasurer and general manager since 1912 of the Page Belting Company, one of Concord's chief industries, died January 1, after a week's illness, of influenza, ending in pneumonia. He was born in Claremont, May 11, 1871, graduated from the Concord High School in 1889 and immediately began his continuing connection with the Page Belting Company. He was a director of that company and of the

The late Philip F. Amidon

(From a photograph taken in 1898)

and after attending the town schools and a military school at Brattleboro, Vt., entered his father's textile mills at Hinsdale at the age of eighteen. He mastered every department of their operation by practical experience and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to partnership. Since the death of his father in 1900 he had been sole owner of the mills at Hinsdale and Wilton, disposing of the former in 1917, but continuing the operation of the latter until his death and doing a large and lucrative business. He was a strong Republican in politics and represented Wilton, where he resided from 1894 to 1907, in the Legislature of 1899. He was a director of the Vermont National Bank of Brattleboro and a member of the Home Market Club of Boston; a 32nd degree Mason and an Odd Fellow. His wife, who was Mrs. Annie Estey Fulton of Brattleboro, survives him, with one son, James Jacob Amidon.

A man of strong character, but of modest and retiring nature, Mr. Amidon was one whose affiliations were limited—home and

The late Eben M. Willis

Mechanics National Bank and the Capital Fire Insurance Company, a trustee of the Merrimac County Savings Bank and vice-president and director of the Northern Securities Company. A Republican in politics, he was a member of the Concord City Government from 1897 to 1903 and of the state House of Representatives in 1903 and 1905, being chairman of the State House Committee at the latter session. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Woonancet and Snowshoe Clubs of Concord and of

the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association. He was a leading member of the White Memorial Universalist Church in Concord, his grandfather, the late Rev. Lemuel Willis, having been one of the pioneer preachers of that denomination. Mr. Willis is survived by his wife, one daughter, Miss Mary E. Willis, a member of the class of 1920 at Wellesley College, and his aged father, Algeron Willis, formerly deputy state treasurer of New Hampshire.

HON. A. A. WOOLSON

Augustus A. Woolson, born in Lisbon, June 15, 1835, died there, December 15, after an illness of eight weeks with influenza. He was educated at Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, and Kimball Union Academy, Meriden; was in the insurance business for forty-five years and for twenty years was a member of the mercantile firm of Wells & Woolson. He was a member of the Legislature in 1875-6-7-8 and in the two latter years was Speaker of the House, the last such officer to serve two terms. For almost forty years he was moderator of the town and also had been town clerk, town treasurer, member of the school board, district commissioner, deputy sheriff, etc. He was a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1889 and 1902 and of the Republican National Convention which nominated James A. Garfield for president. In 1892 he was a presidential elector. For many years Mr. Woolson was president of the village library association and of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company and in all matters of community welfare he was a leader and worker. He was unmarried.

GEORGE W. ABBOTT

George Whitefield Abbott was born in West Boscawen (now Webster) March 13, 1837, the son of Nathaniel and Mary (Fitts) Abbott, and died at Springfield, Mass., December 27. As a young man he was a clerk in Boston and afterwards engaged in the grocery business at Norwich, Conn., and at Fisherville, now Penacook, where he enlisted in Company E, Seventh Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, in August, 1862. He was wounded severely in the battle of Olustee, Florida, February 20, 1864, but rejoined his regiment and was mustered out in June, 1865. After the war he engaged in mercantile pursuits at Penacook and in 1876 formed a partnership with J. E. Symonds for the manufacture of tables, which was highly successful as a partnership and later as a corporation. Mr. Abbott retired from business some years ago and of late has resided with his daughter, Myra (Mrs. Grenville M. Stevens), in Springfield. He formerly was president of the Penacook Electric Light Company and a director of the Concord Street Railway, the Sullivan County Railroad and the First National Bank of Concord. A Republican in politics,

he was presidential elector in 1892 and a member of the House of Representatives in 1895. He was a member of the G. A. R. Post at Penacook, of the Masonic Lodge there and of the Chapter and Commandery at Concord and of the Winthrop Club at Springfield. For many years he had been a summer resident of the Lake Sunapee region. Besides

The late George W. Abbott

his daughter he is survived by three grandchildren, Eleanor, Abbott, and Emily Stevens, in whom he had great pride and joy.

DR. EDWIN E. JONES

Dr. Edwin Emery Jones met with a tragic death on December 28, in an automobile accident at North Stratford. Born in London, January 4, 1870, he prepared at Pembroke Academy for Dartmouth College and graduated from its Medical School in 1894. He played on the 'Varsity football team for three seasons and in his last year was its captain. He practised his profession at Norwich, Vt., at Concord, and since 1898 at Colebrook, where he had achieved great success and had contributed to the public good the organization of the Colebrook Hospital. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Eastern Star and Odd Fellows. In religious belief he was a Methodist. He married, July 3, 1894, at Suncook, Maud E. Northrup, by whom he is survived, with one son, Ralph Northrup Jones, born January 16, 1898, and now in his last year at Phillips Exeter Academy.

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Number 3

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Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

New Hampshire's Financial History

The War Workers of New Hampshire

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

MARCH, 1919

No. 3

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FINANCIAL HISTORY

By James O. Lyford

(From an address given before the New Hampshire Legislature, February 4, 1919)

I have thought that a brief sketch of our financial history, from the close of the Civil War, might be interesting to you as well as a guide to your present deliberations. We are frequently informed that New Hampshire is a backward state in its development in contrast with sister states. We get this information largely from outsiders, but sometimes from our own people. In the limited time I shall take, it is my hope to show you that, considering our resources and the problems that have faced us, we have made a record of which any citizen may be proud.

It is fifty-three years since the close of the Civil War. I shall divide these years into two arbitrary periods of twenty-seven and twenty-six years each. The first is the debt-paying period, in which the whole thought of the people was centered on discharging the obligations incurred by the Civil War. The second period, from 1892-1918, is the period of state development. The periods are arbitrary because the work of state development began in a small way before 1892, and the war debts were not all paid until thirteen years later.

At the close of the Civil War the state debt was, in round numbers, \$4,000,000, and the town debts of New Hampshire aggregated nearly \$7,000,000 more. One million of the state debt was for bounties advanced by the state for the United States, which the federal government paid

soon after. The state debt with this deduction was \$3,000,000, and the annual interest charge was \$250,000, some of the state's obligations bearing for a year or two 8 per cent interest.

The people of New Hampshire were confronted with a state debt nearly three times our present state debt, with a property valuation of only one fourth of what our valuation is today. It is not surprising, therefore, that the whole thought of the people for a quarter of a century following the Civil War was centered upon the discharge of their public debts, state and town, and that they could give but little attention to anything else.

The state prison and the state hospital,—the latter founded largely by private philanthropy, were our principal state institutions. An industrial school at Manchester and a normal school at Plymouth were started in this period; and the agricultural college was a struggling annex of Dartmouth. The salary of the governor was \$1,000, of the state treasurer \$600, that of the chief justice was \$2,000, and of his associates \$1,800 each.

During a quarter of a century following the Civil War, the only building of importance erected by the state was a new state prison. The new state prison was the only public building of its era in the United States that was completed within the appropriation,—a fact that was favorably commented upon by the newspapers of the

country. This is further evidence of the economy and watchfulness of our people at that time.

The Legislature met in those days annually on the first Wednesday of June; and if it did not finally adjourn by the Fourth of July it was charged with extravagance and with wasting the people's money.

It was almost impossible during this period of debt payment to create a new state agency or to increase a state salary.

In 1871, the Legislature voted to assume the war debts of the towns, and \$2,200,000 was added to the state burden, bonds being issued for that amount, payable after 1892 in annual instalments. This added an annual interest charge of \$132,000. The payment of the principal of these bonds did not fall until the second period, which we are to consider; but twenty years of interest payments were made within the first period.

In the twenty-seven years following the close of the Civil War, New Hampshire paid the entire principal of its original war debt of \$3,000,000 and at least an equal amount in interest charges on the same until it was finally discharged; and in addition twenty years' interest on \$2,200,000, the war debts of the towns which she assumed, amounting to \$2,640,000, an aggregate payment of debt and interest during these twenty-seven years of \$8,640,000.

In view of this task imposed upon them, the Legislatures from 1865 to 1892 were probably justified in deferring to their successors the problems of state development, education and philanthropy.

In the next period from 1892-1918, the thought of the people was turned to questions similar to those confronting you, that have to do with the care of youth, the public health, the wards of the state, and the promotion of the general welfare of our people. Here, again, I make a division of the twenty-six years to be considered into two equal periods of thirteen years each, because there was still left for the state

to pay in bonded debt \$2,200,000, that it had assumed of the war debts of the towns. This debt was paid in annual instalments from 1892-1905. In 1905, the state debt reached its lowest mark in our history since before the Civil War. It was then \$393,700. This represented obligations created by the state other than war debts. The state tax in 1905 reached its lowest figures in our history since before the Civil War. It was only \$300,000.

I have grouped the state's activities since 1892 under ten heads; and the classification thereunder I think you will consider as appropriate. What I hope to show by the comparisons I make is the growing liberality of the Legislature after the last of the Civil War debts were paid, and present to you evidence that New Hampshire has been generous in the last thirteen years in her contributions to the public welfare of her citizens.

I perhaps need to repeat, that from 1892-1905 the state was paying in annual instalments the war debts of the towns which she had assumed, namely, \$2,200,000, and a constantly decreasing interest thereon, totalling in principal and interest about \$3,000,000. This interest does not include the twenty years' interest paid prior to 1892 before any of these bonds matured.

The ten heads under which I have totalled the state's expenditures from 1892-1905 and from 1905-1918 are,—Past Wars, Military, Agriculture, Labor, Public Health, Penal Institutions, The Unfortunate, Forestry, Education, and Public Improvements. The comparison in the two periods of thirteen years each since 1892 follows:

PAST WARS		
	1892-1905	1905-1918
Soldiers' Home.....	\$194,346.71	\$316,816.75
Regimental Histories.....	12,740.00	1,650.00
Aid to G. A. R.....	6,250.75	28,721.70
Alabama-Kearsarge Claim.....	4,520.75	
Soldiers' Monuments.....	4,834.98	
Muster Rolls.....	500.00	
Spanish War.....	111,023.94	
Mexican Border Gratuity.....		73,001.69
War with Germany.....		270,656.93
	\$334,217.13	\$690,847.07

MILITARY

	1892-1905	1905-1918
National Guard.....	\$391,087.29	\$630,858.72
Adjutant-General.....	36,446.39	52,470.58
Armories.....	48,000.00	142,330.41
Independent Militia.....	5,075.83	3,900.00
	<u>\$480,609.51</u>	<u>\$829,559.71</u>

AGRICULTURE

	1892-1905	1905-1918
Agricultural College.....	\$279,363.55	\$581,970.73
Board of Agriculture.....	74,503.90	146,368.88
Contagious Diseases.....	92,309.66	173,557.25
Bounties on Wild Animals.....	32,954.63	32,056.45
Dairyman's Associations.....	6,400.00	10,597.21
Horticultural Society.....	2,100.00	8,699.39
*Immigration Commission.....	11,546.77	
Moth Extermination.....		127,275.19
	<u>\$499,178.51</u>	<u>\$1,080,525.10</u>

* Included in expenses of Board of Agriculture after 1905.

LABOR BUREAU

	1892-1905	1905-1918
	\$43,551.84	*\$55,606.12

* Last two years include factory inspection and free employment bureau.

PUBLIC HEALTH

	1892-1905	1905-1918
Board of Health.....	\$63,419.31	\$93,126.59
Vital Statistics.....	17,093.51	26,296.73
Laboratory of Hygiene.....	22,161.60	74,909.29
Epidemic Fund.....	4,268.53	2,452.82
Sanatorium.....	10,390.16	429,040.85
	<u>\$117,333.11</u>	<u>\$625,826.08</u>

PENAL INSTITUTIONS

	1892-1905	1905-1918
State Prison.....	\$84,003.55	\$439,495.29
Industrial School.....	108,341.78	588,803.35
	<u>\$192,345.33</u>	<u>\$1,028,298.64</u>

THE UNFORTUNATES

	1892-1905	1905-1918
State Hospital.....	\$407,648.08	\$3,422,204.54
Dependent Insane.....	166,924.92	
Deaf, Dumb and Blind.....	100,305.56	233,166.06
Board of Charities.....	11,703.15	*172,137.09
School for Feeble-Minded.....	97,692.57	786,564.80
Idiotic and Feeble-Minded.....	9,910.21	
Commission of Lunacy.....		9,317.84
	<u>\$794,184.49</u>	<u>\$4,623,390.13</u>

* This includes care of tubercular patients other than at Sanatorium from 1912. Annual appropriation \$20,000.

FORESTRY

	1892-1905	1905-1918
	\$25,623.26	\$299,618.27

EDUCATION

	1892-1905	1905-1918
Department of Public In- struction.....	\$69,464.09	\$185,953.46
Teachers Institutes.....	26,860.77	31,361.08
School Fund.....	128,075.00	1,054,452.55
High School Tuition.....	14,454.26	32,000.00
Normal Schools.....	172,477.82	987,859.55
Dartmouth College.....	100,000.00	235,000.00
Aid Dependent Mothers.....		39,925.00
Pensions to Teachers.....		12,500.00
	<u>\$511,331.94</u>	<u>\$2,579,051.64</u>

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS

	1892-1905	1905-1918
Highways.....	\$209,593.32*	\$4,680,185.74
Highways to Public Waters	3,583.08	
Protection of Public Rights	6,069.20	7,909.64
Lights and Buoys.....	7,003.56	24,491.87
Bridges.....	5,537.26	18,750.00
	<u>\$231,786.42</u>	<u>\$4,731,337.25</u>

* Automobile fees applied to highway of \$1,500,000 included in \$4,680,185.74.

The total spent on these ten state activities from 1892-1905 is \$3,230,-161.54, and from 1905-18 is \$16,544,-360.10, or five times as much for the last thirteen years as for the thirteen years that preceded.

The property valuation of the state in 1892 was \$182,000,000 in round numbers; in 1905 it was \$220,000,000, and in 1918 it was \$453,000,000. From 1905-18 this valuation a little more than doubled, while the expenditures for the public welfare in the same period, in all except one of the groups doubled, in four of them they increased from five to six times, in Forestry the increase was practically twelve times, and in Public Improvement the increase was twenty fold. I think you will agree with me that New Hampshire cannot be reproached for her care of her citizens.

Not one of these undertakings do we regret and there is none that we would relinquish. Best of all, there has not in my recollection ever been a partisan vote in the Legislature in granting or refusing an appropriation for the public welfare. What we have done or what we have refused to do has been because the Legislature believed its action to be right.

As to the work of the present Legislature, what is the financial situation that we face? The last Legislature did not appropriate enough for the maintenance of the departments and institutions. It could not intelligently do so, as the cost of labor and materials was then climbing by leaps and bounds, and we were at the beginning of our participation in the war with Germany. It provided, however, an emergency fund for each of the two succeeding years, to be spent under the direction of the governor and council. This was not sufficient, however; and we face a deficit of revenue for the present fiscal year ending August 31 of nearly \$300,000.

For the fiscal year ending August 31, 1920, with a state tax of \$800,000

there will be an excess of estimated expenditures over estimated revenue of \$275,000; and for the following year, for which this Legislature must also provide, the deficit will be over \$400,000, a total deficit for this year and the two succeeding years of nearly \$1,000,000.

In looking over the estimates of the institutions, I find that these institutions are counting upon an emergency appropriation to carry them through, so that these estimates do not represent what may be the cost for the next two years.

A state tax of \$1,200,000 for the next two years is therefore necessary. This does not take into consideration any increase of appropriations over estimates for the next two years, or any special appropriation by this Legislature. The state tax must be increased \$400,000 even if this Legislature does not add a single new undertaking. We must first take care of what we have already authorized. This is a burden we cannot avoid.

The only proposition before this Legislature to raise additional revenue is the direct inheritance tax. This, if the exemptions are not made too large, may produce an average annual income of \$200,000; but for the first two years the income will fall far short of that amount.

Whatever this Legislature proposes to do in addition to what is already authorized, it must do through an increase of the state tax above \$1,200,000. This is the naked situation, and we must face it, and face it courageously. The war is responsible for the increase that you will have to make in the state tax up to \$1,200,000. You will be responsible for any increase above that sum. Governor Bartlett has admirably expressed it in this way:

"Good government in a democracy is to provide what the people honestly want, and then levy taxes of

some kind for payment. These two phases of the question must always be kept together. We should be reasonably sure the people do want each given thing, and then we should discover the best method of securing the necessary money. When that has been done, the executive function of the state should see that the people obtain those results without waste."

You are to be reasonably sure that the people desire the things for which you are to make the appropriations, and then you are to provide the revenue. The only available source of revenue is to increase the state tax above \$1,200,000 for the additional appropriations that this Legislature votes beyond the sum required to meet the present requirements of the state. If you feel that your constituents are willing to stand the additional burden for the benefits you give them, then you will have no hesitancy in making the required additional increase in the state tax beyond \$1,200,000.

This morning the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in his report shows that the requests for special appropriations made of this Legislature total over \$5,000,000 for the next two years. To grant them all would mean an increase of the state tax beyond the \$1,200,000 required to meet present estimates, of \$2,500,000 a year. You are, therefore, face to face with the same problem that has confronted your predecessors, namely,—to select the more pressing demands for which your constituents will justify the expenditure, and defer action on the remainder. The millennium will not be brought about by the acts of one session of the Legislature. Years hence, even if the New Hampshire Legislature continues to show the same liberal spirit that it has for the past thirteen years, there will still be opportunity for improving the condition of the people.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S WAR WORKERS

New Hampshire's part in the world war was almost 20,000 men in service (the latest report of the state war historian gives the number of names then on his records as 18,861); \$75,465,890 invested in the first four Liberty Loans; 150,000 members of the Red Cross, contributing \$935,000 in money to the work of that organization and a great amount of supplies—how great it is impossible to ascertain;

Within the limits of magazine articles it is impossible to give any adequate account of all the ramifications of this war work or to render due credit to all the men and women engaged in it, but some record seems appropriate and desirable at this time, when most of the activities are being brought to a close as the need for them disappears.

The highest meed of praise be-

Governor Henry W. Keyes and Some New Hampshire War Workers in the Newington Ship Yards

\$1,000,000 given in one "United" drive, for the work in connection with the war, of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Work and the War Camp Community Service; and a great amount of work done and money contributed for Belgian, Armenian and other refugee relief, for books and magazines and "smileage" tickets for the soldiers and sailors, and in many other ways. Altogether, it is estimated, New Hampshire raised more than two and a half million dollars for war charities and has invested more than eighty million dollars in government war securities, or one-fifth of the entire wealth of the state.

longs, of course, to the men who had the closest connection with the actual winning of the war, the men who endured the life of the trenches, the men who went over the top, the men who stopped the onslaught of the Hun, beat him back, broke his spirit, forced him to sue for peace.

The time has not yet come for telling the story of the New Hampshire men overseas. It will be a splendid one when it is told and this magazine hopes to have a share in the telling. But that must be a thought and a plan for the future.

New Hampshire's first contribution to the man power of the war came in the federalizing of the 2,750

men of the First Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, and the subsequent incorporation of most of its strength in the 103rd Regiment of Infantry of the 26th Division, A. E. F.

the Navy and the Marine Corps, amounting in all to 7,500 men.

Then came the enactment of the Selective Service Act, under which 94,801 men were registered in the

Dr. George Cook
Chairman Selective Service Board

There was a highly creditable amount of volunteering in connection with filling the ranks of this regiment and for other service of the nation, in the various branches of the Army,

state of New Hampshire and 8,925 furnished for service.

Under the law the responsibility for its enforcement in New Hampshire was placed in Governor Henry

W. Keyes and upon his recommendation the following officials were named as his assistants:

Brigadier General Charles W. Howard, the Adjutant General and Disbursing Officer and Agent of the United States and State of New Hampshire; First Lieutenant John M. Gile, M. R. C., medical aide to the Governor; Miss Bessie A. Clark, chief clerk.

District Board: Dr. George Cook, chairman, Concord; W. L. Carter, Nashua, succeeded by D. Sidney Rollins, Newport, clerk; Edmund Sullivan, Berlin; Richard A. Cooney, Portsmouth; Samuel O. Titus, Rollinsford; Arthur H. Chase, chief clerk, Concord.

Local Boards: Belknap County, Frederick D. Elliott, Edwin P. Thompson, Frank P. Tilton, Dr. Edwin P. Hodgdon, all of Laconia.

Carroll County: Arthur W. Chandler, Conway; Arthur E. Kenison, Ossipee; Dr. B. F. Horne, Conway; Dr. George H. Shedd, Conway; Dr. F. E. Clow, Wolfeboro.

Cheshire County: Edward H. Lord, Lewis W. Holmes, the late Carl J. Beverstock, Roy M. Pickard, Dr. Frank M. Dinamoore, Miriam G. Starkey, chief clerk, all of Keene.

Cods County: George W. Brown, Berlin; Fred C. Cleveland, Lancaster; Dr. T. C. Pulsifer, Berlin; Dr. Richard E. Wilder, Whitefield; Sarah M. Daley, chief clerk, Lancaster.

Grafton County: Joseph P. Huckins, Plymouth; Dexter D. Dow, Dr. Elmer M. Miller, L. C. George, chief clerk, all of Woodsville.

Hillsborough County, No. One (City of Nashua): Dr. George W. Currier, Thomas D. Luce, Dr. Benjamin G. Moran, Fred Cross, chief clerk, all of Nashua.

Hillsborough County, No. Two (County of Hillsborough with the exception of Manchester and Nashua): Charles S. Emerson, Milford; James F. Brennan, Peterborough; Dr. Charles A. Weaver, New Boston; Wynona L. Parkhurst, chief clerk, Milford.

Manchester City, No. One (Wards 1, 2, 3, 4, 5a and 9): Allan M. Wilson, Harry T. Lord, Dr. I. L. Carpenter, all of Manchester.

Manchester City, No. Two (Wards 5b, 6, 7, 8): Thomas H. Madigan, Joseph M. McDonough, Albert A. Richards, Dr. B. E. Sanborn, all of Manchester.

Manchester City, No. Three (Wards 10, 11, 12, 13): Harry C. Jones, Dr. Wilfred L. Biron, Lucien J. Martin, Charles C. Tinkham, all of Manchester.

Merrimaack County, No. One (City of Concord): George A. S. Kimball, the late Charles P. Smith, George M. Fletcher, Dr. Charles R. Walker, Dr. Arthur K. Day, Blanche H. Ahern, chief clerk, all of Concord.

Merrimaack County, No. Two: Thomas F. Clifford, Frederick A. Holmes, Franklin; George W. Stone, Andover; Dr. Ervin T. Drake, Agnes G. Nelson, chief clerk, Franklin.

**Major D. S. Rollins
Clark Selective Service Board**

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Rockingham County, No. Two: Herbert L. Grinnell, Derry; George W. Lamprey, Exeter; Dr. Abram W. Mitchell, Epping; Florence Baker, chief clerk, Exeter.

Strafford County: Edward S. Young, Arthur G. Whittemore, William H. Roberts, Dover; Charles E. Hoitt, Durham; Dr. Walter J. Roberts, Rochester; Dr. Harry O. Chesley, Mollie E. Devereux, chief clerk, Dover.

Sullivan County: Albert I. Barton, Croydon; John McCrillis, Frank O. Chellis, Newport; Dr. Samuel R. Upham, Clare-

mont; Bertha M. Goodwin, chief clerk, Newport.

The attorneys designated to act as government appeal agents were Fletcher Hale, Laconia; Walter D. H. Hill, North Conway; Philip H. Faulkner, Roy M. Pickard, Keene;

In the membership of the various medical advisory boards for the different districts were included the following doctors: Joseph J. Cobb, Julius Stahl, Louis Benjamin Marcou, Edward R. McGee, Berlin; J. Z. Shedd, North Conway; Fred Meader, H. W. Brad-

Hon. Richard A. Cooney
Labor's Representative on Selective Service Board

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Nute, William B. Kenniston, Herbert C. Day, A. G. Hooper, Charles H. Gerrish, Exeter; A. J. Lance, Portsmouth; James B. Erskine, Edwin D. Forrest, Tilton; William E. Smith, A. A. Beaton, James S. Shaw, Franklin; Frederick Robertson, Bristol; Howard N. Kingsford, Elmer H. Carleton, W. H. Poole, Hanover; Fred VonTobel, Lebanon; Edward A. Tracy, Ira J. Prouty, Arthur A. Pratte, Alston F. Barrett, Keene; Arthur W. Hopkins, West Swansey; Park R. Hoyt, C. E. Rowe, Lakeport; Alpha H. Harriman, Clifton S. Abbott, Laconia; William H. Leith, Harry B. Carpenter, W. H. Thompson, Lancaster; George H. Morrison, Whitefield; Arthur T. Downing, Littleton; Hiram L. Johnson, Franconia; Harry H. Boynton, J. E. Collins, Lisbon; Emdon Frits, Leander M. Farrington, William H. Lyons, Andrew J. Sawyer, Michael E. Kean, Daniel C. Norton, Walter T. Crosby, William A. Thompson, William D. Walker, Manchester; Herbert S. Hutchinson, Fred M. Weatherbee, Eugene Wason, Milford; Oscar Burns, Amherst; Frank E. Kittredge, William E. Reed, Herbert L. Smith, George A. Bowers, Nashua; Fred P. Claggett, Newport; Robert M. Brooks, Emery M. Fitch, William W. Cushman, Claremont; Charles H. Cutler, Karl S. Keyes, Charles H. Harrington, F. G. Warner, Peterborough; N. F. Cheever, Greenfield; John Wheeler, D. H. Hallenbeck, Ezra C. Chase, Plymouth; Jonathan M. Cheney, Ashland; the late Fred S. Towle, John H. Neal, John J. Berry, Edwin C. Blaisdell, Arthur C. Heffenger, Portsmouth; C. S. Copeland, Dudley L. Stokes, Robert V. Sweet, Forrest L. Keay, Rochester; Philip H. Greeley, Farmington.

The members of the legal advisory boards were Honorables William A. Plummer, Stephen S. Jewett, Oscar L. Young, Laconia; Sewall W. Abbott, Wolfeboro; Arthur L. Foote, Sanbornville; John C. L. Wood, Conway; Charles H. Hersey, Joseph Madden, Philip H. Faulkner, Keene; J. Howard Wight, George F. Rich, Berlin; Thomas F. Johnson, Colebrook; Eri C. Oakes, Lancaster; Harry Bingham, Littleton; Ira A. Chase, Bristol; Clarence E. Hubbard, Lebanon; George B. French, Charles J. Hamblett, Alvin J. Lucier, Nashua; Ezra M. Smith, Peterborough; Harold D. Cheever, Wilton; Ralph G. Smith, Hillsborough;

Robert J. Peaslee, David A. Taggart, Oliver W. Branch, George I. Haselton, James A. Broderick, Aime E. Boisvert, Oscar F. Moreau, Cyprien J. Belanger, Ferdinand Farley, Manchester; William H. Sawyer, Reuben E. Walker, Harry F. Lake, Concord; Frank N. Parsons, Franklin; Clarence E. Carr, Andover; Almon F. Burbank, Suncook; Edward H. Adams, Albert R. Hatch, Portsmouth; John E. Young, Henry A. Shute, Exeter; Edwin B. Weston, Derry; Samuel D. Felker, Rochester; Sidney F. Stevens,

Dr. John M. Gile
Medical Aide to the Governor

Somersworth; Jesse M. Barton, Newport; William E. Kinney, Francis W. Johnson, Claremont.

All the draft work in New Hampshire, whether by the local boards or at headquarters, was so performed as to win the approval of inspectors sent from Washington and to receive appreciative mention from the Provost Marshal General. The absolute fairness with which every decision was made and the patience, perseverance and attention to detail of all concerned with the great task went far towards making the workings of the law so eminently successful as they were.

In preparing New Hampshire for war Governor Keyes was aided greatly by the enthusiastic and absolutely unanimous coöperation of the Legislature of 1917, led in this respect by the standing committee of the House on military affairs, made up of Representatives McKay of Manchester, Raiche of Manchester,

lation was enacted as the Governor and his advisers thought might be needed. How well they looked into the future is seen from the fact that, as Governor Keyes mentioned in his valedictory message to the Legislature of 1919, no special session for war purposes of the Legislature of 1917 was needed or even thought of.

Hon. Edmund Sullivan
Member of the Selective Service Board

Wright of Concord, Riley of Dover, Challis of Manchester, Sanderson of Portsmouth, Bergquist of Berlin, Shattuck of Nashua, Munsey of Laconia, Powell of Nashua, Letourneau of Berlin, Horne of Derry, Donnelly of Manchester, Kidder of Rumney and Keenan of Concord.

One million dollars was made available for military expenditures, of which, however, but a third has been used; a Military Emergency Board was created; and such other legis-

As the Governor further pointed out in that message, most of the expenditures from the special war fund have been for taking the votes at the recent election of soldiers absent from the state; in giving aid to the dependents of soldiers and sailors from New Hampshire in the service of their country; in enlarging and improving the military camp ground at the state capital; and in creating and maintaining a State Guard in place of the federalized National Guard.

The original soldiers' aid commission consisted of the late Montgomery Rollins of Dover, who died while engaged in the work; the late Arthur W. LaFlamme of Manchester, who

has been and is today an efficient organization ready for any emergency and filling what might become at any moment a very pressing need.

The present roster of the State Guard is as follows:

Colonel Paul F. Babbidge, Keene.

Lieutenant Colonel Arthur G. Shattuck, Nashua.

Majors Treffe Raiche, Manchester, Frank E. Rollins, Dover, Otis G. Hammond, Concord, battalion commanders.

Major William H. Nute, Exeter, surgeon.

Captain Fred E. Howe, Keene, regimental adjutant.

Captain John P. Flanagan, Keene, regimental supply officer.

Captain Alonzo L. McKinley, Nashua, inspector of small arms practice.

Adjutant General Charles W. Howard

left the commission to train as an aviator and while thus engaged was stricken with illness and died; and Dr. Marion L. Bugbee of Concord, who resigned from the commission to go to France for Red Cross work there. Mr. LaFlamme was succeeded by Mr. Randolph Branch of Manchester, who also resigned to enter the army a little later. The present commission is made up of Arthur H. White, Esq., of Manchester, Hon. John H. Field of Nashua and Mrs. Gertrude Hall Sawyer of Dover.

Governor Keyes and the state were very fortunate in securing for the Military Emergency Board three retired officers of the United States Army, General Winfield Scott Edgerly, General Elbert Wheeler and Major Frank W. Russell, whose ability and devotion were of the highest type.

Under their direction a New Hampshire State Guard was formed which

Col. Paul F. Babbidge

Captains Alpha H. Harriman, Harry M. Morse, Nashua, Walter A. Bartlett, Manchester, assistant surgeons.

Captain Edward M. Parker, Concord, chaplain.

First Lieutenants Mederique R. Maynard, Manchester, Sherwood Rollins, Dover, Alfred J. McClure, Concord, battalion adjutants.

Headquarters Company, Manchester, First Lieutenant William B. McKay.

Supply Company, Keene, First Lieutenant
Clarence E. Stickney.

Machine Gun Company, Franklin, Captain
Frank T. Ripley, First Lieutenant Dana F.
Fellows, Second Lieutenant Alfred G. Thompson.

FIRST BATTALION

Company A, Manchester, Captain Patrick

SECOND BATTALION

Company E, Laconia, Captain Ross L.
Piper, First Lieutenant Clarence E. Rowe,
Second Lieutenant Robert F. Elliott.

Company F, Bristol, First Lieutenant
William H. Hill, Second Lieutenant Samuel
Ferguson.

Company G, Littleton, Captain John B.

Hon. John B. Jameson

Chairman of the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety

H. O'Malley, First Lieutenant Arthur E.
Tinkham, Second Lieutenant Robert L.
Manning.

Company B, Manchester, Captain Edward
A. G. Smith, First Lieutenant John H. Irving,
Second Lieutenant William B. Lang.

Company C, Manchester, Captain Ubald
Hebert, First Lieutenant Domicile M. Nolet,
Second Lieutenant Ernest Lesmerises.

Company D, Portsmouth, Captain Claude
P. Wyatt, First Lieutenant Harry M. S. Har-
low, Second Lieutenant Ira V. Shuttleworth.

Nute, First Lieutenant George H. VanNess,
Second Lieutenant Edgar O. Baker.

Company H, Berlin, Captain Herbert S.
Gregory, First Lieutenant George L. Atwood,
Second Lieutenant Harlan J. Cordwell.

THIRD BATTALION

Company I, Claremont, Captain George I.
Putnam, First Lieutenant Fred W. Boardway,
Second Lieutenant Harry L. Hastings.

Company K, Keene, Captain Eugene M.
Keyes, First Lieutenant James P. Morse,
Second Lieutenant Winfield M. Chaplin.

Company L, Nashua, Captain Eugene J. Stanton, First Lieutenant Joseph D. Cone, Second Lieutenant George E. Fifield.

Company M, Concord, Captain James J. Quinn, First Lieutenant Roscoe C. Gay, Second Lieutenant Michael H. Mulligan.

The semi-official or unofficial war work of the state, as distinguished

committee and state war historian, gave an interesting and valuable account of the genesis of the committee and its work up to that time under the title, "New Hampshire Preparing for War." No attempt was made in that article to give any credit to individuals and it seems fitting that at

**Ex-Governor Rolland H. Spaulding
Vice-Chairman New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety**

from such strictly official work as the furnishing of men, the formation of the State Guard and the administration of food, fuel and labor regulations, was supervised, in the main, and inspired and supported, largely through the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety, formed on March 27, 1917.

In the issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for June, 1918, Professor Richard W. Husband, secretary of the

this time there should be printed a list of the members of the committee, with their various assignments to specific duties.

And in the first place it should be said that the work of the full committee to a very great extent centered in, and was controlled, and in many instances wholly done, by the Executive Committee of which John B. Jameson of Antrim was chairman; former Governor Rolland H. Spauld-

ing of North Rochester, vice-chairman, with these other members: Clarence E. Carr, Andover; Arthur M. Heard, Manchester; Roy D. Hunter, West Claremont; Arthur B. Jenks, Manchester; Bion L. Nutting, Concord; James P. Richardson, Hanover (the successor of Professor

Bass, Peterborough; Henry B. Quinby, Lakeport; Charles M. Floyd, Manchester; Nahum J. Bachelder, Andover; Harry W. Spaulding, Manchester; James B. Crowley, Nashua; Nathaniel W. Hobbs, Concord; Fred N. Beckwith, Dover; Samuel T. Ladd, Portsmouth; George F. Rich, Berlin; George H. Eames, Jr., Keene; Clarence E. Rowe,

Gen. Frank S. Streeter
President of the New Hampshire Defense League

Harlow E. Person and Professor Frank H. Dixon, who were called to Washington for war work there); Frank S. Streeter, Concord; Lester F. Thurber, Nashua. Secretary Husband was assisted by Joseph W. Worthen, Esq., of Concord as assistant secretary, and General Harry H. Dudley of Concord as treasurer.

The full membership of the committee was as follows:

Rolland H. Spaulding, North Rochester; Samuel D. Felker, Rochester; Robert P.

Laconia; J. Levi Meader, Rochester; Fred H. Brown, Somersworth; A. A. Beaton, Franklin; J. Wesley Adams, Derry; Jesse M. Barton, Newport; George W. Barnes, Lyme; Frank U. Bell, Lebanon; Ernest L. Bell, Plymouth; Samuel K. Bell, Exeter; J. A. Bernier, Manchester; James F. Brennan, Peterborough; Orton B. Brown, Berlin; Sherman E. Burroughs, Manchester; Clarence E. Carr, Andover; Winthrop L. Carter, Nashua; Edward H. Catlin, Hill; William D. Chandler, Concord; Winston Churchill, Cornish; Arthur E. Clarke, Manchester;

Richard A. Cooney, Portsmouth; W. C. Coughlin, Keene; George E. Cummings, Woodsville; Samuel S. Drury, Concord; Bertram Ellis, Keene; Charles S. Emerson, Milford; Fred W. Estabrook, Nashua; Walter B. Farmer, Hampton Falls; George J. Foster, Dover; Edward J. Gallagher, Concord; John M. Gile, Hanover; John G. M. Glessner, Bethlehem; Frank W. Hamlin, Charlestown; Fernando W. Hartford, Portsmouth; Arthur M. Heard, Manchester; George E. Henry, Lincoln; Allen Hollis, Concord; Ernest M. Hopkins, Hanover; George T. Hughes, Dover; Roy D. Hunter, West Claremont; Frank Huntress, Keene; John C. Hutchins, North Stratford; John B. Jameson, Antrim; Shirley M. Johnson, Goffstown; Edwin E. Jones, Colebrook; A. B. Jenks, Manchester; Frank Knox, Manchester; Earl C. Lane, Berlin; George B. Leighton, Dublin; William Marcotte, Manchester; Willis McDuffee, Rochester; Lyford A. Merrow, Ossipee; William R. Mooney, Nashua; Walter A. Morgan, Dover; Arthur P. Morrill, Concord; Herbert B. Moulton, Lisbon; Robert C. Murchie, Concord; J. B. Murdock, Portsmouth; David E. Murphy, Concord; Francis P. Murphy, Newport; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Bion L. Nutting, Concord; Ralph D. Paine, Durham; Frank N. Parsons, Franklin; Edward N. Pearson, Concord; Harlow S. Person, Hanover; C. H. Pettee, Durham; Arthur J. Pierce, Bennington; E. Bertram Pike, Pike; Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Londonderry; A. J. Precourt, Manchester; James W. Remick, Concord; the late Montgomery Rollins, Dover; L. H. Shattuck, Manchester; Hovey E. Slayton, Manchester; J. Brodie Smith, Manchester; W. Parker Straw, Manchester; Frank S. Streeter, Concord; Frank J. Suloway, Concord; P. H. Sullivan, Manchester; William H. Sweeney, Laconia; Omar L. Swenson, Concord; Marcel Theriault, Nashua; Lester F. Thurber, Nashua; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton; Henry B. Tilton, Portsmouth; Omar A. Towne, Franklin; J. D. Upham, Claremont; J. A. Vaillancourt, Berlin; Thomas R. Varick, Manchester; George A. Wagner, Manchester; Burt E. Warren, Nashua; Elbert Wheeler, Nashua; David M. White, Lancaster; Gordon Woodbury, Bedford.

Sub-committees of the full committee were named as follows:

Emergency Food Production Committee: Huntley N. Spaulding, North Rochester, chairman; Ralph D. Hetzel, Durham, executive manager; Andrew L. Felker, Concord; Fred A. Rogers, Plainfield; George M. Putnam, Hopkinton; George H. Witcher, Concord.

Recruiting: A. B. Jenks, Manchester, chairman; Richard A. Cooney, Portsmouth, vice-chairman; Joseph B. Murdock, Portsmouth. Rockingham County, Norman H. Bean, Portsmouth; Strafford County, James S. Chamberlin, Durham; Carroll County, William N. Rogers, Sanbornville; Belknap County, Fletcher Hale, Laconia; Merrimack County, Frank P. Ripley, Franklin; Hillsborough County, Robert P. Johnston, Manchester; Cheshire County, Paul F. Babbidge, Keene; Sullivan County, Henry S. Richardson, Claremont; Grafton County, Frank U. Bell, Lebanon; Coös County, J. A. Vaillancourt, Berlin.

Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitation: John M. Gile, M. D., Hanover, chairman; Ernest L. Bell, M. D., Plymouth; E. C. Blaisdell, D. D. S., Portsmouth; George A. Bowers, D. D. S., Nashua; Damase Caron, M. D., Manchester; H. K. Faulkner, M. D., Keene; John H. Gleason, M. D., Manchester; J. B. Hammond, D. D. S., Somersworth; Edwin P. Hodgdon, M. D., Laconia; Edwin E. Jones, M. D., Colebrook; Howard N. Kingsford, M. D.; Hanover; Frank E. Kittredge, M. D., Nashua; Thomas W. Luce, M. D., Portsmouth; George W. McGregor, M. D., Littleton; Carleton R. Metcalf, M. D., Concord; Abraham W. Mitchell, M. D., Epping; Sibley G. Morrill, M. D., Concord; Daniel C. Norton, M. D., Manchester; A. Wilfred Petit, M. D., Nashua; Andrew J. Sawyer, D. D. S., Manchester; Henry L. Smith, M. D., Nashua; A. Gale Straw, M. D., Manchester; Fred S. Towle, M. D., Portsmouth; Samuel R. Upham, M. D., Claremont; Clarence P. Webster, D. D. S., Franklin; James B. Woodman, M. D., Franklin; William A. Young, D. D. S., Concord.

Emergency Help and Equipment: Louis H. Shattuck, Manchester, chairman; Orton B. Brown, Berlin, vice-chairman; Irving W. Brown, North Hampton; W. A. Cullen, Portsmouth; Perry H. Dow, Manchester;

Whitfield A. Erb, Nashua; Leonard J. Farrell, Manchester; Dionesus Gillis, Berlin; John Frank Goodwin, Wolfeboro; George E. Henry, Lincoln; Charles A. Holden, Hanover; John C. Hutchins, North Stratford; Samuel F. Langdell, Manchester; Ralph C. Marden, Manchester; Wilbur L. Marshall, Colebrook; Horace E. Osgood, Nashua;

L. Priddy, Hanover; D. Sidney Rollins, Newport; J. Brodie Smith, Manchester; Herbert Sullivan, Berlin; Henry B. Tilton, Portsmouth; William E. Whitney, Sunapee; Eben M. Willis, Concord.

Transportation: Hovey E. Slayton, Manchester, chairman (succeeded by William C. Spear); Frank H. Dixon, Hanover; Rufus N.

Hon. Clarence E. Carr

Executive Committee, New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety

Joel F. Sheppard, Dover; William F. Sullivan, Nashua; Omar S. Swenson, Concord; George L. Theobald, Concord; Cassius M. White, Keene.

Industrial Survey: Frank H. Dixon, Hanover, chairman; John T. Amey, Lancaster; Richard A. Brown, Concord; James F. Cavanaugh, Manchester; Guy E. Chesley, Rochester; Albert L. Clough, Manchester; Herbert L. Flather, Nashua; Thomas W. Fry, Claremont; William R. Gray, Hanover; Roscoe S. Milliken, Nashua; Thomas Officer, Claremont; R. H. Porter, Durham; Allan

Elwell, Exeter; William H. Folsom, Exeter; Elwin C. Foster, Manchester; J. W. Goldthwait, Hanover; Thomas J. Guay, Laconia; Fred P. Learned, Woodsville; William R. Mooney, Concord; Henry C. Robinson, Concord; J. Duncan Upham, Claremont.

Finance: Lester F. Thurber, Nashua, chairman, John K. Bates, Portsmouth; Bernard Q. Bond, Rochester; Frank P. Carpenter, Manchester; Irving W. Drew, Lancaster; George A. Fairbanks, Newport; Josiah E. Fernald, Concord; David A. Gregg, Nashua; William F. Harrington, Manches-

ter; Edmund Little, Laconia; Wallace L. Mason, Keene; Walter M. Parker, Manchester; Albert J. Precourt, Manchester; Henry E. Richardson, Littleton; Abraham M. Stahl, Berlin; Roger G. Sullivan, Manchester; Alvah W. Sulloway, Franklin; George A. Tenney, Claremont; Fred P. Weeks, Plymouth; Arthur G. Whittemore, Dover.

William H. Bellowa, Littleton; Cyrille Brodeur, Nashua; Albert O. Brown, Manchester; Harold W. Brown, Dover; George A. Carpenter, Wolfeboro; John Conway, Manchester; John B. Gilbert, Berlin; John G. M. Glessner, Bethlehem; James W. Hill, Manchester; William F. Knight, Laconia; Woodbury Langdon, Portsmouth; Herbert

Mr. Arthur Head

Executive Committee, New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety

Coördination of Aid Societies: Ernest M. Hopkins, Hanover, chairman; J. E. Bernier, Manchester; Harry E. Burton, Hanover; Arthur T. Cass, Tilton; Stephen S. Jewett, Laconia; Henri T. Ledoux, Nashua; J. C. Mandelson, Nashua; John R. McLane, Manchester; Edward N. Pearson, Concord; Lewis Perry, Exeter; William H. Riley, Concord; Leslie P. Snow, Rochester; Patrick H. Sullivan, Manchester; Frank J. Sulloway, Concord; George H. Turner, Bethlehem; Jerry P. Wellman, Keene.

Aid for Dependents of Soldiers and Sailors:

B. Moulton, Lisbon; David E. Murphy, Concord; Ralph D. Paine, Durham; Walter R. Porter, Keene; Frank W. Sargeant, Manchester; John F. Stark, Nashua; Charles W. Stevens, Nashua; George B. Upham, Claremont; James A. Wellman, Manchester; John R. Willis, Manchester.

Military Equipment and Supplies: William Parker Straw, Manchester, chairman; James F. Brennan, Peterborough; Harry H. Blunt, Nashua; John J. Colony, Keene; Lewis Dexter, Manchester; Herman E. Feineman, Rochester; Henry H. Knapp,

Laconia; Francis P. Murphy, Newport; Clinton E. Parker, Concord; Thomas G. Plant, Moultonborough; Ralph D. Reed, Manchester; Richard W. Sulloway, Franklin; William C. Swallow, Manchester; George E. Trudel, Manchester.

Aviation: Thomas R. Varick, Manchester, chairman; Charles W. Aiken, Franklin; Frank E. Anderson, Nashua; Robert P. Bass, Peterborough; Norwin S. Bean, Manchester; Samuel K. Bell, Exeter; William R. Brown, Berlin; Charles L. Jackman, Concord; Philip C. Lockwood, Manchester; William H. Moses, Tilton; Calvin Page, Portsmouth; Eugene Quirin, Manchester; John Scammon, Exeter; Louis E. Shipman, Plainfield; George F. Thurber, Nashua; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton.

Mobilization and Concentration Camps: Jason E. Tolles, Nashua, chairman; Daniel J. Daley, Berlin; Jeremiah J. Doyle, Nashua; Ralph F. Hough, Lebanon; Edgar H. Hunter, Hanover; Arthur J. Moreau, Manchester; Eugene P. Nute, Farmington; Edward J. Rossiter, Claremont; Edward K. Woodworth, Concord.

Naval: Joseph B. Murdock, Portsmouth, chairman; William D. Chandler, Concord; Winston Churchill, Cornish; George P. Crafts, Manchester; Lewis W. Crockett, Manchester; Fernando W. Hartford, Portsmouth; Frank Knox, Manchester; Robert L. Manning, Manchester; George D. Mayo, Laconia; Irving G. Rowell, Sunapee; Thomas R. Varick, Manchester.

State Protection: Elbert Wheeler, Nashua, chairman; Charles M. Floyd, Manchester, vice-chairman; Walter G. Africa, Manchester; Edwin J. Bartlett, Hanover; William B. Burpee, Manchester; Edward H. Catlin, Hill; Harry B. Cilley, Manchester; Thomas F. Dwyer, Lebanon; Charles S. Emerson, Milford; Irving S. Goodwin, Nashua; Frank W. Hamlin, Charlestown; Michael J. Healey, Manchester; Allen Hollis, Concord; Earl C. Lane, Berlin; William E. Marvin, Portsmouth; James H. Mendell, Manchester; Lyford A. Mellow, Ossipee; Joseph E. Mooney, Manchester; Arthur P. Morrill, Concord; Arthur J. Pierce, Bennington; James W. Remick, Concord; Merrill Shurtleff, Lancaster; Ralph W. Smith, Keene; William J. Starr, Manchester; Edmund Sullivan, Berlin; Charles W. Tobey, Manchester.

Research: Charles E. Hewitt, Durham, chairman; Gordon F. Hull, Hanover; Vasco E. Nunes, Nashua.

Speakers' Bureau: The late Edwin F. Jones, Manchester, chairman; Harry J. Brown, Concord, vice-chairman; Andrew L. Felker, Concord; Harry F. Lake, Concord; Arthur P. Morrill, Concord; Gov. Henry W. Keyes, North Haverhill; J. Wesley Adams, Derry; E. W. Butterfield, Concord; Winthrop L. Carter, Nashua; Richard A. Cooney, Portsmouth; John S. B. Davis, Concord; Charles M. Floyd, Manchester; Perley A. Foster, Concord; Ralph D. Hetsel, Durham; Arthur B. Jenks, Manchester; William Marcotte, Manchester; Huntley N. Spaulding, North Rochester; P. H. Sullivan, Manchester; Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Portsmouth; Elwin L. Page, Concord, secretary.

Americanization: Frank S. Streeter, Concord, chairman; E. W. Butterfield, Concord; Richard A. Cooney, Portsmouth; Mrs. R. W. Husband, Concord; Harriet L. Huntress, Concord; Henri T. Ledoux, Nashua; Edward M. Parker, Concord; F. W. Rahmanopp, Berlin; Winfield L. Shaw, Manchester; William C. Swallow, Manchester; Erville B. Woods, Hanover; Ralph C. Fitts, Manchester, secretary; Maro S. Brooks, executive secretary.

New Hampshire Division, Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense (Auxiliary Committee): Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Portsmouth, chairman; Miss Anne Hobbs, Concord, vice-chairman; Mrs. Albertus T. Dudley, Exeter, secretary; Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, Concord, treasurer; Mrs. Wesley Adams, Derry; Mrs. O. B. Brown, Berlin; Mrs. Alpha H. Harriman, Laconia; Miss Harriet L. Huntress, Concord; Mrs. Richard W. Husband, Concord; Mrs. George F. Morris, Lancaster; Mrs. David E. Murphy, Concord; Mrs. William H. Schofield, Peterborough; Mrs. George D. Towne, Manchester.

Four Minute Men: Louis E. Shipman, Plainfield, chairman.

Chairman of Special War Activities: Huntley N. Spaulding, North Rochester, Federal Food Administrator; Charles M. Floyd, Manchester, Federal Fuel Administrator; Rolland H. Spaulding, North Rochester, chairman Second Red Cross War Fund; Allen Hollis, Concord, state director

National War Savings Committee; Charles W. Tobey, Manchester, chairman Liberty Loan Committee.

The scope of the activities of most of these sub-committees is indicated by their titles and has been outlined by Professor Husband in the article referred to as previously published.

fense) a meeting was called at Concord of all the heads of women's organizations in the state. This meeting was called by Miss Anne Hobbs, and a permanent organization of New Hampshire women was effected under the title of the New Hampshire Division of the Women's

Mrs. Mary I. Wood
Chairman of Women's War Work in New Hampshire

Their work will be described to such extent as space allows in future articles of this series.

But without further delay tribute must be paid to the work which the women of New Hampshire accomplished during the period of the war, a splendid achievement deserving the fullest possible description and appreciation. In brief, in June, 1917, in response to a communication from Washington (from the Women's Committee of the Council of National De-

fense, and with these officers:

Executive Committee: Chairman, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Portsmouth, Food Conservation; vice-chairman, Miss Anne W. Hobbs, Concord, Women in Industry, Traveler's Aid; secretary, Mrs. A. T. Dudley, Exeter, Educational Propaganda; treasurer, Mrs. Charles P. Bancroft, Concord, Extension of Nursing Service; Mrs. Wesley Adams, Derry, Cooperation with the Grange; Mrs. O. B. Brown, Berlin; Mrs. A. H. Harriman, Laconia; Cooperation with Women's Clubs and Parent-

Teachers' Association; Miss Harriet L. Huntress, Concord, Americanization; Mrs. Richard W. Husband, Concord, Social Service; Mrs. George F. Morris, Lancaster, Child Welfare; Mrs. David E. Murphy, Concord, Commercial Economy; Mrs. W. H. Schofield, Peterborough, Liberty Loan; Courses of Instruction; Mrs. George D. Towne, chairman Manchester Unit.

Honorary Vice-Chairmen: Mrs. Henry W. Keyes, Mrs. Frank S. Streeter, Mrs. John B. Jameson, Mrs. Huntley N. Spaulding.

District Chairmen: Berlin, Mrs. Howard Parker; Claremont, Mrs. Harmon Newell; Concord, Miss E. Gertrude Dickerman; Conway, Mrs. Mary H. Shedd, North Conway; Derry, Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard, East Derry; Dover, Dr. Inez F. Nason; Exeter, Miss Ellen L. Wentworth; Franklin, Mrs. Frederick H. Daniell; Hillsborough, Miss Susan H. Pierce; Keene, Mrs. Herbert B. Viall, 129 Court Street; Laconia, Miss Claribel Clark, 1106 Union Avenue, Lakeport; Lancaster, Mrs. Merrill Shurtleff; Lebanon, Mrs. Eugene J. Grow; Lisbon, Mrs. Vida S. Webb; Manchester, Mrs. Theodore M. Hyde, 198 Pearl Street; Milford, Mrs. William B. Rotch; Nashua, Mrs. George A. Underhill, 5 Beard Street; Newport, Mrs. Frank A. Sibley; Peterborough, Mrs. Thomas A. Liscord; Plymouth, Mrs. Charles B. Henry, Lincoln; Portsmouth, Miss Martha S. Kimball; Rochester, Mrs. J. J. Abbott; Woodsville, Mrs. Norman J. Page.

The Women's Committee was accepted as an Auxiliary Committee by the Committee of Public Safety by whom the necessary expenses of the committee were defrayed.

The method recommended by the National Committee was carried out to the letter in our state and a temporary chairman was appointed in each town who called together the heads of all the women's organizations in the town and that group elected the permanent chairman. The organization soon became as complete and efficient as that of any other state, the only possible rival which New Hampshire had being Illinois, and that only because Illinois had a more difficult piece of work in organizing on account of her size,

the percentage of towns organized being slightly below that in our own state.

The very efficient and devoted chairman, Mrs. Wood, says in a letter to the compiler of this article:

"The work accomplished by Mrs. Husband in connection with the Home Service of the Red Cross has been state wide and valuable. The work of Mrs. Schofield for the Liberty Loan is, I believe, unexcelled by that of the women of any state. Under her second committee, some very commendable work has been done under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Sawyer of Dover in placing young women on farms (work which is somewhat similar in nature to the Women's Land Army). The work of Miss Huntress as a member of the Committee on Americanization has been worthy of most favorable comment.

"A state wide survey, including the weighing and measuring of all children under school age, has been undertaken by the committee, under the direction of Mrs. George Morris of Lancaster; this has already borne fruit in the increased interest of the mothers in the health of the children, and it is to be hoped that a wide use of the public health nursing system will be a lasting result of this child-welfare work. Under Mrs. Bancroft has been the work done by the committee in recruiting nurses for both long and short term courses.

"I should not feel justified in closing this letter if I did not bear witness to the splendid work which the women of the various units (town organizations) have done in the house-to-house canvass which they have carried on whenever asked to do so. They have been the active agents of the Liberty Loan organization, the Red Cross drives, the War Savings campaigns, the Child Welfare work, and many minor activities. Especially do I wish to testify to their splendid support in the work of the Federal Food Administration in New Hampshire. Through their splendid organ-

ization, which apportioned each family in the state to the especial care of some leader, the Hoover lessons were distributed to each family during the fall and winter of 1917-18; the Hoover Pledge Cards were also circulated and the Home Cards of the Food Administration were given to each family and, later on, the flour and sugar survey of the homes of the entire state was taken. In every instance the response was ready and the result most satisfactory and the work was done at the cost of great personal sacrifice.

"This account does not in any way chronicle the work of the various Red Cross chapters which show indefatigable work on the part of the women in making socks, sweaters, surgical dressings, etc. Nor does it mention the work of the clubwomen who have made possible the Hostess House at Durham and the sending of at least one Y. M. C. A. canteen worker to France; nor the work of the National Civic Federation nor of the Naval League, nor the outfitting of a battleship's crew with knitted articles (under the leadership of Mrs. Jeanette Gallinger).

"It should mention, however, the splendid work of recruiting Y. M. C. A. canteen workers under a special committee of which I was nominal head but the credit for which should be given to Mrs. George Q. Pattee of Portsmouth, who was the executive chairman and proved herself invaluable in this service.

"I am afraid that I have omitted some to whom I should give credit. Each member of the Women's Committee deserves all the good things which you can say of them. The service and the record of attendance of Mrs. Dudley as secretary of the committee, the good work which each woman put into her task, these are things which I should be sorry to overlook.

"The Women's Committee needs also to acknowledge the courtesy and assistance received at all times from

Governor Keyes, from Mr. Jameson, the chairman of the Committee on Public Safety, from Mr. Husband, the efficient secretary of the Committee on Public Safety, from the honorary vice-presidents, Mmes. Streeter, Keyes, Jameson and Spaulding. Especially do I, as chairman of the committee, wish to acknowledge the great help and encouragement which I have received as home-economics director of the Federal Food Administration in New Hampshire, from Mr. Hunt-

Lieut. W. L. Carter
Of the Committee of One Hundred and Selective
Service Board

ley N. Spaulding, federal food administrator. If it had not been for the assistance rendered by Mr. Spaulding, it would not have been possible for the state to have been so early organized nor would the state have received such favorable comment from the authorities in Washington. Not only did we receive from him every possible assistance in our work of organization but we were given credit for everything which we were able to accomplish. That we have made good is due very largely to the

fact that the splendid patriotism of the women of New Hampshire was sustained by the loyal backing of the men in authority. Let me close this letter by saying the same thing with which I began: I am very proud of the splendid women of New Hamp-

shire in their response to their country's need."

EDITOR'S NOTE. This is the first of a series of articles upon the war work and war workers of New Hampshire. The second will appear in an early issue of the magazine.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Loren Webster

O welcome a league of the nations,
The only sure warrant of peace,
The crown of the world's expectations,
From war's tribulations release.

It proclaims that all humans are brothers;
That God is the Father of all;
That ours are the interests of others;
That others will hark to our call.

The body, though one, hath its members,
Each serving itself and the whole;
And Junes cannot say to Decembers,
"Men need not the heat of the coal."

Even so with the body of nations;
Each hath its relations to all;
And all must fulfill these relations,
Or civilization will fall.

Holderness, N. H.

SONNET TO EUTERPE

(Muse of Lyric Poetry)

By Louise Patterson Guyol

Fair goddess, robed in dreams and azure-eyed,
Your silver flute-notes call me from afar,
You beckon in the light of every star,
You whisper in the rushing of the tide.
By purple peak and prairie green and wide
You pass, the wind your steed, a cloud your car,
Where never feet but mine the woodlands mar,
Among the fresh untrodden flowers you hide.
When I pursue, you flee with laughter light,
Your song eludes mine eager listening ear;
But when I feel how little is my might,
When heavy is my heart, then you draw near;
You stand before me radiant in the night,
And wake my soul with music strange and clear.

Concord, N. H.

OFFICIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1919-1920

III

The House of Representatives: The Chairmen of Its Committees

By Harlan C. Pearson

Much interest attached to the organization of the New Hampshire House of Representatives of 1919 because of a contest for the Republican nomination of a candidate for Speaker, such nomination being equivalent to an election under existing conditions. The gentlemen seeking this nomination were Charles W. Tobey of Temple, who had been a prominent member of the Legislature of 1915 and of the Constitutional Convention of 1918, and Charles W. Varney of Rochester, a member of the Executive Council of Governor Henry W. Keyes, and with a record of previous service in both branches of the Legislature. Mr. Varney was not a candidate for election to the House in November but upon the death of Representative Bradley F. Parsons of Ward Six, Rochester, the Councilor was chosen at a special election to fill the vacancy. He then became a candidate for the Speakership, for which his wide experience had amply qualified him, but the result of the ballot in the Republican caucus on the evening of December 31, 1918, proved the truth of Mr. Tobey's statement made some time before that a majority of the Republican members-elect were pledged to his support. Mr. Tobey was nominated in the Republican caucus and on the following day was chosen Speaker, receiving 239 votes to 135 for William N. Rogers of Wakefield, Democrat.

In assuming the office to which he had been chosen Speaker Tobey addressed briefly the members of the House, emphasizing the importance of the problems, on the lines of after the war reconstruction and otherwise, which this Legislature would be

called upon to solve, and urging study of the facts and principles involved, and prompt, but not hasty action thereon. To this end the Speaker himself has worked constantly and successfully. As a presiding officer he is competent, courteous, accurate and alert, entirely impartial, and evidently guided solely by a desire to expedite the wise transaction of the state's business. He has won the esteem, affection and admiration of all the varied elements represented in the House membership and proved himself a worthy addition to the long and distinguished line of Speakers of the New Hampshire Legislature.

Charles William Tobey was born in Roxbury, Mass., July 22, 1880, the son of William A. and Ellen H. (Parker) Tobey. He was educated at the Roxbury Latin School and engaged in banking in Boston until 1903 when he came to New Hampshire and purchased a farm in Temple, where he engaged extensively in poultry raising. Temple continues to be Mr. Tobey's legal residence, but for the past two years he has been engaged in the investment banking business in Manchester. Mr. Tobey has been chairman of the Board of Selectmen and School Board of Temple and represented the town in the Legislature of 1915 and the Constitutional Convention of 1918, as well as in the present House. He is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry at Temple and a director of the Rotary Club of Manchester. Mr. Tobey was prominent in the Progressive party movement in New Hampshire and was one of the most active and influential members of the House of 1915, but he has been

CHARLES WILLIAM TOBEY
Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives

best known throughout the state by his magnificent work as chairman of the New Hampshire Liberty Loan Committee. He married June 4, 1902, Francelia M. Lovett of Roxbury, Mass., and they have two sons and two daughters.

The first and one of the most important tasks devolving upon the Speaker is the appointment of the standing committees of the House. Upon their make-up and especially upon the choice of their chairmen largely depends the efficiency and smooth working of the legislative machinery. The wisdom of Speaker Tobey's selection of these committee heads may be judged from the brief sketches herewith presented of the various House committee chairmen.

Representative John H. Smith of Atkinson, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, and also of the Farmers' Council of the Legislature, qualifies for those positions by a lifetime of experience on the farm and also by his prominence in the agricultural order, the Patrons of Husbandry. He has served in the House before, at the session of 1893, and has a wide acquaintance throughout the state. Mr. Smith was born in Salem, this state, August 24, 1854, and was educated in the public schools. To the business of a farmer he has added that of a lumberman and is an extensive owner of real estate in Rockingham county. For twenty years a justice of the peace, Mr. Smith has held the various town offices, including that of chairman of the Board of Selectmen for nine years. He belongs to the Masons and to the Jr. O. U. A. M., as well as to the Grange, and attends the Congregational Church. He is a widower and has one daughter, the wife of Rev. Roger F. Etz, whose husband is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. war work in France, and one granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Etz.

Representative Frank A. Dockham, one of the two members from Ward Four, Manchester, honored with a chairmanship, that of the Committee on Agricultural College, is one of the veterans of the House, having been a member thirty years ago, at the session of 1889, this election having followed his service in both branches of the Manchester city government. After a quarter of a century interval Mr. Dockham came back to the capitol in 1915, and was reelected, for the session of 1917 and again for that of 1919. In 1917 he was the third man on the Agricultural College Committee and as neither of the two men above him in line came back to this House his appointment as chairman was logical and deserved. Mr. Dockham was born at Pittsfield, October 24, 1853, and educated at Gilmanton Academy. He is engaged in the real estate and insurance business, is a prominent Mason and belongs to the Odd Fellows and Amoskeag Veterans.

The oldest member of this legislature, as he has been of many others, in point of service, is the veteran chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Colonel James E. French of Moultonboro, New Hampshire's "watch dog of the treasury." A member of the House of Representatives at fourteen sessions and of the state Senate at one, Mr. French has been more times the chairman of an important committee, Railroads at first, Appropriations of late years, than any other man in the legislative history of the state. Moderator and town treasurer for forty years, for a long time postmaster, he has held, also, many more important offices, such as collector of internal revenue, state railroad commissioner, etc., and has gained the title of Colonel by service on a Governor's staff. Mr. French was born in Tuftonboro, February 27, 1845, in the eighth generation from

Edward French, who came from England to Salisbury, Mass., in 1637. He was educated in the town schools and at Tilton Seminary; is a Mason, Knight Templar and Patron of Husbandry; and attends the Methodist Church. The credit for keeping the state debt down to its present reasonable proportions belongs to the voters

and directs considerable attention to the gentleman so honored, Fred Hubbard English of Littleton, in this particular case. It is the chairmanship of the Committee on Banks which Mr. English received at Speaker Tobey's hands and all through the North Country Republicans and Democrats alike will agree that he

Hon. James E. French

of Moultonboro because of their wisdom in returning Colonel French to the House, session after session, and doubtless they appreciate that fact.

We are still partisan enough in our politics so that when a Republican speaker appoints a Democratic member—and a new member at that—to an important chairmanship, the occurrence causes some comment,

deserved it because of his business ability and experience. Born at Hartland, Vt., January 8, 1857, the son of John W. and Melissa (Hubbard) English, he was educated at the Littleton High School and in that town engaged in the grocery business for forty years, recently retiring. He is vice-president and director of the Littleton National Bank; director of the Littleton Shoe Company and secretary of the Littleton

Musical Association; and has served on the town Board of Health and Board of Education. He is a 32nd degree Mason and past commander

Six years' service as commissioner of Cheshire county form one of the qualifications of Representative Frank E. Nesmith of Surry for the chairmanship of the Committee on County Affairs. Mr. Nesmith is one of a group of men in this Legislature who have come back to the capitol after a considerable interval, his previous service in the House having been in 1893. Mr. Nesmith is a native of Merrimack, born June 4, 1852, and is a farmer and dealer in real estate. Few of his fellow members can equal his record of nineteen years' service as selectman and he has been town treasurer, also. In religious belief he is a Congregationalist.

Hon. Fred H. English

of St. Gerard Commandery, K. T., and attends the Congregational Church. July 31, 1882, he married Claribel Richardson of Littleton.

Chairman Rufus H. Bailey of the Committee on Claims represents in the Legislature for the second successive term the town of Windham, where he was born, September 29, 1858, and educated. His fellow citizens have shown their confidence in him further by making him chairman of the Board of Selectmen and trustee of the Town Trust Funds. He is a contractor and carpenter by business and belongs to the Patrons of Husbandry. A widower, he has six children, two of his sons having been enlisted in the United States Army for the recent war.

One of the men whom the experts picked for prominence in the present Legislature as soon as the election results of last November were known was Thomas Wilder Fry of Claremont, whom the Speaker has made chairman of the Committee on Education, a committee of especial importance at this session in view of the demand for changes in our school system, and has placed, also, upon the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. Fry, who is the secretary of the Sullivan Machinery Company, one of New Hampshire's great and growing industries, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 23, 1863, and was educated in the public schools of Chicago and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, class of 1885. He served in the House of Representatives of 1909 and has been a member of the Board of Health, president of the Board of Trade and local fuel administrator at Claremont. He is a Mason, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and of the Claremont Country Club.

Representative Harold M. Smith of Ward Four, Portsmouth, has the honor, unusual for a young member and a new member, of being chairman

of a committee, that on Elections, and of serving, also, on the most important committee of all, that on Judiciary. Born in Barrington, September 1, 1887, Mr. Smith prepared at Coe's Academy, Northwood,

Selective Service Legal Advisory Board, was one of the state speakers for the Liberty Loans and was chairman of the Liberty Boy work in connection with the U. W. W. drive. He married in 1911, Agnes Maxwell, and they have two daughters, Nathalie Clifford and Barbara Vining Smith. Mrs. Smith is a prominent club woman. Diligent in the performance of his duties and careful and constant in his attention to the legislative proceedings, Mr. Smith, even in his first term, is a valuable member.

Hon. Harold M. Smith

for Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1909 with the degree of A.B. and pursued his subsequent professional studies at the Harvard Law School. He is a member of the New Hampshire Bar, having practised his profession in Rochester and Portsmouth; of the Masonic fraternity; of the Warwick Club, Portsmouth; of the Portsmouth Golf Club; of the Exeter Gun Club and of the Delta Upsilon, Phi Delta Phi and Theta Phi Epsilon fraternities. He attends the Congregational Church; and is prominent in Boy Scout work. During the war he was chairman of the Four-Minute Men of Portsmouth, served on the

When Speaker Tobey inquired of the members of the House their preferences as to committee service, he was surprised to find that most of them wished to be named on either Fisheries and Game or Roads, Bridges and Canals. Choosing these committees was, therefore, something of a problem, but that the task was well done is shown by their record of work accomplished. The Speaker first named Representative Mott L. Bartlett of Sunapee, brother of Governor John H. Bartlett, as chairman of Fisheries and Game, but Mr. Bartlett, also named on the Committee on Appropriations, considered the latter service the more important and asked to be relieved of his chairmanship.

This resulted in the promotion of Representative Charles W. Bailey of Ward Nine, Manchester, who served on that committee at the session of 1917 and therefore was well acquainted with its work. Born in Auburn, August 28, 1866, Mr. Bailey was educated in the public schools of Manchester and is connected with the Amoskeag corporation in that city. His legislative service was preceded by five years in the Manchester

city government. He is a Mason and Knight of Pythias, attends the Baptist Church and votes the Republican ticket.

One of the veteran chairmen of the House is Dr. Henry F. Libby of Wolfeboro, who heads the Committee on Forestry at the session of 1919, as at the previous sessions of 1915 and 1917. Doctor Libby was born in

Dr. Henry F. Libby

Tuftonboro in 1850; educated at the old Tuftonboro and Wolfeboro Academy and at the Harvard Dental School; and for many years has practised his profession in Boston. He is a Mason and a Unitarian. Doctor Libby is most widely known through his Museum at Wolfeboro, an unique collection of great interest, appropriately housed, which, by his kindness and public spirit, is open to visitors during the summer months and is an appreciated attraction of the lake country at that season.

Representative Adams L. Greer of Ward Three, Manchester, serving upon the Committee on Railroads at the 1915 session of the House is promoted this year to the chairmanship of the Committee on Incorporations. Mr. Greer was born in Dunbarton in 1879 and received a public school education in Goffstown and Manchester. He is a dealer in pianos and a man of wide social and business activities, belonging to the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Grange, New England Order of Protection and O. U. A. M., and having served in both the New Hampshire National Guard (First New Hampshire Battery) and in the city fire department. He is a Congregationalist in religious belief.

Representative William E. Smith of Ward Two, Manchester, continues at this session at the head of the Committee on Industrial School, a position which he filled acceptably at the session of 1917.

Representative Walter G. Perry of Keene, third man on the 1917 Committee on Insurance, goes to its head at the session of 1919, a place which he fully merits as one of the best known and most successful insurance men in the state, being the president of the widely known Peerless Casualty Company. Born in Fitzwilliam, June 13, 1874, the son of Calvin B. and Julia E. Perry, he was educated in the town schools. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Elk and Red Man and a Unitarian in religious belief. During the recent war he did valuable work for the government in the quartermaster's department at Boston.

Unusual interest attached to the appointment of the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee at this session and the recipient of the honor, Representative Robert M. Wright of Sanbornton, has been the object of

versity Law School. For a number of years he was connected with public and private schools as a teacher, then engaged in business at Hill, and in 1912 was admitted to the bar. He practised law in the office of Allen

Hon. Robert M. Wright
Chairman of the Judiciary Committee

close attention and of favorable comment for the way in which he has discharged his onerous duties. Mr. Wright was born in Sanbornton, October 31, 1877, and was educated at the Franklin High School, New Hampshire College and Boston Uni-

Hollis at Concord for three and a half years and then opened an office for himself in Franklin, where he is now practising. He has served his town as selectman five years, president of the Republican Club ten years and trust fund trustee. He was sent by

his town to the Constitutional Conventions of 1912 and 1918 and to the Legislature in 1915, when he was chairman of the Committee on Incorporations and a member of the Committee on Revision of the Statutes, and in 1917, when he was a member of the Judiciary Committee and chairman of the Belknap county delegation. Mr. Wright is married; has one son; is a Mason, a Patron of Husbandry and a member of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution. Alike as a lawyer and as a legislator, he is distinguished by the close and careful attention which he gives to the matters demanding his attention; by his clear and logical method of thought; and by the direct, concise and forceful manner of speech which he employs on the not too frequent occasions when he takes the floor.

One of the veteran members of the House and one of the most prominent upon the floor is Representative William J. Callahan of Keene, for his third term chairman of the Committee on Labor and also chairman of the Cheshire county delegation. Born in London, England, March 26, 1861, Mr. Callahan is a self-educated man, who has achieved a broad knowledge of facts and principles and a fluent facility of expression. He is a mechanic by trade; a Roman Catholic in religious belief; married and the father of four children. Mr. Callahan is especially prominent in fraternal circles, having been grand chief ranger of the Foresters of America of the state and a member and officer, also, of the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Elks, Eagles and Moose. He has served in the Keene city government, in addition to his legislative experience, and as a delegate to the Constitutional Conven-

tion of 1918. He is a member of the Keene Commercial Club and interested in all movements for the progress and benefit of city or state.

Representative Elbridge W. Snow of Whitefield is another of the double chairmen, being at the head of the Committee on Liquor Laws, especially important at this stage of the state's progress, and of the Coös county delegation. Mr. Snow, whose overall factory is the principal industry of his town, was born there December 7, 1860, and educated in its public schools and at the New Hampton Literary Institution. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow and Methodist and a man who possesses the entire confidence of his fellow citizens as is shown by his election on the town school board for twenty-two years and as selectman, library trustee, etc. He was a member of the House of 1917, serving on the Committee on Manufactures, and is one of the representatives who follows the proceedings of the session carefully and understandingly and speaks clearly and forcefully when he is impelled to enter a debate.

Enoch Shenton, Republican, representative from Ward Two, Nashua, and chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, was born in Shrewsbury, England, June 20, 1854, the son of Rev. Joseph T. and Elizabeth (Jones) Shenton, and was educated at Christ Church School, Chester, England. He is now the treasurer and general manager of the William Highton & Sons Co., manufacturers of warm air registers, Nashua, Boston and Philadelphia. Mr. Shenton is treasurer of the trustees of the Main Street Methodist Church, Nashua. He served as a member of the Third Light Battery, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in 1871, and in the United States Navy, on board the

U. S. S. *Hartford*, flagship on the Asiatic station, 1872-75. He is a 32nd degree Mason and a member of St. George Commandery, K. T., the Golden Cross, Nashua Country Club and Nashua Board of Trade, being

has been in the Grant name since the settlement of the town. He was educated in the public schools and at the Thetford, Vt., Academy, and for a time engaged in school teaching. From the time of his marriage, November 11, 1879, until 1905, he carried on the old farm successfully, then turning over its operation to his son. Mr. Grant has held nearly all the offices in the gift of his town, member of the school board, selectman, member of the House of 1897, serving on the Committee on Agriculture, delegate to the Constitutional Conventions of 1912 and 1918, etc. For the past eight years he has been clerk and treasurer of both the town and the school district. He served as chairman of the local Public Safety Committee, as registration officer and as an associate member of the Legal Advisory Board under the selective service act. He is an active member of the Congregational Church and of the Patrons of Husbandry and is interested in anything that will tend to the best interests of his home town and of the state.

Hon. Enoch Shenton

vice-president of the last named organization. He served in the Nashua city government, 1899-1902, and in the House of Representatives in 1903, when he was a member of the Committee on Revision of Statutes. During the war he has served as secretary of the War Service Committee of the Warm Air Register Manufacturers, at Washington. Every position he has held Mr. Shenton has filled efficiently and with honor and always with an eye to the public interest.

David A. Grant of Lyme, chairman of the Committee on Mileage and of the Grafton County delegation and a member of the Committee on Liquor Laws, was born in Lyme, September 24, 1856, on the old homestead which

Captain Frank H. Challis, Republican, of Ward Four, Manchester, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, is one of the best known men in the circles of newspaper, political, fraternal order and military activity in the state of New Hampshire. Born in Laconia, March 20, 1855, and educated in the public schools, Captain Challis has been, during most of his life, a resident of Manchester, where he has been connected with its leading newspapers in various editorial capacities and also has been in business for himself. He served seven years in the Manchester Cadets, six as captain, and three in the National Guard as captain; was a member of the House of Representatives of 1917; is a member

of more than a score of societies and organizations and an officer in most of them; past commander of the New England Division, Sons of Veterans; ex-councilor and ex-national representative, O. U. A. M.; past chancellor commander, K. of P.; first master workman, Security Lodge, A. O. U. W.; member of I. O. O. F., etc.; charter member of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, historiographer of the Manchester Historic Association, etc. Captain Challis was an active and prominent member of the House of 1917 and, as was expected, is one of the live wires of the present Legislature.

The fact that the first important business to be presented to the Legislature of 1919, namely, the ratification of the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution, was referred to the Committee on National Affairs, for consideration and report gave especial prominence to that committee and its chairman at this session. Rev. James McD. Blue of North Conway, Republican, named as the head of this committee, while not previously a member of the Legislature, is well known in the state, where he has held several Congregational pastorates. Born in Boston, Rev. Mr. Blue was educated at the Newton, Mass., High School; at Williams College, class of 1893; and at the Andover Theological Seminary, class of 1896. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry; is married, and the father of four children.

Representative Herman C. Rice, Republican, of Ward Three, Keene, is one of the few members honored by holding the same chairmanship at successive sessions. Chosen a member of the House of Representa-

tives in 1917, he was made chairman of its Committee on Normal Schools and performed the duties of the position so capably that Speaker Tobey was prompt to invite him to continue at the head of the same committee for the session of 1919. Mr. Rice was born in Jaffrey, March 15, 1867, and educated in the public schools of Keene. He is a dealer in wall paper and paints; married, two children; Unitarian; Mason of the 32nd degree and member of the Sons of Veterans and Monadnock Club. His first election to the Legislature followed efficient service of two years each as councilman and alderman in the Keene city government.

Another committee chairman to continue his service through four years is Dr. Henry W. Boutwell, Republican, of Ward Two, Manchester, the head of the Committee on Public Health at the Sessions of 1917 and 1919. No member of the Legislature has a more distinguished record of public service than Doctor Boutwell and none is more reluctant to allow even the bare facts of his career to appear in print. Born in Lyndeboro in 1848, he was educated in the town schools, at Francetown Academy and at the Harvard Medical School. He has served in the state Senate and on the Executive Council, as well as in the House, and is a member of the Board of Trustees of State Institutions. He was surgeon general on the staff of Governor Nahum J. Bachelder, has served as chief of staff of the Sacred Heart Hospital, Manchester, and is a member of the American Medical Association. Doctor Boutwell has a wife and daughter and attends the Congregational Church.

Of equal distinction with Doctor Boutwell in having served in House, Senate and Executive Council is

Honorable Charles W. Varney, Republican, of Ward Six, Rochester, chairman of the Committee on Public Improvements. Born in Lebanon, Me., June 4, 1884, the son of David W. and Abbie (Tibbetts) Varney, he

He was appointed by Governor Keyes one of the commissioners to take the votes of New Hampshire soldiers for the election of 1918, and in the performance of that duty went as far as Texas on a tour of the cantonments of the country. Mr. Varney married October 13, 1906, Matilda Webster Shepherd. Children: Charles W., Jr., born November 17, 1912, and Barbara Shepherd, born May 1, 1915.

Hon. Charles W. Varney

was educated in the town schools and at a business college in Boston. He is successfully engaged in the insurance business and has been especially active and prominent in fraternal order circles and in public life. He is a 32nd degree Mason and Knight Templar, president of the Grange Fire Insurance Company, past state lecturer of the Patrons of Husbandry, member of the I. O. O. F., Eastern Star, Rochester City Club, Waquoit Club, etc. Elected to the House of Representatives of 1915, he climbed the ladder to the state Senate of 1917 and to the Executive Council of Governor Henry W. Keyes in 1917-1918 being the youngest man ever chosen to these offices. He was also a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918; and the mover of its adjournment until after the war.

One of the solid men of the Legislature is Representative James Marshall, Republican, of Ward Four, Dover, chairman of the Committee on Railroads. Born in Scotland, January 22, 1874, Mr. Marshall came to this country in childhood and was educated in the public schools of Dover, where he is engaged in the printing business. He is grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of the state and a member of the Masonic order and of the Red Men. Good service in both branches of the Dover city government was followed by his election to the House of 1917, where he served on the committees on public improvements and railroads, and to the Constitutional Convention of 1918. Mr. Marshall is married and attends the Congregational Church.

Representative William C. Clarke, Republican, of Ward One, Manchester, chairman of the Committee on Retrenchment and Reform, is one of the best known and most popular men in New Hampshire. The son of the late Colonel John B. Clarke, he was born in Manchester, March 17, 1856, and was educated at the Manchester High School, Phillips Andover Academy and Dartmouth College. Journalism has been his profession, with writing on out of door sports and athletics, as his spe-

cialty, but much of his time has been given to public life as mayor of Manchester eight years, member of the Manchester School Board six years, member of the House and chairman of its Committee on Fish and Game in 1891, delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention of 1900, etc. Mr. Clarke belongs to the Patrons of Husbandry, the Red Men and the Derryfield Club. New Hampshire has no better-posted or more entertaining writer or more charming conversationalist.

Representative Marshall Day Cobleigh, Republican, of Ward One, Nashua, is chairman of the Committee on Revision of Statutes, which has one of the largest grists to grind and is doing it at this session with marked success. Born in Littleton, December 17, 1864, the son of Ashbel W. and Hannah (Montgomery) Cobleigh, he was educated in the public schools of Littleton; studied law there with Harry L. Heald and James W. Remick; and was admitted to the bar in 1899. He practiced for a year in Littleton and for ten years in Lebanon and since December 1, 1911, in Nashua, in partnership, successively, with General Charles J. Hamblett, Senator Marcel Theriault and at present with his son, Gerald, under the firm name of Cobleigh & Cobleigh. While at Littleton he served as supervisor and as special justice of the Littleton police court. At Lebanon he was town moderator and from 1903 to 1909 was solicitor of Grafton county. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918 from Ward One, Nashua where he has been chairman of the Republican city committee since 1916. In addition to his chairmanship in the present Legislature he serves on the Committee on the Judiciary and on the Committee on Rules. Mr. Cobleigh

is a Congregationalist and a member of the Knights of Pythias, Grange, Y. M. C. A., Langdon Club (Lebanon) and Brotherhood Class (Nashua). He married April 29, 1890, Alice J. Aldrich, and they have two sons,

Hon. Marshall D. Cobleigh

Gerald F., special justice of the Nashua Municipal Court, and Neal W., a student in the Nashua High School.

Next in popularity to the Fisheries and Game Committee among the members of the House, according to Speaker Tobey, was the Committee on Roads, Bridges and Canals. At its head the Speaker placed a new member, but one who has had much practical experience along the lines of the committee's work, Representative Albert E. McReel, Republican, of Exeter. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28, 1870, and educated in the public schools there, Mr. McReel now is treasurer and manager of the A. E. McReel Company (incorporated), engaged in the coal and tow boat busi-

ness. He is also well known as the promoter and builder of several street railways in Southern New Hampshire. Mr. McReel married Mabel A. Mellen of Athol, Mass., and they have one son, William A. McReel, first-class gunner in the 66th C. A. C., now in France. Mr. McReel is a member of Portsmouth lodge of Elks. He is

this committee. Born in Tilton, June 1, 1865, Mr. Seaverns was educated in the public schools of Laconia. He has held various ward offices and is city sealer of weights and measures. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Lake City Club and his vocation is that of paperhanger.

Hon. A. E. McReel

president of the Exeter Board of Trade and ranks as one of the town's best citizens and business men.

Representative William F. Seaverns of Laconia, chairman of the Committee on School for Feeble-Minded and of the Belknap County delegation, is serving his third term in the Legislature and at the head of

Another Laconia committee chairman is Representative Arthur W. Russell, Republican, of Ward Six (Postoffice address, Lakeport), who is at the head of the Committee on Soldiers' Home. Mr. Russell was born in Wilton, May 31, 1842, and was educated in the schools of Boston. He served in the Civil War with the rank of sergeant and is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as of the I. O. O. F. and N. E. O.

P. Mr. Russell is a machinist by trade and a Universalist in religious belief.

Dr. Ervin Wilbur Hodsdon, Republican, representative from Ossipee, continues, this session, at the head

past grand sachem of the Red Men of the state, a past master of his Masonic lodge and a member of the A. O. U. W., the Grange and the Knights of Pythias in addition to state and national medical associations and the New Hampshire Historical Society. He attends the Methodist Church. February 25, 1917, he married Mary L. Price.

One of the legislative veterans whose long and faithful service is recognized by his selection as a committee chairman is Representative Fred P. Hill of Plaistow, who heads the State Prison Committee in his fifth term as a member of the House; besides which service he has been a delegate to two constitutional conventions. Mr. Hill was born in Sandown, December 16, 1867; was educated in public and private schools; and is engaged in the shoe business. In addition to his ten years in the General Court Mr. Hill has been selectman of his town and in other ways has been the recipient of the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens.

Dr. E. W. Hodsdon

of the Committee of State Hospital, whose work he guided in 1917. This is Doctor Hodsdon's third term in the House and he has come to be regarded as one of its best working members, as well as one of those most popular among his associates. Born in Ossipee, April 8, 1863, the son of Edward Payson Hodsdon and Emma B. Demerritt, the doctor was educated at the Dover High School, Phillips Exeter Academy and the Missouri Medical College, now a part of Washington University. He has practiced his profession in Ossipee since 1896 and during that time has served twelve years as medical referee and has been postmaster seventeen years, besides holding the offices of selectman, member of the school board, etc. Doctor Hodsdon is a

William E. Burgess, well known real estate dealer and insurance agent of the city of Manchester, Republican representative from Ward Two of that city, is the chairman of the Committee on Towns. Mr. Burgess was born at Pleasant Valley, N. S., October 16, 1861, and educated at Halifax and Dartmouth, N. S. He has been to the Legislature before, at the session of 1909. He is a Christian Scientist in religious belief, a member of the Patrons of Husbandry; and is married and has one child.

Walter Stephen Thayer, Republican, member of the House from New Ipswich and chairman of the Committee on Unfinished Business, was born December 30, 1873, in the town which he represents. He was educa-

ted in the public schools and at Appleton Academy. He was married in 1893 to Anne F. Chandler and they have three children, one of whom, Lieutenant Arthur S. Thayer, is in the military service of his country. Mr. Thayer is a farmer, a dealer in real estate and cattle and is engaged in the lumber business. He has been selectman ten years, chairman of the board eight years in succession, and has been overseer of the poor, trustee of Town Trust Funds and local meat inspector. In addition to his chairmanship he serves at this session upon the Committees on County Affairs and Forestry.

When a member of the state Senate returns to the Legislature in the lower house his experience is sure to

Collins was born in Danville, August 12, 1858, and was educated at New Hampton Literary Institution, having been president of its state association of alumni. He is a shoe manufacturer; a 32nd degree Mason and Knight Templar; a Free Baptist in religious belief; a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; married and the father of two children. He has held all the town offices and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1912 and a member of the state Senate of 1917. In that capacity he was appointed by Governor Henry W. Keyes as a member of the special recess committee on state finance which made its report to the present Legislature early in the session. He is also chairman of the Rockingham county delegates.

Rev. Ora Wilfred Craig, Democrat, representative from Ward Eleven, Manchester, and chairman of the city delegation, was born in Ashland, January 2, 1879, of revolutionary stock in both his paternal and maternal ancestry. He was educated at Holderness School, Trinity College and the Berkeley Divinity School and has spent his entire time as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in the diocese of New Hampshire, first as a curate at Claremont, then for five years at Laconia and now on his seventh year at St. Andrew's Church, West Manchester. While at Laconia he opened a mission at Meredith along modern institutional lines, which attracted much attention, and also worked in other neighboring towns. He was for a year president of the Laconia Ministers' Association and for three years chairman of its Committee on Civic Life. He was one of the organizers and incorporators of the Laconia Benevolent Association, its president one year and for three years in charge of the law enforcement end of its work. Rev. Mr. Craig is now serving his second term on the Manchester

Hon. Clarence M. Collins

be regarded with respect, which probably is one reason why Speaker Tobey made Representative Clarence M. Collins, Republican, of Danville, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means for the session of 1919 and named him, also, on the Committee on Appropriations. Mr.

School Board and is chairman of the School Athletic Council, through which the board controls the athletic training and sports in all the public schools. Mr. Craig is a member of the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity, of all

Merrimack County delegation, was born in Lynn, Mass., June 23, 1875, the son of Charles Freeman and Caroline D. (Pratt) Ranney. He was educated in the public schools of Newport, Vt., and at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy, and engaged for a time in the printing business with his father at Newport. In November 1904, he purchased the plant of the *Penacook News-Letter*, which he has greatly enlarged and improved, carrying on, in connection with the publication of the newspaper, an extensive job printing business. He is clerk of the society and deacon of the Congregational Church at Penacook; town treasurer of Boscawen since March, 1907; president of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' Association, etc. He is a member of the Masonic order, lodge,

Rev. Ora W. Craig
Chairman Manchester Delegation

the branches of Odd Fellowship and of the Sons of Veterans. The fact that he is a life member of the American Poultry Association indicates his hobby, which is hens; his Rose Comb Rhode Islands Reds being as fine specimens of the breed as can be found in New Hampshire. Mr. Craig is married and has one child. His work in all its lines of activity, church, school and public life, is characterized by definiteness of purpose and well-considered progress towards a predetermined end. In these threatening times such men are valuable bulwarks of our institutions.

William Bradford Ranney, Republican, representative from the town of Boscawen and chairman of the

Hon. William B. Ranney

chapter, council and commandery, and past patron of the Eastern Star; past master of Hallowe'en Grange, Penacook, and of Merrimack County Pomona Grange. He married October 28, 1898, Alice M. Burbank of Webster, and they have two daughters, Dorothy and Katharine.

EDITORIAL

The part New Hampshire is taking in movements of national progress is very gratifying to all of us who are as confident of her future as we are proud of her past. The promptness with which our Legislature of 1919 ratified on the part of the Granite State the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution is a subject for congratulation and the sentiment for strict and impartial law enforcement everywhere in evidence will be of great assistance to the United States officers, as it has been to those of the state, in making prohibition prohibit. To prevent entirely the use of alcoholic beverages always has seemed an ideal impossible of achievement; and so it still may prove to be. But never in history has so powerful a force been exerted to this end as will be within the ability of the United States Government. It will be the duty of every good citizen to do his part towards making the application of this force entirely efficient. New Hampshire has a particular reason for interest in national prohibition and an added incentive to aid in its enforcement because the first seeds of the crop now to be harvested were sown more than forty years ago by Henry W. Blair, then Congressman and afterwards United States Senator from New Hampshire, when he introduced in the lower branch of the National Legislature the initial proposal on this line on December 27, 1876. Ex-Senator Blair, at four score and five, is still living in Washington. During the time of his activity and prominence as a national figure he dreamed many great dreams which were scorned by the "practical" and derided by the short-sighted. It is good to know that one of them, at

least, now is coming to realization, within his lifetime.

New Hampshire is prompt, again, in organizing for the promulgation and support of the League of Free Nations idea. The state association is fortunate in securing as its head, Mr. Huntley N. Spaulding, recently so successful as food administrator for New Hampshire, who will put the vigor and force of his personality behind this good work, also. It is fitting that the first local organizations should be in our educational centers, Hanover and Durham, and it is easy to believe that from them inspiration will spread into every corner of the commonwealth. A powerful aid to that end will be found in the happily large number of New Hampshire people who attended the recent New England meeting in Boston and heard former President William H. Taft at his best and greatest in discussion of this most important subject. The imperative work of world reconstruction can proceed, as we see it, on two far separated planes simultaneously and coöperatively. One can and must start from the home and the individual to reconstruct the community and thus to raise the level of life. The other must operate on that greatest possible scale which the League of Nations purposes and which by ensuring the world's peace will give full opportunity for the development of the race by individual and national initiative and execution. Here in New Hampshire we are glad to give endorsement to the world project, while, at the same time, we recognize our own pressing problems and give our best efforts to their solution.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The man who thought Psyche was "a mighty queer way to spell fish" would be more than ever puzzled after reading the first part of Dr. John D. Quackenbos's new novel, "Magnhild," for the hero and the heroine pass quickly from psychic

than he in painting word pictures of its loveliness; "its background of sable-vested mountains—its clear, island-studded waters—its tortuous shore line presenting so remarkable a diversity, now sheer and heavily timbered, now stretching in long

Dr. John D. Quackenbos

rapport to fishing raptures, from experiencing the "psychovital cosmic relations of the human personality" to "that erethism of internal exaltation" that accompanies the capture of a Sunapee saibling. Doctor Quackenbos has spent a good part of his seventy years of life on the shores of our beautiful New Hampshire lake, and no one is more skilful

reaches of sparkling sand, or sloping upward in brilliant pasture lands to ridges crested with inky spruce, anon opening into flower-pied meadows through which streams fringed with fern clumps pour their crystal cold into darksome estuaries." There are many of these pictures, in prose and verse, in the earlier pages of the book; many studies of the life of the lake

and the people about it, so that for us New Hampshire folks this part of the story will have an especial charm. But for those who are attracted to the book by its sub-title, "A Tale of Psychic Love," the unfolding of the plot, with its revelations of the pos-

sibilities of telepathy, "the influence exerted on human lives by extrinsic personalities and the mysteries of supernatural communication" will hold the closest attention to the happy ending, which, again, has Sunapee shores as its scene.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Bela Chapin was born in Newport, February 19, 1829. Is there anywhere a poet of greater age whose muse is fertile still? While he has passed his ninetieth birthday, Louise Patterson Guyol, a Concord school-girl, has not yet reached her nineteenth. Franklin McDuffee, Dartmouth '21, is the son of Editor Willis McDuffee of Rochester. Miss Laura A. Rice, one of New Hampshire's sweetest singers, whose verse was published over the name of Ray

Laurance, died during the past month at her home in Northfield. Rev. Dr. Loren Webster is the head of the Holderness School for Boys. Fred Myron Colby of Warner has an aggregate of published work in both prose and poetry which few Granite State writers can equal. Hon. James O. Lyford, editor, author, public official, knows state finances from A to Z and possesses the power of imparting his knowledge clearly and helpfully.

WHITHER?

By Franklin McDuffee

The stars are close tonight,
Thoughts in the book of time;
Yet veiled unto my sight
The page sublime.

For weary waters flow
Into a bending sky,
Murmuring soft and low,
"Eternity."

Ever the sad, sweet ache,
The tender, questing pain,
The dim doubts that awake
Nor sleep again.

Ahead, an ocean bleak;
Behind, the barren sand.
Alas, for them that seek
To understand.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This poem, published originally in *The Bema*, the literary magazine of Dartmouth college, was one of two by Hanover students chosen for the annual "Anthology of College Verse," published by the Stratford Company, Boston.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

Thank God for heart to understand
The graciousness of spreading trees,
The changing seasons, wisely planned,
The storms and sunshine—all of these.

MID-MARCH, THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

In common with all the world we accept the Roman calendar which Rome thrust upon civilization when she conquered ancient civilization. The Roman calendar, however, was pitched to the seasons as they ran in the warm Mediterranean country and not to the hardy climate of New England; for, with us in New Hampshire, the year really begins in mid-March. Then come the longer mornings and the earlier sun which grows bright and warm in midday and starts the sap in the trees. In mid-March the buds begin to swell, the warmer winds sweep through the branches, the frost leaves the earth and as we feel the ground heave beneath our feet we know that Mother Earth is awaking from her long night's sleep. The geese are flying, the robins return, the bluebirds gather—now it's the New Year really comes, never mind what the Roman calendar said about "January first." The cold winter nights which gave us the chilled house and blustering morns have gone, the sun greets us with its cheering smile before seven, and no longer are we loath to leave the bed, but we must be up and out to mingle with the horses, cows, fowl and birds, greeting the signs of the New Year in trees, soil and animal life. We sort the eggs and get ready to set the mother-hens; we overhaul the farming-tools, get seeds and plows ready, and plan the adventure of new crops. It's a time of joyous expectancy; we are looking ahead to a new season of life; the returning songsters from the trees proclaim the old promise of "seed-time and harvest that shall not fail in the earth." At noon-day the sun lays into barn and house

through window and door, where horses, cattle, fowl and human kind alike feel the cheer of its live-giving warmth. Winter is in rapid retreat, the blustering wind of the morn dies out and shows us its last wail. The hour has indeed struck, new life is everywhere.

The church is celebrating Easter, the resurrection of the Lord, and we who live in the country homes of the old Granite State are likewise celebrating the resurrection of New Life. Only here and there in the woods can we find the snow; wooing warm airs have displaced the bleak winter winds; pity, indeed, for the one whose soul does not catch the springtime song, and whose heart does not beat the quicker in the joys of beginning another year.

MARCH MORNING, NATURE'S HOLY MATIN HOUR

The most delightful time of the March days is the morning hour. How sweet, how beautiful it all is; we all feel it, from the chipmunk dodging among the stones of the wall to the birds chirping their matins from the trees. The winds breath God's invocation o'er the earth. If one ever feels the religious mood he certainly will on a mid-March morning in New Hampshire. These mornings are the Resurrection mornings of the year. Tiny shoots coming through the dead leaves tell of the Resurrection-miracle. The Heart of the Universe is calling all life forth from the grave—never mind the Roman calendar, we will now begin our year, and plan to plant and water and cultivate and dig, till we reap another harvest. We have been kept through the severity of winter, we greet the springtime with gratitude and joy, and never do we feel this quite so deeply as when in the hour of morn we light the fires of the household and go forth to greet the day.

AT NINETY YEARS

By Bela Chapin

Grim Winter lingers with us still,
And cold the north winds blow;
While all about on Johnson Hill
Lie drifts of pure white snow.
But wintry days will soon be o'er
And cheerful Spring return once more.

It is hibernal time with me,—
A weight of years I bear;
Trials a few 'tis mine to see
As on in life I fare.
My natal day I pass again;
My years are now fourscore and ten.

My birth-place upon Baptist Hill,
My home in early years,
What memories surround it still!
How fresh it all appears!
There now, as erst long time ago,
The roses bloom, the lilacs blow.

Right well it is that Memory brings
More often from the past
The pleasant than unpleasant things
That in our path were cast.
The good we wisely keep in mind,
The bad we fain would leave behind.

My father's voice I seem to hear,
As in the long-ago;
My mother's singing, sweet and clear,
The hymns she treasured so.
Those dear remembrances of yore
I call to mind from Memory's store.

How oft the time at Northville school
Afresh my mind enjoys
Where Master Wheeler well did rule
A flock of girls and boys.
One hundred pupils, large and small,
That old red school-house held us all.

Of toil and care I took my share,
With some misfortune strove,
And now within my rocking-chair
I sit beside the stove
And take my ease, though lame and old,
While out of doors the wind blows cold.

I read good books from day to day
And find in them delight;
Ere long I shall be called away,
Away from mortal sight.
In Christian faith I live and wait
A welcome at the heavenly gate.

Claremont, N. H.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

From a sermon by Pemberton Hale Cressey, Minister of the First Parish, Beverly, Mass.

It was my privilege to spend a few weeks of the past summer within a short distance of Mt. Washington, New Hampshire. The great mountain, unobstructed from that point of view by lesser peaks and foot-hills, was constantly before me. I beheld it at all hours of the day and in all the changing moods of a summer of variable weather. The noble summit was now clear in the morning air, now wreathed in the clouds of some gathering storm, now crouching high and distant in the evening dusk. Especially do I recall one morning of extraordinary clearness when the August air was cold and scintillating as with some borrowed October. I could almost pick out the great boulders on Alban ridge and Boott's spur. I could see the long, deep cut of Tuckerman's ravine, sliced into the slope of the mountain as if it had just been gashed with some titanic cleaver. Looking straight into the wide chasm of Huntington's ravine I could see each slide and crevice and yawning gap of that mighty hollow raised against the sky. My joy and

wonder in the vast picture found expression in the words: "The strength of the hills is his also." At first I was satisfied with the simple, elemental thought of God as the creator. His, his was the noble mountain! Enough for me to acknowledge his lordship and the marvel of his creating hand.

But as I continued to gaze at the mountain in all its rugged clearness, I could not but think of the vast conflicts out of which the summit arose. Clearly in the morning air there stood revealed the evidences of the tremendous struggles out of which and above which emerged the hoary peak. The buckling of the earth's crust through countless ages of the gradual cooling of internal fires, the grinding and crushing of the continental glacier in its slow withdrawal toward the north, the blowing of mighty winds, the pouring of tremendous rains, the loosening of boulder and sand through the action of storm and frost—out of such epic conflicts came the strength of the hills.

IN DREAMY, SUNNY MEXICO

By Fred Myron Colby

In dreamy, sunny Mexico
The very winds they murmur low
Through fragrant groves of orange trees
And clinging vines of balconies,
Where dark-eyed beauties loll and dream
Behind the scented, blossoming screen
Of tropic foliage ablaze
With richest tints of summer days.
Lithe water bearers, nude and brown,
The sultry streets walk up and down.
Dusky fruit venders cry their wares
In the palmetto-shaded squares;
And wood-wheeled carts move to and fro
Behind the calm-eyed oxen slow,
In dreamy, sunny Mexico.

In dreamy, sunny Mexico,
The sleepy fountains flash and flow
In lazy cadence like a dream;
While like a rising star a gleam,
The snowy peaks of mountains rise
Beneath the glowing Southern skies.
A happy land of lotus dreams,
Where reign enchantment as it seems,
Where wondrous blossoms catch the eye,
And gaudy birds through thickets fly.
A land of lutes and dulcet tones,
Of silver, gold and onyx stones.
The Aztec land of long ago,
The place of Maximillian's woe,
This dreamy, sunny Mexico.

In dreamy, sunny Mexico,
The tropic land is all aglow
With flash of insects' gauzy wings,
And from low boughs the toucan swings.
The cries of wolf and coyote fall
From thorny depths of chaparral.
'Mid fields of cocoa and of maize
Up o'er the hills by devious ways,
You see the whitened walls appear
Of haciendas, far and near.
And o'er green slopes of figs and limes
Sound far off cathedral chimes;
While devout worshippers bend low
Amid the sunset's fervid glow,
In dreamy, sunny Mexico.

TELLING GRANDPA'S BEES

By Laura A. Rice

In a corner of the orchard,
Beneath the ancient trees,
Festooned with wand'ring grape vines,
Are many hives of bees;
Around, are spreading hayfields,
And crops of waving grain,
That ne'er will know his labor,
In harvest time again!

Within the old time farmhouse
Moss covered, gray and low,
Where aged "lay lock" bushes,
Around the front door grow;
The sunlight's golden splendor,
Shines in the fore room small,
On peaceful white haired sleeper,
Who has answered Azrael's call.

In a corner of the orchard,
Beneath the ancient trees,
A man is softly chanting,
Before the hives of bees,
Upon which are bits of mourning,
From grandma's gown of black,
"Stay honey bees, your master
Will ne'er again come back!"

"He had lived upon the homestead,
For fourscore years and ten,
He sowed, and reaped and garnered
And wronged not fellowmen!"
To little child near, watching,
With wondering eyes of blue,
The busy bees seemed listening,
To the tidings sad, but true!

What meant this ancient custom,
The telling of the bees,
When one had left the earth life,
To go beneath the trees
And drape the hives with mourning,
When sun was bright o'erhead,
And chant to busy workers,
"Your master old, is dead!"

The wondering child that followed,
Can ne'er forget the scene,
Tho' years have long since vanished,
She sees the landscape green,
With the ancient apple orchard,
And its grape vine covered trees,
As walking back and forward
One told grandpa's death to bees!

Franklin, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

EDWARD LEE CARROLL

Edward Lee Carroll, born in Warner, December 11, 1880, died there, January 30, 1919, and by his widely mourned decease, town and state lost one of their best young men. Descended from Nathaniel Carroll, who came from England to Massachusetts in the 17th century, Edward Lee Carroll was the son of the late Honorable Edward Herman Carroll and Susie C. (Putney) Carroll. Upon the completion of his educa-

parts of the state, he dealt extensively in apples. Lee Carroll, as he was known to his host of friends, was a potent force in the business and social life of his native town, and while he never desired political preferment, he served as a member of the Prudential Committee of the Simonds Free High School and was for several years a member of the Town School board, serving part of the time as chairman. He took charge of the last War Relief drive and had the satisfaction of seeing his town the first in the state to surpass its

The late Lee Carroll and His Sons

tion in the schools of his native town and the Concord Business College, he became the business partner of his father, the firm conducting extensive and successful lumber operations in various parts of the state. Upon the lamented death of Hon. E. H. Carroll, in 1918, he at once assumed the entire charge of the company's extensive interests and handled them with the energy and success which had characterized his father's management, the business continuing under the same title. He was much interested in forestry and forestry conservation and scientific lumbering methods and had won the commendation of the State Forestry Department for his methods of lumbering. Besides operating many mills in the different

quota. He was a director of the Union Trust Company of Concord, Treasurer of Harris Lodge of Masons, member of Woods Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and Horace Chase Council, and a Knight Templar and Shriner. June 5, 1900, he was united in marriage with Edith Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Emerson of Warner. She survives him, with their two sons, Edward H. Carroll, 2d, born August 8, 1907, and James Emerson Carroll, born April 30, 1913 and his mother. To all of the many who knew and loved him, the death of Lee Carroll seems most untimely, but it did not come until the high quality of his character and his ability had been tested and proved by endeavor and accomplishment.

HENRY H. BARBER

Henry H. Barber, leading citizen of Milford, who died there January 14, was born in Nashua, December 16, 1852. His education was acquired in an academy at Canaan, the native town of both his parents. He began his business life as a clerk with a Nashua firm, but in 1878 he opened a dry goods store at Milford which grew into an extensive department establishment. He also founded the Barber Plumbing Company and the Milford Granite Company, the

Board of Trade, he had served as its president. The initiative in lighting the town by electricity was his, one of the first automobiles operated in Milford was his and in general he always was awake to the benefits of progress in all lines. He was a 32nd degree Mason and not long ago was presented by King Solomon Royal Arch Chapter with a beautiful jewel in recognition of his long and faithful service as its treasurer. He was also an Odd Fellow, a member of the Golden Cross and belonged to the New England associations of bankers and of dry goods'

The late H. H. Barber

latter being the pioneer in the granite industry of the town. For thirty-six years he was a director of the Souhegan National Bank, its vice-president from 1893 to 1911 and its president since the latter date. In addition to his Milford property, including one of the town's most beautiful residences, he had an interest in the mercantile establishment of his brother at Derby, Conn. He was a member of the Legislature of 1891 and the author of the law known by his name for the regulation of fraternal insurance orders. One of the organizers of the Milford

dealers. An enthusiastic golfer, he was a member of the Nashua and Mount Vernon country clubs. He attended the Methodist Church. In 1873 Mr. Barber was united in marriage with Miss Fostina M. Dodge, daughter of Alva H. Dodge of Antrim. Their one child is Mrs. Ethelyn F. Brown of Winchester, Mass. A high-grade business executive, a public-spirited citizen, beloved by a host of friends, it was said of him by his home paper that he "will be missed by the entire town for he was always in the forefront of every movement for the good of the community."

WILLIAM S. PIERCE

William S. Pierce, well-known member of the New Hampshire Bar, died at his home in Somersworth, January 30. He was born at Lexington, Me., sixty-six years ago and had resided at Somersworth for forty years, coming there as a school teacher. He was admitted to the bar in 1883 and won especial success as a jury lawyer, particularly in

The late William S. Pierce

criminal cases. He was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1907, serving on the Committees on Revision of Statutes and Elections. Mr. Pierce was a member of the Masonic order. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Allen of Smithfield, Me., and by one son, Charles A. Pierce.

ALBERT T. SEVERANCE

Dr. Albert T. Severance, born in Brewer, Me., September 17, 1842, died at Exeter, January 16. He served three years in the Civil War and was wounded ten times. In the order of the G. A. R. he took much interest and often served as a Memorial Day orator. After the war he studied dentistry and practised that profession at Newmarket, where he was superintendent of schools, and since 1885 at Exeter. He was a representative from Exeter in the Legislatures of 1901 and 1903 and had been secretary-treasurer and president of the Rockingham County Republican Club. He was a member of the Masonic order and of the Methodist Church. His wife, who was Miss Sadie E. Leavitt of Newmarket, survives him.

JOSEPH H. WIGHT

Joseph Howard Wight, judge of the Berlin Municipal Court since 1915, died suddenly in that city, February 6. He was born in Dummer, March 11, 1866; and was educated at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, and at the Boston University School of Law. Since admission to the New Hampshire Bar in 1890 he had practiced at Berlin and had been a member of the city council, police commissioner, representative in the Legislature and county solicitor. While Berlin was still a town he was chairman of the Board of Selectmen and town clerk. He was formerly president of the Berlin Savings Bank and Trust Company and vice-president of the Berlin Building and Loan Association. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Order of the Eastern Star. His wife, one son and three daughters survive him.

DR. FRANK BLAISDELL

Frank Blaisdell, M.D., born at Goffstown, May 28, 1852, died there January 16. He was educated at the Swedenborgian Academy at Contoocook and at the Dartmouth Medical College, from which institution he graduated in 1876. Since that time he had practiced his profession with eminent success in his native town and had been honored with the presidency of the state Medical Society and the state Surgical Club. He was chairman of the town Board of Health for a long time and a member of the School Board for twenty years. He had served on the Board of Physicians and Surgeons of the Elliot Hospital, Manchester, and filled the office of physician and surgeon for the Hillsborough County Hospital at Grasmere. He was particularly interested in surgery and operative obstetrics and was the author of several published papers upon this and other branches of his profession. In 1902 he delivered the address to the graduating class of the Dartmouth Medical College. Doctor Blaisdell married, August 29, 1877, Miss Anna I. White of Goffstown, who, with their three sons, Arthur George, Percy Newton, and William Edwin Blaisdell, survive him.

REV. ELWIN HITCHCOCK, D.D.

Rev. Elwin Hitchcock, D.D., pastor of the M. E. Church at Newport, born at Stanford, R. I., December 25, 1851, died January 23, 1919. He was the son of Barnabas and Sally M. Hitchcock, was educated at Wilbraham, Mass., Academy, and entered the Methodist ministry as a member of the New England Conference, but was subsequently transferred to the New Hampshire Conference, and filled successful pastorates in Haverhill, Mass., Nashua, Keene and Dover. He was for six years superintendent of the Manchester

District, and served two years as agent for the Methodist Clergymen's Pension Fund. He was assigned to the Newport pastorate three years ago, and had done successful work and made many friends during his incumbency. For several months last year, there was no other pastor in town, and he was greatly over-worked in funeral and other necessary services, his health giving way under the strain. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Harriet Norton Clark, one son, Ernest C., a daughter, Mrs. Leon G. Adams, and two grandchildren.

Keyes, November 16, 1917. He served four terms in the House of Representatives at Concord, being speaker at the session of 1906, and was twice a candidate for the Republican nomination for the National House. He was collector of customs at Portsmouth, 1898-1905, had been president of the Rockingham County Republican Club and of the Republican State Convention in 1904. He served on the staff of Governor Hiram A. Tuttle. Colonel Elwell was a member of the Odd Fellows, Red Men, Sons of Veterans and Derryfield Club. He is survived by his

The late Col. Rufus N. Elwell

RUFUS N. ELWELL

Colonel Rufus Newell Elwell, insurance commissioner of the state of New Hampshire died in Concord, February 9. He was born in Detroit, Me., August 24, 1862, the son of George H., and Hannah E. (Prentiss) Newell. Educated in the common schools and at Maine Central Institute, he removed with his parents to Newton, this state, when eighteen years of age. For many years he conducted box manufactories in Newton and Exeter; was at the head of a general insurance agency in Exeter; engaged extensively in lumbering operations; and was director and manager of the Abbot-Downing Company, Concord, when appointed insurance commissioner by Governor Henry W.

wife, and by two sons, George W. Elwell, a lawyer in Boston, and Clinton W. Elwell, who conducts the insurance agency in Exeter.

CAPTAIN R. A. FRENCH

Captain Robert A. French, of Nashua, died of pneumonia, December 17, at Washington, D. C., where he was on duty in the intelligence bureau of the War Department. He was born in Nashua, September 13, 1882, the son of Hon. George B. French, and graduated from the Nashua High School, from Dartmouth College and from the Harvard Law School. Since 1908 he had practised law in Nashua and had been prominent in politics, serving as councilman, alderman,

member of the state House of Representatives, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1912, and associate justice of the Nashua Municipal Court. He was secretary of the Hillsborough County Fish and Game Protective Association, of the Nashua Country Club and of the Hillsborough County Republican Club. He was a 32nd degree Mason and an Elk and attended the First Congregational Church. He was unmarried.

BURT CHELLIS

Burt Chellis, born in Claremont, September 19, 1860, died at a hospital in Boston on December 31. He was a graduate of Stevens High School, Claremont, and of Dartmouth College in the class of 1883. Studying law with Hon. Hermon Holt, he was admitted to the bar in 1886 and had been a successful practitioner in this state and, from 1908 to 1914, in Los Angeles, Cal. He had extensive real estate interests in Claremont and was a man of enterprise and public spirit. He was a member of the Legislature of 1897 and for six years was solicitor of Sullivan County and was chairman of the Claremont Town Building Committee. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a Knight Templar. June 20, 1900, he married Miss Esther A. Hubbard of Claremont, who survives him, as do his brother, Rush Chellis, and a sister, Mrs. W. H. Story.

CHARLES W. GRAY

Charles W. Gray, 69, one of the best known hotel men in New England, proprietor of Gray's Inn at Jackson since 1885, died at Portland, Me., December 12, after two years of illness. He was a native of Jackson and was educated in the town schools there and at Lancaster Academy. He engaged extensively in the lumber business and in carriage building before becoming a hotel man. Since 1898, Mr. Gray had been the proprietor of the Preble House at Portland, Me., in addition to his hotel at Jackson. He was twice a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives and belonged to the Odd Fellows, Elks and Patrons of Husbandry.

ROCKWELL F. CRAIG

Rockwell F. Craig, a leading business man and prominent resident of Cheshire County,

died at the Elliot City Hospital in Keene, December 15, as the result of internal injuries received while piling logs. He was born in Ryegate, Vt., April 30, 1852, and came to New Hampshire thirty years ago. He served two terms in the state legislature, was to return in January for his third term. He had served as delegate to the Constitutional Convention and held numerous town offices. He was a Mason and a Shriner and past master of Marlow Grange. Mr. Craig owned large tracts of land and carried on an extensive lumber business. Until a year ago he owned the electric light plant in Marlow, which he established six years ago. Besides a wife he leaves one son, Capt. Willis P. Craig, in a camp in Virginia, and one daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Ross of Keene.

LYMAN M. STEARNS

Lyman M. Stearns, one of the best known checker players and writers upon the game in this country, died at a hospital in Manchester, from pneumonia, on December 30, aged sixty years. For twenty-six years he was state champion and was the author of 3,000 published problems of the game. He gave many exhibitions of simultaneous play against as many as forty opponents and also played blindfolded. He had edited checker columns in many newspapers and from 1896 to 1901 was the editor of the *North American Checkerboard*.

JOHN H. WESLEY

John H. Wesley, one of the men of longest legislative service in the history of the state of New Hampshire, died at his home in Dover, January 9. He was born in South Berwick, Me., October 16, 1873, and came to Dover as a boy, gaining his education in the public schools of that city. In 1899 and 1900 he represented Ward Five in the City Council and in 1901 and 1902 in the Board of Aldermen. Since 1903 he had been continuously a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. He was a Democrat in politics, a Roman Catholic in religious belief and a member of the A. O. H. and Foresters of America. A wife and two daughters survive him.

RETURN TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

After an interval of thirty years, E. H. Rollins and Sons are again to establish an office in New Hampshire, the state where this firm had its early development. The company was first organized in 1876. The founder, whose name was given to the organization, was Edward H. Rollins, long a United States Senator and a contemporary of the late ex-Senator William E. Chandler. The other founders of the business were Senator Rollins's sons, Edward W. Rollins, who is now president of the company and has been a life-long resident of Dover, and the late Frank W. Rollins, ex-governor of New

Hampshire and originator of Old Home week.

The New Hampshire business of the firm has grown to such an extent that it has been thought advisable once more to open an office here.

At 705-706 Amoskeag Bank building, Manchester, an investment service will be maintained which will give especial attention to securities adapted for the New Hampshire market.

This office will be under the management of Frederick M. Swan, of Tilton, who has been connected with the company for the past thirteen years, eleven of which have been spent as a salesman in New Hampshire. He will be assisted by Richard H. Durell, of Manchester.

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APRIL

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THE LATE HON. SHERBURNE J. WINSLOW

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SHERBURNE J. WINSLOW

By N. S. Drake

A worthy son of New Hampshire, who, by his business enterprise, executive ability, economy and thrift, won a place on the honor roll of his native state, was Sherburne Josiah Winslow, who died at his pleasant home on Main Street, Pittsfield, N. H., February 19, 1919.

Mr. Winslow was born March 16, 1834, in the town of Nottingham, the son of Josiah and Ruth (Tucker) Winslow. At the age of three weeks, he came to Pittsfield, where he has since made his home; and to him and his associates is Pittsfield indebted for the conception and construction of many of its principal corporate features and private enterprises.

School teaching was his calling from the year he was nineteen until well into his twenties, and in this work he was a decided success, developing those traits of order, discernment and energy born in him and transmitted from his noted ancestor, Edward Winslow, the Pilgrim, who was business manager, as one would say today, of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, Colony.

Mr. Winslow was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor did he have given him the means for a start on a business career, but he was a born financier and was equipped with the faculties called initiative and thrift. In this connection it may be said that the first money he earned in teaching school was \$28, paid him by the town of Deerfield. Of this sum he loaned \$24 at 6 per cent interest, and from that day until his death

he always had money at interest. His reward for such economy was the power to engage in business affairs as he did in Pittsfield and elsewhere.

From teaching, he emerged into farming, and became the owner of one of the best farms in Pittsfield, which, however, was in part given him by his uncle, the late John Sherburne Tilton. Mr. Winslow always retained this farm in his possession, although it has not been his home since his early manhood.

In the early sixties he took a trip "Out West," as it was then called, and while on this journey visited his brother, James, who was then working at his trade as a carpenter in Illinois. Mr. Winslow's keen business mind saw at once the opportunities there for making money and in addition to making investments for himself he persistently urged his brother to buy one hundred sixty acres of land which was for sale at ten dollars per acre. At length, his brother heeded his advice and bought the land. Afterwards he erected a set of buildings on it and made it his home until the time of his death. After his decease his widow refused to accept an offer of two hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre for the farm.

After his first western trip Mr. Winslow seldom missed taking an annual tour through the western states to look after his own and other parties' investments.

In addition to his other activities he was for many years engaged in ex-

tensive lumbering operations throughout the New England states.

In 1894, during a period of great financial depression, he was chosen assistant treasurer of the Exeter Manufacturing Company, and it was through the success of his efforts in obtaining money at the time, that it was possible to finance the equipment of the mills with the new machinery necessary to make a different class of goods, which he saw that the market demanded. This step placed the corporation on a sound business basis and he scored a brilliant success. He was later made treasurer of the corporation and it was during his administration that the bleachery was added to the plant.

In 1898, after the death of George F. Berry, treasurer of the Pittsfield Savings Bank, Mr. Winslow was elected treasurer, which position he held until the time of his death. To his efforts, this institution owes much of its success.

He also took over the insurance business of Mr. Berry and increased the same until it has become the largest fire insurance agency in that section.

He took an active part in organizing the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company and the Pittsfield Gas Company, has been a director in both companies ever since they were organized and was the last survivor of the original boards of directors. For many years past he has served as president of both companies. He superintended the construction of the entire plant of the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company. He was also called upon to superintend the construction of the Tilton Water Works and those at the Merrimack County Farm. Mr. Winslow had been for many years President of the Old Home Week Association; and he was an excellent presiding officer and a very ready speaker.

Twice Mr. Winslow was honored with an election to the New Hampshire Legislature, but he absolutely declined to be a candidate for a

senatorial nomination. He served as selectman and as a member of the school board and filled other town offices. He was a director in the Concord and Montreal and Suncook Valley Railroads.

A Republican in politics and Episcopalian in religion, he had for many years been senior warden and treasurer of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. He was a member of Corinthian Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

His home life was made especially happy through the devoted attention of his wife, Margaret (Denison), a widowed daughter, Mrs. Cora W. Hook, and a granddaughter, Margaret L. Hook, who was his daily companion and assistant in his work as treasurer of the Pittsfield Savings Bank and in his insurance business. Another accomplished daughter, Nellie W., married Dr. Frank H. Sargent, and resides in a beautiful home in Pittsfield.

It was Mr. Winslow's great privilege to pass his lifetime on this earth during the most marvelous period of time in the world's existence.

He saw both the ancient and modern methods of living, for nearly all of the so-called wonderful modern inventions have become operative since he was born, the steam railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, both local and wireless, electricity for light, heat, power, etc., the gasoline engine, the automobile and tractor, the flying machine, the moving-pictures, and, in fact, the mechanical making of any kind of pictures of people; for the making of daguerreotypes began in 1839 and photographs came later on.

On the farm at the time of his birth the implements of agriculture were but little better than those of the ancient Egyptians, nearly all work on the farm being done by hand or with oxen. The sulky plow, the disc harrow, the planting, harvesting and threshing machines, as well as the mowing machine, the hay tedder, the horserake, the hay loader and the hayfork, used to unload the hay, are

all modern implements. In this connection we mention the fact that Mr. Winslow bought the first mowing machine ever owned in Pittsfield and used it on his "Tilton Hill" farm. In his office at the bank he had the typewriter, the adding machine, etc., while in his home was the sewing machine, the victrola, modern heating and lighting equipment, etc.; cer-

tainly a marked contrast to the primitive non-conveniences of his childhood days.

The majority of our young people do not realize that nearly all of the so-called indispensable conveniences of today, which seem to be necessary in order to make life worth living, have been invented and came into use during the lifetime of Mr. Winslow.

THE BLUE BIRD

By Bela Chapin

From southern fields afar away,
Where long had been his winter's stay,
The blue bird comes on merry wing,
Blithe herald of the tardy spring.

With hearty joy his note is heard,
And glad we greet the well-known bird;
In orchard, field, or garden plot,
He now revisits each loved spot.

And oft with open quivering wings
A soft and pleasing song he sings;
A bird beloved he seems to be,
From harmful habits ever free.

Although as yet white drifts of snow,
Lie here and there, we surely know
That spring, the welcome spring is here,
And vernal scenes will soon appear.

Sweet bird, we hail thy kind return,
In thee such mildness we discern;
Come near and make thy summer stay,
And cheer our hearts from day to day.

Claremont, N. H.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING
Federal Food Administrator for the State of New Hampshire

FOOD ADMINISTRATION IN THE GRANITE STATE DURING THE WORLD WAR

By Richard Whoriskey and James W. Tucker

Chapter I

Original Food Administration of New Hampshire

April 6, 1917 will always be a memorable day in the history of the world, for on that day the United States of America accepted the challenge of Germany and declared a state of war existing with her. Slowly but surely the wheels of the great democracy of the western hemisphere began to turn. The future looked dark indeed, as those in control of our destiny began to plan not for a one year war, but for a five year or a ten year war.

With this thought in mind President Wilson appealed to the people of the country. The response was immediate. Everyone seemed to realize that the life of democracy, that form of government under which for one hundred and twenty-eight years we had been prospering, was at stake. With the same spirit displayed by the other states of the union, New Hampshire threw its whole energy into the war. One of the first war measures put into effect by Gov. Henry W. Keyes was the establishment of a Committee on Public Safety, consisting of one hundred members, whose province was to control all war activities within the state.

In order to stimulate food production and conservation the executive committee of the Committee on Public Safety appointed a sub-committee of thirty-two men. This committee soon resolved itself into the Central Food Committee, consisting of Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester, chairman, who was to have charge of the division of organization and supervision; Walter C. O'Kane, of New Hampshire College, vice-chairman, in charge of the division of finance and publicity; William H. Folsom, of

Exeter, in charge of the division of labor; Frederick W. Taylor, of New Hampshire College, in charge of the division of farm production; James S. Chamberlin, of Durham, in charge of the division of garden production.

Rooms 156 and 157 in the State House were selected as headquarters and C. C. Steck, of New Hampshire College, was made office manager. Each town and city in the state named a local committee on food production, conservation and distribution, to coöperate with the Central Food Committee. Members of these committees with members of local executive committees attended a conference at the State House on April 24, 1917, after which they returned to their homes to arouse public interest, to appoint local supervisors in the cities, to study the labor problem connected with the farms, to make provision for financial assistance and to stimulate farm production, home gardens and community and factory gardens.

COUNTY ORGANIZERS

On May 1, 1917 the following expert agriculturists, all of whom, except one, were graduates or members of the faculty of New Hampshire College, were chosen to organize and supervise the work of the various counties:

<i>Name</i>	<i>County</i>	<i>Headquarters</i>
O. E. Huse	Rockingham	Exeter
C. J. Fawcett	Strafford	Durham
W. R. Wilson	Belknap	Laconia
E. Parsons	Carroll	Wolfeboro
A. H. Brown	Merrimack	Concord
A. E. Smith*	Hillsborough	Nashua
V. H. Smith	Cheshire	Keene
R. J. Bugbee	Sullivan	Claremont
H. P. Young	Grafton	Woodsville
W. J. Nelson	Coe	Lancaster

* L. B. Robinson was appointed later in place of A. E. Smith who had resigned.

These organizers worked indefatigably to arouse public interest through mass meetings and frequent conferences. They were on the go from early morning till late at night and found the automobiles bought for them privately an indispensable necessity in their work.

They served as a direct medium of contact between the Central Food Committee and the local food committees, helped to stimulate and direct the work of the latter and had oversight of the various local supervisors.

Through the generosity of the National Civic Federation and the public spirited interest of Mrs. W. H. Schofield of Peterboro, \$5,000 was contributed to help defray the expenses of this work.

COÖPERATING AGENCIES

As the churches in the state were considered a most effective means of reaching the people, letters were addressed to the pastors, appealing to them to urge from their pulpits the loyal coöperation of their parishioners in the food campaign.

An appeal was sent also to the fraternal organizations of New Hampshire asking them to promote in every possible way the work of the local food committees. The coöperation given by these two organizations was most encouraging to the Central Committee, for it helped materially the work of every community.

The State College, responding to the call for trained supervisors of community and factory gardens, released its agricultural students, giving them full credit for the academic year. In addition several members of the faculty were relieved of their college duties, in order that they might devote their time to food work. The laboratories and the teaching staff were placed at the disposal of the Central Committee for the training of emergency demonstrators. The county agricultural agents shared their offices with the county organizers and through much of the campaign worked day by day with them,

holding meetings and otherwise assisting in the work.

The superintendents of the county institutions helped considerably in the work of increased production by planting, not only enough potatoes, beans, etc., for their own use, but also an extra supply to be sent to the public market.

The manufacturers of the state afforded abundant opportunity to their employees to raise their own produce. Two plans were in vogue in the state. Under one arrangement, the factory provided a plot of ground, ploughed and harrowed it and made it ready for garden work. The land was then divided into plots and assigned to individual workmen. The latter planted what they wished and were responsible for the results. Under the other arrangement, the factory ploughed and harrowed a tract of land, provided fertilizers and seeds, and assigned a squad of its employees to plant the entire tract to certain staples such as potatoes and beans. Careful account was kept of the time put in by the men. The product of the plot was then apportioned to the men at the close of the season according to their individual credits.

New Hampshire realized early that "Business as Usual" would make it impossible to win the war. The following communication with regard to unnecessary work was sent by the State Highway Department to all Boards of Selectmen:

DEAR SIR—Because of the critical food situation it is necessary that the people of New Hampshire bend every energy to increase food production. All labor that can properly be directed at present to farm crops is vitally needed there. In this work the Highway Department desires to assist.

In coöperating with the Public Safety Committee it has been suggested that no new construction work be done on the State Aid roads until after the haying season.

I, therefore, recommend that you make no plans to begin your State Aid work until the first or middle of August. We feel that in this way more men and teams will be available for agricultural purposes.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) F. E. EVERETT,
Commissioner.

Mr. C. H. Bean of Franklin, the New Hampshire representative of the National Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, placed his services at the disposal of the Central Food Committee and guaranteed that the moving picture theatres of the state would do everything in their power to pro-

direction of Superintendent of Public Instruction Henry C. Morrison and Deputy Superintendent G. H. Witcher.

CONFERENCES

Almost every Monday during the 1917 food campaign the Central Food Committee held conferences at the

Traveling Exhibition Booth of the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire

mote the work of food conservation by films, slides or opportunities on the program for Four-Minute speakers.

The Grange through their State Master, Fred Rogers of Plainfield, was one of the most potent factors in accomplishing the gratifying increase in planting in the food campaign. Another coöperating agency that rendered invaluable service was the school system of the state under the

State House in which at various times the following took part: Commissioner of Agriculture Andrew L. Felker, Messrs. John B. Jameson, Frank S. Streeter, Clarence E. Carr and Roy D. Hunter of the Public Safety Committee; Messrs. H. C. Morrison and G. H. Witcher of the Department of Public Instruction; Mr. Starr Parsons of Wolfeboro, the county agents and their leader M. C.

Wilson; Acting President Pettee, Director J. C. Kendall and Professors Gourley, Prince, Whoriskey, Knowlton and Steck of New Hampshire College.

The county organizers met the committee at stated times to report on the progress of the work in the different communities. Notes were compared on local problems, and many points of value to all were brought out. The spirit of enthusiasm never seemed to wane, despite the complicated problems that occasionally presented themselves. Mr. Spaulding frequently expressed his great admiration of these vigorous organizers, who travelled hundreds of miles every week, holding innumerable conferences and making at times several speeches a day. It was through their persistent enthusiasm that the men, women and children in their communities were stimulated to produce more food than they would need for their own use, in order that New Hampshire might not be obliged to buy in markets outside the state.

To make clear to the people, even in the most remote communities, the crisis the country was facing, largely attended mass meetings were addressed by local speakers, members of the staff, county organizers, county agents, ministers and professors of the State College.

Realizing that thousands of amateur gardeners must be helped, the Central Food Committee secured through the help of the New Hampshire Representatives at Washington 17,000 copies of Farmers' Bulletin 818, entitled "The Small Vegetable Garden." This bulletin, well illustrated with photographs, was distributed by the local food committees. In addition to this the Agricultural Department of the State College prepared fourteen press bulletins of one page each, which were sent to the 11,000 farmers and others on the regular mailing list of the college. The Central Committee had 5,000 extra copies of each of these bulletins printed for distribution by the local food committees.

COMMUNITY GARDENS

As hundreds of people had no available land for planting and really knew little about gardens, cities, towns and public spirited citizens offered large tracts of land for cultivation and assigned trained supervisors to aid those who were eager to produce their own vegetables. The school boys and girls of the state under the guidance of Mr. G. H. Whitchee, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, took a very active part in the community garden work. The Central Committee printed and distributed 2,500 placards headed "Wanted 10,000 Home Gardens Planted by School Boys and Girls." On these placards clear agricultural directions and a concise planting table were given. These were posted by the district superintendents in the school rooms throughout the state.

THE FARM LABOR PROBLEM

To help solve the labor problem on the farms Mr. Ralph F. Tabor, an employee of the United States Department of Agriculture and a member of the staff of the State College Experiment Station, was assigned by the Department of Agriculture and the Extension Service to work under the direction of the Central Food Committee.

Mr. Robert A. Brown, secretary of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, detailed by the association to work also under the direction of the Central Food Committee, was assigned to the task of securing labor from the manufacturers and helping to organize the work in the cities.

Local labor agents were appointed to survey the needs of their communities and to notify the Central Food Committee with regard to surplus or needed help.

The plan adopted at a conference of the Central Food Committee, Director Kendall, Commissioner of Agriculture Felker, Superintendent Morrison of the State Department of Public Instruction, Mr. R. F. Tabor and Mr. R. A. Brown follows:

1. In each town there will be a local farm labor office in charge of a labor agent appointed by the local food committee.

2. In each county there will be a county labor office in charge of the county organizer of the Central Food Committee.

3. At the office of the Central Food Committee there will be a central farm labor office for the entire state.

Local Labor Agent

1. The local labor agent will have a list of the farmers needing help in the town. This list will be furnished, in part, by the State Food Committee from information furnished by the county agricultural agents and will be augmented by the farmers of the town as they learn their needs.

2. The local labor office will supply the local demand for labor from local sources, as far as possible. For this purpose the local labor agent will make a survey of available labor in cities or villages that can be enrolled for farm work. In addition the local labor agent will receive from the State Food Committee, names of men in factories who have had farm experience and who can work on farms in the town.

3. On Thursday of each week the local labor agent will report to the county organizer as to labor conditions in the town, in order that the county organizer may act as a clearing house for the county.

County Organizer

1. The county organizer will receive each week, as noted above, a report from the local labor agents on local conditions and will endeavor to supply men from one town to another.

2. On Saturday of each week the county organizer will report to the Central Food Committee the conditions in his county.

Central Food Committee

From the reports received from the several counties, factories and other sources, the Central Food Committee will endeavor to equalize labor conditions over the state, to utilize all sources of labor supply and to exercise general supervision over the entire plan.

CONSERVATION, INCLUDING CANNING

The Central Food Committee after a conference at the State House with Dean Knowlton and Director Kendall of the State College, Commissioner of Agriculture Felker, Superintendent Morrison of the Department of Public Instruction and Chairman Jameson of the Public Safety Committee, decided to recruit thirty-one women from the teachers of Household Arts in the high schools of New Hampshire and to send them to the State College

for one week's intensive training the latter part of June, prior to sending them through the state to give demonstrations and lessons in canning and conservation. Deputy Superintendent Whitcher was delegated to investigate the qualifications of the candidates.

A letter was then sent to each local food committee asking for the appointment of a committee of three women on conservation.

EMERGENCY DEMONSTRATORS

The thirty-one women who were chosen registered June 18 at New Hampshire State College, where rooms had been assigned to them and a course of lectures and demonstrations lasting one week had been arranged.

Through the able assistance of Professor O'Kane of the State College an itinerary was made whereby from five to eight towns were assigned to each demonstrator. The plan of assignment made it possible for a demonstrator to spend one day in a community every other week. The local committee of women in each community was instructed to perfect all details for the demonstrations under the supervision of the county organizers.

These emergency demonstrators arrived on June 25 in the districts assigned to them. For six weeks they gave not only instructions in canning garden vegetables and fruit but also demonstrations in the best methods of conservation. Everywhere they were well received by the women of the state whose whole-hearted spirit of coöperation made possible the remarkable results achieved.

LEAFLETS

A series of one page bulletins on the latest methods of canning, with a special leaflet on Thrift, was prepared at the State College under the direction of Dean Knowlton. Forty-one thousand copies were ordered printed and distributed by the Central Committee.

STAFF OF THE FEDERAL FOOD ADMINISTRATION FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

Left to Right, Standing: Harold H. Scudder Charles G. Stock J. Ben Hart

In the Center: Huntley N. Spaulding

**Left to Right, Seated: Richard Whoriskey Geo. Place Jas. S. Chamberlain Jas. W. Tucker Mary I. Wood Catherine A. Dale Geo. N. Towle
W. G. O'Kane J. F. Cloutman**

NEWSPAPERS

Articles describing the various phases of the work were prepared and sent to all newspapers through the state and were given wide publicity. As the season progressed, timely articles of information were prepared and were printed by the newspapers. Throughout the campaign the coöperation of the editors was most loyal.

RESULTS ACHIEVED

Mr. G. H. Whitchee, Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in charge of school gardens, made the following report concerning the crops planted and harvested by high school pupils:

"The high schools of the state in their home field crops plots during the summer of 1917 produced food worth \$36,610.45. In addition to this, children of the graded schools planted and cared for 17,000 small truck gardens where no attempt was made to keep a record of the value of the products.

"Of the high schools that kept accounts last year, Colebrook Academy stands in the lead with a crop of \$8,775. The list follows: Alton High, \$2,374.54; Amherst High, \$2,100; Antrim High, \$790; Charlestown High, \$300; Coe's Academy, Northwood Center, \$1,800; Colby Academy, New London, \$2,101.45; Colebrook Academy, \$8,775; Fitzwilliam High, \$300; Gilmanton High, \$250; Hampton High, \$600; Hancock High, \$400; Haverhill High, \$1,650; Henniker High, \$466; Hillsboro High, \$150; Hopkinton High, Contoocook, \$1,064; Jefferson High, \$300; Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, \$460; McGaw Institute, Reed's Ferry, \$2,715; Marlboro High, \$1,185; Milford High, \$1,400; Pinkerton Academy, Derry, \$1,982; Pittsfield High, \$418; Simonds Free High, Warner, \$1,200; Walpole High, \$1,762; Whitefield High, \$997.46; Wilton High, \$1,070. Total, \$36,610.45."

No attempt was made to secure a complete summary of the increase in war gardens. The increase in the

number of vegetable gardens was extremely large. Thousands of men, women, and children who had not before planted gardens, prepared plots of ground and raised supplies of vegetables. For the most part these gardens were given good care and the yield from them was excellent.

The increase in the acreage of the principal farm crops was beyond all expectations. The farmers of New Hampshire responded liberally and consistently to the call for greater production. The following table from the crop reports of the United States Department of Agriculture shows the increased acreage for the several New England states comparing 1917 with 1916, covering such farm crops as are included in the federal reports.

CROP ACREAGE

1917 COMPARED WITH 1916—PER CENT INCREASE OR DECREASE

	Corn	Buck- wheat	Bar- ley	Oats	Rye	Pota- toes	Total
Maine.....	27	7	0	-33	..	20	-3
New Hampshire..	26	0	0	42	..	46	35
Vermont.....	-13	0	-15	4	0	28	-.06
Massachusetts..	-24	1	..	-56	0	52	-2
Rhode Island....	18	0	..	-20	5
Connecticut.....	-31	0	..	6	-12	22	14

The increased value of five principal farm crops in New Hampshire as given in the crop report of the United States Department of Agriculture, comparing 1917 with 1916, is as follows:

	Value, 1916	Value, 1917
Corn.....	\$1,005,000	\$2,083,000
Buckwheat.....	20,000	29,000
Barley.....	25,000	44,000
Oats.....	306,000	543,000
Potatoes.....	2,988,000	3,931,000
Totals.....	\$4,344,000	\$6,630,000
Increase.....	2,286,000	
Per cent Increase ..	52.6	

The above figures do not include crops such as beans, wheat and others, not covered in the federal reports.

Figures are not available showing gains and losses in livestock.

The canning demonstrations covered every part of the state and were attended by approximately 35,000 women. The amount of canning successfully done was greatly in excess of normal. Many thousand households undertook such work for the first time.

When the county organizers held

their last meeting at Concord, they presented the following testimonial to Mr. Spaulding:

We, the undersigned, wish hereby to express our appreciation of Huntley N. Spaulding in his work as chairman of the New Hampshire State Food Committee.

His example of unselfish and zealous interest has been a constant inspiration to us in our work. Whatever of success has been won has been due largely to his leadership.

In his future work as food administrator of New Hampshire, a task calling for every

ounce of energy both physical and mental, we give him our heartiest wishes for success and pledge him our loyal support.

(Signed by)

WILFORD R. WILSON, Belknap County
ALBERT H. BROWN, Merrimack County
EBEN PARSONS, Carroll County
WESTLEY J. NELSON, Coös County
OSCAR E. HUSE, Rockingham County
LEWIS B. ROBINSON, Hillsboro County
C. J. FAWCETT, Strafford County
RALPH J. BUGBEE, Sullivan County
HARRY P. YOUNG, Grafton County
VICTOR H. SMITH, Cheshire County

Chapter II

The Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire

MR. SPAULDING'S APPOINTMENT

When Mr. Herbert Hoover was called to take the position of Federal Food Administrator of the United States, he selected Mr. Huntley N. Spaulding to act as his representative in New Hampshire. Below are the telegrams and letters exchanged by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Spaulding, relative to the latter's appointment:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

128 HN. 139 Govt. July 3, 1917.

WA Washington, D. C. 1.15 P. M.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING:

When Congress passes pending food legislation, President Wilson proposes to appoint a Federal Food Commissioner for each state to serve without compensation and to administer the many important functions which will arise in coordinating the work of the Food Administration here with the various activities in your state. Each commissioner would coöperate closely with the Governor and all state organizations. Can I count on your being available and could you come to Washington to discuss the matter? Would be glad if you could arrive next Tuesday when representatives from a number of other states will be here and remain over Wednesday. I appreciate that I am asking much of you but these are times of stress and I sincerely hope you can come. Kindly consider confidential and wire answer.

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

3.30 P. M. (Copy)

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

HERBERT HOOVER, 7-4-1917.

Washington:

I will be available and will be in Washington Tuesday and Wednesday.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING.
(Copy)

HERBERT HOOVER
WASHINGTON

July 11, 1917.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING, Esq.

Rochester, N. H.

Dear Mr. Spaulding: I am anxious that you should act for me in New Hampshire as a connecting link between our Washington Volunteer Food Administration and the various food administration activities in the state; in fact, as the volunteer Representative of the Food Administrator.

It is our desire to coöperate fully with the state organizations and to emphasize their importance and independence, but to secure along broad lines their adhesion to national policies in conservation. In fact, I am asking you to act on our behalf in the nature of an ambassador plenipotentiary to the state,—not to interfere with the state organization but to inspire it to the maximum effort and efficiency.

I believe also that with the gentlemen whom we have asked to act in surrounding states, you will be able to form regional coöperation.

Awaiting your reply, I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER,
Food Administrator.

H/6

(Copy)

HERBERT HOOVER
WASHINGTON

July 14, 1917.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING, Esq.,

Rochester, N. H.

Dear Mr. Spaulding: With reference to your acting as my Representative in New Hampshire, I enclose herewith copy of letter which I am sending to Governor Keyes.

We will be pleased to hear from you in the near future, in regard to the progress you are making in organizing for the work in your state, and wish to emphasize most strongly that all of us here are anxious to be of every possible assistance at all times.

It was a great personal pleasure to me, and to the members of my staff, to meet you last Tuesday and Wednesday, and I trust that

the relationship so auspiciously begun will be maintained to our mutual satisfaction.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.
H/6 (Copy)

July 14, 1917.

HIS EXCELLENCY, HENRY W. KEYES,
Governor of New Hampshire,
Concord, N. H.

My Dear Governor: You will remember recommending Mr. Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester for the position of Federal Food Commissioner in New Hampshire.

Congress has not yet passed the Food Bill and until it does I have asked Mr. Spaulding to act for me as the connecting link between the various food administration activities in the state and our Volunteer Food Administration in Washington; in fact, as a volunteer Representative of the Food Administrator.

As it is our desire to cooperate fully with the state organizations, I shall hope for your interest and assistance; accordingly anything which you may do to facilitate Mr. Spaulding's work will be greatly appreciated by me, as well as by him. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.
H/6 J.W.H.:S. (Copy)

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

108B FN 54 Govt.

FA Washington, D. C. 3.50 P. M.
Aug. 14, 1917.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING,
(Personal) Food Conservation Committee
of New Hampshire
State House, Concord, N. H.

It gives me pleasure to inform you that the President has today approved your appointment as Federal Food Commissioner for your state. List of appointees will be given by us to the press latter part of this week.

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.
5.17 P. M. (Copy)

Concord, N. H., August 15, 1917.

HERBERT HOOVER, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover: Your telegram received. I will be very glad to cooperate with you in any way.

Please be assured that it will give me much pleasure to carry out any instructions you may have for me. Yours very truly,

(Signed) HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING.
(Copy)

FOOD ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON

August 18, 1917.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING, Esq.,
State House,
Concord, N. H.

Dear Mr. Spaulding: It gives me much pleasure to inform you that President Wilson has approved your appointment as Federal Food Commissioner for the state of New Hampshire to represent in the state the United States Food Administration.

This appointment is pursuant to the "Act to provide further for the national security and defense by encouraging, conserving the supply, and controlling the distribution of food products and fuel," generally known as the Food Bill approved by President Wilson, August 10, 1917, copy of which you have.

The hopes of the Food Administration are threefold. First, to so guide the trade in the fundamental food commodities as to eliminate vicious speculation, extortion and wasteful practices and to guard our exports so that against the world's shortage, we retain sufficient supplies for our own people and to cooperate with the Allies to prevent inflation of prices, and third, that we stimulate in every manner within our power the saving of our food in order that we may increase exports to our Allies to a point which will enable them to properly provision their armies and to feed their peoples during the coming winter.

The Food Administration is called into being to stabilize and not to disturb conditions and to defend honest enterprise against illegitimate competition. It has been devised to correct the abnormalities and abuses that have crept into trade by reason of the world disturbance and to restore business as far as may be to a reasonable basis.

I am glad to have your cooperation in our endeavors. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER,
U. S. Food Administrator.
(Copy)

Concord, N. H., August 21, 1917.

HERBERT HOOVER, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover: This is to acknowledge receipt of your letter of August 18th relative to President Wilson's approval of my appointment as Federal Food Commissioner of the state of New Hampshire. I shall be very glad to cooperate with you and to carry out your wishes in every way possible.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING.
(Copy)

Chapter III

Organization

After Mr. Spaulding's appointment as Mr. Hoover's representative in New Hampshire, he made a careful study of the best way to keep in constant touch with all the people of the State. Although the county representative plan was put into operation in many states, organization by towns seemed preferable for the work in New Hampshire. Accordingly

The organization, when completed, included two hundred and twenty local food administrators whose names appear on a later page. These men were a bulwark of strength to the food administrator, for not only did they carry out faithfully and efficiently his requests but also gave valuable advice in the solution of particular problems. Their work was frequently most ex-

**Complimentary dinner given to the Local Food Administrators by H. N. Spaulding
(Parish House, Concord, May 9, 1918)**

Prof. W. C. O'Kane was delegated to visit each town in order to recommend as local representative the man best fitted for the task.

LOCAL FOOD ADMINISTRATORS

Professor O'Kane spent the greater part of three months in this work, visiting the various sections of the state and consulting the leaders in every town, in order to get men who could be trusted to carry out the requests of the Federal Food Administrator discreetly, and were willing to give both time and thought to the duties that would devolve upon them.

acting, especially in the distribution of bulletins and posters, in the rationing of sugar, the regulation of public eating places and the examination, in the larger communities, of the bakers' weekly reports. They were a constant source of inspiration to Mr. Spaulding, as they willingly gave their time and energy to the duties he called on them to perform. The following message from Mr. Hoover to Mr. Spaulding was cordially welcomed by the latter as expressing his appreciation also of the work accomplished by the local food administrators:

I wish you would express to each local food administrator in your state the great appreciation we all have for the fine service they have given to our common task. I was particularly struck by the repeated occasions during our recent conference when such expressions arose as "We can, and must depend upon our local administrators for that" or "our local administrators will put that over," or "our local administrators have done this or that." All these expressions recalled to me the relation of the army staff to the men on the firing line, and I wish you would take the opportunity to thank them in my name for their great service to their country and her people at home.

(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

VISIT OF CANADIAN FOOD ADMINISTRATORS

Another flattering honor paid to New Hampshire was the visit of Mr. James W. Robinson and Mr. Macaulay of the Canadian Food Administration, on December 13, 1917. These gentlemen had spent several days in Washington studying the work of the U. S. Food Administration and were urged by the officials there to visit New Hampshire to make a special study of the work of the New Hampshire Food Administration. They were most favorably impressed not only by the functioning of the local food administrators but also by that of the unit chairmen.

THE STAFF

On the withdrawal of Prof. C. C. Steck to resume his college work in September, Mr. James W. Tucker, a newspaper man of Concord, was made office manager. It was not long before Mr. Tucker had such a knowledge of the details connected with the office that he was made executive secretary. In this position he became indispensable in the work of the Food Administration, serving up to the present time.

As the food situation became more critical in the Spring of 1918 it was evident that there would be plenty of work for additional men in the office. The first men chosen were Mr. Winthrop Carter, Chief of the Division of Industrial Consumption, afterwards called to take a position with

the Shipping Board, and Mr. George N. Towle, of Effingham, Chief of the Division of Distribution. Later Prof. W. C. O'Kane was made Chief of the Division of Miscellaneous Activities and Mr. James S. Chamberlin, who had had charge of outdoor advertising was made Chief of the Division of Retail Grocers. During the rationing of sugar in the summer the latter was



Hotel Wheatless Pledge Card

assisted by Mr. Robert Jameson of Antrim. Mr. J. Ben Hart of Manchester, who had served ably as chairman of the Hotel and Restaurant Committee became Chief of the Hotel Division and Prof. H. H. Scudder was appointed Director of Public Information. Mr. John F. Cloutman of Farmington and Prof. C. C. Steck, first detailed as Baking Inspectors, were placed in charge of the Divisions of Public Eating Places and Industrial Consumption respectively. Other members of the staff were Mr. Roy D. Hunter, Mr. David E. Murphy, Mr. Walter B. Farmer, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Miss Catharine A. Dole, Miss Grace Blanchard and Prof. Richard Whoriskey. Below will be found a list of those who served three months or longer on the staff, with other data, including biographies.

The members of the staff met fre-

quently in conference with Mr. Spaulding, and although their work often kept them in the office till near midnight, it all really seemed a source of pleasure rather than drudgery. There were occasional breaks from the routine, when the Staff made trips

to the Beaver Meadow Links with the Food Administrator, to have an informal supper. This was not always complete diversion, however, for the problems of Food Administration were usually the chief topic of conversation.

STAFF			
Name	Title	Address	Term of Service
James W. Tucker		Concord, N. H.	Oct. 1, 1917, to date
James S. Chamberlin		Durham, N. H.	Aug. 10, 1917, to Dec. 1, 1918
George N. Towle		Mountainview, N. H.	Feb. 18, 1918, to Feb. 1, 1919
John F. Cloutman	Asst.	Farmington, N. H.	May 8, 1918, to Dec. 1, 1918
George A. Place		Concord, N. H.	Aug. 1, 1918, to Dec. 1, 1918
Walter C. O'Kane		Durham, N. H.	Aug. 10, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919
Richard Whoriskey	Asst.		
Charles C. Steck	Asst.	Durham, N. H.	June 1, 1918, to Oct. 1, 1918
Harold H. Souder	Asst.	Durham, N. H.	Aug. 10, 1917, to Oct. 1, 1918
J. Ben Hart	Asst.	Durham, N. H.	Mar. 1, 1918, to Oct. 1, 1918
Walter B. Farmer		Manchester, N. H.	Aug. 10, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919
David E. Murphy		Hampton Falls, N. H.	June 1, 1918, to Dec. 1, 1918
Roy D. Hunter		Concord, N. H.	Sept. 12, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919
Frederick E. Hooper		Claremont, N. H.	Oct. 1, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919
Frederick W. Mansfield		Concord, N. H.	June 8, 1918, to Sept. 15, 1918
Mrs. Mary I. Wood		Concord, N. H.	June 5, 1918, to Sept. 15, 1918
Miss Catherine A. Dole		Portsmouth, N. H.	Aug. 10, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919
Miss Grace Blanchard		Lebanon, N. H.	July 1, 1918, to Feb. 1, 1919
		Concord, N. H.	Oct. 1, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919

Biographies of the Staff Members of the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING

Huntley N. Spaulding, North Rochester, N. H.; born October 30, 1869, Townsend, Mass. Early education received in public schools of Townsend; graduate of Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass., and Philips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass. Married August 11, 1900, Harriet Mason. Manufacturer; partner Spaulding, Limited, London, England; partner J. Spaulding & Sons Company, Rochester, N. H., with factories in Townsend Harbor, Mass., Tonawanda, New York, Rochester, North Rochester, Milton, N. H., offices in Chicago, New York City, and Boston; president International Leather Company, Boston, Mass.; president Atlas Leather Company, Caseyville, Ill.; vice-president Spaulding & Frost, Fremont, N. H.; vice-president Hill, Smith Leather Goods Company, Boston. Appointed Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire by President Wilson, August 14, 1917; honor-

ary degree Doctor of Science conferred by New Hampshire College in recognition of services to state May 15, 1918.

GEORGE NAPIER TOWLE

George Napier Towle, born April 24, 1865, Biddeford, Me., where father, Dr. Benjamin N. Towle, who was assistant surgeon 15th New Hampshire Volunteers, had settled after his return from Civil War. Later removed to Somerville, Mass., then to Charlestown, Mass. Mr. Towle graduated Charlestown High School 1883, afterwards attending a commercial college. First employment with Tower, Giddings & Company, bankers; 1890 became member Boston Stock Exchange and formed firm Leland, Towle & Company, stock brokers; in 1889 firm dissolved and was succeeded by Towle & Fitzgerald; in 1910 he became partner in the firm of Thompson, Towle & Company with offices in Boston and New York; member New York Stock Ex-

change and governor Boston Stock Exchange for a considerable period; since 1915, when firm Thompson, Towle & Company dissolved, retired. Present home in Effingham, N. H., Carroll County, where he devotes his time to farming. Member Algonquin, Country Club and Rocky Mountain Club, New York. Chief division distribution, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

WALTER COLLINS O'KANE

Walter Collins O'Kane, Durham, N. H.; born November 10, 1877, Columbus, Ohio. Graduated Ohio State University, B.A. 1897, M.A. 1909. Entomologist New Hampshire State College; newspaper and magazine work, 1897-1909; professional work 1909 to date; Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, state of New Hampshire. Married Clifford Hetherington, 1902; four children. Vice-chairman New Hampshire Emergency Food Production Committee, 1917, assistant executive manager 1918; chief division miscellaneous activities, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

MARY I. WOOD

Mary I. Wood, Portsmouth, N. H.; born January 18, 1866, Woodstock, Vt. Early education Black River and Vermont academics. Corresponding secretary General Federation of Woman's Clubs; chairman New Hampshire Division, Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense; was for fourteen years manager bureau of information, General Federation of Woman's Clubs; for several years editor club page, Ladies' Home Journal; has been member State Board of Charities and Correction of New Hampshire; member Board of Public Instruction, Medford, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H.; president State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Married October 14, 1884, George A. Wood; four children. Director home economics, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

JAMES SANDERSON CHAMBERLIN

James Sanderson Chamberlin, "Turn o' th' Road" Farm, Durham, N. H.; farmer; born June 13, 1875, Milton, Penn., Lafayette College, Easton, Penn., class 1896. For number of years with American Car and Foundry Company. For five years manager one of its plants, Manchester, England. Married July 23, 1908, Milicent C. Coleman; three children. Chief, retailer's department, sugar division, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire, also chief, out-of-door advertising section, publicity division.

J. BEN HART

J. Ben Hart, Manchester, N. H.; born April 26, 1865, Portsmouth, N. H. Grammar school education, graduated Bryant & Stratton Business College, 1880. Public accountant; summer hotel business; secretary and treasurer Derryfield Club, Manchester; secretary New Hampshire Hotel Association; treasurer and clerk First Unitarian Society; auditor Manchester chapter Red Cross. Married June 1, 1899 to Alice Chandler; one child. Chairman hotel and restaurant committee, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

ROY D. HUNTER

Roy D. Hunter, West Claremont, N. H.; born Carson, Nev., 1873; farmer; married; two children; chairman live stock committee, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

CHARLES C. STECK

Charles C. Steck, Durham, N. H.; born March 24, 1884, Wheaton, Ill. Early education North Western Academy, Naperville, Ill. Graduated Wheaton College 1906, University of Chicago 1911. 1907-1909 instructor mathematics Geneseo Collegiate Institute, Geneseo, Ill. Professor mathematics New Hampshire State College 1911-1919. Married, 1909, Jennie

Ward Kinsman; three children. Office manager central committee on food production, conservation and distribution; chief baking division and chief division industrial consumption, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

JOHN F. CLOUTMAN

John F. Cloutman, Farmington, N. H.; born Farmington, May 18, 1877. Early education public schools Farmington until 1893, graduated St. Johnsbury (Vermont) Academy, June 1895. Shoe manufacturer. Married July 12, 1902, Bessie E. Wentworth of Farmington; two children. Chief department public eating places, sugar division, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire, also baking inspector for short period.

HAROLD H. SCUDDER

Harold H. Scudder, Durham, N. H.; born Washington, D. C., January 10, 1880; educated Dartmouth College; took up newspaper work on Manchester (N. H.) Union, continuing journalistic work in New England and at Spokane, Washington; entered Department of English, New Hampshire State College, 1913. Married, 1912, Delia Ida Pike; two children. Publicity director, Federal Food Administration of New Hampshire.

DAVID EDWARD MURPHY

David Edward Murphy, Concord, N. H.; born in Concord and educated in public schools there. Dry goods merchant. Director First National Bank; trustee Union Trust Company, Concord; trustee State Industrial School under administrations of Governors McLane, Quimby and Bass. Married April 26, 1905, Catherine Louise Prentis. State merchant representative, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

GRACE BLANCHARD

Grace Blanchard, Concord, N. H.; born Dunleith, Ill. Early education public and high schools, Concord; graduated Smith College 1882; City

Librarian, Concord, for many years; library publicity director, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

CATHERINE A. DOLE

Catherine A. Dole, Lebanon, N. H.; born December 25, 1869, Haverhill, N. H.; early education public schools, Lebanon. Graduated Smith College, 1891; teacher Lebanon High School, 1897-1914; at present superintendent schools Hanover-Plainfield district; state secretary of volunteer college workers for Federal Food Administration of New Hampshire.

WALTER B. FARMER

Walter B. Farmer, Hampton Falls, N. H.; born April 5, 1876, Arlington, Mass. Early education grammar and high school that city and Goddard (Vermont) Seminary. Farmer. Married June 9, 1899, Gertrude S. Jones; two children. Has been interested in increasing grain growing and live stock, especially thorough bred animals, and all modern farming methods. Chief division of salt water fishermen, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

GEORGE A. PLACE

George A. Place, Concord, N. H.; born Concord; haberdasher; unmarried; chief department of manufacturers, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire.

JAMES WILLIAM TUCKER

James William Tucker, Concord, N. H.; born April 4, 1885, at Concord; married; three children; newspaper and publicity work; executive secretary Federal Food Administration of New Hampshire.

RICHARD WHORISKEY

Richard Whoriskey, Durham, N. H.; born Cambridge, Mass., December 2, 1874; graduate student Harvard University, 1897-1898; member of faculty New Hampshire State College since January, 1899; secretary College Ad-

ministration Committee; former president modern language section, New Hampshire Teachers' Association; former president New Hampshire Schoolmasters' Club; Harvard Club,

Boston. Chief division of coöperating organizations, Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire, and one of the speakers of the administration since April, 1917.

Women's Part in the Food Work

As the problem of the Food Administration was to reach all the homes in the state, it was necessary to have a woman in every community to do this work. The New Hampshire Branch of the Woman's Committee of National Defense, with a unit

ling from one town to another to inspire her assistants—and she called every woman in the state her assistant—to renewed coöperation with the Food Administration.

Besides this inspirational work, Mrs. Wood was called upon, as home

Unit Chairmen New Hampshire Branch, Woman's Committee Council of National Defense

chairman in every town, whose names appear on a later page, was just the organization for this purpose. It offered its services to Mr. Spaulding through its chairman, Mary I. Wood, who was later appointed by Mr. Hoover, home economics director for New Hampshire. The offer was gladly accepted, and throughout the war the unit chairmen achieved remarkable results.

HOME ECONOMICS DIRECTOR

These results were due in great measure to the devoted leadership of Mrs. Mary I. Wood. Of unusual physical endurance and tremendous enthusiasm she kept in close contact with the women of the state, travel-

economics director, to devote a great deal of time to office work. Thousands of letters came to her asking for special advice, receipts, menus and suggestions. These letters received careful attention, and every effort was made to encourage the housewives of the state in their effort to carry out the wishes of the food administrator.

In fact the articulation of this organization with the office of the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire and the housewives of the state was so good that Mr. Hoover requested Mr. Spaulding to draw up an outline of it for the use of the food administrators in the other states.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following letters between Washington and Federal Food Administrators relative to New Hampshire's organization for conservation work will be of interest to the people of New Hampshire.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

In your reply refer to
6-H-3

October 3, 1917.

TO ALL FEDERAL FOOD ADMINISTRATORS:

Dear Sir: Mr. Huntley N. Spaulding, Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire, has perfected an exceptionally effective organization throughout his state. When in Washington recently with Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Home Economics Director for New Hampshire, he explained in detail the organization of women's activities.

The plan adopted in New Hampshire which is working so successfully along the lines of food conservation, was so interesting and is doing such effective work, that we requested Mr. Spaulding to write an outline of this plan upon his return to Concord. Quoting from Mr. Spaulding's letter: "The theory is to establish a machinery so completely and minutely organized among the women that there is a definite channel from the state authority to the home and those who live therein."

As the success of the campaign for food conservation depends so largely upon reaching the housewife in the home, personally and effectively, we enclose herewith a copy of this plan which we feel sure will be of interest—and possible use—to you.

Faithfully yours,
U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
(Signed) HERBERT C. HOOVER.
(Copy)

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION
FEDERAL FOOD ADMINISTRATOR FOR NEW
HAMPSHIRE

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING
STATE HOUSE, Concord, N. H.,
Sept. 20, 1917.

MR. HERBERT C. HOOVER,
U. S. Food Administration,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover: As suggested in your letter of September 14th, it is a pleasure to write you an outline of the plan that we are following in organizing the women's activities of New Hampshire.

Perhaps it would be as well to preface the outline by a statement of the general principle under which this organization, as well as that of the men, is carried out. This principle is briefly that of extending divisions and sub-divisions throughout the state until there

is brought about actual contact with the individual in the household. In other words, the theory is to establish a machinery so completely and minutely organized among the women that there is a definite channel from the state authority to the home and those who live therein.

Every effort is made to carry this through completely and minutely. This channel then serves for conveying to the individual whatever advice it may be the desire of the state authority to transmit, or whatever information or instruction may be received from the Food Administration at Washington. Just as far as this machinery is rendered complete and practical it is available for each lesson or each movement. In other words, the effort expended in securing efficiency of a complete organization of this kind, I believe to be treble worth while, because the machinery is useable day by day and week by week.

The organization of Women's Activities is entrusted to Mrs. Mary I. Wood of Portsmouth, officially appointed as Home Economics Director of New Hampshire and working as a representative of the Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire in all that pertains to food problems in the home. Mrs. Wood is the head of the Women's Council of Defense of the state and thus represents the official choice of the women themselves.

It will thus be seen that in matters relating to food problems within the household, the Federal Food Administrator carries out measures of this nature through the agency of the women themselves. To Mrs. Wood and her organization is delegated responsibility as well as authority. They are co-workers with the Federal Food Administrator. They discuss with him measures that are in contemplation. With him rests the ultimate decision, but in practice plans are evolved coöperatively. The women share in discussion and decision, and by virtue of this fact they logically and willingly assume definite responsibility.

To transmit these plans to the household the state has been divided into districts consisting of about five towns or townships each, depending upon the population or other factors. Each of these districts is sub-divided by towns with a committee chosen for each town. Each town again is sub-divided into groups of twenty-five families.

A supervisor has been selected for each of these districts to have charge of the organization and coordination of the various normal activities of women within that territory. In charge of each group of twenty-five families there is a local leader who will carry into each of the twenty-five homes assigned her a printed pamphlet containing a résumé of the food lesson of the month. This printed lesson, in addition to the verbal message that the local leader will carry, should give the housewife a more comprehensive idea of the message that the demonstrator seeks to convey.

Thus in the city of Portsmouth, with 2,000 families, there are eighty local leaders or one to each twenty-five families. In smaller communities the number is proportionately less and in larger communities proportionately greater.

This then furnishes the machinery by which a direct line is established from the Federal Food Administrator to each ultimate household. In order to provide for all these housewives thoroughly practical, scientific advice and help, there has been established a force of ten Home Economics teachers. These have been selected by the State College. Each one is adequately and scientifically trained and is possessed of such personal qualities as enables her to transmit her knowledge readily.

The entire state has been divided into ten instructional districts corresponding in part to the ten counties of the state, but with some added emphasis on cities. In those parts of the state in which farm women had already been organized, under the State College Extension Service, due recognition is made of this fact, and the organization is included in the plan. One of the Home Economics teachers has been assigned to each instructional district. Within her district a complete schedule has been arranged so that she visits each community once a month. As a rule, she has an entire day for each community but occasionally spends an afternoon at one place and an evening at another nearby. In each community, she presides at a meeting of the local leaders and any other women who would like to attend.

The meeting serves three purposes. It enables the teacher to convey and explain the food lesson of the month as received from the Food Administration at Washington or other instructions that may be desirable, explaining at the same time the facts on which the lessons or instructions are based. It gives opportunity, for the housewives who attend, to exchange information that they have gained through practical experience, and it affords a channel by which knowledge of the conditions through the state may reach the Food Administrator.

The ten Home Economics teachers are provided by the State College and are directed by the college authorities as to their instructional methods. The subject matter of the lessons is determined and furnished by the Food Administration at Washington.

I trust that this brief outline may serve your purpose, and I shall be delighted to answer any questions as to detail.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) H. N. SPAULDING,
Federal Food Administrator
For the State of New Hampshire.

UNIT CHAIRMEN

With such an organization of loyal women efficiently led by Mrs. Mary I. Wood it was necessary for the food

administrator for New Hampshire simply to express his wishes and the results were assured. The enthusiasm began at a meeting in July, 1917, in Concord, of the unit chairmen from all parts of the state, which was addressed by John B. Jameson, Huntley N. Spaulding, Miss Ida Tarbell and Dean Sara Louise Arnold. From that day till the signing of the armistice, seventeen months later, the women of the state were the very backbone of the food administration work.

The first definite duty, aside from the food lessons explained above, was the distribution of the Hoover pledge cards. The first campaign, begun in August, resulted in the signing of 45,000 cards. In the second campaign in October New Hampshire won a rank among the first in the Union, for 80,000 families, i. e., about 80 per cent of the families in the state, signed the pledges voluntarily.

In April, 1918, the unit chairmen made a survey of the flour and sugar supply in the various households of the state. This survey was carefully and thoroughly made and resulted in signed statements of 95,000 householders, showing the amount of flour and sugar in each house.

After the signing of the armistice it became necessary to arouse the women to the necessity of continuing a program of general thrift. Again the women showed a keen interest in spreading the information concerning the food situation of the world and the need for continued thrift.

CONSERVATION

Now that the organization had been settled, the next step was to set the machinery going. The immediate problem was conservation. Two methods were possible, compulsory rationing with adequate police supervision or voluntary conservation. Mr. Hoover, considering the latter the American way, adopted it. Some may say that people were forced to save because of the fear of legal consequences. This may have been so in

many cases, but when viewed by and large, the American way was a tremendous success, for thousands upon thousands conserved, because they had the same spirit of patriotism that our soldiers had, who offered their lives that democracy might live.

HOME DEMONSTRATION AGENTS

As the policy of the New Hampshire Food Administration was to use every available force as a cooperating agency, an arrangement was effected with the State College, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the New Hampshire Branch, Woman's Council of National Defense and later with the Farm Bureaus for the women's work in the state. Through this arrangement the state college had charge of the instructional work and the Food administration furnished the vehicle for carrying the instructions to the people. Upon the New Hampshire branch, Woman's Council of National Defense, fell the task of distributing bulletins and arranging for the meetings at which the following ten home demonstration agents gave demonstrations.

Ann F. Beggs—Hillsboro County
M. Pearl Grant—Merrimack County
Dorothy Emerson—Portsmouth
Ida D. Moulton—Strafford, Carroll Counties
Helen E. Osborne—Rockingham
Ruth W. Sykes—Nashua and Concord
M. Roseland Tilden—Belknap County
H. Irene Weed—Sullivan, Cheshire, Merrimack Counties
Olive Wilkins—Manchester
Kathryn Woods—Sullivan
Neva E. Woods—Coös County

These young women were as fine a group of patriots as New Hampshire produced during the war. Tireless

in their energy they worked day and night under their state leader, Miss Bertha Titsworth of the Extension Service, New Hampshire College. Many a day during the terribly severe winter of 1917-1918 they made their way over almost impassable roads, frequently suffering severely from the intense cold. Undaunted they kept up their work and accomplished great things.

Although they gave demonstrations on saving fats, uses of cornmeal, war breads, meat savers, milk and its products, war time menus, child and invalid feeding, the making and the use of the fireless cooker and the preservation and use of greens, they emphasized, after the 50-50 rule became effective, at every demonstration, the use of wheat substitutes. They took an active part also in all the special food campaigns.

Statistics gathered by Miss Titsworth at many of the demonstrations in April show that 545 families reported an increase of 80 per cent in the use of milk because of the demonstrations. Furthermore 387 families reported an average use of 11.2 pounds of wheat per week in 1917 and 4.4 pounds per week in 1918; 375 families reported a weekly saving of 2,674.25 pounds of wheat per week, and 226 families reported a saving of 897.73 pounds per week.

On July 1, 1918, the home demonstration agents severed their connection with the New Hampshire Food Administration, although they continued to give demonstrations in canning and drying under the auspices of the Extension Service of New Hampshire College.

Coöperating Organizations

CHURCHES

In order to get the fullest coöperation of the churches of the state a representative of the Food Administration had very cordial interviews

with Father Brophy, representing Bishop Guertin of the Catholic Church, and Bishop Parker of the Episcopal Church, both of whom helped immensely in the work of food conserva-

tion. Letters were also sent to every minister in New Hampshire and on May 28 the Hoover message was read in 585 churches of the state.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Copies of the Hoover message were sent to the 1,496 fraternal organizations of New Hampshire with the request that resolutions be adopted to abstain as far as possible from the use of wheat till the next harvest; to limit the consumption of meat, including poultry, to two pounds per week per person over four years of age and to conserve sugar. Three weeks after the message had been sent, a large number of these organizations had reported the adoption of the resolutions.

TOWN MEETINGS

A gratifying response to the Hoover message came at the March town meetings. Upon the reading of the message the voters throughout the state pledged themselves to raise food and save food.

SCHOOLS

The schools of the state during the 1918 campaign sustained the high degree of coöperation that they had displayed the previous year. Mr. E. W. Butterfield, superintendent of public instruction, Miss Huntress, Mr. G. H. Whitcher and Mr. James Pringle, deputy superintendents, showed themselves ever willing and able to get splendid results from the teachers and the pupils of the state in every special food campaign. Mr.

Whitcher's accomplishment in the school garden work again stood out conspicuously.

The teachers took an active part not only in the "Pledge-Card" and the "Keep-a-Pig" campaigns, but also in informing their pupils of the food crisis in the world. A little incident will serve to illustrate the latter.

The federal food administrator for New Hampshire on one of his many trips to various parts of the state, visited the fourth grade of the Pearl Street School, Manchester, taught by Miss Marjorie Woodbury. A lesson on the necessity of food conservation was in progress. When the food administrator, to test their knowledge, asked various questions, these little boys and girls had the answers on their tongue tips. It was afterwards ascertained that this room was typical of the food work carried on under the supervision of Superintendent Herbert S. Taylor in all Manchester schools.

VOLUNTEER COLLEGE WORKERS

This work, in charge of Miss Catherine Dole, was carried out by college and normal school students and graduates under the immediate leadership of a district captain. These volunteers gave from four to ten hours a week in caring for children, while their mothers were in public service; in instructing children in garden work; in helping district chairmen in clerical work; in working in gardens and on farms; in canning and in giving demonstrations in canning and drying.

Special Campaigns

THE POTATO DRIVE—APRIL 15 TO MAY 15, 1918

The patriotic response of the farmers to the call for increased potato production in 1917 was so great that the crop in the United States was nearly 100,000,000 bushels in excess of the average for the preceding five

years. The severe winter and the congestion in transportation made it difficult to move this crop. In order that the food value of this large available supply of potatoes might not be lost and in order that it might be used to relieve the strain on the fast diminishing wheat supply, New

Hampshire launched a great potato drive. The slogan was "Buy and Eat Potatoes Now." The campaign was a wonderful success, for not only were the local crops all moved from

people of New Hampshire had registered another victory to their credit.

W. R. W.

The World Relief Week campaign in December, 1918, found the people of the state suffering a reaction because of the signing of the armistice. Notwithstanding this fact, the churches, fraternal organizations, including the woman's clubs, and communities throughout the state held meetings and adopted resolutions to prevent waste and the selfish use of our food reserves.

SPEAKERS

In the course of the work of the state food administrator, public meetings were held in practically every community large and small in New Hampshire. For these various meetings speakers were provided largely through the office of the state food administrator. The topics discussed were various phases of the world food situation, the need for conservation, the plan and purpose of the Federal Food Administration and the reason for the various restrictions and regulations pertaining to food commodities. For the most part, the speakers provided were members of the staff of the state food administrator. The Chautauqua lecturers coöperated also in spreading the gospel of food conservation.

New Hampshire was particularly fortunate in having speakers representing the U. S. Food Administration detailed for inspirational work here. Among them were Fred Walcott, William Arthur Dupee, W. A. Milne, John Munn, Miss Edith Guerrier, Franklin Fort, Dean Sara Louise Arnold and E. F. Cullen of the staff, and Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale.

Start of the Potato Campaign

the bin to the dining table, but the state also did its full share in helping to use up the surplus Western and Maine crops.

THE CORN MEAL CAMPAIGN—MAY 15 TO JUNE 15

"A Pound of Corn Used Is a Pound of Wheat Saved" was the slogan used in this campaign. New Hampshire had an excess stock of cornmeal amounting to 2,000,000 pounds. It could not be exported; it would spoil, if not consumed at once. The millers of New Hampshire began to mill all the cornmeal they could, and the jobbers bought abundant quantities. The housewives used it as a substitute in bread, and everybody helped to consume it. The result was that the

(To be continued.)

From a photograph by Ralph F. Pratt

Mount Kearsarge, New Hampshire

KEARSARGE: MOUNTAIN AND WAR-SHIP

By Charles Stuart Pratt

*Before the Gun of Sumpter thundered,
And brother faced his brother in the fight,
Ere Southern State from Northern sundered,
Serene uprose the Kearsarge height.*

*Ere Minute-Men their muskets lifted
Against the British King's oppressing hand—
New England from Old England rifted,
Kiasaga stood above the land.*

*Yea, earlier than the Mayflower olden
Bore freedom to New England's hardy shore,
And dawned the Western Cycle golden,
The Peak was granite-gray and hoar.*

The grass had uplifted its myriad green spears
Through the dead grass of other and happier years;
On Plymouth's low coasts the bluebird had sung,
Through New Hampshire's rock hills its echoes had rung—
But song sank to silence, and sunlight grew gray,
On that unforgettable April day
When lightened and thundered the Sumpter Gun,
In the terrible year of sixty-one.

Swift, swift as the Gun's dread lightning had leapt,
Its thunder, in ominous echoings, swept
From Great Lake to Gulf and from blue sea to sea.
Men's hearts fell a-chill at the terror to be—

Men's hearts, as their hands touched their swords, burst aflame
With the patriot fire that from Lexington came;
And the hosts of the North, under Stripes and Stars,
Marched down on the South and its flag of bars.

It was then that the war-ship, the *Kearsarge*, sailed
Out of Portsmouth Bay, while the shore sank and paled,
Until, domed and alone, above the blue rim
Of the sea horizon, far distant and dim,
Stood the Peak that had given to the ship its name—
The great inland beacon, prophetic of fame.

Slow the moon wheeled its circuits of gleam and of gloom
Through the year that had threatened the Republic with doom,
Wheeled its circuits of gloom and of gleam that year
When the Fatherland launched the South's privateer—
Alabama, "the pirate," which scourged all the sea,
Through that year and the strenuous year sixty-three,
And relentlessly on into sixty-four,
Until men were aghast, and the sea cried, "No more!"

*Yea—but the Northern Mountain moved not,
Serene alike at victory or rout,
At cheer or wail; yea—it behooved not
The Mount the might of right to doubt.*

The Battle between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*

So had come, in the mid-June of sixty-four,
That fateful day off the Channel shore,
When the summer sun rose warm over France
Till it touched with the glow of its golden advance
The Stars and the Stripes, the Red, White and Blue,
Which the war-ship, the *Kearsarge*, gallantly flew.

Lo, the peace of the Sabbath lay over the sea!
Its calm held no forecast of tempest to be;
The chimes of the church-bells made holy the air,
And the ship's bell had called to the service of prayer—
When, "The foe!" "*Alabama!*" uprose a great shout,
As boldly from Cherbourg the cruiser steamed out.

Then the old Pilgrim spirit in Winslow awoke,
The spirit that once in the *Mayflower* spoke:
The prayer-book he dropped, and with trumpet in hand,
While the drum beat to quarters, his voice rang command.
Every man sprang to place, and the decks were cleared,
And the great guns manned—and no heart feared.

But sudden the bolt burst out of the blue
And shattered God's stillness through and through!
Where the peace of the Sabbath had brooded the sea,
Raged a tempest of war with its horrors to be—
And the thunder and crash the sea-winds bore
To the ear of the Fatherland, aye, and more,
To the ear of Old Hampshire on Old England's shore,
Aye, into its churches by window and door.

And the dueling ships, stem to stern, side to side,
Sailed a circle of flame in their hate and their pride—
Side to side, stern to stem, in their pride and their hate,
Sailed great circles seven that were circles of fate.
Like the seven-times circuited city of old,
When the *Kearsarge* its foe had circled seven-fold,
The God of all battles the victory gave,
And the crushed *Alabama* sank under the wave!

Yet no cheer from the throats of the victors uprose—
The dead and the vanquished were brothers, though foes—
And, great as the triumph of battle, we know
That this triumph of silence the greater shall grow.

Now, hail to thee, *Kearsarge*, and hail again,
Mountain-sired, and the mountain-sired thy men!
You the laurels wore of the Civil War;
And through thirty years of its peace you saw,
In the great reunion, man's hand clasp hand,
And the war-sundered states become one land.
Then the sea claimed its own, and you went to your sleep;
But the sons of the country your glory shall keep—
And forever your requiem be sung as today
By the thunder of surf on the Roncador Cay.

*And still, above the hill-land's greenness,
Gray Kearsarge watched the nation's every trend,
Watched launch or wreck with like serenity—
Looked on beyond each little end.*

*Beyond the Alabama sinking,
Beyond the Kearsarge wrecked on Roncador,
While men of joy or grief were thinking,
Kiasaga in the future saw*

*The resurrected ships go sailing,
As comrades go, in past the Portsmouth bars,
And brave from both their mastheads trailing
Old Glory's shining Stripes and Stars!*

NOTE.—Kearsarge Mountain, in Warner, N. H., was called by the Indians Kiasaga. "The great inland beacon" is visible at sea off Portsmouth. The war-ship *Kearsarge* was built at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1861, and was named after the mountain. The *Alabama* was built at Birkenhead, England, in 1862. The duel of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* was fought June 19, 1864, in the English Channel, off Cherbourg, France, and opposite Old Hampshire in England. During the fight the ships sailed a course of seven great circles. The *Kearsarge* was wrecked on Roncador Cay, in the Caribbean Sea, February 2, 1894. In the last of the nineties, two new battleships were built and named the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*. On September 18, 1900, at Portsmouth, the state of New Hampshire presented "the resurrected ships" with bronze tablets commemorating the event, and the reuniting of the North and the South. Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, afterward Admiral, was descended from a brother of Edward Winslow of the *Mayflower*, and Governor of Plymouth Colony. His grave at Forest Hills is marked by a boulder from Kearsarge Mountain.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SHIPS

By Harry C. Raynes

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, many men of kindred trades gathered on the banks of the Piscataqua to build ships.

The burning spirit of liberty and patriotic devotion wrought into these hulls brought to the young navy of our beloved country a never-fading glory.

Merchant ships followed and the reputation of Piscataqua built vessels as sea boats and for honest workmanship by "Yankee" mechanics spread throughout the India trade.

Last year, again, many men of kindred trades gathered on the same waters to build ships. The same fierce love of country and freedom shone in the faces of the workers and they dug deep into the frozen ground and laid the keel.

The future of shipbuilding in New Hampshire depends to a very great extent upon the attitude of the people of New Hampshire, because the corporations building ships on the Piscataqua need the help and encouragement of every loyal citizen.

Both steel and wooden ships are built in New Hampshire as economically as they are elsewhere and the workmanship is far superior, as it has long been conceded that New England labor produces more per hour than is

produced by any other section of the country, due to the fact that New England has the most competent and efficient mechanics, having always been in the lead in industrial enterprises.

H. C. Raynes
Manager Atlantic Corporation

BUILDING SHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH

By F. W. Hartford

During the early history of our country New England was its shipping center. Practically all foreign business, especially with the Far East, passed through the ports of Boston, Salem and Portsmouth. As a result, the building of ships became a very important industry.

Portsmouth, owing to her natural resources, location and superior water facilities, was one of the principal centers of this industry. But, through causes which brought about the loss of American ships from the seas, this industry would have become a lost art in and about Portsmouth were it not for the continually increasing activities of the United States Navy Yard and the unprecedented demand for ships brought about by the World War.

Portsmouth has the deepest water of any port in the United States except that of Puget Sound. There is absolute freedom of ice and no dredging is required for either the harbor or its approaches; therefore, there is no expense for maintenance. The water depth in front of the ways of the Atlantic Corporation at mean low tide ranges from sixty to seventy-five feet, the average depth being from forty-seven to one hundred feet from the ways down the river to the broad Atlantic, a distance of less than two miles.

Consequently, Portsmouth has again taken her place as a leader in producing ships and now has three important yards, building as many distinctive types, wooden, steel and naval.

An attempt in this article to more than outline the part taken by the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and the ships built there, during the entire history of the United States, would mean writing practically the complete early history of our Navy, and a

chronicle without interruption to date, only a proportionately lesser task.

The first ship of which we have any authentic record as built at Portsmouth is the frigate *Falkland*, of fifty-four guns, added to the Royal Navy of England the second of March, 1695, being one of many of its type.

When it became apparent that war with England was unavoidable, and that it was necessary to build a navy to protect our seaboard from the incursions of the enemy, the natural position of the port of Portsmouth for the purpose of a naval station became obvious and measures were at once taken to establish a building yard.

The island, now known as Badger's Island, was then the property of John Langdon, and, with that spirit of patriotism which was so conspicuous in him, he tendered its use to the Continental Congress. The offer was accepted and, almost immediately, March 21, 1775, the keel of the frigate *Raleigh*, of thirty-two guns, was laid. She was launched May 21st, just sixty days later.

The date of the origin of the navy yard should be this year, 1775, as Badger's Island was used exclusively by the Government for naval purposes from 1775 to 1800, the time of the purchase of the site of the present yard.

One cannot help recalling the exploits of the *Ranger* under the command of Paul Jones, when mentioning this era of warshipbuilding at New Hampshire's port. Among the others built there of the same class were the *Raleigh*, *America* and *Crescent*.

The story of the wonderful record made by the L. H. Shattuck, Inc., in wood ship construction is known throughout and beyond the state. This company was organized by L. H. Shattuck of Manchester, Robert Jack-

son of Concord and Major F. W. Hartford of Portsmouth, and it is today the largest wood shipbuilding yard in the country. The company stands fourth in point of production and it has a fine record.

yard, the L. H. Shattuck plant, has twelve ways, and during the year 1918 it has delivered six Ferris type steamers to the Government. Beginning with July 4, when three Shattuck hulls hit the water and added to the

Scene at Shattuck Yard

The following reference to the Shattuck Yard is from the *Emergency Fleet News*:

"More than a century ago the wood shipbuilding industry had its start, and there are those up New Hampshire way who say that the first keel of the first American wood ship was laid in Portsmouth. In those days the most modern wood shipyard had two crude ways; today Portsmouth's wood

Independence Day total of 95 launchings, there have been seven launchings in 1918.

"Old men in Portsmouth claim that they can remember the time when the building of a wood ship—by no means as large as a Ferris type steamer of 3,500 deadweight tons—required three to four years and the production of one such ship a year from a single yard would have been miraculous.

"Ground was broken for the Shattuck plant on August 1, 1917, on soil so firm that it was unnecessary to resort to any artificial foundation for one of the shipways. Three slabs of concrete were laid on the gentle slope to the Piscataqua River and the first way was ready. The ground was found to be somewhat softer under the remaining ways, however, and it was necessary to drive 4,000 piles to support them.

"The Shattuck yard has developed a noteworthy labor-saving device in a machine designed for shaping and ceiling plank. One operation of this machine tapers and levels the plank and makes the caulking seam. A naval architect connected with the Shattuck yard invented this machine. It takes the place of expensive hand work and on the first hull upon which it was used, officials of the yard declared that it effected a saving of

U. S. S. Weyace Leaving Ways at L. H. Shattuck Ship Yard

"The Shattuck yard is one of the few shipbuilding plants in the East equipped with a system of cable ways to handle material. This system is more common on the Pacific Coast. The Shattuck cables are mounted on 90-foot masts in the vertical position on the straight line between the ship ways. The masts can be inclined 15 feet in either direction, so as to let material in or upon the hulls on either side. They are adjustable, independently of each other, although all are carried upon one lateral guide for the head masts and another for the tail masts.

20,000 man-hours. On subsequent hulls they say the saving will be greater with the corresponding further economy in ceiling."

The Atlantic Corporation was organized in January, 1918, for the purpose of building steel cargo vessels, and a contract was entered into with the Emergency Fleet Corporation to build ten such vessels of 8,800 tons D. W. C.

The following are the directors of the Atlantic Corporation: Arthur A. Sharpe, president, Boston, Mass.; Walter L. Clarke, vice-president, Boston, Mass.; William A. Bent,

Taunton, Mass.; F. G. Barrows, Boston, Mass.; Captain Thomas Doe, Lowell, Mass.; Loyal A. Osborne, New York; H. C. Raynes, Portsmouth, N. H.

The corporation purchased the property of the Colonial Paper Company, which plant, built at a cost of millions, had lain idle for a number of years, and the conversion of this property into a modern shipyard was commenced on February 17, 1918.

the ways, it was necessary to move the substantial edifice built for an administration building by the Colonial Paper Company. This building was moved intact to a more suitable location two hundred yards away without damage to the building and with the office force serenely working as usual.

Directly in the rear of this structure is that known as Building No. 2, containing on the first floor, the

Bird's-Eye View of Atlantic Heights, Built for Atlantic Corporation Employees

The buildings, of brick and steel, lent themselves with comparatively little change to meet the requirements of the war industry. Large gangs of laborers were set to work, with steam shovels, auto trucks and other appliances, to remove the material necessary to make the ways. This material was used to grade the south end of the grounds, adding several acres to the storage capacity of the yard. Five ways were built, as was also a fitting-out dock about 500 feet long and up to date in every particular.

In order to make room in front of

material department, general stores, pneumatic tool room, the general accounting department, hull superintendent's and other field offices; the joiner shop, master mechanic's office and employees' restaurant and cafeteria on second floor; mold loft, educational department offices, engine and hull drafting and blue print departments, ship supplies and stores on the third floor. The free area covered is 29,000 feet.

Back of Building No. 2 is the building now used as a steel plate shop, originally intended to be used as a

machine shop by the paper company, covering an area of 141,000 square feet, three sides and most of the roof being of glass. The plate and angle furnaces and blacksmith shop are located at the northern end of this building. Shears, planers, bending rolls, punches, hydraulic press, bull riveter, and other fabricating equipment also functionize in this so-called "Plate Shop." Overhead traveling cranes, electric trucks, railroad tracks, and numerous jib

manufacture of marine engines of large size. It was practically impossible to obtain certain needed tools; accordingly the ingenuity of the foreman of this shop was called into action and he developed a number that are a credit to himself and to the corporation.

The first keel was laid May 23, 1918, and by being able to launch the ship on January 18, 1919, a record for a new plant was made. This record

Office Building Atlantic Corporation Portsmouth, N. H.

cranes facilitate the handling of the heavy material.

It would take too much space, and probably would not be overinteresting to the layman, to describe in detail the other twelve buildings; suffice it to say that great difficulties were overcome during the stress of war in equipping the buildings to perform their part. However, before leaving the buildings, it will not be amiss to say a word about the machine shop, which covers an area of about 28,000 square feet, is provided with a forty ton overhead crane and the machine tools necessary for the

was accomplished by the company's fortunate choice of a thorough engineer of wide experience as its manager, Harry C. Raynes, whose ancestors were shipbuilders in the early days of Portsmouth. It is interesting to note that Mr. Raynes is a nephew of George Raynes, who, together with his contemporaries, Fernald and Marcey, built and launched during the early part of the nineteenth century an average of nine so-called "clipper" ships a year, which plied between New England ports and the West Indies.

The *Kisnop*, the first vessel launched

by the Atlantic Corporation, is of single screw type, 427 feet long overall, beam 54 feet, draft 24 feet, tonnage 8,800 D. W. C., full displacement 11,300 tons; is propelled by reciprocating engines of 2,800 horsepower and the steam capacity furnished by three water tube boilers. She carries two steel masts and will be manned by sixty men, including officers.

View Atlantic Plant From Water Front

APRIL

By Fred Myron Colby

The thrush sings in the meadow,
The bluebird breasts the breeze;
The bees are blithely humming
Beneath the budding trees.
There's laughter, song and gambol
'Mongst rivulets and rills;
And white-hoofed flocks are nibbling
The grasses on the hills.
April is here!

Amongst dried leaves of autumn
Arbutus peeps up and smiles;
Green carpets are unfolding
Within the forest aisles.
The daffodils are springing
From out the teeming sod,
And crocuses and violets
In southern breezes nod.
Summer is near!

Warner, N. H.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

APRIL

As the young mother awakes from a long night's sleep,
The eager infant rolls back the garment from her breast,
And with convulsive eagerness seeks the food which gives him life.
So now Mother-Earth awakes—
And with the shining shard of our plow we roll back the furrows
And uncover the sweet flesh of the steaming soil;
Ardently as the eager babe we turn to the long furrows—
We drop the beads of sweat, we draw hard breath o'er spade and hoe,
We dig, and plan, and plant, thrilled by the promise of a new season.

The promise of March moves rapidly toward fulfillment; the sun rises higher, the days are longer and warmer, the frost has gone, and o'er the fields we hear the call of the farmer as he drives his plow across his land. Every resident of a rural home in New Hampshire hails with keenest joy the month of April. That which we have looked forward to is now here, and with eager zest we buckle down to the joys of labor on the soil which will bring us another harvest. And not only in the toil of life is there a renewed joy, but Nature gives us the forerunners of the grandeurs of her out-of-doors season in New England. First in these esthetic joys comes—

THE EDGE OF APRIL DAYS

We now get the longer sunrise and sunset; there is time between sunrise and breakfast to pause and enjoy the sunrise; and there is time between sunset and bed-hour to stop and brood a bit. These longer mornings and evenings are full of beauty, of cheer, of the good-will of the earth. In them we can wander about, think, brood, enjoy. The weather is again mild, one can sit for a moment on the old stone-wall, chat with a neighbor, look out across the lands which he owns and so proudly tills. During the mornings we are stirred by the merry notes of the returning birds, but it is in the evenings that we get the most splendid of all the spring-time sounds, it is

THE FLUTES OF THE FROGS

The music of the glad wet spring is voiced in a thousand trills,
As up from the meadows comes a wild, mad music that thrills—
It's the piping notes from a hundred throats in merry spring-time lore,
As the emerald frogs neath sodden logs awake to life once more.

I am one who has had the pleasure of drinking deeply from the well of nature-emotions. The purring of the pines, the insect chorus of the sun-warmed summer fields, the music of the trickling brook, the deep majesty of the pounding waves upon the shore at Hampton, the spell of the star-lit night, the cheery songsters in the boughs, all these have filled me with those emotions which Byron so well says, "We can ne'er express." But seldom is there a nature-emotion that comes stronger than that indescribable feeling that comes to us when we hear *the piping of the frogs*. We are then filled with a

sense of mystery, of longing, of memories of the past and hopes of the future. The rural homesteader is much indebted to those little green-coated fellows who so hardily break forth in early April and send their shrill vibrant notes across the meadows to our homes. They are mysterious, romantic little fellows, living off there in the mysterious swamp, and their notes are the vanguard of the millions of birds and insects who will sing to us before the year is over. By and by their shrill pipings will be joined by the hoarse notes of the big frog, as he brings his water-soaked banjo to the surface and twangs away on its strings, but now they have the field to themselves, and each night their flutings reach deep down into our souls.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The severest critic never complained of a lack of interest in the stories told by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. And it is merely an added interest which the people of New Hampshire take in her books because they are very largely written in a Granite State farmhouse. Mrs. Fordyce Coburn, to give the writer her other than pen name, is and has been since she was a little girl a summer resident of Wilton, Hillsborough County, where her father, Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott, named Rollo Farm in honor of the most famous character created by his father and Mrs. Coburn's grandfather, Jacob Abbott, author of some of the "best-sellers" of his day.

There must be many of us whose boyhood libraries had the Rollo Books among their foundation stones and for whom Rollo and his guide and mentor, Jonas, formed an open antidote for our stealthy studies of Deadwood Dick and Calamity Jane. None of us is reminded of the Rollo Books by the works of the family genius in this generation. And yet in some respects, in surpassing and almost unbelievable innocence and in frequent

misfortunes, the heroine of Mrs. Coburn's latest story, "Old Dad," has a resemblance to Rollo. And "Old Dad" himself might be cast for the rôle of a very sophisticated, twentieth century Jonas.

It is difficult to imagine Mr. Jacob Abbott's Rollo in the predicament in which Eleanor Abbott's Daphne finds herself in the first chapter of the present story; but doubtless the wise Jonas would have wished and worked for the same final issue which Old Dad brought about in his own way.

In the old days we used to see in many stories plays for the stage; now we see, instead, pictures for the films. And for that further popularity "Old Dad" seems especially fitted. The characters chop up their conversation into most suitable screen titles. Every character is a "type." The action is fast enough to suit the most strenuous director and the Florida stage settings are the most picturesque imaginable. The publishers, E. P. Dutton & Company, New York; might well ask for a referendum of readers on the movie actress best fitted for the part of Daphne.

EDITORIAL

The New Hampshire Waterways Association, recently formed, has in it great possibilities for the development of our state, beginning with our port of Portsmouth, but directly or indirectly affecting all our people. The Maine to Florida intercoastal waterway now comes north from the Cape Cod Canal thirty miles to Gloucester Harbor through the Annisquam Canal, owned by the state of Massachusetts, thence by the Plum Island River to the Merrimack River; thus far by existing waterways. It now is proposed to build a canal from the Merrimack through the Salisbury, Mass., marshes, Hampton Harbor, Hampton marshes and Taylor River to the Exeter River and down that river to Great Bay and the Piscataqua. This inland waterway has the backing of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress and of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association. A government survey is to be made of it and its projectors are confident of its construction in the not distant future. Its possibilities in the way of water transportation freight rates are at once apparent. Great Bay is an inland salt sea of eleven square miles, parallel to the ocean, with a channel 65 feet deep. A canal only three miles long to the ocean would give slack water navigation to Portsmouth Harbor and Congress will be asked to cut this canal. Another canal 20 miles long from the Newmarket River to Manchester would make the New Hampshire metropolis a seaport in the manner of its namesake in England. A century ago a canal was surveyed from Great Bay to Lake Winnepesaukee and four times charters were granted by the New Hampshire Legislature for its construction. It will yet be built, and, like all the new waterways mentioned, it will be of great benefit to the business and the

pleasure of New Hampshire and the nation. New Hampshire has received from the national treasury for waterways development the least amount of any state in the Union and one reason therefor is because we never have asked for much on this line. The New Hampshire Waterways Association intends to remedy this lack, and all who are interested in the future prosperity of the state will wish this new organization the best of fortune in securing what it seeks. Senators Moses and Keyes, Congressman Burroughs, Governor Bartlett, former Governors Spaulding and Bass and other leading men of the state are among its officers and members, and its secretary is O. L. Frisbee of Portsmouth, who has devoted a lifetime to the problems of waterway development, particularly as affecting our Atlantic coast and its tributary territory.

It is good for the soul of any man who takes pride in the state of New Hampshire to read the record of the town meetings which were held in the various little republics of this state on Tuesday, March 11, 1919. In almost all of them the community view was shown to be upward and forward. The majority disposition in evidence was to hold fast to all we have that is good and to proceed to get that which we have not now, but which it is desirable that we should have. It was to be expected that a general desire would be expressed to honor New Hampshire's soldiers and sailors in the world war in some tangible way in their home towns; and such was the case. In many cases Old Home Day this year will be especially dedicated to sons returning from the service of their country, and such observance seems most fitting. Town meeting proceedings cover a

wide range, from where a new street light shall be placed to whether or no the town shall buy the local street railway; and one question is given as careful and courteous attention as the other. Appropriations are made with a caution that is wise, not niggardly. Every citizen, be he farmer, mechanic, capitalist, laborer, employer,

employee, professional man or town loafer, stands on the same sawdust footing on the town hall floor; is entitled to and gets his share of attention; and bears his share of responsibility. Long may the town meetings of New England and New Hampshire survive! They are a splendid institution.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Prof. Richard Whoriskey of New Hampshire College and James W. Tucker, Concord newspaper man, who begin in this issue the detailed history of food administration in New Hampshire, are, because of their experience, the best qualified men in the state for the task. Maj. F. W. Hartford is actively interested in, and closely connected with, the Portsmouth ship-building enterprises concerning which he writes. Nathaniel S. Drake of Pittsfield, agreeable

writer and well-posted publicist, pays tribute to his friend and fellow-townsmen, the late Sherburne J. Winslow. Charles Stuart Pratt, in the days of his activity one of the best known editors and literary men in New England, now is living in retirement at Warner. Miss Frances M. Pray is a member of the faculty of St. Mary's School, Concord. Messrs. Sawyer, Chapin and Colby have contributed to previous numbers of the magazine in the present year.

THE CALL

By Frances Mary Pray

Up! the east is golden in all its morning splendor,

The first returned of robins is singing in the day.

White frost lies in the shadows and the breeze is cool and bracing,

The air is full of springtime with its call to "Come away!"

The leaf buds now are swelling and the first spring flowers peeping

From out their dark leaves' shelter where the sun has stolen thru.

The smell of new-bared earth comes up with deep and pungent fragrance

And above, there is no cloud to break the wide expanse of blue.

The hills are soft and purple in the golden light of morning

Far below, the stony river winds its twisted valley down.

Its murmur rises louder now, then fainter in its calling

To come and walk the live-long day along the banks so brown.

The pine trees gently wave and sigh above their carpet soft,

A brooklet gurgles past their shelter tall,

Beyond, the willows bend their silver catkins o'er its banks

"Come to us," the woods and brooklet seem to call.

Up! the east is golden in all its morning splendor,

The first-returned of robins is singing in the day.

White frost lies in the shadows and the air is cool and bracing,

The air is full of springtime with its call to "Come away!"

Concord, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. ERNEST M. GOODALL

Hon. Ernest Montrose Goodall, foremost citizen of Sanford, Maine, who died at his winter home in Miami, Florida, January 29, was born in Troy, August 15, 1853, the youngest son of the late Thomas and Ruth Goodall. He attended school in his native village, at Thompson, Conn., in Burlington, Vt., and in England, during his sojourn with his parents in that country 1866-67.

Ernest M. Goodall, who had been president of the Sanford Mills Company since the retirement of his father in 1883, became president of a consolidation of all the interests in 1885 and held that position at the time of his death. He was one of the organizers and always a member of the board of directors of the very successful Goodall Worsted Company.

Other companies which he organized and of most of which he was president included

The late Hon. Ernest M. Goodall

On returning to the United States, the elder Goodall decided to locate in Sanford and there his sons were associated with him in starting the mills which have become so important and successful an enterprise. Showing marked executive ability, Ernest was made superintendent of the Sanford Mills while still a very young man. The development of the business was rapid and on various lines, including the manufacture of carriage robes, the first made in this country, of plain and fancy blankets, of mohair car and furniture plushes, carriage robes, etc.

the Sanford Water Company, the Maine Alpaca Company, the Mousam River Railroad, the Sanford & Cape Porpoise Railroad, the Atlantic Shore Railway, the Sanford Power Company, the Cape Porpoise Land Company, the Holyoke (Mass.) Plush Company, the Oakdale Cemetery Association and the Sanford Trust Company.

Mr. Goodall was a Republican in politics and a public-spirited citizen who gave much of his valuable time to official service. He was several times selectman and served in the House of Representatives, the State Senate

and the executive council of the state of Maine. He headed the local and county Republican organizations and served on the state committee of the party for many years.

Mr. Goodall was an ardent sportsman, being especially interested in baseball, for which he built fine grounds at Sanford, and in yachting. His splendid yacht, the *Nemo*, he placed at the disposal of the government immediately upon the entrance of this country into the world war.

To business ability and sagacity of the highest type, Mr. Goodall added a genial and kindly disposition and a genuine friendly interest in his fellowmen which won him the affection as well as the deep respect and regard of all with whom he was associated, be they his employees or his fellow-leaders in business and public life. His benevolences were many, but carefully guarded from public knowledge, because of his dislike of ostentation.

Mr. Goodall is survived by two brothers, Congressman Louis B. Goodall and Hon. George B. Goodall, of Sanford.

GILBERT HODGES

Gilbert Hodges, widely known engineer, who died in Franklin, February 13, was born in Brookfield, Mass., December 8, 1850, the son of Rev. Joseph Hodges, a Baptist clergyman. He graduated from the Cambridge (Mass.) High School and from his 16th to his 20th year was a sailor before the mast. He was engaged in business for some years, but in 1881 entered the service of the Union Pacific Railroad as an engineer and continued in that profession until his death, in connection with various railways and independently. Mr. Hodges was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1918 and had served in the city councils of Medford, Mass., and Franklin. He was a 32d degree Mason, worthy patron of the Eastern Star, member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Sons of the Revolution and the Boston Society of Engineers. He was a Republican in politics and attended the Baptist Church. Mr. Hodges is survived by his wife, three sons, the oldest of whom is Maj. Gilbert Hodges of the A. E. F., and one daughter.

REV. ORISON C. SARGENT

Rev. Orison Clark Sargent, prominent Baptist clergyman, born at Pittsford, Vt., October 1, 1849, the grandson of a "Green Mountain Boy," died at his home in Concord, February 26. He was educated at the Fairfax (Vt.) Literary and Scientific Institute, at Colgate Academy, at Colgate University, A. B. 1875, and A. M. 1878, and at Hamilton Theological Institute, B. D. 1878. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1878, he held pastorates at Jewett City, Conn., Randolph, Mass.,

New York City, and Claremont, before becoming general secretary and superintendent of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention in 1901. This position he held until ill health necessitated his retirement in 1914. Rev. Mr. Sargent was a life member of the American Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies; three years president of the New Hampshire Y. P. S. C. E., a director of the New Hampshire Bible Society, a member of

The late Rev. O. C. Sargent

the New Hampshire Historical Society and of various religious and reform organizations. He married June 25, 1878, Anne Phidelia Sears of Delhi, N. Y., who survives him, with one daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sears Sargent, Mount Holyoke College, '03, a member of the faculty of the Concord High School and president of the Concord Woman's College Club.

GROSVENOR S. HUBBARD

Grosvenor Silliman Hubbard, born in Hanover, October 10, 1842, the only son of the late Prof. Oliver Payson Hubbard of Dartmouth College and Faith Wadsworth (Silliman) Hubbard, daughter of the eminent Professor Silliman of Yale University, died in New York City, January 4. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1862 and was admitted to the bar in New York City in 1867. His practice was very extensive and eminently successful and his position in his profession is indicated by the fact that he was appointed referee in more than four hundred cases. He never married.

Manasah Perkins

MANASAH PERKINS

Manasah Perkins, leading citizen of the North Country, died at his home in Jefferson, March 1. He was born in that town, October 28, 1855, the only son of the late Nathan R. Perkins, whose extensive business interests and great influence the son worthily con-

tinued, and Elizabeth (Hicks) Perkins. Manasah Perkins was a farmer and lumber dealer and identified with the management of the Whitefield & Jefferson Railroad, the Waumbek Hotel, Jefferson, and the Brown Lumber Company. A Democrat in politics he had represented Jefferson in the Legisla-

ture and had held all the town offices and in 1904 was a delegate to the national convention of his party. He was a member of the Masonic, Odd Fellow and Red Men fraternities. Few men had so wide and accurate a knowledge of the White Mountain country as did Mr. Perkins and it gave him pleasure to use it for the benefit of his myriad friends. He is survived by a widow, who was Mary A. Stillings of Jefferson, and by two sons, Harold M. Perkins and Nathan R. Perkins, 2d.

FRANCIS A. HOUSTON

Francis A. Houston, born in Keene, December 16, 1858, died at his home in Concord, Mass., February 10. He graduated from Harvard College in 1879 and from its Law School in 1882. Entering the employ of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company in March, 1885, he continued therein until 1917 when he resigned his office of treasurer, having been, previously, vice-president and general manager. He had served many years on the Concord school board. His wife and two sons, one in the A. E. F., survive him.

DR. FRANK W. MITCHELL

Dr. Frank Walton Mitchell was born in Manchester, April 20, 1862, and died of apoplexy at his home in Bakersfield, Cal., January 12. He graduated from the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College in 1876 and was a member of the college crews at the intercollegiate regattas of 1874 and 1875 at Saratoga. He took his degree in medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, in 1880, and practised in Wisconsin and California, since 1902 at Bakersfield. His wife, who was Addie M. Chase of Litchfield, survives him.

JOSEPH W. VITTUM

Joseph Wentworth Vittum, president of the Pentucket Savings Bank of Haverhill, Mass., who died there January 28, was born in Sandwich, May 7, 1838. He was engaged for many years in the shoe and leather business at Haverhill. He was a Republican, a Mason and Odd Fellow and a trustee of the Baptist church. Retiring from active business in 1903 he had since devoted himself to the management of his own and several other large estates. His wife and one son, William S. Vittum, survive him.

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Volume 51

MAY, 1919

Number 5

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HERBERT HOOVER
United States Food Administrator

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

MAY, 1919

No. 5

FOOD ADMINISTRATION IN THE GRANITE STATE DURING THE WORLD WAR

By Richard Whoriskey and James W. Tucker

(Concluded from the April GRANITE MONTHLY)

Chapter IV

Regulation

Although it is true that the United States Food Administration preferred to rely on the voluntary coöperation of the people of the country to accomplish the necessary conservation of food-stuffs, yet it is also true that it became necessary to license and regulate certain classes of manufacturers and distributors of food commodities in order that the flow of these commodities from producer to consumer might be direct and uninterrupted.

It is also a fact that this regulatory control of commodities interfered with the so-called law of supply and demand. This conflict with a natural economic law was undoubtedly an evil, but as Mr. Hoover so often stated, it was the lesser of two evils and necessary in order that the people of Europe might obtain sufficient food to carry the war to an immediate and successful conclusion.

The success of Mr. Hoover's system is now apparent. Essential commodities, such as flour and sugar, in which there was a serious and world-wide shortage, were so controlled as to keep the price reasonable and the quantity sufficient to supply the actual needs of every family. Contrasted with the Civil War period, the conditions during the World War in this country were almost ideal as to price and available supply of essential food commodities.

Under proclamations of the President, issued from time to time during the war, the various classes of manufacturers and distributors of food commodities were brought under license control. In New Hampshire the Federal Food Administration had under its jurisdiction the following classes of licensed dealers: wholesalers or jobbers, retailers doing a gross business of \$100,000 a year; millers, salt water fishermen, bakers either commercial or hotel, using four barrels of flour or meal monthly and a few canners. When it became necessary to ration sugar to commercial users, bottlers and manufacturers of ice cream and syrups, including druggists, were brought under the jurisdiction of the New Hampshire Administration for that particular purpose. It has always been a source of immense gratification to Mr. Spaulding and all the staff members of the New Hampshire Administration that every retail grocer in the Granite State, whether he was classed under the provisions of the license regulations or not, felt it his duty to obey those regulations to the letter. Every other class of licensed dealers in the state was equally responsive to the wishes of the national and state administrations and the number of violations was surprisingly small.

Lists of all New Hampshire licen-

sees were maintained in the Administration offices at Concord and, whenever a new regulation was issued at Washington, an interpretation of the effect of that regulation on the New Hampshire licensee was mailed, in the shape of a bulletin, to the licensee concerned. The broad and common-sense views adopted by Mr. Spaulding in his interpretation of these regulations for the New Hampshire licensees were highly appreciated and undoubtedly resulted in a closer bond of co-operation between licensees and the state office.

THE WHOLESALERS

Early in December of 1917 Mr. Spaulding called all of the jobbers of food commodities in the state to Concord for a conference. The regulations, particularly with regard to margins of profit, were talked over and the relations that should exist between this class of dealers and the New Hampshire administration were thoroughly discussed. As a result of the conference, the dealers present resolved to coöperate in every possible way during the period of the war, and it is highly satisfactory to be able to record that the resolution of that initial meeting was always lived up to on the part of the jobbers. Numerous other conferences were held with the wholesalers during the period of the war, the last one on December 3, 1918. At this final meeting Mr. H. J. Reed of the Daniels-Cornell Company of Manchester thanked Mr. Spaulding on behalf of the wholesale grocers of New Hampshire for the "uniformly fair and courteous treatment" he had accorded them and also for the "splendid way in which the New Hampshire Administrator had always coöperated with the jobbers of the state to make their work, under the regulations of the Food Administration, as easy as possible."

THE 50-50 REGULATION

The importance of the cereal, wheat, in the world's diet, is more fully realized today than ever before. It is the

most essential of all cereals. In January, 1918, there was put squarely up to Mr. Hoover the problem of supplying the wheat needs of Europe from a surplus of twenty million bushels, then apparent in this country. How the United States saved enough wheat to ship one hundred and twenty million bushels in addition to this surplus is too well known to bear repeating here. The regulation that resulted in this wonderful saving of wheat in the United States has become popularly known as the "50-50 Regulation."

New Hampshire had a proud part in this venture. The regulation was issued on January 28. No one had previous knowledge of the rule or its import. On January 29, 1918, it was imposed on the jobbers and retailers of New Hampshire, and their immediate response in the face of difficulties more numerous than can be easily imagined was perhaps the most gratifying incident in the entire history of the New Hampshire Administration. For three days anxious inquiries were poured in on Administration headquarters by telephone, letters and personal visits. No one questioned the judgment of the framers of the regulation. How are we going to put it across was the import of every query.

The object of the regulation, as everyone now knows, was to pass down from the mill to the consumer through every distributing branch an equal amount of wheat flour and substitute cereal like corn meal, barley or oats. New Hampshire was, in a sense, isolated from all the big centers of cereal distribution and the immediate problem was to get the substitutes to pass to the consumer with the flour.

On January 31 the following telegram was received from the United States Food Administration by Mr. Spaulding: "Congratulations to New Hampshire for adhering absolutely to the 50-50 regulations." The congratulations were passed along to the

CENTRAL COMMITTEE ON FOOD CONSERVATION WITH COUNTY ORGANIZERS

millers, wholesalers and retailers of New Hampshire and to the patriotic New Hampshire citizens who had been really responsible for the successful adoption of the stringent regulation.

On February 1 salesmen of mills and wholesalers reported a big falling off in the sale of white flour, and thereafter the problem was gradually worked out to the satisfaction of everyone concerned in the state.

THE PATRIOTIC HOUSEHOLDERS

The immediate response on the part of the housewives of the state to the admonition of the Food Administration to save flour was inspiring. In many cases dealers had numerous requests from their customers to take back flour which the customers had purchased in quantity before the 50-50 regulation went into effect. Although for some time dealers had restricted the amount of wheat flour sales to not more than a one-eighth bag in urban districts or a quarter bag in rural districts, many people who were accustomed to put in one or two barrels or even more for a year's supply, found themselves with a considerable amount of flour on hand.

Although many dealers acceded to the requests of their customers and took back barrel lots of flour, the Administration announced that this procedure was unnecessary and that consumers who used an equal amount of substitutes in conjunction with flour on hand would not be regarded as hoarders. It is interesting to note that, while many complaints were made of people hoarding large amounts of flour, these complaints were found upon investigation to be for the most part unfounded.

Farmers who raised their own substitutes were allowed to purchase flour without substitutes upon presentation to their dealer of an affidavit to the effect that they had raised and had on hand ready for use an amount of substitute cereal equal to the re-

stricted amount of flour they were allowed to purchase.

DISTRIBUTION OF EXCESS SUBSTITUTES

The falling off in the sale of white flour resulted in the gradual accumulation of excess lots of substitute cereals by the jobbers of the state. Sales of flour had been reduced to fifteen or twenty per cent of normal, and in many cases dealers became overstocked with a product that was perishable. With the approach of warm weather during the latter part of April, 1918, it became necessary to take immediate steps toward the solving of the excess cereal substitute problem.

A conference of jobbers was held on May 7, and a canvass of cereal stocks showed that there were in the hands of New Hampshire jobbers the following: 8,600 barrels of flour, 417,000 pounds of barley flour and 6,000 barrels of corn meal.

To effect an equitable distribution of the substitutes the jobbers voted to make the Food Administration office a clearing house for information as to supplies. The jobbers with over supplies of any substitute sent notice of the amounts which they wished to dispose of to the Food Administrator who was to send out regular information sheets, informing all jobbers of the state where they could purchase substitutes in the state from their own associates. For this reason the importing of these commodities into New Hampshire was reduced to a minimum.

The Food Administration, acting on the information obtained from jobbers, made arrangements at once for a corn meal drive which has been previously noted and urged all patriotic citizens to consume as much corn meal as possible in the next two months that the oversupply in New Hampshire might be consumed before hot weather. The Food Administration was highly gratified at the spirit of cordial coöperation shown by the jobbers in their willingness to

assist the Administration in every way.

SUBSTITUTES SHIPPED ABROAD

The arrangement to redistribute within the state the surplus substitutes in the hands of jobbers proved to be a good move, for stocks of flour and substitute cereals soon almost ceased to move, and the Grain Corporation of the United States Food Administration decided to lend a helping hand to the jobbers of the country by purchasing from them as much of the excess cereal stock as could be shipped abroad and sold to neutral countries. Arrangements were made for the disposal of excess New Hampshire stocks through the port of Boston. All of the cereal purchased by the Grain Corporation had to conform to certain analytical standards, and Mr. Spaulding arranged with Mr. B. E. Curry, chemist of the New Hampshire College Experiment Station, to take samples of barley flour and make analyses of corn meal held by jobbers in all sections of the state.

Letters were sent to the wholesalers asking them to fill out blanks in duplicate with the amounts of cereal substitutes they desired to sell to the Grain Corporation for export. As a result of the activities of the Administration in this direction the jobbers were able to export about 7,000 barrels of their excess stocks to Europe. In writing to Mr. Spaulding with regard to the results of this export proposition in New England, A. C. Ratchesky, Assistant Food Administrator for Massachusetts, said: "In addition it would be well to know that, pro rata to the population, the state of New Hampshire was given more help than any other state in New England, which proves that your efforts were not in vain."

On September 1 the Food Administration's "50-50 Regulation" was modified so that flour could be sold with substitutes in the ratio of 80 per cent flour and 20 per cent substitutes. This was put into effect immediately

in the state and, although it resulted in alleviating conditions in a small degree, it did not clear up entirely the matter of excess substitute stocks. Substitutes were sold with flour in this reduced proportion until the regulation was rescinded altogether.

The first of December, 1918, the Food Administration Grain Corporation again made plans to assist in unloading surplus stocks of substitutes in the hands of jobbers, and A. I. Merigold was sent to Boston to look after the exporting of cereals from New England. Mr. Spaulding called a conference of jobbers for Wednesday, December 3, and at that time an inventory of surplus stocks showed that there were approximately fifteen carloads in the hands of New Hampshire jobbers. These were offered to the Grain Corporation and have been practically all shipped abroad.

REJECTED SHIPMENTS OF PERISHABLES

Another and frequent way in which the wholesaler or jobber came in contact with the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire was under the regulation relative to the shipment of perishables. This regulation was designed to prevent the wasting of food commodities through the rejection of shipments of perishables by consignees. Under the regulation, whenever there was a question as to the acceptance of a shipment of perishables like potatoes, onions, cabbages, etc., the consignee got in touch with the Local or State Food Administrator and asked for an inspection of the car by the Administration. Following the inspection the Administration sat as a referee and adjusted the matter in dispute, usually to the entire satisfaction of both parties and always without the loss of any of the perishable shipment. In this, as in all other relations with the licensees, matters were adjusted harmoniously and with the maximum of coöperation on the part of the licensees.

THE RETAIL DEALER

The relation between the office of the Food Administration and the fifteen hundred or more retail dealers of the state was most cordial. Only a few retail dealers were licensed. It is true that this class of dealers could be forced to obey the regulations, whether licensed or not, but the remarkable thing was that the retailer, even though doing a business amount-

plaint and with an evident desire to assist the sugar division in its difficult task of making an equitable allotment.

In the same spirit they adopted the schedules of profit margins prepared by the Administration and endeavored to make their prices fair and reasonable at all times. Many of the dealers adopted the "cash and carry" plan as a war measure that would be of general assistance to the Admin-

Public Market—Berlin

ing to but a few hundred dollars a year and located in a remote, inaccessible part of the state, was for the most part always anxious to play the game fairly and squarely. When they were asked to sell flour and sugar in restricted quantities, they did so to the best of their ability. There were not more than a half-dozen complaints that a dealer was selling wheat flour without the proper substitutes. They accepted the rationing of sugar in the best spirit imaginable and put up with the inconvenience of having to buy their entire supply on certificates issued from this Administration office without com-

istration in its desire to pass commodities along to the consumer at the lowest possible prices.

SUGAR RATIONING

Although the sugar shortage in the world had long been a matter of concern, the United States Food Administration depended at first on the voluntary saving of the people to weather the crisis. This plan was satisfactory, until the U-boats and crop failures made rationing inevitable on July 1, 1918. Each state was to receive a limited supply, based on records furnished by refiners, and this supply was to be equitably dis-

tributed by each state Food Administrator.

When New Hampshire received her allotment, it was found that the state was far short of her proportionate share. A special trip of the New Hampshire Food Administrator to Washington and several hours of intensive work with officials of the Sugar Division rectified the mistake. Then the work of distribution began at the State House under the efficient guidance of George N. Towle, head of the Sugar Division.

As the questionnaires, returned by the retailers especially, seemed to indicate the need of careful readjusting, supplementary questionnaires had to be sent out. These proved to be satisfactory.

The staff, aided by an increased office force, worked often until midnight in an endeavor to solve satisfactorily most complicated problems and in issuing sugar certificates. Numerous conferences were held with wholesalers, retailers and individuals. Despite the long, grinding hours, the spirit of the staff never showed to better advantage than during the months of the sugar rationing.

From July 1, 1918 to December 1, 10,728,798 pounds of sugar were rationed as follows:

July.....	2,654,874
August.....	1,039,000
September.....	1,880,008
October.....	1,304,090
November.....	1,678,191
December.....	2,172,635

FOOD PRODUCTION IN 1918

The Food Production Campaign for 1918 in New Hampshire had one goal in view, the best effort on the part of everybody to beat the splendid record made in 1917. The Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire, Mr. Huntley N. Spaulding, desirous of making use of every available agency that would help to solve the immediate problem, accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Food Production. The other mem-

bers of the committee were Pres. R. D. Hetzel of New Hampshire College, executive manager; Andrew L. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture; George M. Putnam, President of the Federated Farm Bureau Association of New Hampshire; Fred A. Rogers, Master of the State Grange; G. H. Whitchee, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The committee accepted the offer of New Hampshire College to establish headquarters at Durham, and to President Hetzel, the executive manager, was delegated the task of directing the campaign. The first thing he did was to appoint the following committees:

Administration—Executive Manager, Pres. R. D. Hetzel; Assistant Manager, Prof. W. C. O'Kane, Director J. C. Kendall.
 Publicity—Prof. W. C. O'Kane and Prof. H. H. Scudder.
 Field Crops—Dean F. W. Taylor.
 Machinery and Finance—Mr. B. E. Curry.
 Farm Labor—Mr. F. C. Bradford.
 Live Stock—Director J. C. Kendall, Mr. E. G. Ritzman, Prof. O. L. Eckman, Prof. J. M. Fuller and Prof. A. W. Richardson.
 War Gardens—Prof. J. H. Gourley.
 School Gardens—Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction G. H. Whitchee.
 Women in Food Production—Miss Elizabeth C. Sawyer.

COUNTY AGENTS

The County Agents represented the state committee in their respective counties, and in seven of the counties assistant county agents were employed to enable the county agent to carry on essential parts of his regular work. These agents helped materially in organizing local committees, arranged for mass meetings and through several surveys kept in active touch with the progress of production in their counties.

COÖPERATING AGENCIES

The Farm Bureaus of the state put all their facilities at the disposal of the committee and were very active in urging increased production by their members. The State Department of Agriculture, the schools of the

state, the Grange, the fraternal orders, the churches, and the staff of the Agricultural Division of the State College, gave their cordial support to the work at hand.

CAMPAIGNS

Mass meetings were held in every county to stir up enthusiasm. The speakers at these meetings were Pres. R. D. Hetzel, Commissioner Andrew L. Felker, Dean J. R. Hills of Vermont, Director J. C. Kendall, Prof. W. C. O'Kane and Major Guy Boyer of Canada, who had just returned from three years of service on the western front. Following these county meetings, local meetings were held in practically every community of the state and were addressed by county agents and others. In order to keep the need of increased production before the people, articles and press notices were sent to the newspapers, and posters, information sheets and press bulletins were distributed throughout the state.

SURVEYS

That the Committee on Food Production might be fully informed of the difficulties confronting the farmers, frequent surveys were made by the county agents and the local committees. The latter reported on special blanks to the county agents the needs of the farmers, as well as the surplus supplies of seeds, live stock, labor, machinery, etc. The loyal effort of the farmers was evident in the answers to the questionnaires sent out by the county agents early in the season. The replies received from 6,447 farms indicated an increased yield of 32.6 per cent over 1917 in the combined acreage of potatoes, corn, oats and wheat.

FARM LABOR

To Mr. F. C. Bradford of the United States Department of Agriculture was assigned the task of solving the shortage of farm labor. Mr. H. N. Sawyer of Atkinson spent a week at the Boston office of the

United States Employment Bureau interviewing 200 men and boys who were interested in coming to New Hampshire to work. Many of these applicants were sent directly to farms, and the names of others were sent to county agents. Much help in supplying needed labor was given by Mr. J. S. B. Davie, State Commissioner of Labor, and Mr. E. K. Sawyer of Franklin, who was in charge of state headquarters of the United States Employment Service. A few "conscientious objectors" were sent from Camp Devens to farms in the state, and a plan was worked out in conference with Roy D. Hunter of Claremont, Agriculture Adviser for New Hampshire, whereby the county agents listed draft registrants engaged in agricultural work and verified their status.

WOMEN IN FOOD PRODUCTION

Miss Elizabeth C. Sawyer of Dover, who had charge of this work, enrolled many college graduates and undergraduates and assigned them to farms in different parts of the state. These young women carried out their tasks faithfully and gave proof, as the women in France and England had given proof, that they could replace men on the farm, if the need became urgent.

WAR GARDENS

As State Garden Supervisor, Prof. J. H. Gourley had charge of this work. Meetings were held during Garden Rally Week from March 18-23 to explain to the people of the state the impending food crisis and to urge them to do more than they had ever done before. Supervisors of community and factory gardens were appointed and worked under the guidance of the State Garden Supervisor. This work was a great success, for at the end of the season 15 cities reported an increase of 75 per cent in the acreage of their war gardens over the acreage of 1917. The number of plots given out in these cities increased

by 79 per cent over the plots assigned in 1917. Thirty rural towns reported an average of 25 acres per town in gardens.

Although the severe frosts of June 19 and 20 discouraged many for a moment, the comment most frequently heard was, "Well, I have to replant my garden tomorrow."

SCHOOL GARDENS

As in 1917 the response of the school boys and girls to the plea of Mr. G. H. Whitcher was all that could be wished. They went out to beat their previous record, and they did. Thirty-two thousand pupils carried on garden projects

and, although accurate returns as to the money value of the crops harvested are not yet available, the indications are that it will exceed \$100,000.

UNITED STATES CROP REPORT FOR DECEMBER, 1918

That the Committee on Food Production carried out its program effectively, may be judged from the Monthly Crop Report for December, 1918, published by the United States Department of Agriculture. The figures for corn, buckwheat, barley, oats, rye and potatoes, the New England field crops included in this report, are as follows:—

CROP ACREAGE
PERCENTAGE INCREASE, 1918 COMPARED WITH 1917

	Corn	Buck- wheat	Barley	Oats	Rye	Potatoes	Total
New Hampshire.....	+16	+100	+0	+41	-4	+17
Maine.....	+42	+40	+100	+40	-25	+10
Vermont.....	+15	+16	+23	+26	+0	-13	+16
Massachusetts.....	+25	+100	+71	+33	-5	+16
Rhode Island.....	+0	+0	+0	+0
Connecticut.....	+17	+60	+33	+37	-4	+19

A better index of the production attained by New Hampshire in the year 1918 is afforded by comparison of 1918 with 1916, which was approx-

imately a normal year. The following tables give such a comparison, based on the federal crop reports:

CROP ACREAGE
PRINCIPAL NEW ENGLAND FIELD CROPS, 1918 COMPARED WITH 1916

	Maine		New Hampshire		Vermont		Massachu- setts		Rhode Island		Connecticut	
	1918	1916	1918	1916	1918	1916	1918	1916	1918	1916	1918	1916
Corn.....	27,000	15,000	28,000	19,000	45,000	45,000	40,000	42,000	13,000	11,000	56,000	70,000
Buckwheat.....	21,000	14,000	2,000	1,000	14,000	12,000	2,000	1,000	8,000	5,000
Barley.....	12,000	6,000	1,000	1,000	16,000	15,000
Oats.....	169,000	160,000	24,000	12,000	103,000	80,000	12,000	11,000	2,000	2,000	24,000	17,000
Rye.....	1,000	1,000	4,000	3,000	11,000	8,000
Potatoes.....	112,000	125,000	21,000	15,000	26,000	23,000	36,000	25,000	5,000	6,000	26,000	22,000

CROP ACREAGE
PERCENTAGE INCREASE OR DECREASE, 1918 COMPARED WITH 1916

	Corn	Buck- wheat	Barley	Oats	Rye	Potatoes	Total
New Hampshire.....	+47	+100	+0	+100	+40	+58
Maine.....	+80	+50	+100	+5	-11	+6.6
Vermont.....	+0	+16	+7	+29	+0	+13	+16.5
Massachusetts.....	-5	+100	+9	+33	+44	+14.6
Rhode Island.....	+18	+0	-16	+5
Connecticut.....	-20	+60	+41	+37	+18	+2.5

The increased value of the five principal field crops of New Hampshire in 1918 as compared with 1917 and 1916, according to the figures in the Monthly Crop Report is shown in the following table:

INCREASED VALUE OF THE FIVE FIELD CROPS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1918 COMPARED WITH 1917 AND 1916

	1916	1917	1918
Corn.....	\$1,005,000	\$2,083,000	\$1,890,000
Buckwheat.....	20,000	29,000	68,000
Barley.....	25,800	44,000	48,000
Oats.....	306,000	543,000	793,000
Potatoes.....	2,988,000	3,931,000	4,263,000
	<u>\$4,344,000</u>	<u>\$6,630,000</u>	<u>\$7,062,000</u>

It will be noted that the above tables do not include wheat, beans, and some other crops of considerable importance in New Hampshire.

The total yield of wheat in New Hampshire in 1918 was estimated at 96,500 bushels. The area in wheat was estimated at 4,500 acres.

THE BAKERS

As so many people buy their bread from bakers, the United States Food Administration required practically all bakers to have licenses. One of the first permanent and special divisions of the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire was a baking division in charge of Winthrop Carter of Nashua. Mr. Carter saw the immediate need of soliciting the assistance of the bakers themselves in solving the numerous unprecedented problems which would arise.

Consequently he arranged for a mass meeting at Manchester of all bakers in the state and at this meeting the state was divided into seven districts with a captain in charge of each district. These captains kept the bakers of their district informed of all developments emanating from the baking division. One of the first and probably the most important regulation imposed on the baking industry of the country was promulgated on February 24, 1918, and made it necessary for all bakers to use a dough mixture composed of 80 per cent white flour and 20 per cent substitute cereals. This was

indeed a problem, and at the bakers meeting in Manchester an expert was present to discuss with the bakers the best methods for making bread under the new conditions imposed by the Administration. On April 24, 1918, the amount of substitutes was increased to 25 per cent.

To assist the bakers, the baking division furnished standard dough sheets, and on these sheets the bakers were required to post each day the amounts of wheat and cereal substitutes used in the making of their bread. Other regulations were imposed upon the bakers with regard to the method of manufacturing their products and the ingredients used in the same, but the so-called "80-20 Regulation" was by all means the most important.

For the most part the bakers lived up to the law in every detail. As some got careless it became necessary to send inspectors through the state. These inspectors did very effective work for they found many violations of the regulations. The transgressors were given hearings before the Federal Food Administrator and nearly all of them were found guilty. Some were obliged to close their shops for varying periods. Others were given the choice of contributing a certain sum of money to the Red Cross or other war welfare societies or running the risk of having their licenses revoked by Washington. All preferred the former penalty.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

One of the very important divisions of the Federal Food Administration for New Hampshire was the Hotel and Restaurant Division. It was composed of J. Ben Hart, chairman; W. E. Carter, Rye Beach; George Q. Pattee, Portsmouth; A. P. Fairfield, Hanover; George I. Leighton, Dover.

Appointed in August, 1917, the chairman made a canvass through postmasters, selectmen and town clerks, of the hotels, restaurants and boarding houses of the state. Although 1,578 were listed at that time, the number had dwindled to 1,325 by December 30, 1918, many of them having gone out of business on account of the high cost of foods and the impossibility of getting sufficient help.

From Mr. Hart's office in Manchester approximately 53,000 pieces of mail were sent out, including letters, bulletins, questionnaires, etc. No letter came to the office that was not answered or acknowledged. Only 8 per cent of the hotel, restaurant and boarding-house keepers refused or neglected to sign the Food Administration Pledge Card and in Manchester only one person refused to sign.

The "Roll of Honor" card, designed by this office for those who signed the wheatless pledge, made such an impression outside the state that it was adopted, with the approval of the chief of the Hotel and Restaurant Division at Washington, by many of the other states.

The actual food savings reported from October, 1917, to October, 1918, were as follows:

<i>Months</i>	<i>Pounds</i>
Meats, 12.....	211,425
Flour, 12.....	214,544
Sugar, 12.....	163,380
Fats, 6.....	62,563

On the basis of the replies received, the estimated savings for all places were as follows:

<i>Months</i>	<i>Pounds</i>
Meats, 12.....	1,686,456
Flour, 12.....	1,933,267
Sugar, 12.....	1,323,299
Fats, 6.....	480,960

It is interesting to note the gain in reported savings of wheat flour in the month of July, after the wheatless pledge became effective. The reported savings for May were 15,232 pounds; in June, a part of which month was affected by the wheatless pledge, the reported savings were 20,908 pounds and in July 48,205 pounds. The estimated total savings for May were 150,000 pounds, for June 121,562 pounds and for July 335,610 pounds.

A letter from Mr. Kiser, the state chairman for Indiana, to Mr. Hart stated that he considered, from a careful examination of the figures in the Publicity Division, New Hampshire stood among the first five in the country in the work accomplished by the Hotel and Restaurant Committee.

Typical School Room Exhibit—Food Conservation

CANTONMENTS

When the shortage of sugar became acute, it was reported to the New Hampshire Food Administration that a soldier had bought an excessive amount of sugar at the Quartermaster's Department, Fort Constitution. On complaint of Mr. Spaulding, Colonel Patterson investigated the matter, found the charges true and

stated that every effort would be made henceforth to coöperate with the United States Food Administration.

The report of the wasteful throwing of perfectly good food into the river at the Portsmouth Navy Yard was also investigated by the Food Administrator. He was able to report on his return from the Navy Yard that he had had a pleasant and profitable interview with the commandant and that the navy officials were doing at that time everything possible to conserve food.

The cantonments at Dartmouth and New Hampshire State College responded loyally to all requests made of them by the Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire.

POULTRY REGULATION

In February the Administration looked with alarm upon the situation which the poultry industry of the United States was in. The demand for dressed poultry had been so great that the flocks of the country were threatened with extermination and the outlook was similar to that which had spelled ruin the previous year for the poultry industry of England.

On February 11 the poultry division of the United States Food Administration in conjunction with the United States Department of Agriculture issued an order which prevented the killing of hens or pullets by licensees or others until April 30. This order was faithfully adhered to in New Hampshire until it was rescinded on April 20, a few days before the time originally set for its termination.

A single exception had been made to the provisions of the regulation. This was in behalf of the Jewish people of Manchester who based their claim for exemption on the ground of religious practices. The gratitude of these people was expressed in the following letter:

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 17, 1918.
MR. HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING,
Food Commissioner,
Concord, N. H.

Dear Sir: On behalf of the Jewish People of Manchester, N. H., we wish to thank you for your kindness in having granted our petition for the killing of chickens on Passover Week. Your order was more than appreciated by our community and helped them materially and spiritually in making their celebration a week of joy and cheer.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd) REV. M. TARAN,
HARRY SHEWFIELD, PR.

PRICE INTERPRETATION

In nine cities and larger communities of New Hampshire local price-interpreting committees were set up. In establishing these committees the following plan was adopted:

A meeting of the grocers, retail and wholesale, was called by the local food administrator. This meeting was attended, also, by a representative of the State Food Administrator, Prof. Walter C. O'Kane. At this meeting the plan and purpose of a price-interpreting committee was explained. The grocers attending the meeting were then invited to choose two or three men to represent them on the committee. Two citizens representing the public and not engaged in selling food supplies were selected by the local administrator and the representative of the state headquarters. In most instances these people were ratified by the grocers at their meeting. These citizen representatives, together with those chosen by the grocers, served as the price-interpreting committee under the chairmanship of the local food administrator.

A limited list of commodities was chosen at the beginning and this list was later extended somewhat on request from Washington. The prices decided on were made to conform to the margins laid down by Washington headquarters.

Some difficulty was experienced in securing publication of prices. Newspapers stated that they already had

an impossible amount of war material for which space was not available and, in addition, there was considerable complaint that the public exhibited little interest in the list of prices published.

A representative of the state administrator checked up retail prices at various points in the state and in practically no instance found an exorbitant margin charged by the retailer. The margin on certain kinds of commodities, such as wheat substitutes in bulk, was apt to be somewhat higher than that specified by Washington instructions, but the margin on other commodities, such as canned goods, was lower. The average appeared to be reasonable.

Fat Conservation—Window Display

WHEAT REGULATIONS

On October 8, 1918, after a two days' conference held by Food Administrator Huntley N. Spaulding with Master of State Grange Fred A. Rogers, Commissioner of Agriculture Andrew L. Felker and other representative farmers, the regulations with regard to the milling and disposal of wheat were amended to suit conditions as they then existed in New Hampshire.

The United States Food Administration regulations with regard to the milling, sale and use of wheat were adapted for the wheat-growing belts of the United States but were not proper for the peculiar local con-

ditions where farmers had planted a comparatively few acres of wheat for use in grinding their own flour. The changes in the regulations were most acceptable to all of the farmers in the state.

ICE DEALERS

On May 8, 1918, communications were mailed to New Hampshire ice dealers and local administrators which resulted in preventing increases in the price of ice to the consumers. In some cases dealers were able to show that increases were necessary because of the higher cost of doing business and whenever this occurred, the increased rates were approved by the Federal Food Administrator.

THE LIVE STOCK COMMITTEE

October 2, 1917, the State Food Administrator appointed the following to act as the Live Stock Committee: Roy D. Hunter, West Claremont, Chairman; W. H. Neal, Meredith; W. H. Ranney, Derry; Harry Morrison, Orford; John Walker, Newmarket. P. A. Campbell, Dixville Notch, later succeeded W. H. Neal.

SWINE

After careful study of the situation the Live Stock Committee decided that the farmers of the state should be urged to produce more swine and that the "Keep a pig" movement should be encouraged.

Two circular letters were mailed to New Hampshire farmers. News articles were published in the state press, and Prof. E. Ritzmann and the Extension Department of the State College stressed the matter.

Surveys by county agents in the spring of 1918 showed an increase in the hog population of 6.7 per cent. Reports received in the fall and winter of 1918 indicated a supply of pigs in excess of the demand.

DAIRY CATTLE

Dairying is the chief agricultural industry of New Hampshire. During the period under review it was

subject to varying factors which made it impossible for the committee to outline any general policy.

The summer of 1917 was marked by a large hay crop, the fall by rapidly advancing price of feed stuffs and the winter by scarcity of feeds due to transportation difficulties caused by the unusually severe winter and war demands. New Hampshire had largely imported its feed stuffs but in

milk. Better breeding and feeding methods are now being taught by the Farm Bureaus and other agencies. The condition and progressiveness of the industry compares favorably with that of other states.

The special need for the future is the more general use of pure-bred sires and coöperative breeding. The best development of New Hampshire agriculture must come through supe-

Faculty Potato Harvest—New Hampshire State College

1918 made an increase in the production of grain. Reports indicated considerable slaughter of dairy cows in the summer of 1917. This was checked by advancing prices for cattle in the fall of that year.

The chief market for New Hampshire milk is at Boston. The Regional Milk Commission took over the situation in the fall of 1917 and fixed the prices for all markets.

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE

An ample supply of milk was maintained during the war. The withdrawal of milk from bread-making on order of the Federal Food Administration and the advancing retail price created a surplus which seemed likely to affect the future of the industry.

Notable progress was made in the coöperative purchasing of grains in car lots by farmers and in methods of collective bargaining for the sale of

rior live stock. As the topography of the state prevents quantity production, the improvement must come through quality. The development of bull clubs is the most promising plan in sight for the dairy industry of the state.

BEEF CATTLE

During the fall of 1917 several carloads of beef cattle were brought in from Texas to various points of the state. The results of these operations are not yet available. To what extent feeding can be profitably carried on is not known. The State College is collecting data and it is hoped that general lines can be laid down for the guidance of farmers.

Pure-bred and high-grade beef cattle are being raised in the state in limited numbers. This business can doubtless be extended advantageously.

SHEEP

The sheep situation was carefully studied and many factors entering into its profitability were considered. Action on the dog menace was taken by inducing the Committee on Public Safety to offer a reward of \$25 for each conviction under the dog laws. This action had a decidedly good effect.

POULTRY

The Committee consulted with Mr. James C. Farmer, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, who is a poultry specialist.

The industry was found to be laboring under difficulties from the high price of feeds and lack of correspondingly high prices for products. The severe winter was hard on poultry. The spring survey showed a decrease of 16.7 per cent in the poultry of the state. Reports indicate better conditions prevailing in the fall of 1918 and less tendency for poultrymen to abandon the business.

PUBLICITY

In November, 1917, Mr. James S. Chamberlin, of the Staff, was delegated to look after the installation of large painted signs and billboard advertisements calling attention to food conservation. These signs were put up in conspicuous places in Manchester, Nashua, Concord, Dover, Berlin, Portsmouth, Rochester and on the grounds of the State College, Durham. Attractive as they were, they appealed to the eye and kept the problem of conservation before the people.

In addition to this, the bill-posting system in every one of the cities of New Hampshire was placed at the disposal of the Food Administrator, and managers and proprietors of these systems were always glad to use the large posters that were sent to them at various times from Washington. Mr. Joseph G. Chandler, proprietor of the Bachelder system in Concord, not only placed his own boards at the disposal of the Food Administration,

but also secured the coöperation of other systems throughout the state. Hotels also assisted in the publicity campaign by printing on their menus an appeal for conservation, and merchants, running advertisements in newspapers, used part of their space for the same purpose.

A great number of posters from the Washington office and several original ones from the Concord office were put up by the local representatives in their respective communities. The school teachers, too, of the state called frequently for posters to be hung up in their school rooms and Mr. David Murphy of Concord, the State Merchants' representative, made an automobile trip through New Hampshire in order to put posters in the windows of the merchants in every city.

A Food Administration Booth, designed by Mr. James W. Tucker, the executive secretary, was also used to advertise conservation. This booth was so constructed as to be easily assembled or taken down, in order that it might be shipped to different fairs and exhibitions in the state. Demonstrations in canning and drying were given in this booth by an expert, and one of the attendants distributed bulletins or answered questions on food conservation. Although the full usefulness of the booth was interfered with in the early fall of 1918 by the influenza epidemic, it attracted hundreds of people at Concord and at Hampton Beach during carnival week.

Another method of appealing to the people was through lantern slides displayed in the moving picture theaters of the state. The Food Administrator for New Hampshire also had films made of "The Awakening of America," a pageant written and produced by Miss Dorothy Emerson, one of the emergency demonstrators.

The newspapers of New Hampshire, both daily and weekly, showed themselves exceedingly generous in publishing Food Administration news.

Most of them ran the column of "plate" sent to them each week by H. H. Scudder, Publicity and Educational Director. There was also a regular service of daily news stories of which the dailies made constant use.

IN RETROSPECT

The compilers of this report of the part New Hampshire took in helping to solve the world food crisis have never had a more agreeable task assigned to them. From the moment they became connected with the Food Administration they felt themselves in an atmosphere where work was a pleasure, and a constantly inspiring spirit of service dominated everybody connected with the organization. When they took trips to Washington in connection with their duties, they always came back brim full of enthusiasm. Why?

Perhaps it was because the officials at Washington expressed so frequently their delight with the achievements of the New Hampshire Food Administration. Perhaps it was because they realized that they had been exchanging ideas with men who were living up to the highest conception of American patriotism. It may have been both; for it is undoubtedly true that state consciousness is a potent factor in time of war in encouraging community effort, and contact with national leaders is a source of inspiring incentive to renewed endeavor.

This was clearly evident in the great mass meeting held under the auspices of the Public Safety Committee in Concord May 9, 1918, when Major Laughlin Maclean Watt, of the famous Black Watch Regiment of Scotland, Mr. Arthur Bestor, of the Committee on Public Information, and Mr. Fred Walcott, of the United States Food Administration, gave so vivid a portrayal of the crisis confronting the world. And that same evening at a dinner given in Concord by the Federal Food Administrator of New Hampshire to his personal representatives throughout the state, Major

Watt, Mr. Walcott and Mr. Arthur Dupee thrilled those present and made them realize that they could not relax for a minute in the work assigned to them in the state of New Hampshire.

Now this was not the sole effort of the United States Food Administration on behalf of the Granite State. It was also most generous in sending various members of the staff to address audiences in our large cities.

The New Hampshire Food Administration felt particularly indebted, however, to Mr. John Hallowell and Mr. Arthur Dupee of Mr. Hoover's staff. These men, endowed with the same marvelous spirit of patriotism that their chief possessed, worked constantly in the solution of difficult problems in the States Relations Division. They showed a special interest in the progress of the work in New Hampshire and were of inestimable service to the state in many ways.

How successful the work was, the reader has already seen. The first emergency food production campaign put New Hampshire at the top of the New England States with a 35 per cent increase, while her nearest competitor, Connecticut, had a 14 per cent increase. The second campaign under the Food Production Committee in 1918 gave New Hampshire an increase of 17 per cent over 1917, 2 per cent behind Connecticut, the leader. A comparison of the production in 1918 compared with that in 1916, however, shows that New Hampshire had an increase of 58 per cent, while Vermont, her nearest competitor, had an increase of only 16.5 per cent.

In the Hoover Pledge Card Campaign, New Hampshire stood among the leaders, with 80 per cent of the families signing the pledges voluntarily and in the work accomplished by the Hotel and Restaurant Committee, the state was rated among the first five in the country. Other successful achievements were the small gardens throughout the state, the work of the school boys with a pro-

duction in 1917 and 1918 of crops to the value of about \$150,000, the Canning, the Potato and the Corn Meal Campaigns. Two great sources of satisfaction were the sending by Mr. Hoover of the plan of organization of the women of New Hampshire to all the Federal Food Administrators in the country and the visit of the Canadian representatives to study our system.

The important factor in the success mentioned above was naturally the organization of the Food Administration. It seemed like a big family whose sons and daughters, the unit chairmen and the local administrators, living in different communities of the state, worked in complete accord with the parent authority in Concord, that the old Granite State might maintain its high standard of service to the nation in time of need.

This high standard of service prevailed, too, among the wholesalers, retailers, the bakers and the hotel men of the state. They realized what was at stake and gave their best thought, at the conferences called by the Food Administrator, to the solution of the problem at hand. Although there were some violations of the regulations, it may be said that the central office worked in the closest harmony with all the forces having anything to do with the dispensing of commodities.

The problem that affected all the people of the state most particularly was the rationing of sugar. Hours and hours were devoted by the staff to the study of the best method of distributing the sugar allotted to New Hampshire. An efficient plan was finally evolved, and everything was going along smoothly, when the United States Sugar Division announced a big decrease in the amount of sugar allotted to the state. Mr. Spaulding went at once to Washington, convinced the authorities of their mistake and returned to Concord with an order for enough sugar to meet the minimum requirements of New Hampshire.

The thought may suggest itself that the extensive work carried out by the Food Administration in New Hampshire must have cost a lot of money. Here, again, New Hampshire leads; for figures at Washington show that the cost to the United States of the work of the New Hampshire Food Administration was the lowest in the country, not only actually, but relatively. The state, through the Public Safety Committee, by giving office room and equipment had something to do with keeping the expenses down.

A very delightful testimonial of the devotion of the staff and the employees to Mr. Spaulding was the surprise dinner given to him at Concord, at which time he was presented with a silver water pitcher. The local administrators, who with the unit chairmen had been the backbone of the state organization, also gave a dinner to Mr. Spaulding and presented him with a large silver punch bowl.

As one looks back on the work of 1917 and 1918, there comes the feeling of deep pride in the responsiveness of all the people of the state to the call to do their utmost that democracy might live, and mingled with it is the sense of gratitude for the privilege of serving the old Granite State.

UNIT CHAIRMEN

The following are the unit chairmen of the Women's Committee, Council of National Defense, cooperating with Huntley N. Spaulding, the Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire.

Miss Julia F. Baker, Acworth.
 Mrs. Irma J. Nickerson, Albany.
 Mrs. Nat G. Plummer, Alexandria.
 Miss Helen M. Kimball, Alstead.
 Mrs. E. R. Wright, Alton.
 Mrs. Fannie L. Clark, Amherst.
 Mrs. Nahum J. Bachelder, East Andover.
 Mrs. Mary J. Wilkinson, Antrim.
 Mrs. Louise V. Fifield, Ashland.
 Mrs. Herbert A. Sawyer, R. F. D. 3, Haverhill, Mass.
 Mrs. Alice J. Shattuck, Auburn.
 Mrs. Ralph W. Tuttle, Center Barnstead.
 Mrs. Francis O. Tyler, East Barrington.

- Mrs. Marion R. Stoddard, Bartlett.
 Mrs. Martha F. Wiggins, Bedford.
 Mrs. F. W. Fitzpatrick, Belmont.
 Mrs. Helen Dunklee, Bennington.
 Mrs. A. M. Stahl, Berlin.
 Mrs. Mary Dunham, Bethlehem.
 Mrs. Belle Brown, Boscawen.
 Mrs. Annie W. Stevens, R. F. D. 4, Concord.
 Mrs. Mary L. H. Carr, Bradford.
 Mrs. John Lake, Brentwood.
 Mrs. Sherman Fletcher, Bridgewater.
 Mrs. Samuel Ferguson, Bristol.
 Mrs. L. S. Powers, Brookline.
 Mrs. Daisy M. Stickney, R. F. D. 3, Plymouth.
 Mrs. James B. Wallace, Canaan.
 Mrs. Frank E. Page, R. F. D. 1, Manchester.
 Mrs. Freeman T. Jackman, R. F. D. 11, Penacook.
 Mrs. L. B. Hall, Twin Mountain.
 Mrs. F. B. Stanley, Center Harbor.
 Mrs. William H. Gilson, Charlestown.
 Mrs. Edith H. Tappan, Chester.
 Mrs. Ruth M. Webb, West Chesterfield.
 Mrs. Sally P. Carpenter, Chichester.
 Miss Emma H. Baum, Claremont.
 Mrs. Horace Comstock, Clarksville.
 Mrs. Lizzie Young, Colebrook.
 Miss E. Gertrude Dickerman, Huntwood Terrace, Concord.
 Miss Myrtle P. Conant, Bath.
 Mrs. Lillian S. Newell, Contoocook.
 Mrs. A. M. D. Blouin, Center Conway.
 Mrs. Lizzie C. Wood, R. F. D. 4, Windsor, Vt.
 Mrs. Helen L. Barton, Croydon.
 Mrs. Thomas Smith, R. F. D. 1, Whitefield.
 Mrs. Miles Roby, Danbury.
 Mrs. Allen C. Keith, Danville.
 Miss Laura M. Marston, R. F. D. 1, Raymond.
 Miss Izetta Fisher, Hillsborough.
 Mrs. Lando B. Hardy, Derry Village.
 Mrs. Robert Ashley, Dorchester.
 Miss Alice Clark, 36 Summer St., Dover.
 Mrs. M. D. Mason, Dublin.
 Mrs. C. H. Lord, R. F. D. 2, Concord.
 Mrs. Annie J. Morgan, Durham.
 Miss May Shirley, East Kingston.
 Mrs. W. N. Snow, Snowville.
 Mrs. Augusta Pike, Effingham.
 Mrs. Katherine Carlton, Enfield.
 Mrs. Margie E. Ricker, R. F. D. 1, Epping.
 Miss Eleanor S. Chesley, Epsom.
 Mrs. Harriett G. Burlingame, Exeter.
 Mrs. E. C. Perkins, Farmington.
 Mrs. George H. Fairbanks, Fitzwilliam.
 Mrs. E. D. Stevens, Franconia.
 Mrs. H. L. Johnson, Franconia.
 Miss Mary A. Proctor, Franklin.
 Mrs. Walter Nutter, Freedom.
 Mrs. J. Harold Mitchell, Freedom.
 Mrs. Bertha Stevenson, Fremont.
 Mrs. W. A. Jackson, Gilford.
 Mrs. Clarence P. Ballard, Gilman Iron Works.
 Mrs. Dana Wilder, Gilsom.
 Mrs. Mary A. Parker, Goffstown.
 Miss Mary E. Noonan, Gorham.
 Mrs. Lillian K. Morgan, Goshen.
 Mrs. A. E. Valia, Grafton.
 Miss Virginia Diamond, Grantham.
 Mrs. Nellie F. Heller, Greenfield.
 Mrs. D. C. MacLachlan, Greenland.
 Mrs. W. H. Doonan, Greenville.
 Mrs. Annie K. Little, Hampstead.
 Mrs. Howard G. Lane, Hampton.
 Mrs. William H. McDeavitt, Hampton Falls.
 Miss Ella Ware, Hancock.
 Mrs. Homer E. Keyes, Hanover.
 Mrs. E. L. Keniston, Harrisville.
 Mrs. Norman J. Page, Haverhill.
 Mrs. Harry Morgan, Hebron.
 Mrs. F. L. Chase, Henniker.
 Mrs. Jean M. Shaw, Hill.
 Mrs. John B. Smith, Hillsborough.
 Miss Georganna R. Scott, Hinsdale.
 Mrs. Lorin Webster, Holderness.
 Mrs. Charles E. Hardy, Hollis.
 Mrs. C. Frank Stevens, Hooksett.
 Mrs. Franklin Johnson, Hopkinton.
 Miss Annabel Morgan, Hudson.
 Mrs. J. B. Hurlin, Jackson.
 Mrs. Homer White, East Jaffrey.
 Mrs. Annie Small, Riverton.
 Mrs. Fred E. Barrett, Court St., Keene.
 Mrs. G. A. Prescott, Kensington.
 Mrs. Levi Bartlett, Kingston.
 Miss Claribel Clark, Laconia.
 Mrs. Merrill Shurtleff, Lancaster.
 Mrs. C. S. Chandler, Landaff.
 Mrs. George Porter, Langdon.
 Mrs. A. J. Hough, Lebanon.
 Mrs. Louis Snell, R. F. D. 5, Dover.
 Mrs. Susie B. Hurd, Lempster.
 Mrs. Charles B. Henry, Lincoln.
 Mrs. Vida S. Webb, Lisbon.
 Mrs. R. H. Campbell, R. F. D. 1, Hudson.
 Mrs. G. E. Speare, Littleton.
 Mrs. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Londonderry.
 Mrs. W. A. Megrath, Loudon.
 Mrs. W. S. Tarbell, South Lyndeborough.
 Mrs. Frank J. Bemis, Madbury.
 Miss Emma M. Forrest, Madison.
 Mrs. George D. Towne, 2279 Elm St., Manchester.
 Mrs. Kate K. Davis, Marlborough.
 Mrs. Jennie F. Wright, Marlow.
 Mrs. Eugene Whitaker, Mason.
 Mrs. D. Emery Eaton, Meredith.
 Mrs. Joseph N. Henderson, Merrimack.
 Mrs. J. S. Phipps, Milan.
 Mrs. W. Francis French, Milford.
 Mrs. Caroline Fifield, Lyme.
 Mrs. James P. Wiley, Milton.
 Mrs. Agnes Gibson, Monroe.
 Mrs. Ralph E. Goodwin, Moultonborough.
 Mrs. Susan F. Wallace, Nashua.
 Mrs. T. N. Barker, East Sullivan.
 Mrs. Annie B. Read, New Boston.
 Mrs. Florence H. Symonds, Newbury.
 Mrs. Myra J. Jones, New Durham.
 Mrs. Harry G. Atwood, Newfields.
 Rev. Anna B. Parker, New Hampton.
 Mrs. Henry Barnes, Newington.

Mrs. Phillip F. Gordon, New Ipswich.
 Mrs. Melville Robbins, New London.
 Mrs. Alanson Haines, Newmarket.
 Mrs. Mary M. Sibley, Newport.
 Mrs. John E. Hayford, Newton.
 Mrs. Harry B. Smith, Groveton.
 Mrs. Florence L. Miner, Northwood Ridge.
 Mrs. Elizabeth W. Fernald, Nottingham.
 Miss Luella M. Huse, R. F. D., Canaan.
 Mrs. Francis B. Morrison, Orford.
 Mrs. E. C. Connor, Ossipee.
 Mrs. Alice Hillman, R. F. D., Nashua.
 Mrs. Henry S. Roberts, Suncook.
 Mrs. William H. Schofield, Peterborough.
 Mrs. John P. Metcalf, Piermont.
 Mrs. Henry Johnson, Pittsburgh.
 Mrs. William Ely, Pittsfield.
 Mrs. James C. Wark, Windsor, Vt.
 Miss Cora B. Pollard, Plaistow.
 Mrs. Verne F. Pierce, Plymouth.
 Miss M. I. Boger, Portsmouth.
 Mrs. John H. Boothman, Randolph.
 Mrs. Charles P. Armstrong, Raymond.
 Mrs. Harold Dickinson, Richmond.
 Miss Mary Lee Ware, West Rindge.
 Mrs. J. J. Abbott, Rochester.
 Mrs. Jessie Doe, R. F. D., Dover.
 Mrs. George C. Craig, Rumney.
 Mrs. Agnes E. Perkins, Rye Beach.
 Mrs. H. E. Pulver, Salem Depot.
 Mrs. Frank Dunlap, Salisbury.
 Mrs. Charles Page, North Hampton.
 Mrs. George A. Underhill, 5 Beard St., Nashua.
 Mrs. M. A. Hill, Sanbornville.
 Mrs. Laura J. M. Talbot, Sandown.
 Mrs. F. M. Smith, Sandwich.
 Miss Annie M. Perkins, Seabrook.
 Mrs. Mae Taylor, Shelburne.
 Mrs. William Ames, Somersworth.
 Mrs. Maurice Brock, Springfield.
 Mrs. Lou Merrill, Stewartstown.
 Mrs. Mary F. Sanborn, Stoddard.
 Mrs. Herman R. Hill, Strafford.
 Mrs. Lena J. Rich, Stratford.
 Mrs. Annie W. Scammon, Stratham.
 Mrs. Ella D. Brown, Sullivan.
 Mrs. R. T. Walcott, Sunapee.
 Mrs. J. V. Stillings, Surry.
 Mrs. Ada L. Little, North Sutton.
 Mrs. E. A. Nelson, East Swanzey.
 Mrs. Sarah F. Kimball, Tamworth.
 Mrs. David Williams, Temple.
 Mrs. Frank L. Hazeltine, Thornton.
 Mrs. W. B. Fellows, Tilton.
 Mrs. F. Ripley, Jr., Troy.
 Mrs. Walter Fernald, Melvin Village.
 Mrs. Carrie Reed, Unity.
 Mrs. Clara H. Sanborn, Sanbornville.
 Miss Mary Howland Bellows, Walpole.
 Mrs. Frederick Adees Smith, Warner.
 Mrs. George E. Brown, Warren.
 Mrs. H. R. Batchelder, Washington.
 Mrs. M. E. Currier, North Weare.
 Miss Winnifred M. Putney, Webster.
 Mrs. Mary L. Thomas, Wentworth.
 Mrs. Eva Burt, Westmoreland.
 Mrs. Bertha Sawyer, Whitefield.

Mrs. Vernon L. Fisher, Center Wilmot.
 Mrs. W. H. Jennings, Winchester.
 Mrs. J. Arthur NeSmith, Windham.
 Mrs. C. O. Doe, Wolfeboro.
 Mrs. Bernice Orozoco, North Woodstock.
 Mrs. Sidney P. Wiley, Charlestown.
 Mrs. Frank A. Mace, Kensington.
 Mrs. Caroline Edgerly, Tuftonborough.

LOCAL ADMINISTRATORS

The following are the names of local food administrators who cooperated with Huntley N. Spaulding, the Federal Food Administrator for New Hampshire.

Guy S. Neal, Acworth.
 Ichabod Hammond, Pequaket.
 B. H. Sleeper, R. F. D., Bristol.
 M. A. Currier, Alstead.
 Charles H. McDuffee, Alton.
 Charles P. Dodge, Amherst.
 H. L. Thurston, East Andover.
 Robert W. Jameson, Antrim.
 Carl H. Robinson, Antrim.
 Albion Kahler, Ashland.
 Herbert N. Sawyer, Atkinson.
 Fred H. Hall, Auburn.
 Dr. George H. Hawley, Center Barnstead.
 Lawrence Haley, East Barrington.
 William Pitman, Intervale.
 T. B. Southard, Bath.
 Harry W. Peaslee, R. F. D. 7, Manchester.
 Col. John M. Sargent, Belmont.
 Maj. A. J. Pierce, Bennington.
 L. H. Parker, Benton.
 William E. Matthews, Berlin.
 Benjamin Tucker, Bethlehem.
 Frank L. Gerrish, Boscawen.
 Robert W. Upton, R. F. D. 3, Concord.
 George W. Cofrin, Bradford.
 Rev. A. Gibson, Brentwood.
 Everett Atwood, R. F. D. 1, Plymouth.
 Ira A. Chase, Bristol.
 Charles Willey, R. F. D. 1, Sanbornville.
 Orville D. Fessenden, Brookline.
 George D. Pattee, R. F. D. 3, Plymouth.
 Frank D. Currier, Canaan.
 Willis E. Lougee, Candia.
 Elmer Osgood, R. F. D. 3, Penacook.
 E. W. Burns, Twin Mountain.
 Orville P. Smith, Center Harbor.
 C. A. Smith, Charlestown.
 Olin R. Hanscom, Chatham.
 William Underhill, Chester.
 Burton C. Thatcher, Chesterfield.
 Albert S. Dame, R. F. D. 7, Concord.
 Judge H. S. Richardson, Claremont.
 F. W. Johnston, Claremont.
 Darwin Lombard, Colebrook.
 Freeman G. Marshall, Columbia.
 J. C. Derby, Concord.
 H. Boardman Fifield, Conway.
 W. E. Beaman, Cornish.
 Charles P. Barton, Croydon.
 Rev. D. C. Hershey, Whitefield.

Dr. L. V. Knapp, Danbury.
 Clarence M. Collins, Danville.
 Chester E. Maynard, South Deerfield.
 H. Chester Smith, Hillsborough.
 William H. Ranney, Derry.
 George N. Burnham, Dorchester.
 Dr. Louis W. Flanders, Dover.
 Henry N. Gowing, Dublin.
 Ernest P. Goud, Milan.
 F. E. Garvin, Dunbarton.
 C. H. Pettee, Durham.
 Anson J. Cole, East Kingston.
 Charles A. Young, Easton.
 Eugene Hatch, Center Conway.
 E. Forrest Leavitt, Effingham.
 E. C. Wilcox, Enfield.
 Dr. A. W. Mitchell, Epping.
 Dr. Roscoe Hill, Epsom.
 F. H. Evans, Errol.
 John Scammon, Exeter.
 Frank Adams, Farmington.
 Fred I. Thayer, Farmington.
 Rev. Albert A. Howes, Fitzwilliam.
 Rodman Schaff, Fitzwilliam.
 Edward W. Farnum, Franconstown.
 Dr. H. L. Johnson, Franconia.
 Leonard M. Aldrich, Franconia.
 Warren F. Daniell, Franklin.
 George I. Philbrick, Freedom.
 Stephen A. Frost, Fremont.
 Leland M. James, Gilford.
 Stephen Weeks, Gilmanton.
 Phin M. Wright, Gilsom.
 Charles G. Barnard, Goffstown.
 Judge A. R. Evans, Gorham.
 Fred W. Pike, Mill Village.
 A. W. Bennett, Grafton Center.
 Perley Walker, Grantham.
 E. H. Clover, Greenfield.
 Charles H. Brackett, Greenland.
 Frederick W. Ely, Greenville.
 J. A. Rogers, North Groton.
 Daniel Emerson, Hampstead.
 Joseph B. Brown, Hampton.
 Walter B. Farmer, Hampton Falls.
 Edson K. Upton, Hancock.
 Prof. C. D. Adams, Hanover.
 Percy W. Russell, Chesham.
 Charles H. Morey, Hart's Location.
 Horace B. Knight, Haverhill.
 Frank O. Morse, East Hebron.
 William H. Bean, Henniker.
 Jean M. Shaw, Hill.
 John H. Grimes, Hillsborough.
 W. F. Robertson, Hinsdale.
 Charles E. Kayou, Hinsdale.
 Lawrence J. Webster, Holderness.
 Willis C. Hardy, Hollis.
 George Keating, Hooksett.
 Robert T. Gould, Contoocook.
 Frank A. Connell, Hudson.
 Arthur P. Gale, Jackson.
 Charles L. Rich, East Jaffrey.
 Richard B. Eastman, Jefferson.
 Robert Faulkner, Keene.
 Judge Louis G. Hoyt, Kingston.
 Arthur G. Wadleigh, Hampton Falls.

Judge F. M. Beckford, Laconia.
 Fred C. Congdon, Lancaster.
 Charles S. Chandler, Landaff.
 H. A. Holmes, Charlestown.
 F. U. Bell, Lebanon.
 Lewis H. Snell, R. F. D. 5, Dover.
 A. L. Benway, Lempster.
 Alfred Stanley, Lincoln.
 Ben S. Webb, Lisbon.
 Norris C. Griffin, Manchester.
 Henry E. Richardson, Littleton.
 J. C. Donahue, Livermore.
 Ralph Parmenter, Hudson.
 Dr. W. H. Mitchell, Loudon.
 C. E. Mason, Lyman.
 George W. Barnes, Lyme.
 Roy N. Putnam, Lyndeborough.
 William E. Hayes, Madbury.
 John F. Chick, Madison.
 Dr. J. H. Gleason, Manchester.
 William B. McKay, Manchester.
 Robert Whitney, Marlborough.
 George A. Corey, Marlow.
 Albert B. Eaton, Meriden.
 B. R. Dearborn, Meredith.
 Norris Henderson, Merrimack.
 Charles F. Young, Reed's Ferry.
 Charles Knowles, Union.
 L. A. Bickford, Milan.
 Emory D. Heald, Milford.
 William Lougee, Milton.
 Willis L. Reynolds, Milton Mills.
 Rev. C. L. Carter, Monroe.
 George D. Kittredge, Mont Vernon.
 James C. French, Moultonborough.
 Harry P. Greeley, Nashua.
 H. E. Priest, Nelson.
 Louis W. Swanson, New Boston.
 John H. Gillingham, South Newbury.
 George H. Jones, New Durham.
 Harry G. Atwood, Newfields.
 Arthur E. Cox, New Hampton.
 Stillman A. Packard, Newington.
 W. A. Preston, New Ipswich.
 M. Gale Eastman, New London.
 W. M. Pilsbury, New London.
 Henry E. George, Newmarket.
 George A. Fairbanks, Newport.
 Irving M. Heath, Newton.
 Joseph O. Hobbs, North Hampton.
 E. H. Macloon, Groveton.
 John Towle, Northwood Ridge.
 Thomas E. Fernald, Nottingham.
 Barney Eastman, Orange.
 Harry E. Morrison, Orford.
 Dana J. Brown, Ossipee.
 Sherman O. Hobbs, Pelham.
 George W. Fowler, Pembroke.
 Arthur H. Spaulding, Peterborough.
 Admon C. Drury, Piermont.
 Parker Tabor, Pittsburg.
 Herbert B. Fischer, Pittsfield.
 Fred P. Hill, Plaistow.
 Louis E. Shipman, Plainfield.
 John E. Smith, Plymouth.
 Frank J. Beal, Plymouth.
 George A. Wood, Portsmouth.

John H. Boothman, Randolph.
 Walter J. Dudley, Raymond.
 Leason Martin, R. F. D., Winchester.
 Harris H. Rice, Rindge.
 Leslie P. Snow, Rochester.
 John K. Allen, Rochester.
 Guy Smart, Rochester.
 Joseph D. Roberts, R. F. D., Dover.
 Thomas M. Dillingham, Roxbury.
 George C. Craig, Rumney Depot.
 H. Russell Sawyer, Rye Beach.
 William E. Lancaster, Salem.
 Buron W. Sanborn, Andover.
 Frank H. Hunkins, Sanbornton.
 John G. Goodwin, Chester.
 Charles B. Hoyt, Sandwich.
 Jacob F. Dow, Seabrook.
 Alpha T. Wilson, Sharon.
 Lawrence A. Philbrook, Shelburne.
 Judge C. H. Wells, Somersworth.
 James M. Carr, South Hampton.
 S. W. Philbrick, West Springfield.
 Paul R. Cole, Groveton.
 Leon Ripley, West Stewartstown.
 C. B. McClure, Munsonville.
 James H. Stiles, Center Strafford.
 John C. Hutchins, Stratford.
 Frank H. Pearson, Stratham.

Arthur E. Rugg, Sullivan.
 George Gardner, Sunapee.
 Hiram F. Newell, Keene.
 Fred H. Pratt, Sutton.
 Henry W. Brown, West Swansey.
 Ralph B. Smith, Tamworth.
 George H. Wheeler, Wilton.
 W. B. Emmons, West Thornton.
 Osborne J. Smith, Tilton.
 Franklin Ripley, Sr., Troy.
 John A. Edgerly, Mirror Lake.
 Frank Reed, Unity.
 J. Frank Farnum, Union.
 George L. Houghton, Walpole.
 Andrew J. Hook, Warner.
 F. C. Jackson, Warren.
 F. A. Peaslee, East Washington.
 George Eastman, South Weare.
 Benjamin P. Little, Warner.
 Dr. Samuel Frazier, Wentworth.
 Edward C. Greene, Westmoreland.
 E. M. Bowker, Whitefield.
 F. E. Goodhue, Wilmot.
 Frank L. Davis, Wilton.
 G. C. Hawkins, Winchester.
 John E. Cochran, Windham Depot.
 Judge Ernest H. Trickey, Wolfeboro.
 Frank A. Fox, North Woodstock.

MY MOTHER

By Edward Hersey Richards

Who is it keeps the pace with time
 No matter to what heights I climb
 And holds my heart with love sublime?
 My Mother.

Who is it, when I wayward bend
 Bereft of hope, or gold, or friend,
 Awaits me, loyal to the end?
 My Mother.

Who is it, when the shadows fall
 And Sorrow's night obscures my all
 Holds out the light and heeds my call?
 My Mother.

Who is it when she goes away
 Where angels dwell, and goes to stay,
 Departing, bids me watch and pray?
 My Mother.

Exeter, N. H.

THE SPIRIT AND THE VISION

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Old Spanish Proverb

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

I

The battered little Ford runabout, three years old and never repainted, its shabby top thrown back, its hinges creaking, looked strangely out of place as it drew up at the brilliantly lighted entrance of Mr. Thomas Hamlin's town house, and came to a noisy and abrupt stop. Mr. Thomas Hamlin was a dignified and imposing personage, and his residence certainly reflected its owner's characteristics; only the most expensive, silent, and shining limousines stopped there as a rule, and impassive chauffeurs sat staring stolidly in front of them, while the owners of the marvellous machines walked with quiet assurance up the broad, low, gray marble steps. The young man who had been driving the Ford, however, jumped out, shut the door of his car with a bang, and pushed the house-bell with considerable determination. He was tall, lean, and frankly shabby, from the crown of his rough, weatherbeaten gray cap to the soles of his heavy leather boots. Nevertheless, the face of the very correct man-servant who opened the door changed its expression to something not unlike a smile, and he spoke with real cordiality, mixed with surprise, before the visitor had so much as stated his errand.

"Mr. Garland! I'm that glad to see you, sir! It's a long time—begging your pardon, sir—since you've been here."

"Rather!" The visitor smiled, showing some very white teeth. "I'm glad to see you, too. Thompson—convinces me *somebody's* been taking good care of the family, anyway."

"Oh, as to that, sir—"

"I know. Is Miss Gloria in?"

Thompson coughed, and his expression became doubtful. "Yes, sir, she's in; but very much engaged, I'm afraid, sir."

"Very much engaged!" thundered the caller, his bright smile quite gone.

"Oh no, not—that way—not as I know of, sir. But there's been a dinner, and there's quite a crowd in for dancing afterwards, besides, sir—you'll hear the music beginning again just now. But if you'll step into the reception-room, sir, I'll see what I can do—I'll tell Miss Gloria, anyway, that you're here."

The boy pulled off his shabby cap, and followed the servant into the white-panelled room with its gilt furniture and its glare of light; then, as if attempting to escape as far as possible from it all, he crossed to the window, threw up the shade, and stood staring angrily out into the street. What an atmosphere! It wasn't sour grapes—he was honestly glad that he had never lived in it. Did anyone really *live* in it?—Did Mr. Thomas Hamlin, with his heavy correctness, and his manner of uttering bromidic nothings as if they were the brilliant and original inspirations of his own dignified brain? Did Mrs. Thomas Hamlin, with her lorgnon that shut with a click, and her carefully regulated smile, and equally carefully regulated figure? Did Thomas Hamlin, Jr.—and all the friends that he brought home with him—with their silk socks, and their imported cigarettes, and their taste for musical comedy? Yes, and their ability to buy long-stemmed roses and big boxes of chocolates for Gloria! Did Gloria herself really *live*?—Gloria, who at sixteen, her years divided between a country boarding-school in the

winter, and a very quiet seaside resort in the summer (that was before Mr. Thomas Hamlin had pulled off that last enormous deal in copper) had been so wholesome and sunshiny and generally delicious? Not that he meant to be unjust to Gloria, in her later development, or bitter about her—not in the least—only—

"Steven! Where on earth did you drop from? And—and—*why* if you don't mind my asking?"

The boy turned abruptly. Gloria Hamlin had come into the room quietly and quickly, pulling the pink brocade portieres together behind her as she did so. Her golden hair was piled up high, soft and fine and shining, on her erect little head; her sleeveless dress, with its mere apology for a bodice, was of gold-spangled tulle; there were gilt slippers on her feet, and a small gilt fan in her hand; and out of all this dazzling glitter, her face and neck and arms shone all the whiter and lovelier and more perfect than he had ever seen them.

"Good Heavens, Gloria, you startled me! I didn't hear you come in—must have been thinking about something pretty hard, and you're—sort of dazzling—"

"Sorry to have interrupted a valuable train of thought—I suppose I'm quite the most expensive looking creature you've seen lately and that it was too much for you!"

"Exactly. Thank you for supplying me with just the right phrase," the boy retorted in a voice as hard as hers, the honest admiration entirely faded from it. She stamped her foot.

"There you begin, quarrelling with me again, and you haven't been inside the door five minutes! Do tell me what you want quickly! Didn't Thompson tell you—I'm having a party?"

"He said you were very much—engaged—are you?"

"Is that what you came to find out?"

"Partly."

"What else?"

"Is it really necessary to treat me quite so much like a tramp asking for a job? Well, mostly to ask you if you wouldn't go out for a ride with me—just once more?"

The girl burst out laughing. "Just once more!" she mocked. "I wonder how many times I've heard you say that, as the ending to all kinds of sentences! Gloria, do dance with me—just once more! Gloria, do let me come and see you again before I go back to college—just once more! Gloria, forgive me for losing my temper—and being cross and jealous—and disagreeable—just once more! Gloria, let me kiss you—just once more! All that went on for two years, and you know how it ended—two silly children, wrangling and making love in one breath, and then getting found out, and very properly separated by their parents! I think your mother was as angry as mine, and your father has a truly Biblical hatred of the idle rich! And now that it's all been over two years, you suddenly turn up, without any warning whatever, when the house is crammed with people, and calmly ask me to go out to ride with you—as if you expected me to accept!"

"Aren't you going to?" asked Steven quietly.

"No—no—*no*—of course I'm not! It wouldn't be just once more at all—even if there were nothing else to be said against it!—It would mean starting the whole thing all over again!"

"So you're afraid of that?"

The girl stamped her foot again. "Of course I'm not—what makes you twist my words so? But I know perfectly well what 'just once more' means with you!"

"This time it happens to mean exactly that. I've ridden all day—over all kinds of roads—to get here tonight, hoping you'd say yes. I've got to get back home tomorrow to stay with my mother till Saturday."

"If it's the same old Flivver"—the boy nodded—"You must have put

in an awfully uncomfortable, jiggly, jolty, wild-geese chase—for nothing!" said Gloria flippantly. "May I inquire where you're going on Saturday—just to assure myself that I shan't have to turn down another preposterous invitation from you?"

"I'm going to France," said Steven Garland.

II

Afterwards—it was not until he was on the steamer—Steven realized how suddenly the lovely mocking face grew pale and quiet, and that Gloria, catching hold of the portiere, dropped the little glittering fan, and that it lay for a full minute on the floor between them before he stooped to pick it up. At the time he was only conscious of how rapidly she spoke and acted, after that one silent moment.

"Don't bother; let it stay there—I shan't need it." Her fingers were on the electric bell. "Why are you going?"

"I can't help it."

"Father says the United States may not get into the war at all."

"I hope that isn't so; but that wouldn't make any difference."

"Are you going into the Ambulance Corps?"

"No—Aviation."

Gloria stooped over, and picked up the fan herself; her hands were trembling—Steven remembered that afterwards too; then she flung open the portiere; Thompson was standing outside.

"You rang, miss?"

"Yes. Ask Marie to give you a heavy coat and scarf for me and bring them to me in the vestibule—you'll hurry, please. Come, Steven."

She put her hand on his arm, drawing him after her, switched off the entrance lights, and closed the front door after them. Before Steven found his voice, the servant had reappeared, holding her wraps. Breathlessly, she slipped into the coat, and wound the scarf about her head.

"I'm going out with Mr. Garland,

Thompson. I may be late getting back."

"Yes, Miss."

"You'll please tell my mother."

"Er—just that, begging your pardon, miss?"

"Yes, it isn't to be a secret this time—*after I get away*. But thank you, Thompson, just the same."

And then she was climbing into the motor, and asking "Will you drive, or shall I?" and he was answering "I will," and watching her, stupidly, without offering to help her, while she tucked herself in beside him. They were in the suburbs before he was able to fully realize that it had really happened—that they were together—and alone—again and that the chance he had hoped and waited for so long had come. He turned to her.

"Warm enough, Gloria?"

"Yes."

"Rather have the top up?"

"No."

"Care particularly what time we get back?"

"Not in the least."

"You're a good sport, same as always, aren't you? Because if you don't, I thought we'd get straight out into the country, to that little lake we found once—remember?—and climb out, and sit beside it for a while—there's an awfully jolly moon, and it isn't cold—and—and—I think it would be rather fun, don't you?"

"Anywhere you say."

"Look here, Gloria, you're awfully quiet! Is anything the matter?"

They were already past the lighted streets, and her face, shadowed by the scarf, was turned away from him. Steven gave a little laugh.

"There were advantages to that little old brown horse I used to have, after all," he said. "I could drive him with one hand, and he didn't need much driving, at that! On a pinch I could drop the reins entirely, he went along about the same. But I've got to hang on to this blamed wheel, or we'll go into the gutter. So

please be a good girl, and look round at me just this once!"

The words were out before he could stop them, and he tried to catch them back, fearing another bitter answer. But Gloria surprised him—she turned around, to be sure, but quite silently, and in the dim light he saw that she was crying, as if her heart would break.

His own suddenly stood still; less than an hour before she had been standing before him so hard and glittering and erect, making him hot and cold with bashfulness, and resentment, and shame—and now she was out alone with him, this glorious spring night, her shimmering dress covered with a little rough serge coat, her hands bare and cold because in her haste she had not stopped for gloves, her wilfulness and self-assurance all gone—crying! Was it possible that this was the same girl? Or was it the old Gloria, miraculously come back? He steered the motor to the side of the road and stopped it.

"Gloria," he began, his voice trembling a little, "you mustn't. I shall be most awfully cut up, if you do. I had no idea you'd take it like this. I didn't think you'd care a bit. I didn't feel I could go off without seeing you just—without saying good-bye, that's all," and timidly, almost awkwardly, he put his arm around her. He was rewarded with a flash of the old spirit.

"You do that very badly."

"I'm out of practise."

"Too bad," flashed back Gloria, "Let me help you"—and she threw both hers around his neck; he drew her towards him, and without speaking, looked straight into her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "If you don't hate me too much—I should think you would," and began to cry again. Then Steven surprised her; he let her go, and started the car again.

"I'm not going to," he said stubbornly, "not until we get to the lake, and sit down, and thrash things out. Then maybe you'll say no."

"Aren't you taking rather a long chance?" asked Gloria.

"Yes, I am; but I've got to take it. I can't get near you when you're making fun of me, because you hurt me too darned much—nor when you're crying, because that also hurts too much—I don't see things straight. This may be the last chance I'll ever get to talk to you, and I've just got to get them straight—see?"

"I see," said Gloria, and sat staring ahead of her for a long time; then at last, "but I think you might have kissed me—just once more!"

"That tiresome old phrase," mocked Steven; but Steven's mocking was very different from Gloria's. He managed to get one arm around her again, for a minute, in spite of the wheel, and then he laughed very happily, showing all his white teeth. "There's not going to be any just once more about that, darling, if I get started at all, but I'm not certain that I'm going to get started."

"Aren't you?" asked Gloria lightly, "why not?"

"Because, as I've kept trying to tell you, I asked you to come out here with me tonight so that I could have a chance to talk to you—alone and—away from—all that stuff you live cluttered up with. I haven't the least idea of trying to get you to change your mind about—well, about marrying me. Of course it was a mistake that we ever thought of that—I know that now just as well as you do. But I did care an awful lot for you, and so—"

"You *did*?"

"Oh, I *do*, then! you know I do! But that's beyond the mark. The real point is, that because I did—and *do*—I can't bear to go off to France and perhaps—get—hurt—and have to lie still for a long time thinking of you doing the sort of thing you've been doing the last year or two, without even attempting to make you see that you're built for something much better than that. It won't amount to much—my going over, I mean—except

to me personally. It'll be a tremendous satisfaction to me to go, but there are hundreds of other fellows who can accomplish five times as much as I can, and who are doing it, right along. Whereas *you*—he broke off, and brought the little Ford to a stop—"well, that's what I came to talk to you about. Here we are—climb out."

III

Steven made her very comfortable first. There were pillows tucked away in the back of the motor ("He must have been pretty certain I was coming!" said Gloria to herself, as she watched him taking them out) and he spread the rug that had been around them on the ground, and piled the pillows up in one corner of it, and then he unearthed a small blanket to put over her; and when she was all settled, he took out a battered old pipe, filled and lighted it, and sat looking down on the quiet little lake shining in the moonlight for a long time without speaking or moving. At last he reached for her hand, which was very smooth and small and cold, and trembling a little, and taking it in both his big rough warm ones, held it fast.

"Isn't this wonderful, Gloria?" he asked softly. "All this silence and space and water and light, the open bits of pasture and little pointed fir trees, and—you and I alone? I'll never forget it, or get over being grateful to you for coming with me. I know it was a lot to ask of you; but while I'm flying around up in the clouds 'over there,' I'll live it over and over again in my mind, just as long as I live myself."

"If that shouldn't happen to be very long," he went on after a short pause, during which Gloria did not stir, "I think we'll both be glad that we parted differently than—than the way we did the last time—that we did go out together 'just once more!'"

"Steven—won't you believe me when I tell you that I'm sorry—oh, *desperately* sorry—for everything I

said and did that day. I've been paying for it ever since, if that's any satisfaction to you. I *did* care!"

"You—*did*—"

"I—*do*! Oh, I can't let you go to France! There are lots of other men to go, just as you said. What difference will it make in the winning of the war if you stay home? And aviation, of all things! Why, I never hear of an aviator except to read that he's been *killed* and that's the way you feel about it yourself—don't you suppose I can tell? You know you'll never come back, if you go—but I won't let you go; I'll do anything—*anything*—you ask me to now, if you'll only stay with me!"

"I'm going on Saturday," he said quietly "and I'd rather you talked to me the way you did the last time than like that. It doesn't mean much to me after all, to have you care for me, if that's the way you feel."

He dropped her hand, and turned a face towards her from which all the youth and gentleness seemed to have gone, leaving it stern and white and cold.

"Listen to me," he said, "if this war hasn't done anything else good, it has at least brought back to most of us the capacity, which we seemed to have lost, of seeing things in their proper prospective—of being able to distinguish between what really matters, and what only seems to matter; and after we've been able to do that—of choosing to stick to what's worthwhile, and dropping everything else like a hot cake. I suppose, when you're young like us, you can't help making a personal matter of the big events—I can't, anyway. And I understand now—which I didn't before—why everything went dead wrong with us from the beginning—we kept letting non-essentials get in our way; and the non-essentials, in our case, were that you were beautiful and rich and clever and worth-while, and that I was just an ignorant no-count, stupid boy from a little one-horse country town, where my father

is a teacher in a two-by-four college, and supports his entire family on less than your father pays his butler! I'd never even *seen* a girl like you until that day I found you changing a tire—quite capably and all by yourself—on the road between Meriden and Boston, and stopped to see if I couldn't help you. I couldn't, of course—you were perfectly able to do it yourself, and I saw that, after the first minute; but I couldn't help hanging around—just for the pleasure of watching someone so lovely—and so efficient—and when you asked me perfectly casually, after everything was in order again whether you mightn't give me a lift—well, I nearly jumped out of my skin with joy. I was crazy about you from that minute."

"We'd saved for years to take that trip to the seashore; none of us had ever seen the ocean before—and of course we all expected wonderful things of that vacation. But nothing half so wonderful as what *did* happen. When I wandered into that dance at the Casino, the Saturday night after I met you, I felt just like what I was—a great big country boob, and then some—I was dressed all wrong, and I didn't know any of the new dances, and I was sure not a girl there would look at me. Then suddenly, as I was standing leaning against the veranda rail, wondering whether I'd better go home, or drown myself right then and there, and rid the earth of such a cumbersome object, you came along, with half-a-dozen fellows at your heels, and stopped and shook hands, and said you were glad to see me again, and hoped I was having a good time; and while I was wondering how on earth you *did* it—spoke so easily and pleasantly, and as if nothing could possibly embarrass or disturb you—the music began again, and I blurted out "May I have this dance?" and then went hot and cold all over because I'd said it. And—the next minute you were in my arms—do you remember, Gloria?"

"I remember how angry the boy to whom the dance really belonged was," she said with a little laugh, "and that you danced very well indeed—so well, that I was glad to have another with you. Go on."

"Well, I'm not going to bore you reviewing the whole thing. You were kind to me at first because I was such an absolute outsider that you could afford to be; and by the next summer—you'll never know how I worked to scrape together the money to go to Meriden a second time—you were kind because—somehow—in spite of yourself—you cared. Didn't you?"

"Yes," said Gloria, very low, "I cared—quite a lot."

For an instant it looked very much as if Steven were about to forget his strong-minded resolutions; but he pulled himself together and went on. "Now, if we'd only had sense enough to face the non-essentials right then and there, and thrash them, and stick them behind us once for all, we'd have been mar—we wouldn't have come to grief the way we did. But although we both knew they were there, we tried to ignore them and shirk them. So, as a result of our cowardice, we quarrelled about them. And since you were my superior in every way—and I knew it—and you knew it—and we each knew that the other knew it—I was constantly in the position of a starving dog who's grateful for any meager bone that the little girl who lives in the big house he's always hanging around will throw him—and that's not a suitable attitude for any man to have towards the girl that's promised to marry him."

"Steven!"

"Well, that's the way things really were, if you'll only be sincere enough to admit it. You said this evening that you thought my mother was just as angry as yours when we were found out. She wasn't angry, but she was pretty nearly heart-broken. She thinks a lot of me, just because I'm *hers*, you know, and she said she'd never get over the disgrace of having

her only son making love to a girl secretly—with the help of a friendly butler—when he didn't think he was good enough—and the girl didn't think he was good enough—to go and ask her father for her, like a decent man, and then, if he were refused, put up a good fight for her! In the open! She said she didn't wonder that I turned tail and ran, instead of *making* you stick by me, for my whole behavior had been just as dishonorable and cowardly as if I'd—"

"As if you'd—what?" asked Gloria, for he stopped and turned his head away.

The boy swallowed hard, and flung back his head. "As if I'd ruined some poor little creature in the streets," he muttered, "she said the only difference was that a girl like you was safe, and the other kind—wouldn't be—that didn't make *my* share any better."

"And didn't your mother ever say that *I* had behaved disgracefully?—led you on, and played with you, and then thrown you over after I'd got over the fun and excitement of a new plaything—the prerogative that any idle, rich girl has over the man she considers beneath her?"

"No, she never said that—I don't believe she ever thought it. You see, I'd told her about you."

"Told her what?"

"Why, how wonderful you were—how capable and self-confident and fearless—and how sweet and noble and lovely, too."

"Did you feel that way about me—*afterwards*?"

"Of course—why now? We had let the non-essentials spoil things for us, but the essentials were there just the same, weren't they?"

"What were the essentials?"

"Those qualities in you I've just described—and the fact that we loved one another."

He took her hand again, and this time kissed it gently and laid it against his cheek and held it there for a minute.

"Listen darling," he said, "men—

like me—can go out and fight, and die if we have to, but women—like you—have got to win the war—same as they always have. Aren't you ready to begin to do your share?"

"But I don't know *how* to do anything! What *can* I do? What *is* my share?"

"You ought to be able to decide that better than I can; but I'll tell you what I think, if I may."

"Please; only Steven—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Don't—hurt any more than you can help. Whatever you tell me, don't say it in that voice you used when you said it didn't mean much to you after all to have me care if I was such a coward."

"I don't want to hurt you; but I do want to bring you to your senses—if I can." He stopped, as if seeking for just the words he wished to use. "I'm not a clever talker, and I *feel* an awful lot, and between the two it's hard for me to express myself."

"Do you mean you think I ought to stop dancing, and playing cards and all that, and go in for Red Cross work and food conservation, and Civic Reform?"

"Partly that, but not entirely. It isn't all in what you *do*. Red Cross work and Civic Reform are mighty good things, but there's nothing wrong—*per se*—in playing cards and dancing, if you've got the time and strength for them, after you've done more important things—the way I look at it anyway. It's the spirit—and the vision—back of it all that really counts."

"The spirit—and the vision?"

"Yes—the vision to discover not only the right and the wrong, but the essential and the non-essential; and having been granted the vision, the spirit to follow it faithfully—at all costs."

"How?"

"I can't tell you that. Every woman must decide that for herself. I suppose sometimes it's making bandages, and sometimes it's taking

some fellow's job outright, and keeping it for him while he goes to the front, and sometimes it's giving up dinner-parties so that you can send food to France. Women can't all work the same way, any more than men can. Now you know that I can tinker with any kind of a machine, and I'm light and quick and strong; I know a good deal about higher mathematics and astronomy, which I've been considering rather useless for a long time, when suddenly I discover that I've all the qualifications for an embryonic aviator! Whereas Bill Smith, who weighs two hundred, and doesn't know a triangle from the dipper, or an automobile from a locomotive, may in some other mighty efficient way of his own be exactly what General Blank is looking for to serve as a Non-Com. in the Heavy Artillery."

Steven laughed a little, and then sat quietly for a few minutes looking off into space, as if dreaming that the new work had already begun for himself—and Bill Smith of the Heavy Artillery. Gloria waited. At last he turned, his face shining with a radiance which did not seem to come wholly from the moonlight, but from the clarity of such a vision as he had tried to express to her.

"Excuse me, darling," he said, "I was Somewhere in France for a minute, I guess. I hadn't finished what I was trying to say, though—there's something else. Whatever women do—and whatever they do without—I think they ought somehow to make the men who've gone to fight *feel* that they're trying to do their share—taking their part of the work and the pain and the sacrifice—and not entirely for the sake of one man whom they love, but for *all* of them—every single man that's gone. Have you read anything about the women in France who are still safe—the work *they're* doing? Why, there's nothing—*nothing*—that seems too much, or too hard! Don't you suppose that our soldiers will do more, when they

know that their women are helping like that? Have you read anything about the women in *Belgium*—I don't mean wild-cat reports, but perfectly authentic accounts? Well, our men are trying to save you—yes, women just as rich and lovely and safe as you, Gloria—from horrors like that."

"When you came into the room tonight," he went on in a low voice, "of course the only thing I could think of at first was how beautiful you were, and how glad I was to see you, and how I hoped to get you—in my arms—and—kiss you, all I wanted to, just once more before I went away. And then—a new feeling seemed to sweep over me like a flame and drive out everything else. I saw that your dress wasn't useful, or warm, or—or even modest, but just a glittering, alluring wisp of gauze; and that you were coming to me, straight from some man with whom you'd been dancing—who'd had you in his arms—some man who's probably just as young and strong and able to fight as those fellows over there in the trenches; and when you spoke to me, it was to jeer at me, and mock the way I used to plead with you, and tell me to go away and leave you to go back and dance some more, dressed like that, when I'd ridden a hundred and fifty miles on the chance of seeing you, and in the hope of asking you to think—more gently of me before I went away for good." His voice sank almost to a whisper, "Oh, Gloria, darling, please don't think I'm venturing to preach, or even criticise, I never did amount to much, and for a little while—when you first threw me over—I did things that were so weak—and mean—and bad that I couldn't tell you about them. I'd been pretty straight, as men go, until then; but with the memory of that time in my mind, still pretty fresh and bitter, I know I'm not fit to consider myself even half as worthy of you as I used to be. But I couldn't help thinking—if hundreds of others, already over

there had seen you, just as I did, wouldn't they have felt—just as I did—that it wasn't worth-while to go out and fight for women, if all they were going to do in return was to stay at home, and make themselves lovely for the slackers!"

Steven sprang to his feet, and walking away, stood for a full minute with his back towards Gloria, his shoulders shaking. The radiance of the night had dimmed a little; the moon had gone under a cloud, and a slight chill wind, foreboding rain, had sprung up. The boy shivered. Then he set his teeth, and turned again. Gloria was standing beside him.

"Steven," she began, but he interrupted her.

"That's why I wouldn't kiss you, even when you gave me the chance much sooner than I expected," he said gently, "even when I found you still cared, and had been suffering too; I had to tell you all this first—and ask you if you wouldn't give your own self—the girl I told my mother about, you know—a fair chance to do her share. I'm sorry if I've hurt you—I haven't meant to—have I?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment. Then, unasked, she slid her hand into his.

"You've hurt me dreadfully," she said, "but that doesn't matter—what matters is that you've brought me out here, and talked to me, and shown me your whole soul—and my own. I've been longing for you—all these two long years—but I've been too proud to send for you and tell you so, and say that I was ashamed from the bottom of my heart at the way I had treated you and ask you to take me back—and give me another chance to show you how much I loved you. When you came, I tried not to let you see how glad I was—I didn't want to throw myself into your arms before you'd even asked me to—and then—when I found you were going to France—that I'd got to lose you right straight off again—I felt, just for a minute, as if I couldn't bear it.

But of course, now, I know I can. I want you to go. Only before you do—I must tell you—though I don't know whether it means much to you now—I've been silly and idle and proud, but I've—never for one instant forgotten—how much you meant to me. *Engaged!* Oh, Steven, you ought to have known better than that without asking! I never cared for anyone else, and I never shall—no other man has ever touched me—my darling, won't you kiss me now?"

How long they stood there, his arms around her, her wet cheek against his, they never knew; and when at last Steven raised his head again, he found himself looking into such a new strange beauty in the pale and tear-stained face still raised to his, that he was frightened.

"Gloria—dearest—I didn't mean to let myself go," he said, "but—you never kissed me—we never kissed *each other* I mean—like that before, I don't see now—how I can give you up. You belong to me now, whatever happens. I've got to have you for my very own."

"Will you—take me?" she whispered, "will you marry me—and take me home with you? I know it's an awful lot to ask of your mother to share you with me, but somehow I think she'll understand—and forgive me. I don't think my father will mind as much as you imagine—now—but if he does—well, I was twenty-one last week, and I've got a little money of my own—enough to keep me from being a burden to your family if you shouldn't—I mean, until you come back. I won't keep you from going on Saturday—I *want* you to go—but before you do—"

"Gloria," began Steven huskily, and stopped. "Gloria," he said again, and again found that he could not go on. "I—I—mustn't," he breathed at last, "I haven't any right to. Aviation isn't as dangerous as you imagine, and much less—less dreadful than the trenches, but still I'm—sure I'm never coming back—"

"I know. I—feel that way, too. And so—if I could be yours—your very own before you go—"

"All the rest of my life," she went on, when he would let her speak again, "I can remember that. I'll feel so rich—and safe—and proud—compared to all the other women who's husbands are with them at home. We may be mistaken—you may come back safe and sound—

or perhaps I might—perhaps I wouldn't be alone all the rest of my life after all. But even if I am—I'll *exult*, every time I think of you because I've had so much more than—those others. And after you've gone—after Saturday—I can find my work—whatever it is—and do it well, because you've given me the spirit—and the vision—for ever and ever."

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

By Charles Nevers Holmes

They pass so blithely to and fro
On fair or stormy day
As to and from their school they go
Like lambkins full of play;
At morn, at noon, near shades of night,
Surcharged with roguish joys,
They pass my home—hearts always light—
O happy girls and boys!

I hear their merry laugh and shout,
Like mine long, long ago,
Restrained by neither fear nor doubt—
'Tis well they do not know;
I see their faces fresh and fair,
As fresh as once was mine,
Their mirthful eyes and curly hair,
But not a careworn line.

Unselfish, loving, good and free—
Ah, could they so remain
And never, never taste or see
Earth's cup of death and pain;
Oh, if this life would backward fly
And make us free as they,
Without one care, without one sigh,
A child just for today!

Newton, Mass.

OFFICIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1919-1920

By Harlan C. Pearson

IV

The Work of the Legislature

The New Hampshire General Court of 1919 assembled on Wednesday, January 1, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and was prorogued between 8.30 and 9 o'clock in the evening, actual time, at 5 p. m., legislative time, of Friday, March 28. Of these 87 days, 62 witnessed sessions of the two bodies and business was transacted on 38 of them.

The total number of measures originating in the Senate was 55; in the House, 484. Of these 309 became laws, 228 were killed in one branch or the other of the Legislature, one was vetoed by the governor and from one in the last hours of the session he withheld his approval.

Two members of the House, Bradley Ford Parsons, of Ward Six, Rochester, and Harry K. Young of Easton, died before the assembling of the Legislature. Charles W. Varney was chosen in place of Mr. Parsons, but no special election was held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Young. During the session the deaths occurred of Representatives Ralph C. Gray of Ward Two, Portsmouth, and John H. Wesley of Ward Five, Dover.

After considering the results of inspections of votes, the House seated on recommendation of its Committee on Elections, George M. Randall of Ward Two, Dover, and Delor L. Floyd and Edward H. King of Claremont, all Democrats.

According to the figures given in the Official Manual of the General Court the Senate was made up of 19 Republicans and 5 Democrats; the House of 244 Republicans, 160 Democrats, 1 Independent Democrat and 1 Independent; total, 406.

A valuable and informing feature of the session was the number of addresses made before the Legislature upon subjects connected with its work, or in which its members were much interested, by men ranking as authorities in the different matters. Among those whom the members were privileged to hear in this way were General Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., former Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York City, Presidents Hopkins, of Dartmouth, and Hetzel, of State College; Educational Commissioner Hillegas, of Vermont; Bishop Edward M. Parker; Will M. Cressy, the actor and overseas worker; Captain Arthur J. Coyle, aviator; Major Frank Knox of the A. E. F.; State Treasurer Plummer, Chairman Lyford of the bank commission, Public Service Commissioner Worthen, State Forester Hirst, Rev. Lyman T. Powell of New York, Rev. Manley B. Townsend of the Audubon Society, Representative Ralph D. Paine, war correspondent with the fighting fleets abroad, Professor Lewis Johnson of Harvard, authority on taxation, Doctors Duncan and Weaver of the state board of health department, General Frank S. Streeter, Commissioner Butterfield of the department of public instruction, Secretary William J. Ahern of the state board of charities, Commissioner Felker of the department of agriculture and others.

When the General Court of 1919 convened for the first time, each branch was called to order by its veteran clerk, Earle C. Gordon in the Senate and Harrie M. Young, in the House. The oath of office was administered by the acting governor, Judge Jesse M. Barton of Newport, who, in

The New Hampshire Legislature of 1919

DID

- Increase the pay of jurors.
- Endorse the League of Nations.
- Increase the poll tax from \$2 to \$3.
- Make the purple lilac the state flower.
- Lengthen the open season for hunting deer.
- Prevent automobiles from escaping taxation.
- Punish more severely offenses against chastity.
- Extend the scope of the law taxing inheritances.
- Enact a new general law governing incorporations.
- Prevent discrimination at places of public entertainment.
- Legislate against "the overthrow of government by force."
- Change the system of management of the state's institutions.
- Require the weekly payment of wages by employers of labor.
- Authorize cities and towns to own and operate street railways.
- Authorize towns to create voting precincts within their boundaries.
- Authorize the reorganization of the Boston & Maine Railroad system.
- Raise the municipal debt limits of Manchester, Portsmouth and Berlin.
- Give half a million dollars towards an interstate bridge at Portsmouth.
- Ratify the prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
- Strengthen the law enforcement provisions of the state prohibitory statute.
- Create a military staff for the governor and continue the State Guard organization.
- Place the highway department under the more direct control of the governor and council.
- Regulate the sale of wood, and of air guns, the practice of chiropody and the operation of jitneys.
- Reorganize the public school system of the state on a basis of supervision and Americanization.
- Recognize, financially and otherwise, the service of New Hampshire men in the war with Germany.
- Make increased appropriations for schools, the State College, highways, agricultural work and health work.
- Increase the salaries of the state treasurer, the adjutant-general, the deputy state treasurer, the attorney-general, the assistant attorney-general, the deputy secretary of state, the governor's secretary, the fish and game commissioner, the commissioner of motor vehicles, the deputy commissioner of agriculture, the administrator of the blue sky law.

The New Hampshire Legislature of 1919 DIDN'T

- License cats.
- Place a bounty on crows.
- Prohibit smoking in garages.
- Increase the bounty on bears.
- Increase the homestead right.
- Repeal the direct primary law.
- Require bonds of automobilists.
- Lengthen the terms of selectmen.
- Define the rights of labor unions.
- Change the Sunday observance law.
- Amend the employer's liability law.
- Require a woman factory inspector.
- Require uniformity in guide boards.
- Investigate the fees of probate officers.
- Allow the sale of beer, wine and cider.
- Lengthen the legal size of brook trout.
- Advertise the state's vacation business.
- Allow municipalities to engage in business.
- Create additional state free employment offices.
- Increase the salary of the insurance commissioner.
- Provide for a new revision of the Public Statutes.
- Erect new buildings at the various state institutions.
- Establish a 48-hour-work week for women and children.
- Provide for participation in the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration.
- Establish new normal schools at Manchester, Nashua and Whitefield.
- Authorize municipalities to adopt the city manager form of government.
- Give the governor and council more power over the fish and game and forestry departments.
- Instruct our United States senators to vote to submit to the states a suffrage amendment to the federal constitution.
- Establish a state police force, a minimum wage commission, an industrial welfare commission, a board of boiler rules.
- Make our laws uniform with those of other states upon the subjects of conditional sales, fraud, conveyances, warehouse receipts, stock transfers, etc.

the illness of Governor Henry W. Keyes, came to discharge the chief executive's duties by virtue of his office as president of the state Senate of 1917.

Professor James A. Tufts of Exeter was chosen as temporary presiding officer in the Senate and Marshall D. Cobleigh of Nashua, chairman of the House Republican caucus, in the lower body. Permanent organization was effected by the choice of the Republican nominees. Arthur P. Morrill of Concord, speaker of the House of 1917, was elected president of the Senate, the vote being made unanimous on motion of his Democratic opponent, Senator Daniel J. Daley of Berlin. For speaker of the House Charles W. Tobey, Republican, of Temple had 239 votes and William N. Rogers, Democrat, of Wakefield, 135.

Wednesday afternoon, a farewell message sent to the Legislature by Governor Henry W. Keyes from his sick bed at North Haverhill, was read to a joint convention of both branches by Secretary of State Edwin C. Bean. In it the governor reviewed briefly the work of his administration, with particular reference to New Hampshire's participation in the World War.

On Thursday at noon Governor John H. Bartlett was inaugurated in the presence of a brilliant company of guests, in addition to the legislators to whom his message, of unusual length and interest, was addressed. After the exercises in Representatives' Hall the Governor and his party held a reception in the Council Chamber, at which the attendance was the largest in the history of similar occasions.

The governor's inaugural message, occupying 90 minutes in its delivery, assumes particular importance as a state document because of the remarkable degree to which its recommendations were enacted into law by the Legislature.

Among these recommendations were the raising of all the schools in

the state to a uniform standard of excellence; return to the executive department of various powers of which it had been shorn; the freeing of toll bridges; the Americanization of aliens; the abolition of the board of trustees of state institutions; giving the governor and council more control over the highway department; establishing the executive budget system; increasing the state's income by new taxes on incomes, inheritances, corporation franchises and intangibles; suitable recognition of the work of our soldiers and sailors in the World War; consolidating various state agencies of law enforcement; substituting one man for three-men state commissions; retaining the corporation taxes in the state treasury; and the ratification of the prohibition amendment to the federal constitution.

The feature of the second week of the session was the brilliant debate upon woman's suffrage during a recess of the House. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Mrs. W. L. Shaw and Miss Doris Stevens spoke for suffrage; Mrs. A. T. Dudley, Mrs. Lydia D. Jackson, Mrs. John Balch and Miss Charlotte Rowe in opposition. The House then voted, 210 to 135, to request Senators Hollis and Moses to vote for submitting to the states an equal suffrage amendment to the federal constitution; but during the following week the Senate killed the concurrent resolution to this effect by a vote of 15 to 6.

During this week standing committees were appointed in both branches and Rev. Harold H. Niles, pastor of the White Memorial Universalist Church, Concord, was elected chaplain of the Legislature.

This week saw the first law of the session enacted, both branches passing and the governor signing a bill authorizing his appointment of a personal military staff. The former statute on this point had been put out of commission by the federalizing of the National Guard.

The third week of the session witnessed the ratification by the state of New Hampshire of the prohibition amendment to the federal constitution by a vote of 222 to 121 in the House and 19 to 4 in the Senate. Secretary of State Edwin C. Bean and State Treasurer John Wesley Plummer were re-elected to those positions without opposition.

In the fourth week of the session the time limit for the introduction of bills, except by unanimous consent, or through committees, expired, with only 12 measures docketed in the Senate and 299 in the House. These figures were the smallest in many years, and while they were almost doubled before the end of the session, still the final total was far below the average for the past 20 years.

Not until this week was the initial casualty of the session among the bills reported, the first measure killed being an act to require the licensing of photographers.

During the second month of the session its interest lay largely in the committee rooms where public hearings were given upon all the bills and in some cases the measures were ably and amply debated by counsel and citizens seeking to influence the committee recommendations. The Farmers' Council also held some interesting meetings at which the State Master of the Grange and other prominent agriculturists gave their views upon pending legislation as affecting the farmers of the state.

The passage of the Boston & Maine reorganization bill was the event of the fifth week of the session. The sixth week saw the appearance of the first of numerous budget bills, accompanied by the first of several statements as to probable increase in expenditures from Chairman James E. French of the Committee on Appropriations. At previous sessions there had been but one "budget bill," coming in very late in the session and covering practically all the appropriations, but this year the policy was

adopted of bringing in separate bills for the different departments so that each could stand or fall on its own merit. As it happened, they all stood, but such might not always be the case.

With the seventh week of the session the period of debates began, oratory flowing freely in the House upon the subject of beer and light wines, against which the majority pronounced, on this occasion and again later in the session. A favorable committee report upon the bill to license cats was overthrown by the House without the interesting discussion which the topic was expected to provoke.

During this week the oldest member of the Legislature, Representative George S. Peavey of Greenfield, reached his 84th birthday and the occasion was made much of in the House.

The eighth week was featured by the biennial Governor's Ball, which was the most largely attended in many years. For the entertainment of visitors to the Legislature in connection with this event a debate on the state flower bill was staged, which ended in the House voting for the apple blossom. The Senate later chose the purple aster. Then a committee of conference on the momentous topic was arranged and in the closing hours of the session the purple lilac was agreed upon as a compromise.

The ninth week brought real progress in important legislation. The governor's bill to abolish the board of trustees of state institutions, which went through the House without trouble, was fought bitterly in the Senate, President Morrill leading the opposition, but finally passed the upper branch 15 to 7. The movements of the House during this week were on decidedly different tangents, one bill passed being a very liberal Sunday law and another a drastic stiffening of the state prohibitory statute. Later the Senate passed the liquor law, with a few amendments,

but killed the Sunday bill. Three other attempts were made to secure some modification of the Lord's Day "blue laws," but none was successful. It was agreed, however, to give the governor authority to appoint an *ad interim* commission to consider the subject and make recommendations to the next Legislature.

The tenth week saw both branches unite in the adoption of resolutions expressing sympathy for Ireland in her struggle for the right of self-determination.

The Senate passed another of the governor's bills, in which the House later concurred, giving the executive department the final decision in matters of highway department policy.

As is usually the case, the legislative week including Town Meeting Day was only two days long and was ended by the first and only adjournment of the House for the lack of a quorum during this session of the General Court. A number of appropriation bills and labor bills were killed, the latter causing lively debate.

The House began the twelfth week of the session by voting to take final adjournment March 28 and proceeded to suit its deeds to its words by clearing its table at a lively rate. The Portsmouth bridge bill, the soldiers' bounty bill, the general fish and game bill and the bill increasing the poll tax rate were important measures sent up to the higher branch during this week.

Not until Wednesday of the final week of the session did the Senate decide as to the time of adjournment and then the sentiment in regard to the matter was so evenly divided that President Morrill was obliged to break a tie, which he did by casting his vote in favor of a session of 13 weeks instead of 14. Be it said to the credit of the Senate that all its members, whatever their wishes as to adjournment, worked like Trojans during the last few days and gave careful and sufficient consideration to all the

large number of measures that piled up in front of them at the finish.

The friends of beer, wine and cider fought in the House to the very finish for a bill to allow the beverage use of liquids containing not more than 2.75 per cent of alcohol, which was beaten only 179 to 161 on Tuesday of the last week of the session. Its advocates, encouraged by this showing, returned to the charge on Wednesday, but a motion to reconsider the action of Tuesday was beaten 180 to 139.

Governor Bartlett's one and only veto of the session was received in the House on Wednesday and was directed against a bill which had passed both branches unanimously, reducing the membership of the Portsmouth school board from twelve to six. The House voted 176 to 105, not quite the necessary two thirds, to pass the bill over the governor's veto.

Important bills coming from the Senate and passed by the House in the last hours of the session included an act giving the state's law department more power in the way of suppressing Bolshevism should it make its appearance in New Hampshire; requiring permits for all parades and meetings in the public streets; and exempting from taxation registered sires of pure-bred cattle.

An attempt in the Senate to raise the soldiers' bounty from \$30 to \$50 per capita failed by a 17 to 5 vote on roll-call.

Friday, the final day of the session, had the usual windup features, a mock session, presentations of gifts, etc., and some new ones as well. Will M. Cressy, just back from overseas, gave a splendid address on the work of our soldiers, after which Speaker Tobey led the singing of "America" and the members joined with Chaplain Harold H. Niles in the Lord's Prayer.

Governor Bartlett made the following farewell address in proroguing the General Court:

"The New Hampshire General Court of 1919 has presented to me for my

consideration 256 bills and 55 joint resolutions, all of which I have signed, with the exception of two, one, House Bill No. 309, which I vetoed and which failed to pass over said veto, and the other, Senate Bill No. 23, from which I have withheld my approval.

"This has been a legislature which faced an unusual situation and extraordinary circumstances. For this reason, I am presuming that you would desire me to review more extensively than otherwise the financial record of this legislature.

"The legislature of 1917 appropriated for its two fiscal years sums of money which required a regular tax of \$800,000 each year in addition to a special Mexican War soldier tax.

"This legislature has appropriated sums of money which require a state tax of \$1,800,000 for our first fiscal year and \$1,500,000 for our second fiscal year, or an average of \$1,650,000 for each year. Expressed in different form, this legislature has appropriated sums of money which require a state tax for the first year of \$1,000,000 and for the second year of \$700,000 in excess of the state tax of the preceding legislature. In other words, we have to account for the appropriation of about \$1,700,000 for our two fiscal years in excess of the appropriation of the two fiscal years last past.

"How do we account for this excess of \$1,700,000 for the next two fiscal years over the past two fiscal years? In other words, what will the people of the state get in return for this excess in the state tax over two years ago, and what conditions have made this increase necessary?

"The first item with which we were faced was an item of \$365,000 to meet a necessary deficiency which we inherited from the last administration or administrations, and which arose because of unexpected war conditions, which could not be foreseen when the state tax was assessed by our immediate predecessors.

"The next item (in bulk) which I call to your attention is \$616,000,

which this legislature has appropriated to the general cause of education, including the Agricultural College, in excess of what was appropriated by the last Legislature. This sum divides itself naturally into three parts as follows: \$107,000 would have been required by the Educational Department if the so-called Americanization Bill had not passed. That is, by its regular budget the educational department would have required \$107,000 of this Legislature more than it required of the last Legislature. The passage of the Americanization Bill, however, called for \$334,000 additional for the two years combined. Again, the conditions at Durham, created largely by the war, called for an additional appropriation, all things included, of \$175,000. Every item of this appropriation for the college was gone over very carefully by the entire Legislature and everything was cut as much as possible. The state will, however, acquire valuable additional property through this appropriation.

"Again, for the two years combined, the highway appropriations will amount to \$475,000 more than two years ago. This, however, reckons the increase in automobile fees over the sum at which it was reckoned two years ago. It also reckons an additional appropriation of \$100,000 which qualifies us, with our other appropriations, to receive from the federal government nearly \$800,000. This extraordinary sum which we are to receive from the federal government we could not afford to lose by failure to meet the necessary conditions imposed by the federal government. In fact, the state is extremely fortunate in being able to thus augment its available highway funds.

"Again, the agricultural department will receive at the hands of this Legislature about \$60,000 more than from the last. This is to make possible the work which was recommended by a committee of our leading agriculturists, in whom I have great confidence.

"We have appropriated for soldiers \$26,500 more than two years ago, but this does not include the soldiers' bonus which I will mention later.

"The additional expense of collecting the new inheritance tax we estimate at \$24,800.

"The increase in salaries is \$14,000.

"We have appropriated \$18,000 to pay an old debt at Durham which has been running for years in order to clean up and start square.

"We have appropriated \$10,000 extra for dependent mothers.

"We have appropriated \$10,000 for a constitutional convention.

"We have appropriated \$10,000 extra to help check the spread of tuberculosis or consumption.

"We have appropriated about \$5,000 for the check of a serious disease.

"This Legislature was called upon to meet interest on war bonds, so that our extra interest charges were \$66,000 more than two years ago.

"The foregoing items are summarized as follows:

To cover deficiency.....	\$365,000
Education and agricultural college.....	616,000
State highways.....	475,000
Agricultural department..	60,000
For soldiers (not soldiers' bonus).....	26,500
Expense of new inheritance tax law.....	24,800
Increase in salaries.....	14,000
Old debt at Durham....	18,000
Dependent mothers.....	10,000
Constitutional convention	10,000
Tuberculosis.....	10,000
Check of special disease..	5,000
Interest on war bonds....	66,000

Total..... \$1,700,300

"You will bear in mind that I am giving only a birdseye view of the situation, so that you can tell, generally, how we stand, and I am speaking in terms of *two* years combined and not of *one* year singly.

"You will see that quite a considerable sum is appropriated in order that

we may clean up old matters and start square with a view of running the state on the policy of 'pay-as-you-go.'

"There remains about \$190,000 of the half-million bond issue which is still in the treasury unexpended and unappropriated. A little more of this will be used in winding up the business of that appropriation, and it is understood that \$30,000 of it shall be used to pay the United States government for the buildings at Durham. The rest of it will remain in the treasury as cash.

"Now, on the other hand, this Legislature has opened up new sources of revenue, for which, in dollars and cents, we shall not get the full credit. The extension of the inheritance tax law which has been passed by this Legislature will produce, in my judgment, over \$400,000 annually, or \$800,000 for two years after it has had time to get under full swing. In making our state tax, however, we have been ultra-conservative in figuring only \$100,000 from this source annually. My personal belief is that before the fiscal period ends for which we are legislating, this new law will produce an average of \$200,000 instead of \$100,000 as reckoned.

"We have also enacted a modern, sound, and honest, corporation law, which is a distinct asset to the state and which will produce *some* money, but we have made no account of this in reckoning our state tax. We have figured on a sure basis.

"When cost conditions get normal again, and when the revenue bills which we have enacted get into a maximum operation, the state tax can again approach more nearly what it was before the war, unless we take on additional duties of expenditure.

"The people demand new things and are willing to pay for them provided they get value received for their money.

"We have left undisturbed the law by which the state collects each year over a million dollars in taxes from

corporations, banks, insurance companies, etc., and then returns this money to certain cities and towns in accordance with existing law. While this money is paid into the state treasury as taxes, it does not go to the use of the state in any form. I do not believe in this law on account of the injustices and inequalities in connection with its return to the cities and towns. Some day this will be changed, but it did not seem to be a thing which we could fight out in this session.

"We have added a half million to our state bonded indebtedness in order to take a long step toward emancipating the highway system of the state from the payment of tolls. This had become an imperative proposition. Civilization is not a success when private corporations own its highways. By this bridge law, we raise our bonded indebtedness from about \$1,500,000 to about \$2,000,000. This is not disturbing. After the Civil War we had a bonded indebtedness of over \$3,000,000, and our property at that time was only about one third the value of our property at the present time. Our state is more conservatively bonded, I believe, than most any state in the Union. It is conspicuous in its conservative financial strength, and for this, much credit must be given to those who in the past and the present have stood firm against extravagance.

"We have appropriated about \$600,000 as a kind of a thank-offering to those gallant boys who risked all to preserve our civilization. It was in no sense as a payment, but merely an 'appreciation.' We can never repay them. This money is to be raised by a special tax, and I believe this is well, because it will remind every person in

the state that he is contributing. He should do it cheerfully. The country should do more. We are bound to do more as we can. *Those who actually suffered for us shall never suffer for money.*

"I believe the people of our state will surely justify the acts of this Legislature with reference to financial matters. Nothing has been appropriated which can be called extravagance. Many meritorious proposals have been denied. The new steps which we have caused the state to take, involving expenditures, have, in my opinion, been veritably demanded by the duties and needs of this reconstruction period and in order that the affairs of the state may be safely and prosperously administered.

"I am profoundly grateful for your sympathetic cooperation with me in the solution of the problems of this Legislature. I thank each one of you personally for the spirit of kindness and cordiality which has uniformly marked your criticism and business association. During the remainder of my life, I shall regard as particular and special friends, you men who have thus been associated with me in the service of the state. I trust that our united influence in the future may be conducive of higher levels of citizenship in our state.

"Having been informed by the joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives that you have completed the business of the session and are ready to adjourn, I do, by the authority vested in me as governor, hereby declare the General Court of New Hampshire adjourned to the last Wednesday in December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty."

Hon. William F. Sullivan

Hon. William F. Sullivan of Nashua, member of the New Hampshire state Senate of 1919 from the Thirteenth District, was one of the influential members of that body, although one of the minority as a Democrat in politics. In the primary, however, he was the regularly nominated candidate of both the Democrats and the Republicans of his district and he represented both parties acceptably in the upper branch of the Legislature. His principal speech of the session was

made in connection with a bill which had passed the House of Representatives, abolishing the police commission of the city of Nashua and substituting for it one police commissioner. This measure Senator Sullivan opposed in the upper branch in detail and with great vigor, the result being that it was killed by a vote of 22 to 2. Senator Sullivan was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1869. He is the superintendent of the Pennichuck Water Works at Nashua and a well-known engineer.

One of the most popular members of the New Hampshire state Senate of 1919 and one whose record on roll-calls and in debate showed him to be imbued with independence in action, yet consistency of principle, was

other public offices. Mr. James was born in Northwood March 19, 1868, and was educated at Coe's Academy and at New Hampshire College, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1893. Mr. James is

Hon. Alvah T. Ramsdell

Hon. Alvah T. Ramsdell, Republican, of the Twenty-first District. Senator Ramsdell was born in York, Maine, April 15, 1852, and was the oldest member of the present Senate, although that fact was a hard one for his fellow-members and for visitors to the Senate Chamber to believe. Senator Ramsdell has been the leading architect of the city of Dover for many years and likewise has been a leader in its public affairs, serving in the city government and in the House of Representatives, prior to his promotion to the upper branch of the General Court. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs he piloted through to the governor some of the more important legislation of the session.

Representative Orrin M. James of Northwood, Democrat, was assigned to no less than three important committees, Agricultural College, Banks and Elections, at the recent session of the Legislature, a distinction to which he was well entitled by reason of his intelligent and constant devotion to duty in

Representative Orrin M. James

a well-known engineer, of long service at the head of one of the divisions of the State Highway Department, and was the representative of New Hampshire at the most recent perambulation of the boundary line between this state and Massachusetts. He has held various town positions of trust and is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry and a Baptist.

By virtue of his nomination as the Democratic candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives William N. Rogers of Wakefield became the floor leader of his party, probably the youngest man ever to receive that honor in New Hampshire and certainly one of the most eloquent and efficient. Born at Sanbornville, January 10, 1892, Mr. Rogers was educated at Dartmouth College and the University of Maine law school and is a member of the New Hampshire bar. Elected to the Legislature of 1917, Mr. Rogers made a reputation there as an orator, a thinker and a hard fighter in support of his convictions. In 1918 he was nominated for Congress in the

First New Hampshire District and made a splendid run, the plurality of his opponent, Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs, being but 1,536. Re-elected to the House of 1919,

in it. Rev. Mr. Blue is a Congregationalist clergyman, a graduate of Williams College and the Andover Theological Seminary, and one who does his part to make the church

Representative William N. Rogers

he rendered valuable service, as before, on the Judiciary Committee, and won new friends and admirers by the consistent courage of his course and the eloquence and logic of his speeches.

Rev. James McD. Blue of North Conway, Republican, chairman of the Committee on National Affairs in the House of Representatives of 1919, took his cue from that important appointment, and while he was constant in attendance and conscientious in his every vote, he took the floor in debate only upon outstanding questions. One of his notable speeches was in favor of New Hampshire participation in the Pilgrim tercentenary celebration, for which his committee had recommended an appropriation, and while the bill failed, as did many other worthy projects, because of financial conditions, Mr. Blue's remarks demonstrated to all his hearers the importance of the object sought and the degree of interest New Hampshire ought to feel

Rev. James McD. Blue

a living factor in state progress and good citizenship.

Representative Benjamin W. Couch, Republican, of Ward Five, Concord, is the youngest of New Hampshire's legislative veterans; that is to say, no other man of his age has served so prominently for so many years in the state House of Representatives. Born in Concord, August 19, 1873, he has been continuously a member of the House since 1911, and for four sessions was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Educated at Dartmouth College and the Harvard Law School Mr. Couch has practised his profession in Concord since his admission to the bar. He has been police court justice, trustee of the state hospital, president of the Concord city council, police commissioner, member of the state board of control and chairman of the board of trustees of state institutions; and is a director of the Mechanics National Bank, trustee of the Merrimack County Savings

as of that on State Prison. Born at Blue Hill, Maine, September 24, 1866, Mr. Wescott was educated at the academy there and then entered mercantile life, in which he has achieved much success. He is a leading dry goods merchant of his city and has served as director and publicity manager of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce. He was an active war worker and chairman of the Red Cross membership committee for his city. Representative Wescott has received double political honors from his constituents in a short period of time, being a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918 as well a member of the General Court of 1919. He is a member of the various Masonic bodies, lodge, chapter, council and commandery.

Representative Benjamin W. Couch

Bank, director of the New Hampshire Spinning Mills, clerk of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, etc.

Representative Ernest Charles Wescott, Republican, of Ward Two, Rochester, was a member at the session of 1919 of the important committee on Ways and Means, as well

Representative Roy E. Marston, Republican, of Ward Six, Concord, not only acted ably in the interests of his constituents during his term of service, but also represented on the floor of the House the National Rifle Association of America, of which he is a member, and the New Hampshire Rifle Association of which he is treasurer. In the room of the Committee on Fisheries and Game, to

Representative Roy E. Marston

which he was appointed by the Speaker, and in open debate of the whole House, Mr. Marston was a valiant champion of those who love the open air and its sports. Mr. Marston was born in Deerfield, September 3, 1881. He conducts a brick manufactory and farm; is a Mason, lodge, chapter and council, and a Free Baptist; is married and has one daughter.

Representative Ernest Charles Wescott

The condition of the state treasury, with the demands to be made upon it, caused the importance of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives to be recognized more generally at the session of

defeated by him without making a speech but simply by making the right motions at the right time. Mr. Lewis was born in Newport, April 14, 1861; is a graduate of the Newport high school; treasurer of the Newport

Representative James H. Hunt

1919 than ever before. Especial care was taken in the choice of able, competent and courageous men for service upon it. As the representative of Nashua, the Second City of the state, Captain James H. Hunt was picked, and his service was as faithful and valuable as it was expected it would be. Captain Hunt was born in Stoddard, November 25, 1841 fought in the Civil War; and since its conclusion has been engaged in business at Nashua, also holding office for the last 32 years as assistant city marshal, deputy sheriff and county commissioner. Captain Hunt is a Mason of high degree and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion. At the 1919 encampment of the New Hampshire Department, G. A. R., he was chosen junior vice commander.

Representative George E. Lewis, Republican, of Newport, although a new member, was assigned to the important Judiciary Committee, where he rendered faithful and valuable service. That he was an apt student in the legislative school is shown by the fact that the much talked of bill to require the licensing of cats, favorably reported from the Committee on Fisheries and Game, was

Representative George E. Lewis

Savings Bank for 28 years; married; Mason, Knight Templar and Odd Fellow, past representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge and trustee of the Odd Fellows' Home; member of the school board 13 years, moderator, town treasurer, school district treasurer, chief of the fire department; president and treasurer of the Newport Electric Company.

While Dr. Charles B. Drake of West Lebanon was one of the experienced members of the House of Representatives of 1919 and rendered valuable service as a member of the Committee on Public Health, he was best known to his fellow-members as the victorious champion of the purple lilac as the state flower. One of the first bills to be introduced came from him with this purpose, but it was not until almost the end of the session that he won his desire. Doctor Drake was born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., August 19, 1848, and studied at the Medical School of Dartmouth College. He is a member of county, state and national medical associations and of the Masons, Odd Fellows and Grange. As far back as 1883 he was a member of the Legislature and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1909. He has

high esteem with which his fellow-members regarded him was shown by their unanimous vote, instructing the clerk of the House to send Mr. Smalley flowers and a message of sympathy. Born in Rockingham, Vt., December 9, 1857, Mr. Smalley is by occupation a farmer and was assigned by Speaker Tobey to service on the standing Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Smalley has served two terms on the board of selectmen of his town. He belongs to the Odd Fellows and Patrons of Husbandry and is a Universalist in religious belief. He is married and has two children.

Representative Arthur E. Davis, Democrat, of Sutton, was one of the members of the House of Representatives of 1917 re-elected to the Legislature of 1919, an honor which he deserved by his faithful service at the former session and for which he showed appreciation by his work this year, both as a member of the standing Committee on Liquor Laws and as a constant attendant upon the meetings of the House, whose

Representative Dr. Charles B. Drake

served his town as selectman and as a member of the boards of health and of education.

When Representative Fred O. Smalley of Walpole was taken ill toward the close of the session and was unable to be present, the

Representative Arthur E. Davis

work he watched carefully from a favorable seat just in front of the Speaker. Mr. Davis was born in Sutton, September 30, 1884, and educated there. He is a farmer and lumberman and is especially interested in cattle and sheep raising. He is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, attends the Baptist church, is married, and has a daughter and two sons. He is one of the diligent and thoughtful type of legislators whose value to the state is great.

Representative Fred O. Smalley

Representative Bartholomew F. McHugh

Representative Bartholomew F. McHugh, Democrat, of Gorham, during his two terms in the Legislature has so won the esteem of his colleagues and of the public, that universal praise has been bestowed upon his appointment by Gov. John H. Bartlett as one of the new board of trustees of the state prison. Born and educated in Gorham, Mr. McHugh in early life studied law, but felt the call of a business career and for many years has been one of the best known and most successful traveling salesmen in New England. Entering politics for the first time through his elec-

tion to the House of Representatives of 1917 he made a reputation in that body as a working member of sound ideas and pleasant ways. Returned by his constituents for a second term he continued his good work, making occasional effective speeches, watching closely the progress of business and guarding carefully the interests of his constituents. Mr. McHugh's war activities took the principal form of endeavors for the Liberty Loans in which he made a splendid and appreciated record.

Representative William J. Ahern

Representative William J. Ahern, Democrat of Ward Nine, Concord, participating in his 12th session of the House of Representatives, acted in his customary capacity as lubricator of the wheels of the official machinery and for his work at that post deserves much of the credit given to this General Court for its comparatively short session and expeditious transaction of important business. Mr. Ahern was born in Concord, May 19, 1856, for many years was engaged in

the clothing business, but has been the secretary of the state board of charities and correction since that office was established. In addition to his state house duties he has been commissioner, deputy sheriff and jailer of Merrimack county. No man in the political history of the state has done more favors for legislators, members of both parties, and thereby won more friends than has Mr. Ahern.

Representative John H. Graff, Republican, of Ward 3, Berlin, was one of the interesting men of the 1919 Legislature. At our request he has furnished us with this brief autobiographical sketch:

"I was born in Norway on the thirteenth day of May, 1877, in a place called Eidskogen, very close to the boundary of Sweden.

"My ancestry on my father's side which was a mixture of Danish, German, French and Russian blood, came to Norway in 1809.

Representative John H. Graff

My great-grandfather, by a decree of the King of Denmark at that time, was appointed the first forester in Norway.

"My mother's ancestry, however, was pure old Norwegian stock with an identical record of direct lineage from the year 800.

"Father, who graduated with degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Theology, was originally prepared for the ministry of the Lutheran Church, but shortly after his marriage he went to America as a newspaper correspondent, and five years later returned to Norway where he has since been engaged as an import agent of the Scandinavian countries.

"My mother who died when I was still very young, was one of the first, if not the first woman in Scandinavia to graduate as a doctor of dentistry, which profession she practiced in the city of Christiania prior to her death.

"Although my educational opportunities were not restricted, in my boyhood I had no particular liking for books, I personally do

not know how I ever graduated with the opportunity to enter the university if I so had chosen. At the age of sixteen, I enlisted for a one-year forestry course, from which I graduated the following year. In my eighteenth year I entered the government's free school of military engineering, from which I graduated, August, 1899.

"Shortly after, I went to Germany where for three years I was employed as a draftsman, besides continuing my studies in the vocational schools. After three years of continuous attempt to live two days in every twenty-four hours, I had a complete nervous breakdown, forcing me not only to discontinue my studies, but to give up my work, whereafter, in the year 1904, during the attempt to regain health and control of myself, I decided to emigrate to America, where I for six years in New York, had the same experiences as probably many other emigrants have had, before I was able to lay any definite, constructive plan for progress and existence. During this period, I also met my present wife who also was a Norwegian, and had arrived in this country shortly before me. We were married in 1906, and the year after, we became the parents of a boy, who at present is the only addition to our family.

"In February, 1910, I had the opportunity to be offered a position with one of the owners of the Brown Company in Berlin, and have lived in New Hampshire ever since. After my two first years of general utility work, I was transferred to the drafting department from which, I with the assistance and good will of the company, was enabled to develop the use of scientific photography in industry, which gradually developed into a separate department which now is considered a necessary section of the research department.

"Although a Lutheran by birth, I never had any natural inclination for Orthodox teachings, but am of nature, very religious but opposed to all forms of sectarianism. The trend of my thinking probably can be understood best by reading my favorite authors, Tagore, Welsh, Churchill and Ibsen. Am a strong believer in coöperation and unity of effort, and am a member of the Photographers' Association of America, New England Photographers' Association, Professional Society of Photographers of New Hampshire, Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry, Masonic Order, Y. M. C. A., and the local Scandinavian Sick Benefit Society.

"Having been brought up in a family very active in politics, I have had political interest from as far back as I can remember. My earliest tendency was very radical, but always opposed to what we in a general way understand by Socialism. In later years, however, I have become more and more conservative. My greatest ideal of an American is the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. My political

belief is in the Republican Party under a Progressive leadership.

"My first official experience in politics was when I entered as a candidate for membership of the present Legislature, and lucky enough to poll the necessary votes, I had, what I considered, not only the honor, but the fortune, to be elected, and by the Speaker was appointed as a member of the Committee on Education and a member of the Committee on Labor, of which later, I had the pleasure to be elected clerk. I will always consider my experience in this 1919 Legislature of New Hampshire as one of the most valuable in my

life, and if I should not have done full justice as a representative, I know at least that I have learned the difference between oratory, hot air and convincing arguments, and that the other fellow is just as much entitled to consideration as I am. I believe that my experience as a representative will make me better fitted and equipped as a good citizen, and hope some day, possibly to earn the confidence of the voters of the First Senatorial District of the State of New Hampshire, and thereby also have the experience of being state senator from the district in which I belong."

THE LILACS BY THE DOOR

By Harriet Barton

(The New Hampshire Legislature of 1919 chose the purple lilac as the state flower.)

Some lilacs quaint I chanced to see in a crowded city street,
Across the sultry air they sent a fragrance strangely sweet,
It seemed that I was there alone, for mem'ries blest they bore—
The dear old home of long ago—with the lilacs by the door.

As vesper bells that softly call bring peace to a restless heart
Those blossoms 'quaint a message held while standing there apart,
The burdened years had slipped away, I saw her as before—
My mother—waiting at the home with the lilacs by the door.

There, far from the world's mad din and strife the birds sang blithe and gay,
There humble tasks in simple faith made up each gladsome day,
There Sabbath days, so holy, we sang of the Golden Shore,
The home of hallowed memories with the lilacs by the door.

I stood again by the noisy brook that sang the woodland through,
I heard the robin calling from the garden wet with dew,
The cows were lowing at the bars, the summer's day was o'er—
Fond mem'ries of a peaceful home with the lilacs by the door.

Through the vista of the bygone years again I saw them all,
Familiar faces of the past, loved voices seemed to call,
And rose-tints came where skies were gray while drifting back once more
Through misty years to the old home with the lilacs by the door.

The home-folks now are scattered far; to some came joy and gain,
To some the world's corroding care, with bitter loss and pain,
But mem'ry's gem of purest ray I'll treasure evermore—
The dear old home of long ago with the lilacs by the door.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 3

THE MONTH OF MAY

"To the month of Mary:

Welcome, O May, we greet thee:

We praise thee as the month of the Holy Mother,

O joyous month and stainless."

—*Alfonso the Wise*, 1221 A. D.

The month of May ushers us into the six open-air months which the rugged climate of New Hampshire gives us. The colonial residents of the state fixed upon the six months between May 20 and October 20 as the open-air months in New Hampshire, and their judgment meets approval in all New England; for on May 20 the New England farmer turns out his stock, and on October 20 the pasturing season closes.

THE COWSLIP SEASON

"'Tis Flowery May, who from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and pale primrose."

So sang Milton in his tribute to May in England. And indeed it is quite true that while American writers have paid their tribute to June, among the British writers the tributes go to May. I suppose this is because their season is a little less rugged than ours, and that May is more like our June. But with us as with them, there comes in the early days the season of the cowslip. Gold seems Nature's favorite color for the open-air months; she begins now with the cowslip, then come the dandelions, buttercups, daisies, and finally the season ends in the goldenrod and ripened golden leaves of the trees. In addition to the yellow of these common flowers by every roadside there are also a host of less common, such as water-lilies, sorrel, mullein, butter and eggs, yellow star-grass and the sunflower. The cowslip is thus the forerunner of the summer's gold. Many writers have paid their tribute to the modest cowslip and it is said to have been Shakespeare's favorite flower. But apart

from its beauty and prophetic place in Nature-life, we here in New Hampshire find its utilitarian side; its tender leaves make the best dish of greens that ever appears on the table of man, and the olden traditions testify to its medicinal value as well. My old-time friend, Col. Jerry Poor, used to say he must eat two bushels each spring as spring medicine.

MID-MAY DAYS

Mid-May is the season of the beginning of the fulfilment of promise. The orchards begin to show forth their blossoms, the showers come that leave everything so green and clean, and we see that the Scripture promise of seedtime and harvest will again be fulfilled.

What splendid weeks are those which come in the second part of May, the beauty of Apple-Blossom Time, the springing forth of the splendor and fragrance of that greatest of all homestead adornments, the purple lilac. Whitman painted for us a deathless picture of "The old homestead with its lilac bush of heart-shaped leaves, and beautiful fragrant flower." New Hampshire was most happy in choosing the purple lilac for its state flower at the recent session. Apple-blossoms, lilacs, the green valleys, and the cows and young stock that appear on the hillsides, what a wealth of satisfaction these bring to us in New Hampshire in the closing days of May. To love these green trees, fields, these flowers, to feel the beauty of it all, is to feel God's emotions after him, and is to know how God must feel as he looks out over his creation and calls it "good." People in our cities know nothing of it all save a bunch of Mayflowers they may buy at a street corner, but all the gold and greenbacks that the city can give are poor compensation for giving up the joys of life in the rural parts of New Hampshire in the closing days of May.

EDITORIAL

Occasionally, in baseball or some other athletic endeavor, a man so distinguishes himself by some exploit supposed to be beyond his ability to accomplish, that the critical spectator renders the verdict, "He played better than he knew how." The same thought comes to us in connection with the work of the New Hampshire General Court of 1919. The session occupied less time than any other since 1905. Fewer debates and roll-calls were recorded. Partisan politics did not make their appearance until the very close of the proceedings. As is quite often the case, it was not the most important questions which received the most attention and were discussed the most thoroughly. To the greatest extent which we remember, this Legislature was ready to accept the say-so of outsiders upon the merits of measures whose fate it had to decide. The executive department had a more definite program to recommend to the legislative department and pressed it with more insistence than usually is the case. To a greater extent than is customary, important laws were made to order outside of the legislative halls and committee rooms and received surprisingly little revision during the progress from introduction to engrossment. The members of the General Court seemed to remember and to accept the dictum of their nursery days:

"Open your mouth
And shut your eyes,
And we'll give you something
To make you wise."

It is for these reasons we say that the General Court of 1919 accomplished more than it knew it was accomplishing and more than it knows now, more than most people know now, that it accomplished. We do not say that the awakening, when it comes, will be an unpleasant one, but it will cause some eyes to open widely.

The "school" bill, the "rum" bill and the "force" bill, so-called, all worthy measures, contain provisions so drastic that their comparatively easy progress to enactment was the wonder of those who watched the work of the Legislature. It is good to be able to say that few successful measures, and those of minor importance, were reactionary in their nature. Most of the new legislation was progressive, some of it was radical and some of it was socialistic, using all of these adjectives in their "good" sense, to a surprising degree. If it is administered wisely, its results, on the whole, should be for the benefit of the state. This applies, also, to the greatly, but not extravagantly, increased appropriations. In the case of the schools, the highways, the state's wards, it was necessary that we should continue progress and pay the big bills therefor, or lose ground, miss opportunities and negate much good work already accomplished. The former course was chosen, and wisely.

A danger attending too complaisant legislation was illustrated in the matter of the law concerning the subject of an executive budget, remarked upon more than once in these pages and recommended in the inaugural messages of Governors Spaulding, Keyes and Bartlett. A bill embodying many, though not all, of the good features of the executive budget system, was introduced into the Legislature late in the session. It came from committee with favorable report and undoubtedly would have passed the House, at least, the body in which it originated, without opposition. But the chairman of the committee, saying that he had heard of opposition to some of its features, had the bill recommitted. It came back into the House during the final week of the session and was hurried through to enactment without being printed in

its new form. In that form it does not add one jot or tittle to the law on the subject which has been on the statute books since 1909. Its enactment is simply a waste of time, money and space in the law books and is an insult to the intelligence of the state's citizenship. In 1921, let us hope, a real budget law may result from this fiasco.

Under the pressure of public opinion and in accordance with the advice of experts whose advice he secured, Governor Bartlett modified considerably his ideas in regard to the direct management of state affairs by the executive department upon which editorial comment was made in the February issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. We cannot say, however, that even in their revised form, in which they secured enactment into laws, these ideas were necessary or beneficial. So long as good men are retained at the head of the various state departments, commissions and institutions, not much damage may be done by the backward steps in this regard which have been taken at Governor Bartlett's desire. But we shall be surprised if, at the

end of two years, they are able to justify themselves by any improvement in efficiency and economy over the administration of the state's business in the recent past.

Sentiment was unanimous in the state, as well as in the Legislature, for some recognition of the splendid service rendered by our New Hampshire boys in the war with Germany. Speaking in terms of money, the \$50 bonus originally proposed was little enough and the reduction to \$30 was not a course to brag about, especially in comparison with the \$120 given her men by our sister state of Vermont. But a more important criticism, in our opinion, can be levelled against our soldier legislation on the ground of its failure to take action on the lines of reconstruction and immediately and particularly on the lines of re-employment. Such action would have given a permanence to the state's expression of gratitude to its soldier sons which they would have appreciated and which would have been to the great benefit of the commonwealth and its industrial interests.

THE SOLDIER RETURNS FROM FRANCE

To A. J.

By Louise Patterson Guyol

Ah yes! I am so tired, so tired,
Weary of war, of blood, of flame,
I only wish to pause a bit,
And be a while without a name.

I wish a time of golden days,
A light canoe, a friendly stream,
A wood of leafy solitude,
Where I can go to rest and dream;

To lie beneath the silent stars,
And watch the shadowy river creep;
To hear far off a thrush that sings
Of sleep . . . of sleep. . . .

Concord, N. H.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE OLD GRAY HOMESTEAD. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Illustrated. Pp., 301. Cloth, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

When the title of Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes's first novel was announced as "The Old Gray Homestead," and it was described as a story of New England rural life, there

were building so many a century ago on beautiful sites along the river's banks. Some of them, well-preserved to the present day, still delight the trained eye of the architect and win the instinctive appreciation of the lover of beauty.

The Old Gray Homestead and the large and interesting family which it sheltered were both on the point of "going to the dogs," when Mrs. Keyes begins her story. "The old house, set well back from the main road and near the river, with elms and maples and clumps of lilac bushes about it, was almost bare of the cheerful white paint that had once adorned it. The barns . . . were black, ungainly and half fallen to pieces. All kinds of farm implements, rusty from age and neglect, were scattered about, and two dogs and several cats lay on the kitchen porch amidst the general litter of milk-pails, half-broken chairs and rush mats."

Such was the scene that revealed itself to an arriving good fairy from New York, with purse and heart alike heavy laden and both destined to be lightened during her sojourn on the old farm. To disclose more of the story than this would be to rob the reader of future pleasure; although, truth to tell, it is not upon the intricacy of the plot that the genuine success of Mrs. Keyes's first novel depends, but rather upon the absolute truth of the picture which she paints of New England rural life and character.

In her foreword she says: "To the farmers, and their mothers, wives, and daughters, who have been my nearest neighbors and my best friends for the last fifteen years, and who have taught me to love the country and the people in it, this quiet story of a farm is affectionately and gratefully dedicated."

Mrs. Keyes chooses her words well.

Mrs. Henry W. Keyes

came into the mind of one reader a picture of a low, small, weather-beaten homestead, nestling in the shadow of a great hill and becoming almost a part of it by nature's camouflage of "protective coloration." Such tiny homes, usually dwarfed by great barns behind them, are familiar to every dweller in, or visitor to, the highlands of New Hampshire.

But Gray meant to Mrs. Keyes a family name and not the color of that family's dwelling. The Gray Homestead was, in fact, one of those spacious, dignified, handsome colonial houses, of which the wealthy landowners in the Connecticut valley

Her story is a "quiet" one, and yet there is much of action, exciting action, in it. The scene is not always laid in Newbury, Vermont, but shifts to New York City and even across the ocean. It is a happy picture of rural life which she paints, but she knows the necessity for deep shadows as well as high lights, and into her tale stalks now and then the tragedy which walks country lanes as inevitably as city pavements. And, now and then, too infrequently, she allows

herself and us a taste of delicious, rollicking humor.

Our new New Hampshire novelist has caught and fixed in the printed page characters familiar to us all. Tender sentiment binds them; sterling truths of life and love are typified by them; with them, through the author's art, we smile and weep, mourn and rejoice. Hours well spent are those which the reader passes beneath the imaginary roof of "The Old Gray Homestead."

FEBRUARY 12, 1919

Lincoln: A League of Nations: The Peace Council of Paris

By Clarence E. Carr

Had Lincoln lived until this later day,
His thought, we know, our human hearts would sway;
Amid the troubled waters of the world,
Blooded and foamed, where hate and pride had swirled,
He had controlled men's anger, stayed men's crime,
And calmed their passions with his love sublime.

Had Lincoln lived, how fearless were his word,
How true his justice, how his wrath were stirred,
How shrivelled were the Lord who led the Central Host
When Lincoln scourged, how mean his brutal boast!

Had Lincoln lived, how strong, how brave, how clear
And calm his judgments were to save from fear;
How mighty were his thoughts, fertile his brain,
To build a world anew upon its buried pain.

Lincoln is gone, the standard of the wise,
The brave, the just, must lift us to his skies.
The wisdom, spirit, love, he left to men,
O, take ye up! And with inspired pen
Write ye his heart, his thought, into a mighty plan
By which to teach mankind God's love of man,
And fetter war with all its hate and pride
And bring the truth for which the Master died.

Be ye inspired by him, he lives today,
His justice and his law the only way,
Stern as the fates are, loving as the light,
His rule alone will lift the world from night.

Pray we his wisdom then o'erbrood the few
Striving in pain to build a world anew,
His sternness and his justice guide their thought,
His spirit mark the fabric by them wrought,
His love the all-pervading force that brings
Order and peace from out war's hell of things!

Andover, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

COLONEL THOMAS E. O. MARVIN

Colonel Thomas Ellison Oliver Marvin, former mayor of Portsmouth, died on Wednesday, April 9, at the home of his daughter, Dr.

fisheries and Southern carrying trade. In this calling Captain Marvin had succeeded his uncle Captain Thomas Ellison Oliver of New Castle, the son of a soldier of the Revolution.

The late Colonel Marvin

Grace Marvin, 84 Maple Street, Roxbury, Mass. He was in his eighty-second year and had been in failing health since last August.

Colonel Marvin was born December 18, 1837, on Marvin's Island, Portsmouth Harbor, the older son of Captain William Marvin, a merchant engaged in the Bank and Labrador

Captain Oliver in his youth had been a very successful shipmaster and had retired from the sea to carry on the fisheries, in which Portsmouth and New Castle were active for more than two centuries, from the first English settlements in New Hampshire to the years after our Civil War. Older people of

Portsmouth and vicinity remember when the trade still flourished along the shore of the Piscataqua between Captain Oliver's large house in the upper part of New Castle and the bridges at Marvin's Island, with the spreading flakes in the fields and the vessels fitting out for sea or discharging at the wharves.

Colonel Marvin as a lad was educated at the old Portsmouth Academy under Master Harris, and then entered the business of his father and great-uncle. Subsequently, in association with his brother, William Marvin, Jr., and the late James P. Bartlett, he established the firm of Marvin Brothers & Bartlett, which for many years conducted on Bow Street, Portsmouth, the manufacture of medicinal cod liver oils after processes disclosed by long experience in the fishing industry.

Colonel Marvin in 1861 married Miss Anne M. Lippitt, sister of Mrs. Jane Lippitt Patterson, the wife of the Rev. A. J. Patterson, then the minister of the Universalist parish in Portsmouth. Colonel Marvin in 1863 took up his residence on State Street, Portsmouth, which was the family home until after the death of Mrs. Marvin in 1880.

As a member of the board of aldermen, Colonel Marvin became mayor of Portsmouth on the death of Hon. Horton D. Walker in 1872, and was elected mayor for the year 1873. When Boston, on the outbreak of the great memorable fire of November 9, 1872, called on the neighboring New England cities for help to check the flames, Mayor Marvin responded in person with the then new and powerful steam fire engine Kearsarge and a company of forty men, who were hurried by special train to Boston and stationed on Washington Street at the head of Milk Street, where they fought the fire until it was effectually stopped. The particular duty of the Portsmouth firemen was to protect the Old South Meeting House and the *Transcript* building, and they were thanked for the courage and tenacity of their service at this key-point of the conflagration.

Colonel Marvin as mayor supervised the plans for the memorable "Return of the Sons of Portsmouth" on July 4, 1873, when on behalf of the city he welcomed several thousand home-coming sons headed by Jacob Wendell, James T. Fields, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and B. P. Shillaber. Another event of his administration was the building of the Portsmouth & Dover Railroad. With the mayor of Dover he wheeled the first earth and drove the first spikes in the construction of the line.

After his service as mayor, Colonel Marvin commanded the Portsmouth Artillery, whose history ran back to 1775, reorganizing this into a smart field battery which represented New Hampshire in the national military encampment at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, in Philadelphia. This corps, made up in part of veteran soldiers and sailors of the

Civil War, and uniformed in scarlet and blue, was given a post of honor in the inauguration ceremonies at Concord and elsewhere. At that time Portsmouth sustained four military organizations—the light battery, a company of heavy or seacoast artillery, a troop of cavalry and a company of infantry, all enrolled in the National Guard. Colonel Marvin relinquished his artillery command to serve on the staff of Governor Person C. Cheney of New Hampshire.

Subsequently Colonel Marvin practised law in Portsmouth, in association with the well-remembered firm of Frink & Batchelder. For many years he was the president and for a long time also the state prosecuting agent of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was zealously devoted to this cause, and was instrumental not only in the furthering of legislation for the prevention of cruelty, but in the actual enforcement of these laws in all sections of New Hampshire.

Colonel Marvin was a 32d degree Mason, a past master of old St. John's Lodge of Portsmouth, and affiliated with De Witt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar. For half a century he and members of his family were attendants at the Universalist Church in Portsmouth, of which for a long time he was a warden.

In 1896 Colonel Marvin married as a second wife Miss Eleanor Bishop of New York, and for most of the time resided in New York or vicinity until the death of his wife on Long Island in 1909. Since then Colonel Marvin had passed the winters in Boston and the summers in Portsmouth—having always a strong affection for his native town. Since 1908 his summer home had been with his oldest son at the family homestead on Marvin's Island, not far from the residence of his brother, William Marvin, Esq., on the Captain Oliver homestead in New Castle.

Colonel Marvin had six sons and one daughter of his first marriage. The daughter is Dr. Grace Marvin, who has made her home with her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Patterson, in Roxbury, Mass., and the sons are Winthrop L. Marvin, secretary and treasurer of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers; Rev. Judson P. Marvin, minister of the First Parish in Annisquam, Mass.; Thomas O. Marvin, secretary of the Home Market Club, of Boston; Harry G. Marvin, manager of the Hobkirk Inn, Camden, S. C.; Rev. Reginald K. Marvin, minister of Grace Church, Franklin, Mass., who has been in the service of the Y. M. C. A. in France, and Charles R. Marvin of the Utica-Willowvale Bleachery Company, New York. His nephews are Hon. William E. Marvin, ex-mayor of Portsmouth, and State Senator Oliver B. Marvin of New Castle.

Throughout his life Colonel Marvin had had a strong love for the sea. Taught in boyhood by his father and Captain Oliver to

"hand, reef and steer" as the lads of his race had always been taught by the older men, he was expert in all that pertained to shipping and the fisheries. From his sixth to his eightieth year he had sailed the waters of Portsmouth and its neighborhood, with every creek and cove and tideway of which he was as familiar as with the winding streets of the old town.

In the history and traditions of New Hampshire he had always been deeply interested, and he had a large collection of the weapons and mementoes of the old wars and of colonial times. Colonel Marvin had been for many years the secretary of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the Revolution. His oldest grandson is Lieutenant-Commander David Patterson Marvin on overseas service in the Atlantic cruiser fleet.

GEORGE W. AMES

George W. Ames, for the past fourteen years editor of the *Peterborough Transcript*, died March 28. He was born in Peterborough, July 11, 1866, the son of George W. and Eliza (Brown) Ames, and during most of his life was employed in various capacities in the office of the *Transcript*. He was a member of the Grange, secretary of the local Golf Club and the principal promoter of the successful Peterborough Poultry Association.

W. H. HITCHCOCK

William H. Hitchcock, telegraph editor of *The Manchester Leader* since its establishment in 1912, died March 11. He was born in Springfield, Mass., September 30, 1870, and after attending the schools there was a student at the New England Conservatory of Music. He was an expert telegrapher, but in 1901 entered newspaper work. Before and during the war he rendered valuable service by the instruction he gave to radio classes at Manchester.

MRS. ELLEN R. RICHARDSON

Mrs. Ellen R. Richardson, president of the New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1899, died at her home in Concord, March 10, having been taken ill while addressing a religious meeting on the previous evening. Born in St. John, N. B., 70 years ago, she married December 24, 1870, George W. Richardson of East Haverhill, where they resided until 1908. Mr. Richardson survives her, with their one son, Guy, editor of *Our Dumb Animals* and secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Mrs. Richardson was one of New Hampshire's best known social workers, a frequent and effective speaker and tireless worker for the many good causes with which she was identi-

fied, including, especially, in addition to the W. C. T. U., the Mercy Home at Manchester, of which she was a trustee. A telegram of appreciation of Mrs. Richardson's services,

The late Mrs. Ellen R. Richardson

from National President Anna Gordon of the W. C. T. U., was read at the funeral.

JUDGE L. W. HOLMES

Lewis W. Holmes, clerk of the superior court for Cheshire County and justice of the Keene municipal court since 1888, died in that city, March 13. He was born in Reads-ville, Vt., April 25, 1848, and was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, class of 1871. He studied law with Wheeler & Faulkner at Keene, was admitted to the bar in 1874 and practiced in Keene, where he was for a time city solicitor, until 1882, when he went to Washington, D. C., as a patent office examiner. Returning to Keene to accept the offices named he remained a resident there until his death, serving at various times as clerk of the state Senate, as a member of the House of Representatives and as a city alderman. He was clerk of the Cheshire County Bar Association.

CHARLES E. LANE

Charles Edwin Lane, born in Wakefield, March 30, 1839, died recently in Lombard, Ill. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1866 and after teaching for a few years entered the business of educational book publication in which he continued until his retirement in 1899, at which time he was Chicago manager of the American Book Company. He was president of the Lombard State Bank.

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H. C. PEARSON, Concord, N. H.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Granite Monthly, published at Concord, New Hampshire, for April 1, 1919.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, COUNTY OF MERRIMACK, SS.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harlan C. Pearson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and sole owner of the Granite Monthly and that there are no bondholders, mortgagees or other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities.

HENRY H. METCALF.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of April, 1919.

My commission expires December, 1919.

President, CALVIN PAGE.

Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD.

Vice-President, JOSEPH O. HOBBS.

Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY.

Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

STATEMENT OF JANUARY 1, 1919

ASSETS

State, County and Municipal Bonds	\$838,197.00
Railroad Bonds and Stocks	365,947.00
Cash in Banks, Office and Agents' Balances	336,631.82
Real Estate, Mortgage and other resources	107,558.35
	<hr/>
	\$1,648,334.17

LIABILITIES

Reserve for unearned premiums, \$977,268.39	
Other Liabilities except Capital, 134,475.51	
	<hr/>
	1,111,743.90
	<hr/>
Surplus to Policyholders	\$536,590.27

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Volume 51

JUNE, 1919

Number 6

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

The Wartime Temper of the State

BY PROF. R. W. HUSBAND, State War Historian

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE LATE ALVIN H. CLIFFORD
See page 253

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

JUNE, 1919

No. 6

THE WARTIME TEMPER OF THE STATE

*By Richard W. Husband
State War Historian of New Hampshire*

From the first of August, 1914, New Hampshire was unneutral, both in thought and in speech. At the very outset the citizens of the state were strongly inclined to take sides in the conflict that broke out so fiercely and unexpectedly in Europe. Quickly and openly they judged, and the great majority formed the conviction to which they have adhered steadfastly to this day. Even the President's great neutrality proclamation failed to influence materially the spirit of New Hampshire men and women. Germany was held responsible for bringing an unjustifiable war upon a Europe desirous of peace.

The violation of the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium was vigorously condemned. The reports of the brutal treatment accorded to innocent non-combatants in Belgium, France and Serbia were at first not credited, but this feeling changed to deep resentment and horror when the unbelievable was proved to be true. The alliance with the conscienceless Turk, murderer of hundreds of thousands of Armenians and Syrians, deprived Germany of almost the last vestige of sympathy she might still have enjoyed. The fiendish slaying of Edith Cavell affected our state profoundly.

There was outspoken applause when Great Britain entered the struggle because Germany had violated her treaty with Belgium. As the German army approached Paris in its first rapid advance, New Hampshire not only realized keenly that an

ancient friend was in serious danger, but a deep humanitarian impulse arose which it would have seemed impossible to awaken in the heart of the American nation for the distress of a people three thousand miles distant. With the greatest satisfaction we learned that an American had organized a relief committee to feed and clothe and otherwise assist the stricken and helpless in the districts which had been so wantonly pillaged and destroyed.

The introduction of poisonous gases and of submarine warfare gave the final touch to an already overstrained patience so that discussion of active interference by the United States was no longer uncommon. It is characteristic of New Hampshire men and women, as it is characteristic of the whole of our country, that the prime motive in the expression of readiness to participate in the war rested upon a feeling of resentment that a nation could commit such outrages against civilized man, rather than upon a desire for revenge because of direct loss of American lives and American property. When, however, the sinking of the *Lusitania* proved that the humane instincts of civilized nations were unknown to the German militarists, New Hampshire seemed ready for war. There was little argument as to whether submarine warfare was justified on the ground of military expediency. The whole trend of thought showed an unalterable belief that exposing innocent women and children and even non-

PROF. RICHARD W. HUSBAND
State War Historian

combatant men to the perils then experienced in sea travel was intolerable. Although it had been published in all our newspapers that Germany gave official notice to Americans to keep off the *Lusitania* when it was about to make its last fateful journey, there were few in our state who believed that the German military authorities would dare to do so frightful a deed. There was no patience with the idea that Americans could be bullied into acceptance of this curtailment of their rights. They had the right to travel on the high seas and no nation would venture to act so contrary to accepted ideas of civilization as to sink a vessel filled with neutral travelers going from one part of the world to another on legitimate business.

Few in our state sympathized for a moment with the McLemore resolution warning Americans to keep off the sea. We had the right to travel where we pleased, outside the actual theatre of war. It did not occur to us that it would be necessary to resort to arms in order that this right might be respected. The usual conduct, the ordinary doctrines, the common humanity of advanced nations, we believed, would prevail with German high officers so that they would surely issue commands that peaceful travelers were not to be molested. When we found that they were no respecters of international law, or of the universally accepted tenets of Christian nations, New Hampshire was ready to resist. From that time until April 6, 1917, our state waited, and not very patiently, for a declaration by the President and the Congress that the United States as a whole would oppose to the utmost of its ability the barbarous methods of warfare now adopted for the first time among modern peoples.

From the time war was declared in Europe the citizens of New Hampshire displayed a noble humanitarian spirit in coming to the aid and relief of

suffering people in the afflicted areas. Surgical dressings societies, organized by the Woman's Civic Federation of the state, existed in many towns and cities and sent abroad large quantities of materials. In addition to these the Peter Bent Brigham societies should especially be mentioned. The Committee for Belgian Relief, under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, was receiving much financial aid from our citizens. Care of French orphans, assistance to wounded French soldiers, and the furnishing of general supplies for the French Red Cross, were enterprises to which many were devoting much time. The Canadian Red Cross received from New Hampshire many thousands of surgical dressings, bandages, and other field and hospital necessities, while contributions were generously made to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. Here and there in the state there were contributions of money and of materials made for the relief of other stricken nations, as, for example, the Serbians and Armenians. Our lack of neutrality, shown by the great extent and enthusiasm of these societies, is very striking.

To such a degree had these various organizations occupied the attention of the people and seized upon their sympathies that it was some time after the opening of the war in 1914 before the American Red Cross succeeded in gaining an effective entrance into the state. A state chapter was created in Concord somewhat early, and gradually from this an organization was built up throughout New Hampshire with local branches owing allegiance to it. The spread of this definite organization, however, was comparatively slow until the United States itself actually became involved in the war. From that point the spread of the Red Cross proceeded very rapidly and extended so widely that when the state chapter determined in the autumn of 1917 to dissolve, in harmony with a new national Red Cross plan of organ-

ization, about 150 local branches had already been created.

The nation at large is apt to estimate the humane spirit of the war by the degree to which the Red Cross was supported. The first drive for membership in the state took place during the months of February and March, 1917, at which time over 38,000 members were enrolled. The second drive occurred in December of the same year, when 84,000 members were obtained. One year later, in December, 1918, the splendid total of 122,000 was reached. In the meantime, two campaigns for larger subscriptions were made, the first of which brought into the treasury of the Red Cross \$285,000, and the second, \$525,000. The combined contributions which New Hampshire has made to the Red Cross show a grand total of about \$1,100,000, exclusive of a large number of unrecorded private gifts and offerings. In another way the activities of the Red Cross may be measured—that is, by the production of surgical dressings, knitted goods and garments. Up to the present time this amounts to 1,849,301 articles. In a third way the beneficent spirit of the Red Cross was manifested, in the work done in the Home Service Section by way of giving information to the families of soldiers and sailors and assisting them with advice or with money in case of need. The Home Service Section has seen the great majority of those entering the service in order to give them useful information, and has come into close contact with 50 per cent of the families of all who have gone from New Hampshire. It is a splendid testimony to the hold which the Red Cross has upon the confidence and esteem of the state that all of these activities have continued since the signing of the armistice and entirely in a spirit of helpfulness toward the suffering of the world. The nursing department of the Red Cross was also very energetic in recruiting nurses for army service, and in consequence

succeeded in completely filling the state's quota of army nurses.

The first attempt to induce the state systematically to make itself ready for engaging in war, provided war became inevitable, resulted in the formation of the New Hampshire League to Enforce Peace. The work of the league consisted chiefly in holding patriotic meetings throughout the state, in distributing educational and propagandist pamphlets, and in assisting other enterprises, especially engaged in active preparation for the war. Among the most valuable services of the league was its offer to collect money in the state for the work of the Committee on Public Safety. The total amount contributed for this purpose was somewhat more than \$30,000, after which the state assumed the expenses of the committee.

The outline given so far might lead to the impression that every citizen of New Hampshire and even every resident showed enthusiasm for the war and the highest type of loyalty. Nevertheless, this was not true. There was much apprehension felt lest outrages might be committed against essential industrial plants and against public utilities such as had occurred in many states. Suspicion was directed against classes and individuals, and frequently it seemed that the suspicion was justified. The Federal Government took certain measures to guard against calamities of this kind by assigning companies of the Vermont and Massachusetts National Guard to protect bridges and other vulnerable spots along the railway lines. A few members of the New Hampshire National Guard were stationed about the State House and State or Federal buildings in Concord. Apart from these few instances it was expected that all property would be safeguarded by private enterprises. For some time the minds of many people were not free from anticipation of disaster, and appeals for protection were frequently made. It gives immense satisfaction, therefore, to be

able now to record that throughout the whole course of the war not a single attempt was made to inflict damage upon either public or private places. The breaking of a dam in the central part of the state was for some days attributed to seditious persons or alien enemies. Investigation proved that the break occurred through natural causes.

In harmony with the prevailing apprehension of the state, the Committee on Public Safety appointed a sub-committee on state protection whose duties were defined in the following words: "To coöperate with the military and other pertinent authorities in making plans and securing organizations for the general maintenance of order within the state, and to assist local authorities in the suppression of disorders; to assist local and state authorities in anticipating dangerous activities of irresponsible persons; in general to help to maintain a healthy condition of individual relations to the state."

From what has been said above it is obvious that certain of these functions were unnecessary. There were no uprisings in the state, although some timid citizens were fearful that the enforcement of the selective service law might lead to disorder, nor was it at all certain that the aliens residing within the state would be so loyal as they afterwards proved to be.

The one real difficulty in connection with the protection of the state consisted in the words and acts of "irresponsible persons" in their "individual relations to the state." Almost as soon as war broke out local committees on state protection were appointed in all towns and cities of the state, but these did not seem to take their duties seriously. At all events they rarely reported cases of disloyalty or of failure to coöperate in the work of the nation. During the first few months of the war our long settled habit of letting each man do as he pleased still prevailed, and when a rare case of suspected disloyalty was

reported it was commonly accompanied by an apology. Only after our own boys began to approach the point of danger, and only after personal deprivations were felt at home, did our citizens realize keenly that those who were not whole-heartedly with us were against us. Then reports were sent in frequently and without apology. Complaints were made of those who tried to excuse Germany, of those who criticized our Government or the President, of those who spoke against the operation of the draft, and even of those who refused to contribute to the various war funds. The interesting point here is that without doubt actual disloyalty became less, whereas the reports became more numerous.

Occasionally strong objection was expressed to the bringing into the state of newspapers printed in foreign language. This was especially true of Russian and Lithuanian newspapers issued after the revolution in Russia. Some of our citizens were not satisfied with the Federal requirement that a true translation should be deposited with the postmaster at the place of issue, and insisted that such translations should appear in the newspapers themselves in parallel columns with the originals. It was a laudable desire, particularly after it was discovered that certain papers of revolutionary tendency were sent into the state by express, whereas their publishers had been forbidden the use of the mails. Investigation showed that in these few cases the Federal authorities raided the establishments where the printing of the papers occurred, and further publication was prevented.

An excess of zeal was sometimes manifested, as in the case where complaint was made that soldiers on agricultural furlough were loafing instead of working on the farm. Complaints were also forwarded that certain men received deferred classification and that the agricultural or industrial enterprises which were the

basis for receiving the classification requested were immediately abandoned. It was extremely difficult to discover the exact facts, and too often it was divulged that personal feeling magnified the offense or led even to imaginary charges and unfounded complaints. When this was discovered the cases were quietly dropped. One singular case arose where a man accused a neighbor of disloyalty, and actually manufactured documents and forged the neighbor's signature in order to substantiate his claim.

Disloyalty and neglect of duty were variously treated as occasion demanded. Sometimes a hint from the Committee on Public Safety directed to the suspected, or guilty persons, was sufficient to cause a complete cessation from any outward signs of disaffection. In certain notable cases the local Committees on Public Safety sent representatives to the persons suspected, and by argument or occasional threat effected a conversion. Here and there the individual was actually brought before the local committee and granted a hearing. In all such instances the culprit was forced to make amends before the hearing closed, and promised to conduct himself loyally for the future.

By far the greater number of cases, and all serious ones, were immediately referred to the special agent of the Department of Justice. This department maintained an office at Portsmouth during the early months of the war. It was later discontinued and a special agent with three assistants located in Concord. The splendid work of the special agent would form a chapter in the history of the Department of Justice, but it is deserving of recognition and gratitude on the part of the people of New Hampshire. No suspicious circumstances in the state passed without investigation, and few remained unaccounted for at the termination of the war.

It was mentioned above that fear was frequently expressed and appre-

hension felt that the enforcement of the selective service act might lead to disorder and even to rioting. This was indeed no more the case in New Hampshire than it was anywhere throughout the country, but it is interesting to note the gradual change of attitude toward the draft from month to month as the war progressed. At the beginning one heard most frequently the remark made by young men that they would never wait for the draft and thereby be disgraced but rather that they would enlist immediately. This was, of course, not the only reason for voluntary enlistment, and we are proud of the record of New Hampshire in this respect. The state sent into the service more than 20,000 persons, of whom only 7,971 were called under the selective service act; all others enlisted voluntarily. Expressed in figures, more than 60 per cent of those in the service entered by enlistment rather than by induction. This percentage is considerably larger than that which obtained throughout the country.

Nevertheless, the feeling that the selective draft was a natural way to enter the service of the country rather than a disgrace gradually sprang up throughout the state. This change of attitude was not immediate nor sudden. During the first six months that the selective service act was in operation a noticeably large number of young men claimed exemption and even protested against the decisions of the physicians who made their physical examination. This was not wholly due to disloyalty but arose partially from a feeling that was fairly wide spread,—that the war would be finished before the winter of 1917. With this in view many young men felt that it would be an extreme hardship for them to give up their usual occupation for the few months they might be required to spend at Camp Devens, and all to no purpose. And yet there was too often manifested in those days a real fear of military

service and a dread of the dangers incident to warfare.

When, however, the German drive in the spring of 1918 forced the allies back and the nations opposed to the Germans experienced the greatest despondency that they had felt since September, 1914, even personal opposition to entering the service disappeared. It was then a very noticeable thing that those soon to become subject to the draft quietly awaited their turn without apparent fear or hesitation or rebellion against the decisions of the local or district boards. In fact the spirit of fairness so characteristic of the boards made a deep impression upon the men whose cases were being considered, with the result that a genuine appreciation of these boards was not uncommonly expressed. Members of the boards commonly accompanied those about to be inducted to the trains which they were to take to camp and said farewell to the boys as they did to their own friends or members of their own families. Of the same nature was the feeling of pride of possession manifested by each town in its own boys whether already at the front or about to leave for the service. The towns of New Hampshire are sufficiently small to permit of a close acquaintanceship among the families resident within the town, and this acquaintanceship ripened into a community spirit which frequently resembled that of a large family.

One of the important contributing factors to the development of a community spirit is to be found in the town pride fostered by the constant labors of the local historians in making a complete record of all who entered the service from each town. Here we should also bear special testimony to the fairness and indefatigable labors of the governor and the adjutant general of the state whose interpretation of the rules of the selective service act, assignment of quotas, and arrangements for carrying out smoothly the transportation of troops, contributed most admirably to the

splendid feeling of friendship and coöperation among the citizens.

One of the best methods of estimating the wartime temper of the state is by making a tabulation of the subscriptions to the various war activities. It is impossible to list these accurately, inasmuch as the campaigns in many instances were not organized in such a way as to render it possible to distinguish between the subscriptions made in New Hampshire and those made in other states. Frequently the subscriptions of individuals or communities were not forwarded to a central state agency, with the result that New Hampshire lost its due credit. It is improbable that an accurate account of our contributions can ever be compiled. At present it is quite impossible to trace some of the funds, while others can be traced only partially. This is especially true of contributions made by fraternal organizations and various other societies. Particularly regrettable is it that the Belgian Relief Fund cannot be traced more accurately, for it is quite certain that the amount given in the table is not more than half of what it should be. The following table is the best that we are able to make.

LOANS

LIBERTY LOANS

First.....	\$9,894,900
Second.....	15,484,400
Third.....	17,282,300
Fourth.....	29,346,640
Total.....	\$72,008,240

The total Liberty bonds held in the United States is \$16,851,699,300. New Hampshire holds about \$164 per person, whereas the country holds \$153 per person.

War Savings (to the close of the war) \$4,302,368.08.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Red Cross.....	\$1,054,000.00
Y. M. C. A.....	350,000.00
Y. W. C. A.....	7,000.00
K. of C.....	52,000.00
War Camp Community Fund.....	5,094.67
Library Fund.....	16,000.00
Salvation Army.....	10,000.00
Elks War Relief Fund.....	12,000.00
Armenian and Syrian Relief.....	27,628.69
Hospital Ship Carrier (Colonial Dames).....	787.00

Knights of Pythias.....	1,089.00
Friends of Poland.....	2,935.73
Federation of Women's Clubs.....	42,627.82
Belgian Relief (N. E. Belgian Relief Fund).....	10,464.24
Committee on Public Safety.....	39,326.50
United War Work Campaign.....	1,000,879.00

The willingness with which people of the state deprived themselves of things they ordinarily regarded as necessities and the actual effort they expended in doing those things which were considered advantageous to the country while at war, offer a noticeable proof of the splendid patriotism of the state. The restrictions imposed by the food administrator and the fuel administrator were endured just as they were endured by all of the inhabitants of the United States. On the other hand, the increase in the production of food in gardens and on farms was a heartening triumph. The details of this it is unnecessary now to give as they are known through the report of the Federal food administrator of New Hampshire and of the New Hampshire commissioner of agriculture. The close coöperation of the New Hampshire State College, the Grange, the Farm Bureau Association and the Woman's Organization in increasing the production of food and in methods of conservation are deserving of the warmest praise, and it must be stated to the lasting honor of the people of our state that they willingly and even enthusiastically followed the suggestions made by the food administration and its local representatives.

One should not conclude a survey of the wartime temper of the state without drawing particular attention to the fact that hundreds of men and women neglected their own affairs and their own business, many of them for the whole period of the war, in order to give their loyal and most effective service to their state and nation during the crisis.

With the return of peace New Hampshire is eager to settle at once into the ways of peace. We do not want another war, but, if another so righteous as the last must come, we are ready to do our duty at whatever

cost or sacrifice. Nevertheless we would guard against its recurrence, and to prove that the way of the transgressor is fraught with peril for the transgressor himself, our state wishes the utmost demanded from Germany that she can possibly pay. Moreover we insist that Germany be rendered powerless to create further disasters. We expressed hearty approval when Marshal Foch urged the Peace Conference to compel Germany to reduce her military forces to 200,000. Still greater joy was caused by the announcement of Lloyd George that even this small force should be cut down by one half. New Hampshire demands strongly that all reasonable measures be taken to avoid the necessity of resorting again to arms to defend our just rights and privileges.

The best effect the war has had upon our state is the development of a community spirit. We have become united through our common efforts in raising funds, in practising economies, in the production of food, in knitting or sewing, in all joint patriotic purposes, and best of all, in sending forth our young men who seem to have become the possession of an entire community rather than merely a part of their own families. Now that they are coming home, nothing can stir the heart more than to see a whole town or village assemble to give welcome to perhaps a single returning valiant son. It is only an extension of this spirit that forms the foundation of the desire for state unification, to the end that all our residents may be linked together in the common bond of Americanism. Here we find the explanation of the fact that there was an almost universal demand for a new educational system which would grant equal educational opportunities to every child in the state. The feeling of the people was reflected in the practical unanimity with which our last state Legislature accepted a new and splendid Education Bill, designed to accomplish this excellent result.

ALVIN H. CLIFFORD

Alvin H. Clifford, the dean of the Boston wool trade in point of service, who died at his home in Newton, Mass., May 8, was born in Gilman-ton 77 years ago. The Cliffords are one of the pioneer families in New England, the name occurring in Massachusetts history in the first half of the seventeenth century and in the New Hampshire records soon after, while the first Clifford in Gilman-ton came there just before the Revolutionary War.

Alvin H. Clifford received his education at the famous old Gilman-ton Academy. He served as a sutler in the Civil War and after its close was for a time employed as clerk in the American House in Concord. Fifty-five years ago, he entered business life in New York City, and soon became a wool buyer, travelling through the West for some of the largest houses of the metropolis.

A few years later, he located in

Boston and ever since has been successfully engaged in business there as a wool merchant. The firm name has been A. H. Clifford & Son, 184 Summer street, Mr. Paul Clifford having been his father's partner.

Mr. A. H. Clifford is also survived by his wife, who was Marietta Shep-ard Boldt, and by a daughter, Mrs. Dexter B. Wiswell of Newton.

Funeral services were held at his home, 618 Center street, Newton, on Saturday, May 10, and were conducted by Rev. Grant Person, pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church, with burial in Newton Cemetery.

Mr. Clifford was a man of distinguished appearance which well indicated the possession of qualities placing him on a high plane in both private and business life.

The large degree of interest which he maintained in his native state and its affairs was manifested by his long period of subscription to the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

ROSEMARY

By Frances Mary Pray

Love came into my garden bright,
The sky was clear, the wind blew free,
Love's voice was gay, his step was light,
He gathered blossoms ere his flight
Among them, rosemary.

Love came within my garden bare,
The autumn wind bent bush and tree,
Love sought and found by patient care
Half-hidden in a corner there
A bit of rosemary.

Concord, N. H.



ONE SOLDIER DECIDES

By Anabel C. Andrews

"Well, chum, what do you think of God's own country? Lie down, and be quiet—that isn't a Hun shell: just a Yankee bumble-bee. Let him alone, and he will you; stir him up and you'll get into trouble quick: that's Yankee also."

"Don't roll up the whites of your eyes; you're not sea sick now; but that was better than the trenches, chummy."

"That's all over. Time now to begin the new life; and it's up to us to decide what it shall be."

"Look alive now, for we must decide today. We have had quite a rest; and, after the way we have been feasted, I wonder we are out of bed."

"Now, how about the Boston job? Fine salary; chance to rise; much in the way of education, and pleasure—what's wrong with that?"

"You don't like the life in-doors? Cramped quarters in the place we call home—that the trouble? Short days, chum; needn't go in till sleep-time."

"No interest whatever in that offer—want the earth, chum? Think you'd get it by taking the farm off Dad's hands?"

"Which shall it be, pup: Boston' with short days; clean work; good pay; much to see, and learn; or the farm, with long days; overalls and jumper; hard work, and less money?"

"Understand, pup, it's for keeps; so think it over carefully, and go slow."

"If we should tell Dad we'd stay; get sick of it, and want to leave, he wouldn't say one word, only 'Good bye dear Lad,' as he did when I sailed for France; but—you're not acquainted with him yet, chum; when you are, you'll find he's as good as they make 'em; and we must be square with him; for he is going down now on the sunset side toward the West."

"We can have God's big out-of-doors—down! Down, chum! You mean it? Think we better stay? All right, if you're sure."

"Don't wag your tail off; you're likely to need it again before you die."

"Shall we tell Dad that we are ready to slip our shoulders under the strap; carry the load, and send him to the rest camp?"

"Let's go!"

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

By Helen A. Parker

After the wind and the rain
And the sea's wild roar,
Out of the darkness and mist,
The blue sky spreads o'er.

After the cloud and the storm,
The sun doth appear;
And out from yon maple tall
A robin sings clear.

Concord, N. H.

Mount Ascutney from the Cornish Hills

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ASCUTNEY MOUNTAIN

By George B. Upham

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—There has been published in the *Claremont Eagle* during the past year a series of historical articles different in style, character and perhaps in purpose from the usual town histories. They contain vivid pictures of the past in a locality not bounded by mere town lines. Some of these articles reach out beyond Claremont, in a way to make them of interest to our readers in much of the western part of the state. They contain the results of much research in old records, maps and manuscripts, topically treated, and never before put into print. The writer tells us he became convinced that much historical material is lost every year through the death of old residents without record of their recollections, through the thoughtless destruction of old letters, surveys and manuscripts, also through destruction by fire. Local historical societies naturally present themselves as a means of preserving such materials. It was with a view to arousing interest in such a society in Claremont that this series was begun. We find in these articles, however, a wider interest which we believe will appeal to our readers. They contain paragraphs indicating an in-

timate study of the social and early economic life of a region typical of New England, which if continued and amplified, will form a notable contribution to an adequate economic history of these states which yet remains to be written. We hope the republication of these articles, with some material added by the author, may lead to historical contributions to other local papers with a like purpose in view. The series opens with a bit of geological history, applicable to a considerable part of western New Hampshire and eastern Vermont.]

It has been suggested that the proposed local historical society should undertake to collect and preserve data and materials within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles of Claremont, and further suggested that, since Ascutney Mountain is the dominant physical feature within this area, the society be called the Ascutney Historical Society.

In view of the possible adoption of

these suggestions it seemed that it would be of interest to inquire into the history of Ascutney itself.

A disappointment was met almost at the outset, for it was found that Ascutney was not very old, that compared with Sunapee and Croydon mountains, or even with little Barber's mountain in West Claremont, Ascutney was a mere infant.

The Hitchcocks who wrote the "Geology of Vermont," printed in Claremont in 1861, tell us that the granites of eastern Vermont are as recent as the Devonian age, while Professor Daly of Harvard fixes the nativity of Ascutney at a still later time, viz.: as later than the Carboniferous and earlier than the Cretaceous period, or, in other words, between the time of giant vegetation when the coal areas were formed and the time when the enormously thick chalk beds were laid down under those parts of the earth which were then covered by water.

This may have been only a hundred million years ago, but in any event it was, geologically speaking, in comparatively recent times. Geologists are extremely shy of using any time measure expressed in years, and well they may be, for a thousand years is as a mere tick on the great clock of geologic time. The constant tendency is to lengthen the time estimates. Recent studies in the phenomena of radio activity have increased them enormously.

From boyhood the writer has admired the beauty of Ascutney, its gentle, graceful curves, its ever changing lights and shadows, its soft outlines under the stars, but it was late in life when he first learned that this beauty was the beauty of youth.

Although a mere youth among mountains, Ascutney is interesting, very interesting, and has been much studied by leading geologists, by the Hitchcocks already mentioned, and, in more recent years, by Professors Daly, Wolff and Jaggar of Harvard.

Wolff, for a quarter of a century, has been professor of Petrography at

Harvard, Jaggar is a world authority on volcanoes, Daly after spending ten years with some interruptions in the study of this mountain, assisted by the above named and others, published in 1903 his "Geology of Ascutney Mountain," a book of 125 pages, Bulletin No. 209 of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Rocks may be roughly divided into two great classes: (1) the sedimentary or stratified rocks which were formed from disintegrated particles of older rocks or the shells of animal life, deposited under water and cemented together by heat or pressure or both of these agencies; (2) the crystalline rocks, some of the intrusive varieties of which are hereinafter mentioned.

The mountains and also the hills of any considerable height in Claremont and the vicinity, with three exceptions, were originally formed by the cooling and shrinking of the earth's interior, causing the surface rock to wrinkle into immense folds much as the skin of an apple wrinkles when the inside shrinks.

This process of mountain building had long ceased in our vicinity before the three exceptions, above mentioned, appeared. These late comers were Ascutney, Little Ascutney and Pierson's Peak. The latter was long considered a part of little Ascutney, and so called until given a distinctive name by Professor Daly.

These three mountains are composed of eruptive or intrusive rocks which were forced up in a molten and highly fluid state from great depths in the earth. The word "intrusive" would seem to be the better descriptive name, for they literally intruded upon the older rocks which for long ages had previously occupied this area; furthermore, the word "eruptive" conveys the idea of a sudden or explosive outburst, while the geologists agree that the intrusions were by a slow, irresistible, upward pressure. There were several such intrusions of varying extent, probably separated by long

periods of time. The earliest was on the west side of the mountain, the later ones following progressively toward the east.

It must not, however, be understood that Ascutney was ever a volcano which has become extinct. It never had any of the characteristics of a volcano. It had no crater, no explosive eruptions. The intrusive material came from great depths while the lava of a volcano comes from comparatively shallow depths and at comparatively frequent intervals. Neither must it be imagined that Ascutney or any of the other mountains in our vicinity looked in the least as they do now, immediately or for a long period after the intrusions. They existed as the rock of the famous "Lion of Lucerne," carved in the hillside, existed for ages, unshaped and invisible, before the great sculptor Thorwaldsen finished his work. In shaping mountains water, weather and frost were and still are the slowly working sculptors. At the time of the intrusions nearly all of New England, long submerged and later lifted was covered by soft sedimentary rocks, thousands of feet thick, which had been deposited under water. These formed a great plain with the materials of the later sculptured mountains buried beneath its surface. Long ages of the action of water and weather wore and washed away these softer rocks, and immense quantities of the harder rocks with them, leaving as residuals of erosion Ascutney and other neighboring much older mountains in substantially their present visible form.

Geologists are agreed that the interior of the earth, though hotter than any high temperatures we are familiar with, is, owing to pressure incredibly great, as solid as steel. Under the crust of the earth are enormous masses known as magmas, which when relieved from pressure by cracks in the overlying crust expand, become lighter in weight and highly fluid, perhaps somewhat like white-hot, melted, fluid glass.

In the formation of Ascutney this upwardly pressing, molten and highly fluid magma penetrated the cracks in the overlying sedimentary rocks, breaking, splitting and rifting them into innumerable blocks and fragments, large and small. These owing to their greater weight sank in the magma, which, modified in character by these older rocks melted, assimilated and digested by it, formed when cooled the crystalline rocks of which Ascutney principally consists. The intrusive cylinder cut perpendicularly through the older rocks, without much displacement of the rocks immediately outside the cut. This process is one which a miner would describe as "overhead stoping," that is to say, cutting up from below and permitting the material to fall by gravity. Professor Wolff tells me that this theory of intrusions by "overhead stoping," first developed by Professor 'Daly in his study of the Ascutney rocks, has been generally accepted by geologists the world over, whereby Professor Daly's little book has become a classic in geological literature.

The intense heat of the intrusions modified the character and appearance of the surrounding rocks to a lessening degree for a distance of about six hundred feet from the contact. By contact is meant the place where this immense cylindrical intrusive body of newer rock touched or contacted with the older surrounding rocks, which it does on Ascutney in approximately a circle having a diameter at the present surface of about two and a half miles. It should be understood that all of the rock within this contact circle is new and intrusive rock of a wholly different composition and character from the older rocks outside the circle and also that what remains of the cylinder of intrusive rock extends, probably perpendicularly, downward for an unknown distance, at least several miles, through the cooled crust of the earth.

The surface contact is about six hundred feet above the Connecticut

on the easterly side of the mountain, about twelve hundred feet above it at "Crystal Cascade" on the south-westerly side, about six hundred feet above Mill Brook on the north-westerly side near Brownsville, and about six hundred feet above the highway at the path on the northeasterly side.

Anyone seeking to find the line of surface contact will be aided by the fact that all around the mountain there is a decided steepening of the grade at the contact. This is owing to the much harder, more resistant character of the intrusive rock. It has been less affected by glacial and weathering action than the older, softer surrounding rocks. The contact may best be seen at "Crystal Cascade" where specimen pieces may be easily knocked off with a hammer showing both the older and the intrusive rock just as they were when the intrusive cooled and firmly cemented itself to the older rock.

Fragments of the latter may be seen there imbedded in the newer rock at some little distance inside the contact. They were splintered off after the intrusive rock had partially cooled and was therefore in a sufficiently viscous state to support them notwithstanding the greater specific gravity of the fragments.

"Crystal Cascade," easily reached, is a feature of great natural beauty and a veritable sermon in stones to the geologist. It has been frequently visited by the Harvard professors above mentioned, who occasionally brought their special students with them. A similar place in England or France would be widely celebrated. The older rocks surrounding the Ascutney intrusives are mainly clayey schists. These were at onetime stratified rocks but were subsequently much changed by heat. They had been flexed and wrinkled by the shrinking process, above described, into their present positions and shapes long before the granitic intrusions cut out the circular area now occupied by the latter. The schists are of the Lower

Silurian Age, and, more definitely of the Lower Trenton period, that is to say, probably hundreds of millions of years older than the intrusive rocks.

The quarryman would describe Ascutney as composed of granite; the geologist, as composed mainly of that kind of granite which is called quartz-syenite. If asked for further particulars he would say that about four-fifths of the intrusive rock was that kind of quartz-syenite which is called nordmarkite, several varieties of which are found on Ascutney. One would have to travel as far away as the region of Christiania in Norway to find another equally large mass of nordmarkite. If asked about the other fifth of the intrusive rock the geologist would say that it was called biotite-granite, was on the southeasterly side of the mountain and was the latest of the great intrusions.

This biotite-granite is the granite of the now abandoned quarries about one thousand feet above the river and a mile and a half northwest from Ascutneyville. The blocks for the piers of the "High Bridge" in Claremont, also for the walls of the railroad bridge over the highway, half a mile further south, came from this source. These quarries supplied the millstones for many miles around during the first half of the last century. The road to them, leading through a beautiful mountain valley, still shows indications of long continued, heavy use. It is clearly apparent that an enormous quantity of stone has been taken from these quarries. They will not, in all probability, be further worked until a railroad is built to them.

On the north side of the mountain, near Brownsville, are two quarries in the nordmarkite from which a green variety of granite is obtained. The "Norcross quarry" furnished the large columns for the Library building of Columbia University in New York City, also those for the Bank of Montreal. The "Mower quarry" furnished the two monolithic sarcoph-

agi in the McKinley mausoleum at Canton, Ohio. For particulars of these quarries, also for some further facts respecting the geology of Ascutney, see Professor Dale's "Granites of Vermont," Bulletin No. 404 of the U. S. Geological Survey, published in 1909.

The great ice sheet which covered Ascutney and scoured across it during the Glacial period, a very recent event of perhaps only half a million years ago, had little effect on the outlines of the mountain owing to the resistant hardness of the intrusive rocks. Of this Professor Daly says: "The general form of Ascutney was not essentially affected by the Pleistocene glaciation. A veneer of pre-glacial weathered rock was removed and the rounding of minor points accomplished by the ice invasion, but the pre-Glacial Ascutney had practically the form of the present mountain."

That this is true is evident from the fact, as Daly points out, that the whole drainage system of the mountains was unchanged by the glacier—The valleys that had been sculptured out of the sides of the mountain by the slow action of frost and water were formed, practically as they are today, long geologic ages before the ice came.

The moving ice-sheet, thousands of feet deep, rounded off the exposed ridges, scratched and polished the rock surface and carried away enormous quantities of debris and angular blocks that had been detached and

split up by frost action. These were rolled, rounded and carried south and southeast in and under the moving ice. Millions of tons of these nordmarkite boulders may be seen in the stone walls and fields over southwestern New Hampshire, some even as far as the Massachusetts line; vastly more lie buried in the drift.

Even as late a period as that of the Ascutney intrusions would not have been an altogether agreeable time in which to live, at least not as mankind is at present constituted. Vegetation was dark, gloomy and devoid of flowers; great dinosaurs and other reptiles, some as many as fifteen feet high and thirty feet long lumbered over the land. They have left their footprints in the mud-rocks at Turner's Falls, near Greenfield, Mass. A varied assortment of monsters lived in the sea; great reptiles whose bat-like wings measured twenty-five feet from tip to tip, flew through the heavy atmosphere. Even as a summer resort the Connecticut River valley could not have been reliably recommended at that time.

Dr. Gulliver, who did the topographic work for Professor Daly and prepared the map for his book, determined the height of Ascutney to be 3,114 feet, and the height of the railway bridge over the Connecticut at Windsor to be 301 feet above the sea level.

Ascutney is the highest elevation lying wholly in the valley of the Connecticut from its source to the Sound.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

A small, but complete volume, on "Alsace-Lorraine since 1870," written by Barry Cerf of the University of Wisconsin and published by The Macmillan Company, New York, sheds much light on one of the great questions which the Paris Peace Conference has to answer for the best interests of mankind. The author has no sympathy for any of the German claims to the country under considera-

tion and his brief for France in this connection is energetic, compact and backed by evidence adduced from reliable sources and clearly presented. Especially valuable is the statistical study which the book contains of the ruthless exploiting of Alsatian resources by an arrogant and selfish conqueror. The volume has a frontispiece map and is published at \$1.50.

COUNTRY MAIL-BOXES

By Mary Jenness

Discovery began with the silver sheets of rain that, for the last half-hour beyond Plymouth, hid from view lake and mountain, cottage and farmhouse alike—everything but the little mail-boxes beside the road. The touring-car boomed ahead at a rate that rendered conversation impossible, yet had the advantage of bringing these into a connected series.

The first discovery was that there are styles. Once I rashly suggested to a friend, three years in China, that doubtless the uniform costume of Chinese women explained their placidity of countenance, since it forestalled all worries about style.

"Style! My dear Sarah, it's all style," he retorted pityingly. "The length of the sleeve, the cut of the cuff, the breadth of the trousers, these are changing all the time. There are certain colors and textures appropriate for certain seasons, months and even weeks—to say nothing of the holidays."

Crushed, I conceded the point; and now it was rising to haunt me along the New Hampshire countryside. Again, where I least expected, it was all style. A box on a post, within reach of the rural carrier's arm; on this foundation, how varied the structure! There were no two alike. For a time indeed the type was similar. Grey wooden boxes of home manufacture flashed by, little roofed houses, Noah's Arks with one side left open. Presently appeared an open raft nailed alongside; some progressive Shem or Japheth had invented the magazine annex. The effect, while marine through childhood association, was also oddly suggestive of the garden bird-house; and once at a cross-roads I found that some local Gilbert White had thought so, too. With sly humor he had erected opposite the toy post-office a real avian mansion. It was furnished with verandas, and many loopholes

of entrance, and yet the effect was still so similar that it would be a wise robin who never mailed her babies, nor ever trusted her eggs to government ownership!

Transition between country and town was marked without the aid of a road-map. The changing mail-boxes did it. Another home-made houselet perched gravely on the main post, but the magazine tray was filled with a smart new tin box by way of modern ell. The personality of the weatherbeaten mother still dominated the shiny commercial newness of the offspring. But we were nearing town so rapidly that the next step would certainly be to eliminate the old-fashioned mother altogether. The second generation did it, conspicuous and graceless, in the person of the nattiest mail-box de luxe that I have ever seen. Uncle Sam's back must have been turned when this aluminum creation was coiffed, scrolled and curled.

The next day was glorious. The country stretched below and above us for varied, enchanting miles. Perversely enough, we had eyes hardly for the occasional glimpse of Mount Washington himself. Our attention was glued upon mail-boxes. And today we made the second discovery, hidden yesterday behind the rain, that subtly the boxes matched their houses. Here, as elsewhere, the style was the man. Vesta made surreptitious sketches on the margin of my New Republic which later verified our combined memories. The post varied from farm to farm, the material and style of the box itself might change, the angle of attachment to the stem, whether post or fence or tree, was never twice alike; yet uncannily the house kept pace. A tiny sample vial of its spirit was there beside the road, open to the public eye—any public eye that could spare half a

pupil from the automobile guide and the scenery.

Was there a weatherbeaten cracker-box carefully hinged, squarely planted on a stout, plain post? Behind it was a little grey house with scant immaculate curtains; the essence of well-trained poverty, both ends barely meeting, but both ends and the middle scrubbed clean. The next neighbor has an empty tobacco-box stuck on end, half the cover broken aslant, and the other half crazily whirling on one precarious nail. And behold, his lean and rusty hens stray through an unweeded garden, and down his forlorn and sagging bay window run the stains of many shiftless winters. Another has a round, new government box sturdily clamped to the side of a disused mile-post; opposite is the familiar wooden hut mounted by a log of wood wrapped round by fraying strands of rope: is it the former's sons or his neighbor's, who will be leaders of men? Let the rocks in the hillside garden of the latter add their answer.

Yonder is the crumbling shell of a great yellow farmhouse, but the family moved across the road before it crumbled, and thriftily took their mail-box with them. There is the framework which once enclosed it, still supported by the iron bracket that had surely held up grandmother's mantel shelf. Similar economy appears in their present use of a great newell post that must have come from the old homestead. So link the generations, the essentials of the one reappearing as the casual subsidiary reserves of the next.

More than a revealer, the box was sometimes an actual give-away of character. There is a famous wayside Tea Room, studiedly in the rough, whose methodical rusticity had annoyed us before, but never to the point of acid characterization. The new mail-box forced it. It was swathed to its silvered ears in great slabs of wood still in the bark—Jacob's smooth and guileful fingers

slipping out of the disguise for Esau. More slabs camouflaged the slender stem into a many-angled trunk that deceived nobody. "Rustiqued!" commented Vesta, and the dignity of tea-house and mail-box were gone. One little word had felled them.

On the other hand, it was surely an artist whose box, a modest loaf of bread in shape, stretched from the dividing pine tree to rest its chin on a forked birch sapling, growing from right to left. No native could have resisted pruning—and no native would ever climb the steep brown path behind, cried our detective instinct. And lo! there on the bluffs above, appeared the unmistakable windows of a studio.

Such use of the material at hand was far more considerate of the tree than the elaborate scaffoldings we sometimes saw. Once indeed, the two broad cleats ran out from the maple to either side the box, which was still further stayed by no less than three after-thoughts, stakes driven into the outraged tree at different times and angles. The result was, however, complex and picturesque, like the Irish question; and our sympathies were not wholly with the unsentimental son-in-law who had freshly set a stout cedar post under the box, and had contemptuously sawed through the work of his elders. Doubtless it was he whose brusque efficiency had begun to eviscerate and "remodel" the chain of dropping ell and added gables in the old farmhouse.

A more united family was that whose three boxes, all different (like tooth-brushes, observed Vesta) burgeoned at varying angles from the grapevine trellis by the porch. What friendly mail-man would pass in autumn without carrying away a luscious memory, aided or not by some ripening Eve?

Once we caught our breath at the universal quality in a little story lying open by the roadside. The trimmest, perkier of grey cottages,

mated with a sluggish red barn, had attracted us a long way down the road. Then came the momentary puzzle. What was that block of scarlet by the kitchen window? The mail-box, painted red? And why beside the barn door did the exact shape of it remain, post and all, outlined and brushed over with glistening new paint, not for long years to weather to the dull tone of the old barn itself? It was Vesta who noted the service flag and linked the whole in a flash of understanding.

"Why he's across," she interpreted swiftly, "and his mother's had the mail-box moved over to the kitchen window so that she can get news from him first. Look at that track!"

Truly the wheel-ruts across the bit of lawn were new. And there at the window, with busy hands, sat a little grey woman, crisp-curled; dainty and positive, like the house. Across the upper panes of the casement was fastened the service flag, home made, with the avowal cross-stitched evenly as a card-board motto: "Over There."

With the world's motherhood last August, she was waiting for the mail. Her heart lay only more visibly open by the side of the road.

Such explorations are not to be measured in terms of the A. A. A., any more than the style of "Marius the Epicurean" can be solved for X. Other values are involved. Our last discovery led us to conscious appreciation of the fact. Close to the final city, we passed the group of shacks that had sprung up around a munition factory. Conspicuously new between the telegraph poles, a rough plank bore fourteen identical boxes, tragically alike, *numbered*, like the souls in purgatory.

"Now that," murmured Vesta, "is exactly why I do not believe Communism is possible. It's human nature to prefer the poor thing of one's own to the most efficient, economical, made-by-the-million, free-and-equal product. It hasn't any style and it hasn't any soul. Nobody created it, that's why!"

"Begotten, not made"—the oldest creed added significant glow to her challenge. Sacred be personality. It goes deep, this right of the individual to create his environment in his own image. Even so deep into our town-bred hearts had grown the lovable, differentiated humanity of our friends—the country mail-boxes.

MONADNOCK AT SUNSET

By Charles Nevers Holmes

Grand gray-capped mountain crowned with clouds aflame!
O monarch mountain robed in misty blue
At set of sun when falls the evening dew,
So changed from midday yet the very same
That I beheld thee years and years ago.

Some moments since the golden sun shone low,
Resplendent, gorgeous, dazzling to the eye,
Like blazing beacon lighting far and nigh
It sank from sight, and—lo!—the dimming sky
Is bright with colors, and yon darkened crest
Looms clear amid the glory in the west.

O spectacle of which sight cannot tire,
Inspiring artist's brush or poet's lyre,
Grand gray-capped mountain crowned with clouds afire!

THE IDYL OF SQUAM LAKE

Translated from Carl A. Koehler's "Maerchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebrige"

By Ellen McRoberts Mason

The loveliest little spot in the White Mountains lies apart from the great frequented thoroughfares over which the obstreperous steam engine brings thousands of pleasure-seeking summer guests in flying haste to the popular hotels. Only occasionally does the traveler bend his steps that way, which, through smiling plains and peaceful valleys and over wooded heights, leads to the vale where lies Squam Lake, there in delicious tranquility and solitude to enjoy the exquisiteness of nature which there unfolds its richest charms in incomparable beauty. And yet what our enraptured eyes behold today there, is only a shadow, a reflection of that which was formerly there. Let me tell you how it looked, and what happened there long years ago.

In the happy time when elves still peopled many snug little parts of the earth, and had not yet been scared away by the restless doings of men in their chase after earthly goods, when the incessant clattering, hammering, pounding and sawing of busy industries had not yet driven away the poesy of unprofaned nature from wood and field, the king of the elves had chosen a charming, dainty bride to be his queen. His heart glowed with love for his chosen one and to make ready a worthy dwelling place for her, he created a Paradise in the midst of this mountain landscape overgrown with thick forests. That nothing should disturb them in their happiness, he surrounded the valley with a high wall of mighty, insurmountable mountains, that locked this dale away from the whole of the rest of the world.

Smaller heights covered with shadowy woods girded it about with a second ring and sloped to the lake resting in the depths. Babbling little brooks, in whose silvery waters the

sun was mirrored, sprang from all the hills in hurrying course, and here and there plunged a waterfall in merry bounds from the rocks into the white basin of the lake whose blue flood was kissed by the green shores that, in the most delightful curves here wound forward in a lovely, little peninsula and there enclosed an exquisite bay. Countless splendid-wooded islands and islets dotted the wide, peaceful sheet of water, lending a charming variety. Entrancing was the effect that the indescribably beautiful landscape made when the glowing disk of the sun rose above the blue tops of the distant wonderful-shaped mountains and gilded everything in wondrous radiance, mirroring itself in the thousands and thousands of dew-drops which hung on trees and underwood like sparkling diamond chains. Innumerable flower-cups exhaled the sweetest fragrance, and the green velvet plain was like a many-colored carpet embroidered with gorgeous flower-garlands. Variegated butterflies fluttered over the blossoms; splendid colored birds darted joyously through the branches and trilled their morning songs; shining beetles bustled noisily in the grass that floated and waved in the light zephyrs; and the tree-tops rustled with a sweet song of joy. While thus the sun moved up in the azure vault, all nature was like a vast and mighty temple in which from countless voices the high hymn of the joy of being sounded and resounded.

And when the sun went to his rest, sinking blood-red and bedded upon clouds of purple and gold, and gradually twilight settled down and only the highest of the distant mountain-tops were radiant in soft violet light, then rest, soft rest was spread over sleeping nature.

Then rose the golden moon high

in the deep blue star-strewn vault of heaven and poured her veiled light over the woods and flowery meadows, and her face beamed mild again out of the clear, polished mirror of the waters of the lake.

Ah, what a delightful little spot it was, so right-worthy to serve the loving elf-pair for a blessed dwelling place, so holy, created for the enjoyment of the highest, purest happiness. Then the elf-king led his tender bride to the marriage feast. And it was a feast, the like of which no second has been celebrated, nor ever will be. There was every magnificence and show, jubilation and merriment. Splendid was the entry of the royal pair into the kingdom. Leading the way, there marched many beetles clad in gold-shimmering coats of mail, and attended by blue-winged dragon-flies, and gaily-painted butterflies in fantastic dances about them. After this came the royal coach made of gilded shells. This was drawn by ten milk-white mice. A squirrel sat as coachman upon the box. Gorgeous-plumaged Canadian colibris swarmed about the carriage, likewise many-colored birds sang sweet love songs. Innumerable elves in delicate, gorgeous vesture, followed the coach and sang, as an epithalamium, the following verses, while they accompanied their song with the most graceful dancing:

Proud let us celebrate in festive dance,
The splendid pair so lovely and bold;
So rich adorned with diamonds and gold,
Let us reverent make them obeisance.

Long live our elfin king, the good, the mild,
Who reigns o'er the elves no mortals see;
How could one happier, blessed be
In all these flowery fields so wild.

For today with exultant joy doth he bring
Throughout all his kingdom the bride most
divine,

As splended jewel in glorious shrine,
As crowning gem in the house of the king.

Hop and spring,
Dance and sing;
High swells the breast
In man so blest,
Dance the ring,
While we sing.

Honor and glory
To this pair so holy.

Bees and wasps, armed with sharp spears, ended the procession which advanced to the castle situated upon a hill. It was built in the light graceful style of the elves, and was in every respect worthy of the royal pair. Broad, marble steps led to the entrance where two green, variegated serpents kept guard. Lofty, polished columns of dazzling whiteness, with capitals of precious stone, formed broad, airy halls and corridors and supported a golden dome. The outside walls were adorned with many graceful turrets and balconies. All the apartments impressed one with their richness and splendor, and numerous artistic ornaments adorned the walls.

All around the castle, from which could be enjoyed a magnificent view of the lake, the wooded hills and the distant mountains, extended a large garden where flower-beds filled with fragrant blossoms alternated with groves of shady trees and shrubs, and soft green meadows. Fountains, in whose spray the sunlight broke in many colors, brightened the loveliness of the enchanting pleasure-garden.

In the castle the marriage was now celebrated with the greatest pomp. All the elves were bidden to the table. This was laden with everything delicious that an elfin tongue could crave, and virgin honey and blossom-dew was served in great flower-cups. For musicians, the cicadas and crickets played, accompanied by the frogs with their deep bass, and thousands of feathered songsters let their loveliest songs resound. It was wondrously beautiful—of course only for elfin ears, for the hearing of men is not fine enough to lay hold on the exquisite melody of such a concert. When the enjoyment was at its height, the king rose and said:

"Fortune and happiness are entered here; my highest wish is fulfilled; I call the loveliest and most beautiful of all the elves, my own. Fortune

and happiness dwell here forevermore, to you, my comrades, I grant this, my kingdom, for your abode; pass here your contented elfin existence in untroubled blessedness. May the holy tranquility never forsake these fields. But that also the men who dwell on the other side of the mountains should share in our prosperity, go, my herald, to them and proclaim that I will protect and prosper them, that I will bless their land with fruitfulness and riches, so long as they do not overstep the boundaries of my kingdom, and no human foot treads upon my dominion."

Swiftly sped the light-winged messenger from thence to execute the order of the ruler.

A long while yet the merriment of the festival lasted, and finally the king arose and with his queen—who looked up to her consort lovingly and clung to him with ardent thanks for all the favors he had shown her—withdrawn from the guests. They, however, did not allow themselves to be disturbed in their pleasure, and dance and feast lasted the whole night through, until the dawn announced the beginning of a new day, and the cricket musicians, one after the other grew silent, and the bass of the frogs became hoarse. The birds, the singers, had long since gone early to rest. Finally the last of the guests left the hospitable castle and now deep stillness lay over the Eden that love had created.

Soon the elves settled in every place where shady groves, bubbling springs and flowery meadows invited them to make their habitation. Constant happiness reigned in the elfin empire; happily the dainty beings played away their care-free existence; song and rejoicings sounded from all the thickets, from all the flower chalices in which they rocked. It was a charming sight, when on moonlight nights the lovely creatures executed their blithesome, exquisite dances on the mossy sod.

Nothing disturbed the felicity, the peace of the glorious valley, over which the king reigned in mildness and goodness.

The red men who lived on the other side of the mountains, and to whom the king's promise had brought abundant blessings, guarded themselves well against violating the command and stepping over the boundaries of the elves' kingdom.

But one day there came from a far distance quite another kind of men to their abode. The red men received the strange guests kindly, regaled them with honey, fish and bear-meat, and gladly showed them all the favors that they wished. This highly pleased the pale-faces, and they settled in every place where the region seemed to them suitable to a settlement. In a short time they set themselves up to be masters of the simple children of Nature, drove them away from their camping-grounds and woods, and soon the content and peace that reigned heretofore in the valleys had disappeared.

Greedy as the pale-faces were, they let their glances rove wider and demanded to know what sort of country lay over beyond those high, blue mountains—there must, naturally, be rich profit from game and timber to be carried off. The frightened red men tried in vain to divert the curiosity of the intruders. By their worried demeanor they only excited it the more. The whites threatened the poor aborigines with the hardest punishment if they would not tell them what kind of a country it was over the other side of the mountains, and show them the way to it. Tremblingly the Indian chief told what he knew about the kingdom of the elves, of the promise and the threat of the king, and besought the intruders to desist from their purpose, for to carry it out would bring the greatest misfortune.

But the whites laughed at the terror of the Indians, and, armed with axe and saw, under many difficulties

scaled the mountains. From one of the lofty peaks they looked with astonishment and admiration into the glorious valley below, that spread out like a garden of Eden before their fascinated gaze. Filled with avarice, they computed in a trice the riches that were in the inexhaustible woods and the fruitful ground, and quickly descended to take possession of the land and to change its treasures into gold.

But as the first blows of the axe rang and the proud, wide-branched oak sank groaning to the ground, the hitherto so serene heavens were covered with dense, dark clouds that the light of the sun was not able to pierce through; gloomy darkness veiled the fields and forests and spread grayly over the flowery meadows; rolling thunder made the mountains tremble, and pale lightnings only made the gloom seem blacker. Sorrowful wailing sounded in the rushing of the tree-tops, and moaning and wailing resounded from all the woods and groves.

From all sides flew the terrified elves out of their dwellings thither and flocked about the beloved royal pair, who were coming out of the palace to depart forever from the beautiful valley. Sadly the king looked upon his subjects, gazed once more with grief over the now ruin-devoted elves' paradise and then he said to them:

"Our abiding place is no longer here. The rude hand of man has dared to invade our sanctuary and to disturb us in our occupancy; avarice and envy will now enter here where in former times sweet peace and innocence were enthroned. Let us depart, and from here seek another dwelling, where nature is not desecrated by the rough rule of covetous men."

With tears, the king and his consort gave one more look at the old home so dear to them; then their coach took them up and carried them thence; and, lamenting and sighing, all the elves followed them.

But the lake rose up in waves as high as a house, and swallowed up the castle and all the glories that had adorned the kingdom of the elves.

Forsaken and desolate the valley seemed now—no joyous shouting and laughing resounded henceforth from the groves—even the lovely little singing-birds had disappeared and gone with the elves. Covetous men now ravaged in the almost inexhaustible forests, and the death stillness that had spread over the valley was broken only by the shrill creak of the saw and the hollow clang of the axe.

Likewise from the valleys of the red men vanished with one blow all the blessings that had in former time so prospered them; the earth lost her fruitfulness, the springs dried up, the herds died, and miserably the occupants prolonged their lives until they at last utterly perished, so that now no trace of them is to be found more. The chief who had betrayed the way into the elves' kingdom to the pale-faces—filled with grief and remorse,—climbed the summit of the highest of the surrounding mountains, and threw himself off into the dreadful depths.

The elf-valley bears, even today, in general outlines, the earlier features which the greed of men has not yet been able to quite blot out—but the blessed, tranquil peace, the serene happiness of earlier days has thence forever disappeared. Only now and then, on particularly clear, moonlight nights, one hears melancholy, grieving tones wafted through the wood, that set the soul in a whimsical, tender mood; for sometimes indeed, yet, an elf that out of longing is visiting the place of its old-time felicity, passes quickly through the trees. And an elf related this all to the one who tells the story, as he once rested at the side of an alder grove on a starlit night, dreamily gazed on the bright, full moon; and listened to the soft plashing of the lake.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 4

JUNE

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

June days have two moods, half spring—half summer. In the early days of the month the last blossoms from the apple-boughs blow into the furrows of the farmer's garden, the morning air echoes with the sweet spring songs of birds, the skies glow with a spring-time blue above the newly green foliage. The first two weeks of the month are the fulfilment of spring.

Then comes the division and the latter half of the month ushers us into summer's heat and joys. Quite often our hottest weather comes the last week in June, but whether so or not, the latter half of June always brings the summer softness into the air, the roses burst their buds into clusters of pink, white and red; the tiny birds, like warblers, nut-hatches and thrushes begin their summer songs, and we know that the fairy-time of the year has come. The last days hear the first sounds of the mowing machine and bring to our nostrils the first smell of the newly-cut hay which all the month has been the waving fields of grass. June always finds the grass tall enough to wave in the wind, and the gently waving crests of green as the wind sweeps across the fields give us a delight of sight that is matched nowhere save on the rolling waves of the ocean.

No memories of my New Hampshire boyhood cling to me stronger than those of late June. Summer was then upon me, the long evenings were warm and full of fun, we could see the coming closing of the schools, our faces were getting tanned, our feet toughened to the barefoot life; no

wonder June appeals to the rural lad, and no wonder my memories of it are strong.

I like on a June day to go out into the fields and lay out at full length in the waving grass. The bees go humming by, the insects chant within a foot of my ear, the sun is just agreeably hot and not oppressive as it will be in July; the sky above is a great inverted bowl of beautiful clear blue; on these days when the grass is knee-high we are what I call knee-deep in June, and it is a joyful time.

These are the days of fulfilment, the days we have looked forward to since the sun rose higher in late February.

In the early hours of the day we get out into the garden to, like Thoreau, "hear the hoe tinkle against the stones, the music echoing to the woods and sky"; but the midday is sufficiently hot to make us delight to lay by for a little and breathe the joys of loafing. As Walt Whitman puts it, "to loaf and invite the soul."

THE HAIL TO THE COMING SUMMER

An old New Hampshire saying was that summer runs from June 20 to August 20. This is probably very nearly right, but I like to measure my calendar when I can, by great historic events, and so I always say that on June 17 (the anniversary of the day when our New Hampshire ancestors joined with those of Massachusetts at Bunker Hill to burn the powder that Langdon and Sullivan had captured from the British), on this day I like to walk the fields and climb the hills and hail the coming summer. The trees and fields are rich with the deepest green of the year, the air quivers with the hum of singing

insects, sights, sounds, odors greet us from all sides, with the message of summer's coming. How we in New Hampshire prize these three hottest months of the year, with what precious memories of good times of the past are they laden. It is the season of the care-free, open-air period

of the year—yes, are there not really four months of joyous life from the rich green life of June to the crimson days of the October miracle. I hope I shall never die between the first of June and the first of November, for I would be cut off in the best season of the year.

THE FRUITAGE FIELD

By Bela Chapin

The charming days of lovely May
With all the groves in green array
Are come new joy to yield.
The sunshine and descending rain
Hasten the growth of rising grain
In every farmer's field.

How blissful now the sweet perfume
Pervading all the orchard bloom
Of many opening flowers;
From apple, cherry, plum and pear
There comes a fragrance on the air
To bless the spring time hours.

Of all the places on the farm
The fruitage field has most to charm—
'Tis dear as any spot.
Well do I love it in the spring
When many trees are blossoming
Throughout the orchard lot.

And then in days of autumn-tide
What lovely scenes on every side
To glad the heart and please;
Where all around and overhead
Hang luscious apples, rich and red,
Upon the orchard trees.

Claremont, N. H.



EDITORIAL

Politics we have always with us in New Hampshire, and it is a very good thing that such is the case. No state ever suffered because its people were too much interested in their government. The one thing to seek is that the popular interest in politics shall be an intelligent interest; that party devotion shall be to party principles and not to party names; that party candidates shall have mental and moral as well as partisan qualifications for the places which they seek. The more thoroughly and evenly we can distribute popular interest in government and in politics through all the months of every year and through every stratum of our citizenship, the better it will be for state and nation.

The immediate cause for thought and speech in this connection is the fact that Republican party leaders and editors in New Hampshire already are urging the name of a native of the Granite State, General Leonard Wood, as a candidate for the Republican nomination for president in 1920. Under the new presidential primary law in this state it is provided that the primary shall take place the second Tuesday of next March for the choice of four delegates-at-large, four delegates, four alternate delegates-at-large and four alternate delegates to the Republican national convention and a like number to the Democratic national convention.

In the towns the primary will be held in connection with the next annual town meetings and in the cities it will constitute a special election. Polls will be open in the towns for four hours and in the cities from 3 to 8 p. m. January 9, 1920, will be the date for the filing of candidacies for this primary and will mark the formal opening of the many political activities which will crowd that year.

It seems very probable at this time that the delegates and alternates nominated in the Republican primary

will be chosen as supporters of the candidacy of General Wood. This will be partly the result of state pride, but more, we hope, because a study of General Wood's career leads to the belief that he is a worthy man to become the standard bearer of a great party and possesses the qualifications necessary for a great President, if he should be elected to that office.

General Wood was born in Winchester, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, but his parents removed to Massachusetts while he was still an infant, so that his native state cannot have any claim of influence upon his career. General Wood is a good soldier. His profession is that of arms and his professional record is an excellent one. But it is not because a candidate is a good soldier that he will be elected to the presidency of the United States. The duties devolving upon our government head as commander-in-chief of the army of the United States are not those which will be most important from 1921 to 1925. It will not be military problems which the best brains of our country will be engaged in solving during those years.

It is matter for congratulation, therefore, that in presenting General Wood for the support of the Republicans of New Hampshire, his candidacy need not rest entirely upon state pride, upon his attractive personality and upon his military record; but that his supporters can call attention to the very valuable constructive work as an administrator which he did in Cuba and in the Philippines at a critical time; work which shows him to be possessed of that good judgment and executive ability which will be absolutely indispensable qualifications for the next head of our national government.

The war is over. It has been fought and won. It has left behind it tremendous problems. But they are

not the problems of continuing or resuming war. They are the problems of a renewing, rebuilding, progress-making peace. They will be to a large extent financial problems. And it is none too early for the people of New Hampshire and of the nation to begin to think seriously upon the necessity of filling the high places within their gift with men whose patriotism, honesty and ability are equally certain and conspicuous.

The people are going to say to

Republicans and to Democrats alike that this critical time in our national history is no time for petty, partisan politics; for placing personalities above principles; for rewarding the shrewd self-seeker and forgetting the man of sincere public service. Never has it been more necessary to put our strongest and our best at the helm and on guard. And we have faith to believe that our people will see that this is done in state and in nation at the elections of 1920.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"One Thousand New Hampshire Notables" is the title given a hand-

the present book are accompanied by good portraits of their subjects, thus improving the appearance and increasing the interest of the volume.

No such work ever can be complete. In the firmament of affairs, even in so small a state as ours, new stars make their appearance daily and old ones fade from sight. But it can be said with truth that no previous collection of New Hampshire biography has come so near to covering the field of the living as does this volume.

No such work ever was absolutely correct and doubtless this one will not be found to achieve this distinction. In the collection, arrangement, transcribing and printing of a hundred thousand facts some mistakes are almost sure to be made, some errors to escape correction. But Mr. Metcalf's experience, exceeding that of any other living New Hampshire writer, as a historian, biographer and editor, and his high reputation for perseverance in research and for accuracy of statement, guarantee a very high percentage of reliability in his work.

The New Hampshire "notables" here appearing are men and women who have done something with their lives, who have accomplished something in the world; and this fact makes the compact statement of their careers very interesting reading.

H. H. Metcalf

some, interesting and valuable volume of Granite State biography, compiled and edited by Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, with the assistance of Miss Frances M. Abbott, and published by The Rumford Press, Concord. In general style of form and content it follows the well-known "Who's Who" series, with this important addition, that most of the biographical sketches in

But the volume is intended, of course, to be primarily a work of reference, and as such its value to every library, public or private, to every business and professional man, is great. It is published at \$5, and in addition to the advance subscriptions which assured the completion of the work a limited edition is issued for general circulation. Any one who is interested in New Hampshire will find this work about her men and women of today as near a necessity as any book can be.

Although the Rev. Dr. Ozora S. Davis is a native of Vermont, he has belonged, in part, to New Hampshire, ever since he entered Dartmouth College thirty-four years ago and became a part of the most productive period on lines of literature in the history of that institution. Until he became president of the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1909 his pastorates were of Congregational churches in New England, and even now he retains his summer home at Lake Sunapee and frequently fills a New Hampshire pulpit during his supposed-to-be vacation period. For these reasons, whatever he says or writes has an added interest to many of us, and while his latest book, "The Gospel in the Light of the Great War," is intended primarily for ministers, and is a valuable work for them on the lines of their professional work, it is "good reading" and very much worth while for any one who takes serious

thought as to the effects of the world conflict on spiritual life. "To define the great subjects that have been thrust forward during the last five years, to show how the vital documents of the new literature bear upon them, and chiefly to bring the Bible into use as a source of text and subject and illustration is the purpose of this volume," says its author in his preface. It is published by the University of Chicago Press at \$1.25 net.

Mr. Ernest Vinton Brown, a well-known New Hampshire newspaperman, author of "Worcester Poems," had privately printed a limited edition of another collection of his verse, taking its title, "The First Easter Morn," from the initial poem of the volume. Others of the dozen pieces chosen for permanence between covers deal with occasions such as Memorial Day, Old Home Day, Flag Day and the Edgar Allen Poe centenary; pay tribute to "The Founders" and to "Fair Newport"; philosophize as to Law and Love and Sight and Questions; and record the "Edition Closed":

The form is full. The last line's
locked in place;
The mallet, quoin and apron laid
aside.
Our work is done and so we say,
Good Night,
And leave what we had been before
it died.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Prof. Richard W. Husband, of the faculty of Dartmouth College, state war historian, is also the secretary of the New Hampshire Committee of Public Safety. Mr. George B. Upham, Boston lawyer, is an authority upon the history of the Connecticut valley region, in which his family name long has been prominent. Miss

Mary Jenness is a member of the faculty of the Concord High School. Mrs. Annabel C. Andrews of Hudson and Mrs. Ellen M. Mason of Conway have been contributors to the *GRANITE MONTHLY* since its first volume and Mrs. Mary H. Wheeler of Pittsfield since the third volume.

BEAR ISLAND

By Mary H. Wheeler

There's a green, woodsy island just out from the land
On Winnepesaukee's bright breast
Where queer little pathways run down to the strand
From camps where the town-weary rest.

There are welcoming wharves reaching outward to meet
The steam-boat with tourists aboard.
There are neat little harbors all snug and complete
Where the motor and row boats are moored.

There's a hill on the island, and musical pines
Attuned to the touch of the breeze.
There are dark shining oaks, there are wild running vines
And all the sweet balsamous trees.

There the strawberry ripens and buttercups glow
And the bunchberry clusters its red,
And the partridge vine creeps in the mosses below
With the pale twin flower sharing its bed.

The birds know the island and come there to nest
At the very beginning of spring
In their summer-bright plumage, the gayest and best,
And they sing, and they sing, and they sing.

O the morn at Bear Island is all of delight
When the sun shines aslant on the lake
And the whole dew-washed landscape is sparkingly bright
And the birds to new rapture awake.

And the sunset—the sunset is wonderful there,
When the clouds over Meredith glow
And the bright hues and blendings in sky and in air
Are mirrored and mellowed below.

Is it true, as they tell us, we all come to be
Like the scenes we contemplate for long—
Wild, boisterous and rough like the storm-troubled sea
Or like mountain-tops stately and strong?

Then go to Bear Island and breathe the pure air,
By the crystal-clear waters made clean
The turbulent soul will grow placid and fair
And the care-cumbered spirit serene.

Pittsfield, N. H.

THE BLOOM OF AGE; A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

By G. W. J.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her vision. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the roses of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet—it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor; in the church the devout Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy and who has a smile for every joy. She has been the friend of man and of God; her whole life has been kindness, mercy and love, devotion to truth and relig-

ious duty; always with a prayer for every misfortune, an encouragement for every hope. We repeat, such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in deeds of mercy and benevolence, with a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault.

"Deal gently with her, Time; the many years
Of life have brought with them more smiles
than tears.

Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of a Northern clime
Where twilight lingers in the summer time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
E're one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis the common
lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it
not."

LILACS

By Frances Crosby Hamlet

New England Spring! The balmy country air
Is sweet with every wakened, growing thing,
And lilacs far their heavy fragrance fling
On every breeze that idly wanders there.
No joy there is, for me, that can compare,—
No ecstasy that poets love to sing,—
With lilac hedges once again in Spring,
When tree and bush have long been swept and bare.

I know, I think, what Heaven itself will be
If place it is, as many would maintain.
Green April hillsides, after gentle rain,
With endless lilac rows eternally
Abloom in purple, shading into mauve,
The Easter color of triumphant Love!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. WILLIAM E. LAWRENCE

William Ethan Lawrence, M.D., born at Eden, Vt., August 1, 1871, died in Haverhill, N. H., April 19, 1919. He was the eldest of five children of Daniel and Martha (Brown) Lawrence. Doctor Lawrence was educated in the public schools of Monkton, Vt., at Hinesburg (Vt.) Academy, at Beeman

Representatives of 1913; a member of the board of trustees of state institutions, 1915-1917; for five terms a member of the Haverhill board of education; and at the time of his death medical referee for Grafton County by appointment of Governor Henry W. Keyes.

Doctor Lawrence was a member of the county, state and national medical societies

The late Dr. William E. Lawrence

Academy, New Haven, Vt., at the University of Vermont and at the Baltimore (Md.) Medical College, receiving his degree from the last named institution. After a course of special training at the Boston City Hospital, he located at Worcester, Vt., and there practised his profession until 1903. Since that date he had resided at North Haverhill and had built up a large practice in that section.

A staunch Republican in political belief, Doctor Lawrence was honored with many public offices and in every instance discharged his duties with fidelity and efficiency. He was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1912; a member of the House of

and of the staff of the Woodsville Cottage Hospital. He was a trustee of the Woodsville Guaranty Savings Bank and of Haverhill Academy. He was a Mason and Odd Fellow and a man with a very wide circle of friends.

December 1, 1898, he married Miss Edith Bidwell of Monkton, Vt., who survives him, with their daughter, Marion A. Lawrence. He also leaves a mother, Mrs. Martha Lawrence of Fitchburg, Mass., two sisters, Mrs. Arden Lawrence of Bristol, Vt., and Miss Lydia J. Lawrence of Fitchburg, Mass., and two brothers, Ellsworth C. Lawrence of Malone, N. Y., and Bert L. Lawrence of Fitchburg, Mass.

HENRY A. KIMBALL

Henry Ames Kimball, only son of Benjamin Ames and Myra Tilton (Elliot) Kimball, was born in Concord, October 19, 1864. He was educated in private schools and under tutors both here and abroad. He early became associated with his father in the firm of Ford and Kimball and was a trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank and a

made generous gifts. But no one has a list of the struggling lads to whom he gave both financial help and the encouragement of personal friendliness, and with many of whom he had kept in touch over a long period of years. He delighted in friendship and found no service too great or too small for those whom he loved, especially in any time of grief or trouble.

From the last two years he had suffered from ill health; but since Christmas a slow but steady improvement gave rise to the hope of a practical recovery, and since then Mr. Kimball had been able to enjoy many of the pleasures he had so patiently foregone. At Eastertime, he went with his father to Atlantic City, for a much needed rest and his letters from there gave no hint of the end, which was preceded by only a few hours of illness, on May 4.

A dutiful son, a devoted husband, a loyal and constant friend, and a faithful and conscientious citizen, his passing is sincerely mourned by all who had the good fortune to be beloved by him. R. A. A.

CAREY SMITH

Carey Smith was born in Orange, March 12, 1861, the son of Elijah and Eliza (Davis) Smith, and died at his home in Canaan, April

The late Henry A. Kimball

director of the Mount Washington Railway Company.

On November 19, 1904, he married Miss Charlotte A. Goodale of Nashua, N. H., who survives him.

Mr. Kimball found enjoyment in books and art in both of which he had cultivated taste. He was much interested in the French language and was well read in the literature and history of the French people. He had a deep interest in local history and genealogy, and was a long-time member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, serving as secretary for seven years and later as trustee.

The past winter saw the publication of a scholarly volume, "The John Elliot Family of Boscawen, N. H." on which he had spent much painstaking investigation and correspondence.

A spotless Christian gentleman, he recognized the weight of an outward profession of his faith and in early life became a member of the South Congregational Church and was a constant attendant at its services and a faithful supporter of its work. He was especially interested in the welfare of boys and young men. Publicly he expressed this by work in the local Y. M. C. A. in which he was for many years a director, and to which he has

The late Carey Smith

27, after a long period of ill health. Canaan was his home during practically all of his life and he was widely known as one of the town's best and most substantial citizens and ablest business men. As a young man he displayed

a marked liking for mercantile pursuits and for many years conducted a largely patronized general store. In his later years he became interested in agriculture, carrying on extended farming operations, and he was also a successful lumber operator. A Democrat in politics, he served as postmaster during the two administrations of President Cleveland, but consistently declined various proffered nominations by his party for local offices. He was a Mason and Knight Templar and Knight of Pythias. September 13, 1891, Mr. Smith married Lizzie Idella Barney of Canaan, by whom he is survived, with their one son, Ned Barney Smith, who, on the day of his father's death was discharged from the Ambulance service of his country; one brother, Alden E. Smith, and a half-sister, Mrs. Cora B. Smith. Mr. Smith was a man of staunch convictions, of firm and rugged character, a kind friend and good citizen, whose death was deplored by his entire community.

HINMAN C. BAILEY

Hinman C. Bailey was born in Lisbon, Feb. 5, 1848, the son of Israel C. and Jane (Hunt) Bailey, and died at his home on Pembroke Street, April 22. In early life he was a professional photographer and pursued that calling for some years in Concord, later engaging in the art business there and subsequently in real estate. For several years he was associated with his brother, Prof. Solon I. Bailey, at the Harvard astronomical observatory, Arequipa, Peru, as photographer. Mr. Bailey was prominent in all branches of Odd Fellowship, having been grand patriarch of the state and representative to the sovereign grand lodge. He was also a Mason and a member of the Baker Memorial Methodist church in Concord. He is survived by a widow; by a sister, Miss M. Etta Bailey, of Concord; by two brothers, Prof. Solon I. Bailey and Dr. Marshall H. Bailey, both of Harvard college; and by two grandchildren, Chester and Pauline Lane, of Concord, whose mother, Mrs. Frank L. Lane, was Mr. Bailey's daughter.

ALBERT S. WETHERELL

Albert S. Wetherell was born in Norridgewock, Me., October 5, 1851, the son of Samuel B. and Althea (Keene) Wetherell, and died at Exeter April 1. In youth he studied pharmacy at Boston and since 1873 had been engaged in the drug business at Exeter, serving many years as chairman of the state board of pharmacy. He was a long time member of the Republican state committee and its executive committee and had been president of the Rockingham County Republican Club. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1893 and 1895 and of the State Senate in 1901. He was an Odd Fellow and a Unitarian; a director of the Exeter Co-operative

Bank and of the Peterborough & Hillsborough Railroad. He is survived by his widow, two daughters and one son.

MRS. FANNY E. P. MINOT

Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Pickering Minot, who died in Concord May 4, was born in Barnstead, the daughter of Hazen and Martha Ann (Drew) Pickering. She was educated at the Concord High School and at Wheaton

The late Fanny E. P. Minot

Seminary being the valedictorian of her class at each institution. May 13, 1874, she married Captain James Minot, cashier of the Mechanics National Bank and subsequently commander of the Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R., who died November 15, 1911. Mrs. Minot was a member of the South Congregational church; national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, 1904-5; member of the Concord board of education since 1908; president of the Concord Woman's Club, 1904-5; president New Hampshire Female Cent Institution, 1901-8; president Concord Female Charitable Society, 1911-15; member educational committee, General Federation of Woman's Clubs, 1912-14; regent Rumford chapter, D. A. R., 1905-8; president Women's Federation of Women's Missionary Societies; life member Woman's Board of Missions; member South Congregational church, Avon Club, Friendly Club, Charity Organization Society, District Nursing Association, Red Cross, National League for Woman's Service, Wheaton Seminary Alumnae Association, New Hampshire Historical Society.

JAMES H. BATCHELDER

James H. Batchelder, born in Exeter, August 1, 1856, the son of Nathaniel I. and Elizabeth (Tuttle) Batchelder, died there April 6. From a boy he was connected with the principal bookstore in the place and for many years had been its proprietor. Since 1890 he had conducted the Alpine summer hotel at North Woodstock and he also had property interests at Socorro, N. M. Music was his pleasurable avocation and for a long time he taught successive classes of Phillips Exeter Academy students the banjo. He is survived by his wife and two sons, James H. Batchelder, Jr., of Socorro, and Charles H. Batchelder of Exeter.

REV. WILLIAM P. ISRAEL

Rev. William P. Israel, a native, and during most of his life a resident, of Portsmouth, died, April 22, at his summer home at Alton Bay, aged 80. In youth he followed the sea, making many foreign voyages, and later he was one of the founders of the Piscataqua Navigation Company. He was a successful inventor. He became an Advent preacher 25 years ago and for a time did evangelistic work in the South, building an Advent church at Tampa, Florida. His wife and one sister, Mrs. Kate McMahon, of Washington, survive him.

JOHN M. MOSES

On Feb. 21, John M. Moses was found dead in his bed at his home in Northwood. He had been active up to the day of his death, which was due to heart failure. The funeral was held on the 24th and was attended by friends and relatives in spite of the almost impassable roads on that day. Mr. Moses was graduated from Dartmouth in 1878, was an instructor for some years at Coe's Academy, and thereafter a farmer in Northwood until his death at the age of 63. He was highly respected, not only by his townspeople, but by a large number of friends and acquaintances throughout the state. He had held many offices of trust in the town. For some years he had devoted a great deal of attention to genealogy and the early history of southeastern New Hampshire. He contributed numerous articles on these subjects to the *GRANITE MONTHLY* and other publications, and had unearthed much information not previously known, so that he had become widely known as an authority on this line. The records of the New Hampshire Historical Society have been considerably enriched by his efforts and it is understood that further results of his studies will be deposited there in accordance with his wishes. His death is a loss not only to his townspeople but to all students of New

Hampshire history. He was a member of the Piscataqua Pioneers and of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

DR. D. S. DEARBORN

Darius S. Dearborn, M.D., born in Northfield, January 4, 1834, the son of Captain David and Nancy (Clay) Dearborn, died at the home of his birth April 26. He attended Tilton Seminary, Franconia Academy, Dartmouth Medical College and New York Medical College in the intervals of school teaching. He first practised his profession in Illinois, returning to New England in 1875. He was located at Brookline for four years and afterwards, until his retirement, in Milford.

REV. C. H. HANNAFORD

Rev. Charles Harding Hannaford was born in Northfield, February 4, 1835, the son of Amos Cross and Hannah (Lyford) Hannaford. He studied at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, graduating in 1857, and was licensed to preach at Webster, Mass., in the Methodist conference in 1858. He held various pastorates in Massachusetts up to 1903 when he was made agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Saloon League, retiring some 10 years since. He died April 22 at the home of his son in Lancaster, Mass.

DR. NOMUS PAIGE

Dr. Nomus Paige was born in Wentworth, March 26, 1840, the son of Joseph and Pamela (Ellsworth) Paige, and died at Taunton, Mass., April 16. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy and the Dartmouth Medical College and had practised his profession at Taunton since 1863. He served in the city council and was the founder of the city's municipal lighting plant. In the Massachusetts Medical Society he had held many offices. He was a member of St. Thomas Episcopal Church. His wife survives him with one son, Russel C. Paige of Taunton, and one daughter, Mrs. Katharine Colby (Paige) Leach, wife of Major Eugene W. Leach of Concord.

CHARLES T. HENDERSON

Charles T. Henderson, born in Dover, February 14, 1841, the son of the late Captain Samuel and Sarah (Guppy) Henderson died there, April 8. For very many years he was in the grocery business, was a veteran member of the fire department and served his ward as alderman in the city government. He was a public-spirited and generous citizen. One brother, William C. Henderson, survives him.

DR. NICHOLAS E. SOULE

Dr. Nicholas E. Soule, who had been for many years the oldest living graduate of Harvard University and of Phillips Exeter Academy, died at Exeter, March 26. He was born in 1825 at Exeter, where his father, Prof. Gideon Lane Soule, was principal of Phillips Academy. From that institution he graduated in 1838, from Harvard in 1845, from the Harvard Medical School in 1848 and from post-graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania in 1851. He practiced medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio, for a time, and served in the United States Sanitary Commission during the Civil War; but most of his long life was spent in teaching.

CHARLES H. MANNING

Captain Charles H. Manning, born in Baltimore, Md., June 9, 1844, of New England ancestry, died in Manchester, April 1. He graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University in 1862, served an apprenticeship in the marine machine works in Baltimore and in 1863 volunteered for the Navy, serving for the remainder of the Civil War. He was an inspector at the Annapolis Naval Academy for a time and for eighteen years afterward was in active service. He became chief engineer of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in 1882, holding the position until 1914, when he resigned to enjoy private life. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he volunteered and was in charge of the Government Naval Station at Key West, Fla. For twenty-eight years he was a member of the Manchester Board of Water Commissioners, serving much of the time as chairman of the board, and was also a member of the school board for a long period. He married Miss Fanny Bartlett, sister of Maj.-Gen. William F. Bartlett of Massachusetts. Mrs. Manning died in 1915. He leaves two sons, Robert L. Manning and Charles B. Manning, both of Manchester.

SAMUEL T. DUTTON

Samuel Train Dutton, educator, philanthropist and worker for world peace, who died at Atlantic City, N. J., March 28, was born in Hillsborough, October 16, 1849. He graduated from Yale in 1873 and was superintendent of schools in New Haven, Conn., and Brookline, Mass., until 1900, then joining the faculty of the Teachers College, Columbia University, of which he was professor emeritus at the time of his death. He served as secretary of the New York Peace Society, executive secretary of the World's Court League, chairman of the executive committee of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress and member of the International Commission on the Balkan War. During a trip to Hungary in 1911 he induced Count Ap-

ponyi, Hungarian peace advocate, to visit America. A student both of domestic and international educational problems, Doctor Dutton was a trustee and treasurer of the Constantinople College for Women and the Canton Christian College. He was the author of several volumes on education. His last important work was as executive secretary of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

EDWARD M. SMITH

Edward M. Smith, born in Alstead, February 6, 1838, died there March 13. The son of Alden and Lurinda (Partridge) Smith, he was educated at the Alstead High School and studied law with Dearborn & Scott at Peterborough and in the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, from which he received the degree of LL.B. He had practiced in Alstead since 1863 and had settled a great number of estates.

The late Edward M. Smith

He was tax collector eleven years, chairman of the town school board seven years and member of the House of Representatives in 1889. In addition to his law practice he was engaged in the insurance business.

GEORGE WINCH

George Winch, whose lifework was that of headmaster in Manchester schools, died in that city March 29, aged 61. He was a native of Langdon and in addition to his educational duties was prominent in Boy Scout and other religious and philanthropic work and in Odd Fellowship, being a trustee of the state Odd Fellows' Home.

KENYON COX

Kenyon Cox, famous painter, and one of the early members of the artist colony at Cornish, died in New York City, March 17. He was born at Warren, Ohio, October 27, 1856, and studied art in Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Paris. He held honorary degrees from Yale, Oberlin, and Dartmouth and was the author of a number of books upon painting and sculpture. His work was largely portraits, figure pieces and mural decorations, for which, in 1910, he won the Architectural League's medal of honor. He married, June 30, 1892, Louise Howland King.

RALPH C. GRAY

Ralph C. Gray, representative in the Legislatures of 1915 and 1919 from Ward Two, Portsmouth, died, March 16. He was born in Portsmouth, October 31, 1886, and after attending the local schools studied law with Judge Ernest L. Guptill and was admitted to the bar. In the present House he was a member of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Gray was a member of the Knights of Pythias, Sons of Veterans, Patrons of Husbandry, New Hampshire Bar Association and Rockingham County Republican Club. He is survived by his mother.

FRED S. JOHNSON

Fred S. Johnson, chief clerk in the office of the state fish and game commission, died at his home in Concord, March 23. He was born in that city August 15, 1854, and after graduating from the Concord High School engaged in the harness business with his father for many years. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1899 and Deputy United States Marshal, 1906-1914. He was prominent in Odd Fellowship, and was also a Mason and Patron of Husbandry. At one time he was captain of the Alert Hose Company in the Concord Fire Department. His wife survives him.

DR. EUGENE N. MULLINS

Dr. Eugene N. Mullins, born at Manchester, January 28, 1851, the son of Simon and Harriet (Cheney) Mullins, died at Baldwinsville, Mass., March 20, from a nervous trouble brought on by overwork during the grip epidemic. Doctor Mullins was educated

at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, at the Dartmouth Medical College and at Bellevue Hospital, New York. For 35 years he had practiced at Baldwinsville, where he conducted a hospital for the treatment of cancer in which he specialized.

MRS. SUSAN F. COLGATE

Mrs. Susan Farnum Colgate, born in New London, April 21, 1817, died at Yonkers, N. Y., March 22. She was the daughter of Governor Anthony Colby and was educated in the academies at New London and New Hampton, of both of which she was later lady principal. February 19, 1851, she married at New London, James B. Colgate, New York financier, the founder of Colgate University. Mrs. Colgate was an active and liberal supporter of many religious, charitable and educational institutions and an officer of various societies on these lines.

JOHN M. MOSES

John Mark Moses, formerly a contributor to the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, was found dead in bed from heart failure at his home in Northwood, February 21. He was born in Epsom, August 2, 1855, the son of Mark Sherburne and Mary Abigail (Towle) Moses, and prepared at Coe's Academy, Northwood, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1878 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. After teaching for a few years at Coe's Academy he became a farmer and so continued throughout his life. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the Piscataqua Pioneers and of the Theta Delta Chi college fraternity.

ALFRED K. HAMILTON

Alfred Kittredge Hamilton, youngest son of Irenus and Mary Esther (Kittredge) Hamilton, was born October 31, 1840, in Lyme, and died December 20, 1918, at National City, Cal., where he had gone for his health. Mr. Hamilton was a graduate of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and of Dartmouth College, class of 1863. Since 1883 he had been a resident of Milwaukee, Wis., one of its most prominent business men and the holder of many responsible positions. In 1897-98 he was president of the general alumni association of Dartmouth.

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Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

**Hobart Pillsbury, George H. Sargent, George
B. Upham, Rev. Dr. S. H. McColleston, Asa
Currier Tilton, Roland D. Sawyer**

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

JULY, 1919

No. 7

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MEMORIAL AT VALLEY FORGE

By Hobart Pillsbury

New Hampshire is honored and the memory of her Revolutionary patriots perpetuated in beautiful fashion by the erection of the New Hampshire bay in the Cloister of the Colonies at the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, Pa. This is on the scene of the Valley Forge encampment which General Washington's army endured in the winter of 1777 and 1778 when the fortunes of the Revolutionary government were at low ebb and the patriotism of the colonists met its greatest test.

The state is indebted for this memorial to Arthur E. Pearson of West Newton, Mass., a son of William H. Pearson who was born and reared in Lancaster, N. H. The dedication took place with elaborate ceremony on Memorial Day in the presence of several hundred people, and a dedicatory party from New England.

The bay adjoins the chapel and two of the doors open into it. These are objects of great interest on account of their commemoration and their high artistic worth. The one which opens from the nave of the chapel is the President's door, given by the Society of New York State Women to commemorate Washington's first inauguration as President of the United States. The choir door was given by Mrs. George Alfred Fletcher, of Philadelphia, in memory of her husband and to commemorate Francis Hopkinson, the poet and musician of the Revolution. Both

doors are of oak, richly carved, and the iron work is of rare beauty.

The New Hampshire bay is built of Holmesburg granite and Indiana limestone. In the marble floor is set a large brass reproduction of the colonial seal, while the state arms are carved in the oak ceiling. The inscription, written by Mr. Pearson, is cut in the structural stone, as follows:

In the name of God. Amen.

In tribute to the Loyalty and the Sacrifice of the Troops of the Province of New Hampshire in the Continental Army during the Winter Encampment of 1777-1778. In grateful Recognition of the Devotion and the Service of the Sons and Daughters of the Province who contributed by word or act toward the establishment of American Independence and in Loving Memory of Amos Pearson, John Benjamin, Ensign Joshua Barron, Lieutenant Jonathan Derby, David Page, Emmons Stockwell and David Greenleaf, Soldiers of the Revolutionary Forces, this bay is erected by Arthur Emmons Pearson. 1915. *Nil Desperandum Christo Duce.*

The Rev. W. Herbert Burk, D.D., conducted the service of dedication, in which the vested choir of the chapel and Company 21, United Boys Brigade of America, from Oak Park United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, under the command of Dr. Robert A. Taylor, took part. Arthur Emmons Pearson, the donor of the bay, made the presentation and in the course of his address paid a tribute to Dr. Burk, the founder of the chapel. The bay was formally accepted by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Garland, S.T.D., Bishop Suffragan of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, who called attention

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MEMORIAL AT VALLEY FORGE

Courtesy of the Manchester Union

to the relation between New Hampshire and Pennsylvania in state and church. The first bishop of New Hampshire was consecrated in Christ Church, Philadelphia. After Dr. Burk read the inscription the bay was dedicated by Bishop Garland.

At the request of Governor Bartlett who was in Claremont on Memorial Day and delivered an address there, the writer was privileged to attend the Valley Forge dedication and express the appreciation of the state of Mr. Pearson's gift. The address of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot of Cambridge, Mass., president of the American Unitarian Association and a son of the former head of Harvard University.

Dr. Eliot described, in his eloquent manner, the privations which New Hampshire troops under Generals John Sullivan, Enoch Poor and Alexander Scammell endured at Valley Forge. He said that New Hampshire has every reason to feel pride in the part her sons took throughout the Revolutionary struggle.

Mr. Pearson arranged a charming party for the dedicatory exercises, the members of which accompanied him to Valley Forge. The party consisted of the Rev. Dr. Eliot, Miss Eliot, his daughter; William H. Pearson of Newton, Mass., father of the donor; Miss Nella J. Pearson of Newton, sister of the donor; Otis G. Hammond of Concord, superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society; Judge Oscar A. Marden and Mrs. Marden of Stoughton, Mass.; Walter K. Watkins of Malden, Mass., former historian-general of the national society of the Sons of the American Revolution; Dr. George H. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot of Newton; Mrs. Hannah S. H. Wiswall of Wellesley, Mass.; George F. Larcom and Mrs. Larcom of Newton, Mass.; Miss Henrietta Rockwood of Boston, Mass.; Dr. Susan M. Coffin of Boston, Mass.; Miss Helen P. Warren of Newton, Mass.; the Misses Clara C. Hewins and Josephine Hewins of

Dedham, Mass.; Edward L. Pearson of Brockton, Mass.; Thomas N. James and Miss Mildred E. James of New York City; Mrs. Frances C. Dale of Cold-Spring-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester.

It will undoubtedly interest the people of New Hampshire to be informed of the personality of the man who has done so much to honor New Hampshire and New Hampshire's patriotic services. Mr. Pearson is a resident of West Newton, Mass., and a paper manufacturer of the firm of Hollingsworth and Whitney Company. His family came from Lancaster, N. H., and he considers himself something of a Granite State Son. Besides being successful in business, Mr. Pearson for many years has been interested in the history of our country, particularly of the Colonial and Revolutionary War periods.

His ancestors were John Pearson, one of the early settlers of Lynn, Mass., and John Benjamin of Cambridge and Watertown, Mass., and of their 4,000 descendants Mr. Pearson has compiled a genealogical record. He belongs to the Sons of the American Revolution and was liberal in his gifts toward the erection of the Massachusetts bay at Valley Forge in 1909. The John Benjamin referred to was a soldier for seven years in the Continental Army and his powder horn is in the collection of Revolutionary relics at Valley Forge museum. Two years ago Mr. Pearson gave to the museum a letter written by George Washington which had long been in his possession. About the same time he gave, in connection with his sister, the New Hampshire state panel in the ceiling of the Washington chapel.

When Senator Henry W. Keyes was governor, Mr. Pearson presented to him a whip which was made and used by Daniel Webster. The governor presented it to the New Hampshire Historical Society in whose collection it may be seen today, appropriately mounted.

Unitarians of New Hampshire are familiar with Mr. Pearson's benefactions in that denomination. He established the Pearson Foundation of the American Unitarian Association which provides for a perpetual

series of addresses to "complete mutual understanding and helpfulness between the people of all denominations and creeds." The first such address was delivered by President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard last year.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Hobart Pillsbury, deputy secretary of state, is also one of New Hampshire's best known and most readable and reliable journalists. George H. Sargent, the Bibliographer of the *Boston Transcript*, is an authority of national repute upon his specialty, as well as a most entertaining writer. Asa Currier Tilton, Ph.D., curator of the war collection in the University of Wisconsin, takes an

active and valuable interest in the history of New Hampshire which is explained in part by his birth in Raymond and his preparation at Phillips-Exeter for Yale. Rev. Dr. Sullivan H. McCollester is one of our state's oldest and best known clergymen, scholars, travelers and writers. Our poets of this month are New Hampshire men of varied type, Mr. Cleaves, a clergyman, Mr. Bugbee, a banker, Mr. Claffin, a representative of periodicals, Mr. Weston, a farmer.

THE PROFESSOR'S GRAVE

By Perley R. Bugbee

Slowly the sun was sinking in the west,
As I strolled to his place of rest.
An humble lot and a simple stone,
All he claimed for his own.
On earth's rounded green promontory,
"An episode in love's eternity."

Are God's acres forsaken
When mortals are taken?
The tall pines are whispering low,
The white birches,—echoing,—"No."
Amid the grasses green
Spirits in the dew are seen.

On guard, Monk, of former years
At his side, Geist, in tears
Classes eighty-three to nineteen-ten
Gathering round and round them,
"Who being dead, yet speaketh"
In books, Dartmouth keepeth.

NOTE.—Professor Charles F. Richardson, Winkley Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Language and Literature at Dartmouth College, 1882-1911, is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Hanover, and few returning graduates of the college fail to visit the resting place of one whom they loved and revered. In life his faithful canine companions were the great St. Bernard, Monk, and the little Dachsund, Geist.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ANDOVER PRESS

The Work of a Pioneer Printer Whose Imprints Now Rank
Among the Rarities Sought by Book Collectors

By George H. Sargent

In the annals of printing in New Hampshire there is no single chapter more worthy of consideration than that which relates to the early press of Andover, which is entitled to celebrate its centenary this year and month. The press has always been the pioneer of civilization. The Catholic missionaries of Spain, whose task was to turn the natives of Mexico to Christianity, enlisted the services of Juan Cromberger, a printer from Seville, who in 1539 printed the first book produced in America, a "Spiritual Ladder for the Ascent into Heaven." The Pilgrims of Plymouth, within ten years of the landing of the *Mayflower*, had set up a press at Cambridge, and in 1840 produced the first book issued in what is now the United States—the *Bay Psalm Book* printed by Stephen Daye. Daniel Fowle, who had been confined in a Boston "stinking stone Gaol" for illegal printing, suffering "A Total Eclipse of Liberty," came to New Hampshire and in 1756 printed his *Good News from a Far Country*, Jonathan Parsons' sermon. Isaiah Thomas, the famous Worcester printer, spread his activities upon the Connecticut and presses sprang up at Walpole and other places along the natural lines of travel.

But the pioneer press of Andover was the product of the holy zeal that filled the missionaries of Mexico and the psalm-singing Pilgrims. In the annals of that town the name of Ebenezer Chase does not receive the recognition it deserves. Captains of industry, eminent lawyers and professional men who have gone out from the mountain-girt hamlets of Andover, are given pages of the town's annals. The hard-working, many-sided minister of the gospel who spread the doc-

trines of the Christian religion, the tenets of Free-Masonry and the light of knowledge by means of the printing press, should receive his due.

The introduction of printing in a young and rural community like that of Andover in 1819 was no small undertaking. The more remarkable does it appear when it is considered that the pioneer printer of Andover brought no printing press from an old community and was not a practiced compositor and pressman. His press was of his own construction, and he was self-taught in the mysteries of the "black art." If his early productions are crude, it is not to be wondered at; rather the wonder is that he was able to produce as good work as he did. Beside these handicaps, the community in which he had settled was one in which most of the people were engaged in a hard struggle for existence with the forces of nature, with little time for the gospel of "sweetness and light." In winter the roads were often blocked; transportation at the best was slow, and the difficulty of putting his finished product before the outside world might well have daunted a stronger soul.

But Ebenezer Chase was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. Born May 19, 1785, he began to preach in 1807. In August, 1810, at the age of twenty-five, he was ordained an evangelist at East Andover. For several years he was pastor there of the Free-Will Baptist denomination. The church, like most others in New Hampshire towns, had varying fortunes, and in 1819-20, as a result of a great "revival," the Christian Baptist Church took many of the members of the Free-Will branch. With these religious differences, however, we have nothing to do. The energetic minis-

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constantly for sale at the Book-Store

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ANDOVER, N. H.

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Printing will be executed at the aforementioned place, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

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WARRANTED.*

Ebenezer Chase's Advertisement of a Hundred Years Ago

ter of the first Free-Will Baptist Church had in the meantime become interested in printing and it is his fortunes as a printer, rather than as a fisher of men, that we are to follow.

Stephen Daye's first press, the father of all in this country, is still

preserved as a proud New Hampshire possession. Of Ebenezer Chase's home-made press we know little, and it long since went into the junk-heap. Undoubtedly it was of the flat platen variety, and the knowledge that it had a "receiving screw" gives us no clue to its construction. The printer, however, had a variety of types which formed a very respectable assortment for the press of such a small place, although he seems to have started with second-hand material. Considering the equipment, his work is really of surprising quality. The ambitious project which he launched almost at the start is of the same character as that of Gutenberg, who at the very invention of printing from movable types produced the whole Bible.

On July 20, 1819, there appeared from the press in Andover *The Religious Informer*, edited and published by Ebenezer Chase, who was also compositor and pressman. It was a sixteen-page monthly magazine, of octavo size, printed in double columns. According to Jacob B. Moore, the New Hampshire historian, the original subscription list was of 110 persons. Writing in 1829 Mr. Moore stated that the subscription list afterwards increased to nearly 800.

"The paper," he says, "is, devoted to the dissemination of the principles of the denomination to which he belongs, and is as well executed as some of the country prints where we may suppose the publishers have been regularly educated in the art." A footnote to this statement,

which appears in the first volume of New Hampshire Historical Collection, adds that "Mr. Chase has removed his printing apparatus to Enfield, and there, until recently, published his *Informer* and also a Masonic paper called the *Casket*."

The vicissitudes of the *Religious Informer* may be followed through the pages of its rare volumes. With Volume 3, No. 6, for June, 1822, a sub-heading appears under the title: "*and Free-Will Baptist Register*." The monthly was issued in Andover up to May, 1823, when a notice appears:

"Published monthly in Enfield, N. H., at 60 cents a year. All letters must be directed to the Editor, viz., Ebenezer Chase, Postmaster, Andover, N. H."

In the June number of that year readers are informed that "The editor has removed to Enfield, N. H., and is appointed Post Master in said town, consequently hereafter all letters must be directed to Ebenezer Chase, P. M., Enfield, N. H."

The January (1823) number contains an announcement of the publication of the first number of the *Masonic Casket*, to be issued once in two months, each number to contain thirty-two pages. Six numbers were to make a volume, and the price was one dollar a volume, exclusive of postage. "The money is to be paid on receiving the third number."

In October of that year an event of importance in the history of printing in New Hampshire occurred. The editor informed his subscribers that "after considerable labor & expense he has recently obtained some music type from Phila. and intends hereafter to print occasional peices (sic) of music in the *Informer*; especially the tunes to the hymns that are published in it. He presumes this cannot but be very pleasing to those who practice singing and though some have not voices to sing it is very seldom that any one can be found, who do (sic) not delight to hear Music, and having the tunes to the Hymns published they can be

priveleged with hearing them sung, as well as with reading the Hymns themselves."

Substantial proof follows in the form of three pages of words and music of "The Pilgrim's Farewell." The readers of the *Masonic Casket* were similarly entertained in the columns of that publication.

Despite these efforts to please, how-

A
Concise and Brief Journal of the
late WAR
with
GREAT-BRITAIN,
TO WHICH IS ADDED
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE WAR WITH
ALGIERS.
THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH TOPOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL TABLES, AND PLANS OF BATTLES.

Also,
A MILITARY AND NAVAL
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF
THE EVENTS OF OTHER NATIONS,
COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM OFFICIAL
DOCUMENTS.

—*—*—*—
By N. J. T. George,
Author of the "Creek Indian War,"
"Narrative of Distressing Ship-
wrecks," &c.

Title Page of One of the Rarest of War Histories

ever, the *Religious Informer* was not sufficiently appreciated. In January, 1825, the editor gives notice that he "expects to journey considerably this winter" and concludes to "omit the publication of the next *Informer* until the last of March, when the numbers will be printed oftener." February and March, however, appeared with those dates, although probably not issued until some time in the latter

month or possibly April, as "The editor, having been absent, answers to several communications which have been delayed until now."

Unlike the magazines of today, which often carry far more advertising than text, the *Religious Informer* depended wholly for financial returns upon its subscriptions, which were

financial straits. The editor admitted in his publication that he owed the paper-maker more than \$200 and subscribers owed him more than \$400, a condition of solvency which was not thoroughly satisfactory. He laid the matter before the elders' conference, as he felt he must cease publication, but they recommended a quarterly at

A
COLLECTION OF
HYMNS
FOR THE USE OF THE MERRY
CHRISTIAN, AND FOR THE COM-
FORTING OF MOURNERS IN ZION.

BY WILLIAM COUCH.

Is any merry? let him sing psalms. James v. 13.

§§§§§§§§§§

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase,
For the Compiler.
1819.

Title Page of One of the First Books Printed in Andover

offered at rates that in these war times must be considered ruinous. It carried no advertising except that of its publisher, who in one number announces, "Garden seeds for sale at this office," and occasionally mentions his other periodical venture, although singularly silent about the books he printed. Under such conditions the future of the publication could be foreseen by an experienced publisher. By November, 1825, the paper was in

twenty-five cents a year, five "sets" to be sold at one dollar a year and eleven sets for \$2. The December number did not come out until the end of that month, and stated the new conditions of publication. The end was now plainly in sight and the *Religious Informer* passed into the hereafter of defunct publications—the treasure-rooms of great libraries and historical societies.

Eastman's *History of Andover* is in

error in crediting Chase's Masonic publication, the *Casket*, to that town. The first number was issued in Enfield, and its publication was continued there, from January-February, 1823, until November, 1825, when it is announced, after apologies for various lapses in issues, delays until the end of the month and appeals for payment of arrears, that "Dr. Sylvester T. Goss of Haverhill, N. H., proposes to continue the work."

It is by no means certain, however, that the *Religious Informer* was the first printing done in Andover. Indeed, there is internal evidence to show that as early as July 20, 1819, Mr. Chase had been printing, if he had not actually published, two works which are now literally worth their weight in gold. In neither of these, as in other works, is there reference to the *Religious Informer*. Of one of these only a single copy is known to exist. Of the other, apart from the immaculate copy preserved in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, probably not more than two or three copies have survived. The Historical Society's treasure-trove is a volume of vest-pocket size entitled:

A
Concise and Brief Journal of the
Late WAR
with
GREAT-BRIT-
AIN,
To which is Added
A short account of the war with
ALGIERS.
The whole interspersed with Top-
ographical and Statistical Ta-
bles, and plans of battles.
Also,
A Military and Naval
Chronological Table of
the events of other Nations,
Compiled chiefly from official
Documents.

By N. J. T. George,
Author of the "Creek Indian War,"
"Narratives of Distressing Ship-
wrecks, &c."

This bears no Andover imprint on the title, but at the end is the modest

statement "Andover, N. H., Printed by E. Chase for the compiler." The word "compiler" is used advisedly, for the serious student of American history will find little in the pages of this rare volume to add to his knowledge of this period of the nation's military and naval achievements. The first sixty-two pages are occupied by an introduction, and the "Journal of the late War," in four parts, headed "Campaign I, 1812," twelve pages; "Campaign, etc., 1813," nineteen pages; "Campaign, etc., 1814," twenty pages; "Campaign, etc., 1816" (sic), twelve pages. Then follow a couple of pages of "A short Account of Our Late and Glorious War with Algiers"; "A Chronological Table of the Military and Naval Events of Other Nations," fourteen pages, and a poem of three pages, "Capt. Jones' victory, or the Capture of the *Frolic*."

Slight as is its contribution to history, this little addition to the literature of the War of 1812, toward which many book collectors are now giving attention, would undoubtedly bring a high price in the auction room. The important historical works on the subject may be secured with much more ease than can the productions of the early provincial presses. This little Andover book is of exceeding scarcity, none of the great libraries possessing it, and none of the great collections of Americana dispersed in the auction rooms in the last quarter-century having contained a copy. Its author appears to have been a young man of Thornton, N. H., who had the scribbler's itch, and the Andover publisher must have appeared to him as an angel. Yet so insecure is 'fame' that the author's name is not given correctly in the *History of Andover*, though possibly through a misprint. At best, only a few copies could have been printed, and the character of the publication was not such as to create a wide demand, while the disadvantages under which the publisher labored served to limit the circulation. Whatever the

causes, the "*Journal of the Late War*" is now almost a "lost book."

Another publication, of which only one copy is known, that being in the possession of Mrs. Marcia C. C. Hilton of East Andover, is a small sextodecimo, bound in oak boards with leather back, and is dated 1819, but contains no reference to Mr. Chase's periodical. Following "The End" which is printed in capitals on the last page of text are two lines in italic type, "Printing done at short notice at this office." Whether the reverend printer had not started the *Religious Informer* at this time, or had faith in his ability to execute work promptly with that considerable undertaking in hand, this little book must be considered as having a claim to be the first or second printed in Andover. It is entitled:

AN
ABRIDGMENT
OF
MURRAY'S
ENGLISH GRAMMAR,
with an

ADDITION of Rules.
Designed for the use of the
YOUNGER CLASS OF
LEARNERS.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by and for
E. Chase.

1819.

The work consists of 96 pages, and on the back of the title is an ornamental border, enclosing the line at the top, "The Property of." The first two pages of text contain an unsigned address, "To the Reader," as follows:

"The compiler of this abridgment is far from thinking that any abridgment of Murray's Grammar, now in use, is sufficient alone to furnish a scholar with a competent knowledge of grammar.

"This, therefore, is designed to

select those parts from the large grammar, that is (sic) necessary for the young student to commit to memory, that he may preserve a more costly book from being damaged, during his first studies.

"Many instructors, there are, who highly approve of Murray's Grammar, yet think his rules in syntax to be deficient.

"To remedy this evil, they recommend Alexander's rules to the scholars, which puts them to the expense of two books when one might answer; therefore, at the last part of this book (after Murray's rules) is inserted a selection from Alexander and others, which, together with Murray's, is thought to be a sufficient supply."

On page 83, following the abridgment, are the condensed rules of syntax, twenty-two in number and extending to page 91, after which are thirty-five "Additional Rules," completing the book. There are other abridgments of *Murray's Grammar*, but comparison with copies issued in Concord shows differences which indicate that the compilation of the rules of syntax may have been the work of the printer, whose eagerness to make one book serve the youth of Andover in place of two may have led him to assume this literary task. Apart from the breaking of the back cover, the copy before me shows little signs of wear, and doubtless has remained in the possession of a family which could afford the wear and tear on "a more costly book."

The *History of John Vandelure*, of which the only known copy (lacking two leaves) was sold at an auction in New York last month for \$22.50 and is now in the possession of the New York Public Library, is an Indian narrative bearing the sub-title:

HISTORY

of John Vandelure,
Containing an account of his voyages
and conversion while on the N. W.
coast of America, &c. &c.
Written by himself in a letter to his
Uncle in Philadelphia.

The narrative is dated "Amsterdam, Aug. 24, 1796," and fills sixty-six pages, ending "Abridged by Josiah Wheet, Jr., A Friend in Zion. (Andover, N. H., Printed by E. Chase.)" Six pages following this are filled with a hymn "composed on the wondrous capacity of the Human Mind," with an introduction, "The mind or soul renewed by grace" and a "Conclusion" "Composed by Josiah Wheet, Jr., Groton, N. H." The volume is a 16mo. stitched by hand. It gives an account of the life of a castaway among the Indians of the coast of British Columbia, and is one of the earliest known printed records of the Indians of that region. As a unique New Hampshire imprint, it has a high value, and while primarily religious in purpose, it contains much information about the character and customs of the natives. The author was a part owner in the ship *Triumph*, which sailed to China. It was then decided to trade in furs with North America. After a fine cargo had been secured the captain, Vanleason, "forgot" that he had left the author behind on the coast of what is now British Columbia, and in this narrative Vandelure relates his adventures, part of which may be apocryphal. It is curious to note that Vanleason also wrote an account of the voyage. The Vandelure narrative was printed by Wright & Sibley at Montpelier, Vt., in 1812, but does not appear in Gilman's *Vermont Bibliography*. There was also an edition published at Hallowell, Me., in 1817, by E. Goodale, the last copy of which sold at auction brought forty dollars.

Of Josiah Wheet, Jr., who abridged this *History of John Vandelure*, little is known. He was an unsuccessful litigant in an action on a note given to him, which he fully sets forth, with reflections upon the law and judges thereof, a "Hymn on the death of J. Wheet," advice to parents, census statistics, etc., in a small volume entitled "*Law Manual. By Josiah Wheet, Philom. Member of Literary*

Adelphi New-Hampton Institution. Printed for the Author, 1843." Josiah Wheet, the senior, died in Groton, N. H., in 1828, after a residence there for fifty years. No other work than this *Law Manual* and the abridgment of the *History of John Vandelure* is known to have come from Wheet's pen, and the *Law Manual* of 180 pages, written by a layman, is curious and entertaining reading. A copy is in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

One of the earliest Andover imprints with a date is remarkable as being bound in boards—real boards of oak, covered with paper and with a leather back—possibly a specimen of Mr. Chase's skill as a bookbinder. It is a volume of sixty-four pages, four by five inches in size, entitled:

A
Collection of
HYMNS

For the use of the merry
Christian, and for the comfort-
ing of mourners in Zion.

By William Couch

Is any merry? let him sing psalms. James v. 13

§ § § § § § § § § §

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase,
For the Compiler,
1819.

Thirty-four hymns, followed by "A table to find any hymn by the first line," make up the volume, and at the end is this interesting advertisement:

BOOKS

Of this kind for sale at the Informer Office and Book-Store of E. Chase, Andover, N. H. and by the author in Warner, N. H.

At the above Office in Andover, is published by E. Chase, a paper entitled *Religious Informer*, to be continued monthly, each No. to contain 16 octavo pages and delivered to subscribers at 60 Cents per annum, or if paid in advance, 50. The paper contains religious intelligence and it is hoped that the lovers of Free Salvation will subscribe for the work.

In nearly every large collection of books from an old New Hampshire house will be found a duodecimo volume labelled on the back *Life of Colby*. This once popular work passed

through many editions, appearing with the imprints of Portland, Me.; Dover, N. H.; Concord, N. H.; Newport, N. H., and Andover, N. H. The work is in two volumes, and it presents some puzzles for the bibliographer. The author announces in his preface that the work covers the first twenty-seven years of his life, but as he was born in 1787 an edition published in Portland dated 1804 makes this latter date appear doubtful. The edition printed at Newport by French and Brown, in which Volume I is dated 1831 and Volume II, 1832, does not compare in rarity with that of the Andover edition of 1819, of which the New Hampshire State Library possesses only an imperfect copy. The title of the Andover imprint is:

The
Life, Experiences
and Travels
of
John Colby
Preacher of the Gospel
Written by Himself. .
Vol. II.
(Two verses of Scripture).
Andover, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase.
1819

Volume I of this work, which precedes the part with the Chase imprint and title, consists of 296 pages, the last five of which are occupied by a "Hymn composed in Ohio" and the "errata." It bears the Portland imprint of A. & J. Shirley, but no date, and has the frontispiece found in other editions, a lithograph portrait of Colby signed "H. Williams, pinx and sc." The second part, however, with the Andover imprint, is of particular interest. Unlike the first part it contains no "signatures" or marks for the direction of the binder, and consists of sixty-six pages, with a list of the contents at the end, followed by an advertisement of Ebenezer Chase which gives further evidence of his industry and versatility, for he advertises "Books, Printing, also Clocks and Watches repaired and

warranted." As showing an early appreciation of the habits of book-borrowers, the back of the title page contains an ornamental border within which is printed "This Book belongs to" with a blank space in which the owner might write his name. Such a book was a considerable undertaking, and evidences the character of the popular reading in New England farmhouses a hundred years ago.

In 1820 Chase printed *Rules for Holy Living for a Society Calling Themselves Reformed Baptists*, by William D. Cass. This was probably an outcome of the great religious revival in Andover of that year, and was probably a leaflet. An original poem, printed in broadside form, was another output of the press in 1820. This was especially directed at the Universalists, who had formed a society in Andover in the preceding year. The broadside is entitled *Universal Salvation* and in it will be found the lines:

Huzzah! brave boys—loud be your joys,
Your sins shall be forgiven;
Oh! Skip and sing! Our God and King
Will bring us all to Heaven.

Oh! Charming news to live in sin,
And die to reign with Paul;
'Tis so indeed, for Jesus bled
To save the devil and all.

One more imprint remains, of which I have been unable to trace a single copy. If there is in Andover or anywhere else, the possessor of a copy of *The Weaver's Guide* let him hold up his hand. The work is known only by its title, given in the *History of Andover*, which reads:

"The Weaver's Guide. A choice selection of Drafts compiled from the newest fashions. Price, 25 cents single, 2 dollars a dozen. November, 1821."

There is a plausibility about this title, with its prices, savoring of *The Religious Informer's* "sets." There is nothing, however, in any of Chase's publications referring to such a work and nothing to indicate that he possessed the material for printing

"Drafts" or designs for weaving. This may have been one of the "books for sale" by Mr. Chase, but the question cannot be settled until a copy of the work named is found.

The exceeding rarity of these Andover imprints is really surprising, in view of the fact that many of our great libraries are making an especial effort to collect a copy of every book printed in this country before the year 1820. Yet not a single one of these imprints is to be found in the Library of Congress, the Boston Public Library or the splendid collection of early imprints in the American Antiquarian Society's library at Worcester, Mass. The New York Public Library has the *Life of Colby*, and the *John Vandellure*, but these imprints do not figure in the great bibliographies of Americana; they are unknown in the auction room. Hundreds of other works of less importance from early provincial presses of New England have been sold at book auctions, at constantly increasing prices, but even this stimulation of interest has failed to bring these Andover imprints into the light. The possessor of any one of them may be confident that he

is the owner of a "rare old book." The missing titles are quoted from the *History of Andover*, by John R. Eastman, but a careful examination of the Eastman Papers, preserved in the New Hampshire Historical Society Library, gives no clue as to where the author obtained them.

It is probable that Chase did the job printing for the people of Andover and its vicinity, although a hundred years ago this must have been very limited in amount, in such a small community. Of such work no specimens, so far as is known, have been preserved. The burning of the Andover Library in 1901 may have destroyed existing material of this sort, although our forefathers were not as keen in collecting literary material as we are now. There is a lesson in all this for the librarians of today, whose first duty it should be to secure and preserve for future generations all the local imprints, the ephemeral publications and the printed material of whatever sort relating to the history of the town. For a people who care nothing for their past history are undeserving of a future one.

A SERIAL BY MRS. KEYES

The editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* deems himself very fortunate in being able to announce that a serial story by Frances Parkinson Keyes will begin in the August number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* and run through several issues. The demand for a recent number of the magazine

in which appeared a short story by Mrs. Keyes showed her to be one of the most popular of our contributors and we know that our readers will await with pleasurable anticipation this first work by Mrs. Keyes to be published in serial story form and the second of her novels to appear in print.



WESTMORELAND AND THE LATE WILLARD BILL

By Rev. Dr. S. H. McColleston, Litt. D.

Westmoreland was properly settled in 1741, although several attempts had been made before this date to settle it, but, on account of many Indians dwelling in and around it, the white men did not dare to enter and claim it; and when they did their first work was to build forts at different points, each to be guarded by some ten men to keep watch for the approach of the wild men. As they saw signs of their coming upon them, they would hurry their women and children into the forts and so fire upon Indians through port holes, driving them away, or killing them.

This township was some seven miles east and west and six miles north and south, having great diversity of surface and decided attractions to the Indians. The Connecticut River runs through the western portions; then there are several large sand beds and many lofty hills, deep vales with flowing streams through dense woods within its limits. Game was plentiful. In this region the Red Men could hunt, fish, sport and bivouac with greatest delight. The salmon and deer were a decided luxury to them. The great meadows on the river and the forests on the hills and the terrace formations through the lowlands were very dear to them and they wanted to abide here; but they cherished spite and hatred against the white faces, therefore, they were obliged to fight them, till they were destroyed or driven far away. As they left, new settlers hastened to the town, felled trees and built log houses from the timber, cultivating cleared spots, planting corn, beans and potatoes.

Soon they erected the church and schoolhouse. They attended religious services on Sunday and schooled their children, as best they could. They early introduced cattle, sheep,

horses, fowls and hogs into the settlement. They took advantage of circumstances, really building better than they knew.

Some of the names of these settlers were as follows: Benjamin Aldrich, Amos Davis, Thomas Chamberlain, Daniel Howe, Samuel Hunt, Joshua Warren, Hon. Merleck Ware, Joseph Burt, John Pierce, Jonas Butterfield, David Britton and Caleb Aldrich.

There was something about the new town that allured strangers to it, and so it was not many years before immigrants to it were numerous. The forests were removed, fields were converted into fine farms, producing rich harvests. It was not long before it was felt to be one of the most productive towns in Cheshire County.

In the development of affairs a large and imposing church-edifice was erected on Park Hill and then another edifice in the South Village, still another house of worship in East Westmoreland and yet another in the Glebe; and still another in the South Village. It is to be regretted that a Christian spirit did not always prevail in these religious communities.

The public schools kept multiplying as the town increased in population, till there were thirteen different districts and a Valley Seminary in domains of the town. The latter was especially, to fit young men and women for teachers and higher institutions of learning. In its balmy days Westmoreland was visited with teachers' institutes which were in session for weeks.

NOTED FOR GOOD SCHOLARS

At one time Westmoreland became somewhat noted for the good scholars sent out to their life-work: Charles and William Burt, Alexander Bennett and Joseph Buffum, as successful lawyers; Jotham Paine, as a highly

THE LATE WILLARD BILL

educated preacher; Charles Hall, as an eminent superintendent of public schools; Willard Bill, as an excellent business man and a good scholar; Oliver L. Briggs, as a most gifted and successful merchant; Murrey Ware, as a thrilling public speaker; Samuel Leach, heeding the advice of Horace Greeley, went West and made himself forehanded, as a dealer in grain. At length Egbert and Edgar Horton honored this town by being born in it. They were twins and grew up to be fine men in form and character and they aimed to do thorough and finished work in whatever they engaged. Settling in Providence, R. I., as superior artists in photography, their studio and show-rooms were not surpassed in New England. They did much of the photography demanded by our colleges and higher institutions of learning. The splendid and captivating views of Westmoreland from Park Hill, Mount Olympus above the Daggett Home and the highlands north of Spofford Lake have often been sought by skilled and trained artists, furnishing magazines and museum-walls with fascinating pictures. In 1859 according to its population it sent out more trained and successful school teachers than any other town in the county. Misses E. Jennie Aldrich and Caroline Buffum and Marion Ware took the lead as the most excellent.

MILITARY AFFAIRS

In the Revolutionary War, the War with Mexico, the Civil War and the recent War the soldiers enlisted from this town were always among the first to be on the field of action and among the last to leave it. Their patriotism never allowed them to shirk any duty of loyalty to their country. Tileston Barker and his son Frank were always with the vanguard and could say to comrades, "Come on, fight the good fight and gain the victory."

SAVINGS IN THE BANK

When Westmoreland was at her best, near the time of the Civil War, it was reported that her citizens had more money in savings banks according to the number of inhabitants than any other town in New Hampshire. It was then a live farming township. Some of the leading men of this period and later were Theodore Cole, Abijah French, Haskell Buffum, Capt. Gleason, David Livingston, C. F. Brooks, Warren Pattern, Addison Ware, Jedediah Sabin, Arvine Aldrich, Judge Baker, Reuben Kendall, Jewett Buffum, Josiah Bennett, Fred Barker, Isaac Derby, George Barrows, Holland Wheeler, Prescott Albee, Forest Hall, Holland Bennett, William Reed, John Knight, L. W. Leonard, Calvin Britton, George Bennett.

THE MINISTRY

The ministry of Westmoreland has been varied and not of long terms of settlements with few exceptions. Among the prominent ones have been Reverends William Goddard, Allen Pratt, both graduates of Harvard; O. C. Whiston of Dartmouth, Charles Woodhouse, A. M., M. D., Josiah Marvin, E. H. Lake and Charles Greenwood. Some of them seemed to think more of popularity than they did of spreading Christianity and bringing souls to know God. Some of them appeared to think more of sticking to creeds than walking in the footsteps of Christ. But in later years the ministers have been earnest in proclaiming the brotherhood of men and living the Gospel.

THE LATE WILLARD BILL

In these later days, yes, for many years, the prominent business of the town seemed to fall into the hands of Willard Bill, who settled with his father, after he reached his majority, on a fine Connecticut River farm. In due time he married a wise and gifted woman who at length brought into his home two most promising daughters.

As they grew into womanhood, being well educated, the older married W. G. Hutchins of Fitchburg, Mass., who passed up higher some years ago; the younger married Dr. J. A. Craig and they settled in Westmoreland, doing, now right in the prime of life, an immense amount of good. He is a skilled physician.

March 11, 1909, Mr. Bill was married again, to a most noble woman, Mrs. Luella Stackpole Houghton of Putney, Vermont, who survives him.

Mr. Bill was taken sick with the prevailing influenza the last of June, a year since. He recovered somewhat from it, but in December it renewed its poisoning grip, so that in spite of the best medical and nursing skill, he died in his pleasant home amidst a group of truest friends, having been a kind husband, a true father and just neighbor, 79 years and 7 months old. He has sown much precious seed which will continue to yield abundant harvests of love and usefulness through the ages to come.

As I occasionally visited his home I found it a joy and delight to be in it. The spirit of God seemed to abide therein. The old farm was very dear to him and his wife, being beautifully situated on the banks of the grand old Connecticut River, where he was born and lived till some ten years ago, when he purchased an inviting and modern residence in the South Village, which he improved and converted into an elegant home.

In his boyhood he went to school in his own district making the most possible out of its advantages. As he waxed older in years he attended select schools in town, ranking high in scholarship. As he increased in years he went to the best schools out of town to complete his schooldays, but not to finish his education, for as long as he lived he was a student and learner. But few excelled him in mathematics and good English. When he was twenty years old he commenced to teach winters and soon became known, as most thorough in

his instruction and government. He became noted for reforming and redeeming bad boys. He had a good physique: head was large, forehead prominent, eyes full and penetrating: hair dark: and his temperament, nervous, sanguine, bilious. The phrenologist would have pronounced him talented without hesitancy. He had not a lazy bone nor nerve in his make-up. He was fond of declaiming and had a good voice for public speaking.

As soon as he reached 21 years of age, he was put into public office by the people and has been kept there ever since, not by his seeking it. The people placed him there, because he was honest and well qualified to fill it. He practised economy and accordingly accumulated property and bequeathed some, but this did not elate him; he was all the more interested in public enterprises. He was interested from its start in the Cheshire County Home and he has continued so. He was for a long time a trustee of the Cheshire County Savings Bank. He was also county commissioner for several terms. He was, too, a charter member and officer for years of Great Meadow and Cheshire County Pomona Granges. For years he did a large probate business, as guardian, executor, administrator, or trustee.

Through his suffering and trying sickness he uttered not one word of complaint before his body fell asleep in death Thursday night, May 23, 1919, calmly and peacefully, encircled by dear loving friends. His funeral was attended the following Sunday by his old pastor, Rev. Dr. S. H. McColleston, assisted by Rev. J. E. Heath. Throngs of loving friends viewed the placid face of the translated. Then the remains were borne to the cemetery near by, and lowered into banks of countless and most beautiful flowers and a large number of Grangers, passed round the grave, dropping immortelles upon the casket, while the benediction of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit was pronounced.

As we turned away from the grave and left the yard, we could but ask, who is the truly successful man? It is not Croesus, nor Napoleon, nor Voltaire. If man has heaped up piles of sovereigns to be a satanic pimp, instead of God's almoner, then his riches become so cumbrous an armor as to bury him altogether in the dust of the earth.

Was David, the sweet singer of Israel, because he sang psalms in the cave of Adullum and chanted praises on Mt. Zion a successful man? Not any more so, than that he was a faithful shepherd and an honest guardian of his home. Was Michel Angelo a success because he chiseled the marble and painted the canvas? No, not any more so, than he who sets out saplings that others may enjoy their shade a century hence. Was Jesus a success because he entered Jerusalem amid banners and waving palms?

Nay, but because he went about doing his Father's will.

Success is an attainment, but who attains? Only he who lives true to God and man. Such never have occasion to speak, as did Horace Walpole, saying, "Life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel," or more literally "Life is a farce and its last scene should not be mournful."

The truly successful never send forth the sad refrain of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities," but the cheerful canticle of Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Was not this true of Willard Bill? Let memory like a pensive Ruth go about the fields of his life, gleaning the scattered wheat and the souls of widow, daughter, granddaughter and all friends will be nourished with sweetest comfort and brightest hopes.

THE CROSSES

By Charles Poole Cleaves

Above the flashing of the brook,
Or hid in some secluded nook;
Along the roadside where they reeled,
Or clustered on some upturn field.
No eyelid's stir, no pulse's beat;
No thrill of song, no wakened feet;
Only, beneath the quiet sky,
So many thousand victors lie
Asleep. Far as the eye has sped
The low, rude crosses mark their bed.

Across the sea, a city street
Living pulses, slow and fleet,
In the ceaseless long parade
Of human task and toil and trade.
No roughened mound, no sculptured tree.
Yet the quickened glance may see
Behind the smile or silent lip,
Or greeting eye or finger-tip,
Or passing word or tears that start
The low, rude cross hid in the heart.

Hudson, N. H.

The Connecticut River at Claremont

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER A GREAT HIGHWAY

By George B. Upham

As today we motor across the Connecticut River bridge from Claremont to Ascutneyville, how few of us think of the scenes that might have been witnessed there in times past! For a century or more the "Great River" was the highway between the sparsely settled towns of middle Massachusetts and those on the St. Lawrence. It was the only approach for the early settlers to the Upper Connecticut Valley, where for more than half a century heavy freight was transported almost wholly by the river.

These river scenes, some savage, some tragic, some pathetic, some merely industrial, are firmly woven into the web of life as it exists in northern New England today.

Let us linger on the river-bank, set back the hand of time three centuries, shift the scenes rapidly, and from our waiting place catch such glimpses as we can of some of these fading pictures of the past.

In May, 1610, some dozens of birch-bark canoes may be seen passing down the river to the "Great Falls" a few miles below. The salmon fishing is good there in the spring; the shad come no further up the stream. If we could hear the voices and understand the language some loquacious warrior might be telling his companions of the great canoe with white wings (Champlain) that had sailed up the great river of Canada only a year or two before, and of the strange contrivances which belched fire, made noise like thunder and blew away their enemies, the Mohawks, like chaff before the wind.

Late in October, 1677, a strange procession is seen approaching, some in canoes, some walking wearily along the banks, some women and children on two or three jaded horses stolen from the settlers below. We count twenty-six Indians and twenty whites, the latter the first of many captives to

take this fearsome journey to the north, the first white men that history records as passing so far up the "Great River," and the first to see Ascutney.

These are the captives taken at Hatfield and Deerfield in the fall of 1677. Three men, two women and fifteen children, among the latter little Sally Coleman, only four years old, whose mother has been murdered. She is to live to marry John Field and to become the progenitress of Cyrus W. Field, who will lay the first Atlantic cable; of Marshall Field, Chicago's merchant prince; and of Stephen J. Field, one of the great justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Historical Museum at Deerfield a little red-topped shoe, torn and ragged, is to find a place later and to mutely tell the pathetic story of this journey, more impressively than any words.

One of these ill-fated captives is destined to be burned at the stake in Canada, one boy and one little girl to be finished by a blow of the tomahawk, the rest to be rescued by perhaps the bravest effort the early annals of New England record.*

During King William's War in September, 1694, a formidable array passes, a small "army" of French and Indians in canoes, led by the impetuous young Jean Vincent, who had come out with the first regiment of regular troops sent from France to Canada. They paddle swiftly on their way, disappearing in the autumn haze down the river. This time the settlers are prepared for them, their approach discovered, the people of

Deerfield are collected within the fort, and the besiegers driven off discomfited to make the best of their way, without captives, back to Canada. Jean Vincent is best known to history as Baron de Saint-Castin, a picturesque character who is to live long and fight valiantly at Castine on the shores of Penobscot Bay. (The route taken by this expedition is somewhat uncertain, but is believed to have been by the St. Francis and Connecticut Rivers.)

During Queen Anne's War, in February, 1704, two hundred French soldiers in uniform, led by Hertel de Rouville, with one hundred and forty Indians, may be seen marching down over the snow-encrusted ice to render themselves forever infamous by the "Sack of Deerfield." Provisions, ammunition and extra snowshoes for the captives are on the "sleighs," some drawn by dogs, some by Indians.

A week or two later, on March 6 or 7, we see their return up the river bringing with them more than a hundred English captives, forty of them not over twelve years of age. Ten or twelve women and children who were ill and loitered by the way have already been killed. At least one of them, Mary Brooks, aged thirty-eight or forty, is killed on the riverbank in Claremont or Weathersfield. It is a sad procession, straggling far apart and plodding wearily northward on this "tempestuous day," cold, hungry, in momentary fear of death by tomahawk or torture. The wounded Indians and the smaller children are in the "sleighs"; the dogs

*All that is known of the journey of these captives to Canada is contained in the narration of Quentin Stockwell. This was originally published by Dr. Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, in 1684. Again in Blome's "Present State of His Majesty's Isles and Territories in America," London, 1687. The best account of the capture, journey, rescue, and return, via Lake Champlain, Lake George and Albany, is in "Bradford Club, Series No. 1," New York, 1859. This contains much information, especially concerning the rescue, derived from the New York colonial archives.

The captives were taken up the Connecticut as far as the "Sauvo-Maug" River, probably Wells River, where the Indians divided, some, with several of the captives, going north probably by way of Lake Memphremagog and the St. Francis River. Stockwell was one of those taken up the "Sauvo-Maug" and over the Green Mountains to Lake Champlain, thence by the Richelieu to Sorel on the St. Lawrence.

It is interesting to note that towards the ransom of these captives the Isles of Shoals, employing fifteen hundred men in the great fisheries there, gave more than Salem, then one of the wealthiest towns in New England.

harnessed to them pull hard as their Indian drivers urge and lash them on.

Among the captives is the Rev. John Williams who had preached on March 5, 1704, where they rested over Sunday (a tablet now marks the spot) by the stream still called Williams River, which flows into the Connecticut opposite South Charlestown. On the evening of Monday, March 6, they camp half way between Williams and White rivers, which would be near the mouth of Sugar River. An incident which occurred on this day's march is related by Williams:

"Soon after we marched, we had an alarm; on which many of the English were bound. I was then near the front, and my masters not with me, so I was not bound. This alarm was occasioned by some Indians shooting at geese that flew over them, that put them into a considerable consternation and fright; but after they came to understand they were not pursued by the English, they boasted that the English would not come out after them, as they had boasted before we began our journey in the morning. They killed this day two women, who were so faint they could not travel."

Williams gives no description of the camp near the mouth of Sugar River, but we may surmise what it was like from his brief description of the camp the first night out from Deerfield.

"When we came to our lodging place the first night, they dug away the snow, made some wigwams, cut down some of the small branches of spruce trees to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was

pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army."

The French officers and soldiers apparently constitute a rear guard, for they pass up the river a few days later.

Of these hundred and more captives only sixty are destined to return to their homes in the settlements.*

The eleven long years of Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713, witness many passings of French, Indians and Colonials. Of the latter we will mention only one of the several scouting parties led northward by Captain Benjamin Wright whose name will always have an honored place in the history of the river valley. In February, 1708, he passes up the river with a carefully selected company to the Cowass (Cohos, Coos) meadows, now Haverhill and Newbury, where the St. Francis Indians were wont to congregate and there to prepare for rapine and murder in the settlements below. We see them passing in single file, their deer-skin garments, long, slanting flint-lock muskets on shoulder ready for instant use, powder horns at their sides; a lightly built sled loaded with provisions, their "snapsacks," ammunition and supplies, drawn by three or four of the scouts, brings up the rear. Perhaps a driving snow storm swirls about them as they pass by.

Father Rale's War, 1723-1726, is ostensibly a struggle between the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts on one side and the Indians living east of the Merrimack River, led by a Jesuit priest, on the other. But the real power with which these colonies are at war is the

*Mr. Williams wrote an account of these misfortunes and of his nearly three years' detention in Canada, published in a famous little book, entitled "The Redeemed Captive." The first edition was issued at "Boston in N. E." by "Samuel Phillips, at the Brick Shop, 1707." It has since passed through more than a dozen editions, six or seven of them in the eighteenth century. Williams had little conception of his great opportunities from an historical point of view; but considering the many pages devoted wholly to theological reflections it is surprising to find so much that is historically valuable. It may be, therefore, truly said that this book has no counterpart in the literature of the period; and that it is considered justly a New England classic of its time. Williams' son, Stephen, a boy of only eleven years when captured, wrote a journal of the march and of his captivity. This has been published as an appendix in several editions of "The Redeemed Captive."

Governor-General of Canada backed by Louis XV, the King of France. In this war the famous Indian chief, Gray Lock, takes a leading part. Phineas Stevens, the hero of the attack on Number Four (Charlestown), in the next war, is captured with his younger brother and taken to Canada. Various English scouting parties are sent up the river, some with specific orders to "go up to ye mountain tops and there to lodge and view morning and evening for smoaks." (There is little doubt that this was done from Barber's mountain and the slopes of Ascutney.)

In this war Captain Wright again appears on the scene, according to his journal, passing our reach of the river on August 1, 1725, with fifty-nine men. This time they are in canoes, and, hugging the shore to avoid the current, the little fleet passes by. After searching the valley as far as Wells River and crossing the mountains to Lake Champlain they will return, just a month later, without having seen any Indians, except a few who fled at their approach.

During the interval of eighteen years of peace after this war many Indian trading parties may be seen paddling down the river to barter their furs at the "Truck House" at Fort Dummer (Brattleboro).

In the "Old French and Indian War"—1744-1749—the Canadian records of "military movements" chronicle an astonishing number of Indian war parties sent south, frequently led by French officers. Many of these pass the mouth of Sugar River and return with captives as they have done so many times before.

The Fort at Number Four had been built just before the outbreak of this war. A force led by "General Debeline" as some histories have it, really by Ensign Boucher de Niverville, consisting, according to their commander's statement, of seven hundred French and Indians, pass down the river early in April, 1747. This is the war party against which Captain

Phineas Stevens, with about thirty men, so valiantly defends the fort at Number Four on April 7 and 8.

Frequent scouting parties pass up and down the river, going from or returning to their headquarters at Number Four. One party of sixty-nine men led by Captain Stevens had joined Captain Melvin's ill-fated party from Fort Dummer, gone up the "Indian Road" beside Black River, crossed to Otter Creek, there separated from Captain Melvin's party and returned to the Connecticut by the valley of the "Quarter-queeche." On May 30, 1748, they pass down the river on rafts and in canoes.

During the last French and Indian War—1754-1760—Number Four is attacked repeatedly. It appears in a petition for aid made to the provincial authorities of Massachusetts, in September, 1755, that ten different attacks had been made there within two years. These attacks continue but with decreasing frequency.

Towards evening on April 20, 1757, unusual activity enlivens the vicinity of the mouth of Sugar River. About seventy French and Indians may be seen journeying northward with three captives taken that morning at Number Four. At the mouth of the Sugar they meet with two white men. These prove to be George Robbins and Asa Spafford, who having been out to shoot wild fowl are returning to Number Four. Both are immediately captured and taken along to Canada. Spafford is to die of smallpox in Quebec; Robbins to be exchanged, fight in the Revolutionary War, and finally to be killed by the Indians on the banks of Otter Creek at Brandon, in November, 1780.

On the morning of a bleak November day, November 4, 1759, we see slowly approaching, now drifting with the current, now urged forward with the flashing strokes of paddles, a low dark object sunk almost to the level of the wind-swept water. As it comes nearer we see that it is a log raft, the logs burnt and blackened at the ends,

for by burning was the only way that weakened men could fell them. On the raft are two men and a child; from their fur caps and leathern jackets we take them to be rangers. The child is seen to be an Indian boy. The men are Major Robert Rogers and Captain Ogden, the latter badly wounded, on the return from that memorable expedition to punish the St. Francis Indians, so promptly ordered by Sir Jeffrey Amherst, so wonderfully executed by the most accomplished scout and woodsman that American history records.

Without food for many days, except a few nuts and red squirrels, Rogers is hurrying to Number Four to send succor to his men, left starving at the mouth of the Ammonusuc seventy miles above. On the afternoon of the same day we see a large birchbark canoe skirting the shore, skilfully taking advantage of every eddy, while it is urged swiftly northward by the powerful strokes of paddles fore and aft. They are men from Number

Four carrying the food that Rogers had promised to his surviving rangers in ten days after he left them. It arrived on time to the very hour. Rogers, after two nights' rest, and a day for writing his dispatches, hastens up the river with two canoes carrying more food and supplies.

In the fall of 1760 we see many men on rafts and in canoes coming down the river. They are soldiers of the last French and Indian war. Many have been discharged; some are deserters, Quebec and Montreal taken, the fighting over, military life has lost its interest for them. All are on the way back to their homes in southern New England; but they have seen the fine, fertile, unoccupied meadows of the beautiful river, hence the beginnings of the settlements northward in 1761 and 1762.

(This article will be continued with some accounts of the settlement of the valley, also of early industry and transportation on the upper reaches of the "Great River.")

SONG

By Carolyn Hillman

Joy goes on a starry way
While hope treads one that's blind,
And sorrow can but stumble.
All ways join one that's kind.

Whether by star, or in the dark
We all go home at last;
That swift way of the singing lark,
Nor pause by ways time past.



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWNS AND ACADEMIES*

By Asa Currier Tilton

Among the measures which are fostered, today, in the movement for the betterment of life in our farming communities is the development of the school as the social center of its neighborhood. The pupils in the school, in addition to the fundamental branches of the older education, are taught to regard themselves as fellow-citizens—economic, political, and social—and are trained in the means of making life more successful and pleasant for themselves and their neighbors. They are shown how they may profit by reading and study concerning their life and work on the farm; by debates they are led to inform themselves on current, economic and social problems, and are given practical training in making their views effective in influencing others; and, finally, they are taught to unite in recreations and amusements—such as athletics, plays, and music, which furnish sane and uplifting relaxation from their daily routine. This education of the young for coöperation in work and play is supplemented by making the schoolhouse a center to which those above school age are encouraged to come for interchange of ideas through papers and discussions, and for recreation and amusement. The schoolhouse thus becomes the instrument by which the morbidity and mental stagnation, bred by isolation and unrelieved tedium, which have too often characterized farm life, especially in the frontier regions of our country, may be banished.

The history of this farm life on its economic side has been written, not completely, yet thoroughly enough to make it familiar. Of our educational system—our schools, our libra-

ries, and our colleges—we are justly proud; and its story has been well told. But the school social center impresses us as new, as the product of the imagination of our educational and social-welfare experts. We do not suspect that the ends, which it seeks, were sought long ago in our country towns—in other words, that it has a history. Most of us know the Lyceum, at least by name and as a system for providing lecture courses; but we do not, most of us, know its earlier function of providing a social center, where the people met for debate, singing, and the giving of plays. And very few of us realize that the Lyceum, in this earlier and more vigorous stage, was but a general name for a still earlier, and perhaps more vigorous, successful, and useful institution, the literary, or debating society—the terms are used indiscriminately.

These societies existed in the colleges, the academies, the schools; and also in the towns among those above the school age of today, though not so entirely above that of the times when young men went to school in winter long after they had become voters. Those in the colleges are famous, individually; but are not clearly recognized to be a national institution. Those in the academies, schools, and towns are little known, individually, and not at all as a national institution. Scattered here and there through school and town histories, biographies, and similar works there is abundant information on them, which needs only to be brought together to show what they were and what they accomplished. From such sources the following sketch is written.

* This article is written from material collected for a work on the same subject, covering the whole country.

The oldest incorporated academy in New Hampshire—as well as the most famous—is the Phillips Academy at Exeter, which was chartered in 1781 and opened in 1783. Here a Rhetorical Society was in existence as early as 1812, and probably earlier. In 1818 the Golden Branch Society was founded; and the Rhetorical soon ceased to exist. The Golden Branch celebrated, a year ago, the completion of a full century of uninterrupted activity. Since 1881 it has had a companion in healthy rivalry, the Gideon L. Soule Society. Unusual material is available for the history of these societies; and they will not be further referred to in this paper from the hope that they may be used in a later article to portray in detail what is here sketched in general lines.

The second to be incorporated was the New Ipswich Academy (since 1853 the Appleton Academy) which was chartered in 1789. It possessed a literary society, the Demosthenian, which was very successful from as early as 1791 to 1810, when it ceased activity. Some ten years later a new society, the Social Fraternity, was started. The date of the beginning of a society is more often given than the date of its ending; and it is frequently impossible to state when it discontinued its work, or disbanded, or whether it still exists. In the prosperous days of the Salisbury Academy, which was incorporated in 1795, a society existed there, the Literary Adelphi, which was organized in 1813. The Hampton Academy, which dates from 1810, had two societies, the Ciceronian and the Olive Branch (the name suggests Exeter influence in its foundation), which were organized in 1827. The latter was incorporated in 1832. This was an unusual proceeding for an academy society, but not for those in the colleges. It was thought to give added dignity; and sometimes was claimed to free the organization from faculty control—something which the members found to be easier to claim

than to enforce. The Hampton Academy was typical in its possession of two coexistent societies. It was the customary, though not invariable, number in colleges; but in the academies lack of numbers very often prevented the establishment of more than one. Two societies gave the stimulus of rivalry—usually healthy and beneficial, but occasionally so intense as to be harmful. At the Wolfeboro Academy, chartered in 1820, there was for many years a successful society, which is referred to as a "lyceum."

The history of the New Hampton Academy and its societies is more than ordinarily complicated. It opened in 1821; and, a few years later, was taken over by the Calvin Baptist Church and renamed the Academical and Theological Institution—the latter department starting in 1829. In 1852 both were moved to Fairfield, Vt.; but, the next year, the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution was incorporated by Free-Will Baptists, and took the plant of the older school. The Biblical School—brought from New York state—moved to Lewiston, Me., in 1870, and left the Institution in its original status. The societies were the following: the Literary Adelphi, founded in 1827; the Social Fraternity, in 1830; and the Ladies' Literary Association, in 1833. The library of the last was taken to Fairfax; but the others remained at New Hampton by vote of the members, and the societies continued in the new school. This incident, doubtless, lies at the bottom of the provision in their constitutions, that they cannot be moved from New Hampton, either by vote of the members, or of the trustees.

There was a debating society of students and graduates at the Hopkinton Academy, which began in 1827. This, or perhaps a new one, was called Sanborn Adelphi during the principalship of Dyer H. Sanborn. The Woodman Academy at Sanbornton had, in 1840, two societies—the Literary Panoplean

and the Mercurian Loquendi. They are certainly names difficult to live up to; but are very characteristic in their classical derivation. The New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton (opened in 1845) had, in 1898, two men's societies—the V. A. S. and the United Panoplean, and two girls' societies—the Ladies' Literary Society and the Sapphonian. When the Appleton Academy at Mount Vernon (now the McCullom Institute) occupied its new building in 1853, a room was given to the Philorhetorian Society. Finally, the Dow Academy at Franconia, founded in 1885, had a society, called the Automathian. Doubtless similar organizations have existed in most, if not all, of the other academies, which have furnished, and, in some cases, still furnish, educational opportunities—higher than those of the common schools—to the boys and girls of the state; but enough have been mentioned to show that the literary society is coexistent with the academy, or, at least, was in their early and vigorous days.

Turning from the academies to the towns, the distribution of the societies may best be surveyed geographically. In Portsmouth a Forensic Society was founded sometime before 1826. Another society, of somewhat religious aspect, began at about the same time—the South Parish Society for Mutual Improvement; and also a third—the Foreign Society. The Forensic and South Parish were superseded by a Lyceum, apparently in the early thirties, which was in existence in the forties. The House of Delegates, a society with the legislative, or parliamentary, type of organization and procedure, was founded in Exeter in 1848. Another Exeter organization, also representative of a widely distributed type, was the Coke Club. It was a small and informally organized group of young men, who were studying law in the office of Hon. Amos Tuck, and who met as a club to read and discuss the classics of legal

education of that day. Other societies in Exeter were the Shakespeare Reading Circle and the Nulla Mora, a debating club; both date from 1849. Many of the young men of the town, whose interests would naturally prompt them to be leaders in the foundation and support of a literary society, were members of the Golden Branch at the Academy and sometimes prolonged their membership after graduation. This would militate against the formation of a strong town society—a phenomenon which repeatedly shows itself at the seats of colleges and academies. North Hampton had a literary and debating society which began about 1848. At Candia the young men and women conducted a successful Literary Club for some years before a Lyceum was started in 1832. In the same decades there was, also, a Juvenile Club, of which the members were boys from eleven to fifteen years of age.

In the Merrimack valley and up the slope of the divide to the west, we find the societies distributed through the towns. At Amherst the Franklin Society was in existence in 1817. The society in Hopkinton Academy included graduates—that is, young people of the town. Hopkinton was also the seat of a club, which has had an unusual, though not unique, history. This was the Philomathic Club, founded in 1850, which became the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society in 1873. In Lyndeborough there was the South Lyndeborough Lyceum, which was succeeded by the Second Mutual Improvement Society in 1839, which united in 1854 with the Franklin Debating Club (organized in 1851) to form the Lyceum. In New Ipswich some of the young men of the town were members of the Demosthenian Society at the Academy. This gave them the advantages of a literary society much earlier than was the case in towns, where there was no academy. Sutton started a Young People's Club in 1845, which became the North Sutton Dramatic Associa-

tion, and was active for thirty years. Its name is unusual; but plays were a regular feature of the exercises of the societies and lyceums, and the Sutton association only emphasized that feature. Another phase of the varied interests of the societies is seen in the name of the Literary and Moral Society of Wilton, which was organized between 1803 and 1813.

In the Connecticut valley, also, the societies appear. Dublin had a Literary Society, which was established in 1824 and reorganized in 1836 as a Lyceum. It continued until 1844, or later. Gilsum possessed a Moral and Literary Society, which was established by young men in 1812; and a Literary Society, which began in 1833. In 1842 a Lyceum was organized and, two years later, was reorganized and called the Young People's Lyceum. This continued until 1849; and was the first to admit women. In Claremont there was the Literary Friendly Society with a membership of six, which existed from 1791 to 1796; and the United Fraternity of Young Men (a name borrowed, doubtless, from the near-by Dartmouth society), which was in existence from 1848 to 1864, as well as others which lasted for brief periods. Newport had two Lyceums, one organized in 1830 and one about 1850, which continued into the seventies; and a Reading Circle, which was brought together in 1833 for the reading of original and selected pieces.

Northfield possessed a society, which was imposing in title, if in nothing else: the Northfield Improving Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. It was incorporated in 1818 with power to make by-laws, levy fines up to five dollars, and disfranchise members. Formal applications and recommendations were prescribed for candidates for membership. It was a literary and debating society, and sought to build up a library. In 1820 it had eight active members, twenty-four volumes in its library, and one dollar and fifty cents

in its treasury. This seems to be as prosperous as it ever was. It continued in name, at least, until 1842. Across Winnepesaukee the Wolfeboro Lyceum, which began in 1820, had both student and town members. But one mention of societies, or lyceums, from the northern portion of the state has been noted in the sources of information which have been available for this paper. Others must, certainly, have existed in the upper Connecticut valley and in other centers of population. But, for the most part, in the period when the institution was vital and influential, the settlements were small and scattered; as a consequence a society would have to draw from a wide area to make its numbers strong; but even then the difficulties of winter travel would interfere with its success. The societies, which did exist, must have been small, and, for this reason, have escaped mention in local history.

Before going more closely into the organization and activities of the literary societies, it will be well to mention some societies of special character, which existed in this state, as in many others. First among these are the musical societies. The Handelian Musical Society at Amherst is described as "long established" in 1810, when it joined with the Handel Society of Dartmouth, the Middlesex Society of Townsend, Mass., and a musical society of Concord, in a campaign to improve church music. The following year they held a musical exhibition at Amherst; the program consisted of a prayer, an oration, an anthem, a chorus, and several hymns. At Newport an Instrumental Musical Society was incorporated in 1815. There was also a Sullivan County musical convention, which was held annually for a considerable number of years. The Gilmanton Theological Seminary started a Sacred Music Society shortly after its opening in 1836. These musical societies are at one with the literary societies in that their object was to bring the people

together for mutual improvement and mutual enjoyment. The Gilman-ton Seminary also had a Society of Inquiry respecting Missions. These were frequent in the colleges in the early days of the missionary movement, and spread outside to some extent. An attempt was made, without noteworthy success, to bring farmers together for lectures and discussions in the hope of improving methods of farming. This was done through agricultural societies, like the Rockingham Farmers' Club at Exeter. Among the literary societies, which have been mentioned, the names not infrequently indicate special attention to certain activities—the Sutton Dramatic Associations, the Portsmouth Foreign Society, the Wilton Literary and Moral Society. Moral societies were widespread in the years after 1800, and labored to better the low moral conditions which then prevailed.

Important in the eyes of every society were its constitution and by-laws. These furnished the basis of its organization, and guided it in all its activities. The American belief in the supreme efficacy of a written constitution is nowhere more clearly seen than here. They were the bill of rights of the individual member to protect him against the over-zealous authority of the officers and the tyranny of the majority; and, as such, were constantly appealed to. If interest in the meetings lagged, or the activities of the society seemed to any member, or group of members, to be stagnating, the remedy was usually sought in an amendment to the constitution or by-laws. The ceaseless recurrence of these attempts make them seem puerile, as they really were; nevertheless, they furnished valuable instruction and practice in dealing with problems of organization and legislation in business or in public life. The constitutions, too, show the influence of the eighteenth century political philosophy with its unbounded

confidence in the value of abstract statements of rights—best illustrated by the Declaration of Independence. They invariably begin with a declaration of objects and purposes, written in a formal and stilted style, so much at variance with our present-day simplicity and realism, that it is amusing—not impressive, as it was to its authors.

The members of the Claremont Literary Friendly Society "solemnly engage, like a little band of Brothers, to support and assist each other in ascending the grades of literature." At South Lyndeborough the founders declare their wish to organize a lyceum "to prepare ourselves more fully to perform our duties as American citizens." The preamble to the constitution of the Literary Adelphi of Salisbury Academy declares its purpose to be: Social intercourse, friendship, interchange of ideas and opinions, literary improvement, and the promotion of morality and virtue. The latter objects are specifically inculcated in the constitution of the Gilsum Moral and Literary Society by the provision that members abstain from drunkenness and profanity. Friendship is always, or almost always, emphasized.

The constitutions also made provision for the preservation of secrecy, when the societies were secret, as was usually the case in the colleges and academies, and sometimes in the towns. Where a society had but six or nine members, as in the first Claremont society, regulations were hardly necessary to guard its exercises and its business from outside knowledge. In larger societies they were; and we have secret mottoes—hidden under initials, as in college fraternities today,—solemn pledges, and other instrumentalities for preserving the mysteries. Sometimes expedients were carried to amusing extremes. The Demosthenian Society at New Ipswich Academy wrote its constitution and records in a cipher, known to but three persons. Finally, but one of the three re-

maintained, and he was made permanent secretary, rather—we are left to assume—than admit others to a knowledge of the key. Love of the mysterious, and the interest which it arouses in the uninitiated, were, doubtless, motives which prompted the provision for secrecy in society affairs. The real and practical reason, however, was the desire to remove that fear of ridicule for failures, which so often deters the inexperienced from attempting, unabashed, to utter their thoughts on the platform, and thus from training themselves for any life-work which requires public speaking. Perhaps, too, in the midst of the rather strict conformity of a century ago, secrecy prompted young men to think more unrestrainedly and to express their thoughts, or questionings, more boldly than they would have dared to do had publicity laid them liable to disapproval or condemnation; and thus broadened their ideas as individuals, and, in the mass, liberalized public opinion. Almost without exception the secret societies gave up their mysteries and secret mottoes and the terrifying rites which they were sometimes believed to indulge in, when the Anti-Masonic wave swept over the country in the thirties. But many preserved the secrecy of their business meetings—especially in the election or rejection of members.

Of the officers little need be said. They were the customary functionaries: President, Vice-President, Secretary (who usually added the treasurer's duties), Librarian (when the society had, or hoped to have, a library), and Editors (when the society conducted and read at its meetings a manuscript paper). Committees and other officers were elected to care for business not within the province of those enumerated, or for matters which would make undue demands on their time. Most frequent of these special officers is the Critic—indeed, he might well be added to the list of those regularly chosen. His function was to watch

the proceedings, and make note of errors in pronunciation and the use of words, of oratorical defects and mannerisms in the performers; and of deportment and courtesy in the audient members. At the close of the meeting he delivered a critique, based on his observations, and supplemented, if he chose, with general suggestions concerning the condition and welfare of the society in general. The critique offered an excellent opportunity for the display of humor, or of sarcasm.

Membership in a society was obtained through election. There was, with a few exceptions, a single class of members; but, now and then, a society had a qualified membership, preparatory to full membership; and most added honorary members to their roll. The admission of women came with their admission to the same educational privileges which men enjoyed. Sometimes they had separate societies; and sometimes the existing men's societies amended their constitutions by removing sex restrictions and thus admitting them on an equal footing. Societies of special form of organization might have corresponding membership qualifications. Thus the Exeter House of Delegates had one member for each state in the Union; and these were divided into parties—twelve Democrats, twelve Whigs, and six Free Soilers.

The meetings were held at regular intervals of a week, a fortnight, a month, or a longer period. They were limited to the cool (or cold) months in the town societies; in the academies they were limited by the school terms. Once a year, sometimes oftener, there was a public meeting, or exhibition. To the regular meetings—if the society were not secret—visitors were often invited. In them a constitutional order of exercises was followed, which varied from society to society in detail, but which followed the same general lines. The business portion of the meeting occupied considerable

time, especially when an election of officers occurred at which factions, or the supporters of rival leaders, struggled for control of the society or for the election of their favorites. The terms of office were rarely a year in length in the college and academy societies. Short terms enabled more members to gain experience and to share the honors of office. Much time was consumed, again, when members took opportunity to extend their knowledge of parliamentary procedure by raising points of order and supporting them strenuously. But this time was not wasted, even when part of the literary program had to be postponed in consequence.

The leading feature of the program was the debate, usually led by two disputants on the affirmative and two on the negative. Volunteers were permitted, in fact encouraged, to speak from the floor. Sometimes the roll was called and each member must then speak or decline to say anything. The debate was decided by vote, either on the merits of the debate, of the question, or of both in turn. Declamations, readings, essays, and occasionally dialogues, mock trials, and music completed the program. Frequently a manuscript paper was edited, composed of contributions in prose or verse by members, and read before the society by the editor. Its aim was to amuse as well as to instruct; and this was often accomplished at the expense of fellow-members, or, in the academies, of instructors. The Preceptor of New Ipswich Academy, who was also a member of the Demosthenian Society, was held up to scorn in its paper of 1801, *The New Year's Gift*, for asking pay,

"Because he heard the brethren speak
Their pieces, once or twice a week."

The Candia Literary Club had a weekly, called the *Flying Battle-Axe*, the reading of which caused much excitement and merriment; and the Gilsum Lyceum one, called the *People's Organ*, and, later, the *Gilsum Pioneer*.

The North Hampton Society had a monthly, the *Star of Social Reform*. The founder of the society was a Unitarian minister and Frank B. Sanborn was a prominent member. Evidently the spirit of reform was abroad in it—as was often the case. Similar publications—if we may call them that—were edited in many other places.

The subjects of the essays and debates ranged over the whole field of public affairs and the scholarly, literary, moral, and religious as well. Slavery, the great national question in the half-century when the societies flourished, furnished many subjects. The Bunker Hill monument was partly built; but work stopped and it was a question whether it would ever be completed. This, the Candia Literary Club found of sufficient interest to debate: "Ought the Bunker Hill monument to be finished at once?" The Nulla Mora at Exeter debated on the influences, whether good or bad, which factories had on their operatives. At Portsmouth the South Parish Society listened to addresses on the "Necessity of a Positive Revelation, and Love of God"; the Lyceum to an address on "National Standards of Costume," and the Foreign Society to one (in 1823) on the "Duty of the United States and the European Powers to Aid the Greeks against the Turks."

Societies in the academies religiously attempted to build up libraries—attempts which were sometimes successful in a degree, and sometimes were utter failures. The various societies at the Gilmanton Seminary had libraries, as did the two at Hampton Academy. The Adelphi at Hopkinton Academy had a small library; and when Professor Sanborn took some of the pupils to his school at Contoocook a dispute arose over the division thereof which ended in a fight in which the books were divided between the factions in proportion to their fighting abilities, the stronger

winning the more plunder. The academies at Mont Vernon and New Ipswich had good libraries, thanks to gifts from Hon. Nathan Appleton. At the latter the library was finally united with the school library, a very usual procedure. Some of our colleges have founded their libraries on the books of their literary societies. The town societies, on the other hand, did little in accumulating libraries—for this function was performed by another institution.

The life of the societies, as an institution, coincides very nearly with the life of the "Social Libraries." These were owned by associations which were ordinarily incorporated. We find them at Dover in 1792, at Derryfield in 1795, at Northfield in 1801, and at many other places at the same period. The proprietors of these libraries were drawn from the same circles as the members of the literary societies; but there was no formal connection between them. A town might have a Social Library, and, at the same time, a literary society which had its own library. This was true at Dublin, where the Social Library was founded in 1793 and the society in 1824. The two libraries were united in 1835 as the Dublin Union Library. These early libraries sometimes preserved their collections intact until the public library movement appeared, when their books went to start public libraries—as did those of the societies in the academies and colleges to start academy and college libraries; but the great majority of them failed to keep up their organization and allowed their books to be dispersed. Their book plates are frequently met with on the bookshelves of our colonial houses. It might occur, however, that the founders and members of a society were collectors of books and museum objects, as well as disciples of oratory and literature. They started libraries and collections which have, in some cases, developed into important institutions. In New Hampshire the lead-

ing, if not the only, instance of this activity is found in the Philomathic Club at Hopkinton. Its three original members, subsequently increased to seven, were enthusiastic collectors, and brought together books and objects of interest whenever they could obtain them. This continued, and in due time the club became the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society. In 1889 the Society received the gift of a worthy building—a Memorial to William H. Long—in which to house its library and museum. Its success is due to the life-long interest and endeavors of Rev. Silas Ketchum, one of the three founders.

Every movement in political and social life has its basis in the people, who respond—unconsciously, it may be—to new ideas and influences, react on each other, and thus bring forth new policies, codes, and institutions. The literary and debating societies were built on such a foundation in the ambitious days of our national youth. But these movements require leaders—men who have the gift of clearly and consciously embodying in themselves the aspirations of the people, and the power of leadership to bring them to realization. The literary societies were founded and sustained by such a process; and a minor cause of their decline and disappearance in the older states is to be found in the departure of so many of the ablest and most energetic young men to other states—the frontier states, especially—where opportunities for advancement and success were greater, and in the temporary or utter loss of such men through the Civil War.

The academy societies were often founded by, or through the efforts of, the teachers—notably those who had been members of college societies. The Demosthenian Society at New Ipswich Academy was started with the aid, and under the inspiration, of John Hubbard, the versatile and influential first Preceptor (1789–1795), a graduate of Dartmouth and later a

professor there. He was, as we have seen, a member of the society, and was not averse to adding to his meagre salary by fees for aiding his brethren. Alumni, also, helped the societies in various ways—especially when they had been members. But the leaders among the students, themselves, occupy a higher place in the history of the society than do either teachers or alumni. This is preëminently true of the sustaining of interest after they were started. The knowledge and experience of teachers was invaluable at the outset. Most of the boys would have only very vague ideas of such societies, and would be utterly lacking in knowledge of the machinery by which their purposes were carried out; for we must remember that the societies were secret in the decades when the institution was in full vitality, and in many cases in the decades of its decline. When they had determined to found a society, they needed the aid of a teacher, or alumnus, to help them put their project into working form and start it on its way. This once done, success depended upon the leaders in their own ranks.

At the New Hampton Institution, the Social Fraternity was founded by John Wentworth, a student from 1828 to 1832. He afterwards graduated from Dartmouth, became a lawyer, and went to Chicago; there he was influential in establishing municipal government, was mayor, a member of Congress, and in other ways an active citizen. He was known, the country over, as "Long John Wentworth." Rev. Samuel Worcester, a prominent Congregational minister and an early officer of its foreign mission board, was one of the founders of the Demos-thenian Society at New Ipswich; and extracts from an oration before the Society, delivered October 11, 1791, are printed in his *Life* as his earliest literary production to be preserved. In the early days of the society at the Wolfeboro Academy, Henry Wilson was a member and (we are told) by

his ability as a speaker and debater aroused great interest in its meetings. Such men did much to make a society successful; and, on the other hand, many of them trained themselves in these societies for their public life. Their tributes to the value of this training is the best proof that we have of the reality of the education which these societies furnished.

In the days of our parents and grandparents the intelligent country family did not, as now, disperse itself over a well-warmed house, each member reading in silence by his own lamp, or electric light; they met, as a united group, around the fireplace for warmth and to save candles. There was not a book, or magazine, or newspaper for each one; but only one for all—a newspaper, perhaps, which one of the boys had travelled many miles to obtain. This was read aloud, and its contents discussed. And thus it is, as we go from the home to the larger gatherings—the circle around the stove of the country store (dear to the cartoonist of today, whose humor has a point which he does not suspect), the local political gatherings, and the state and national assemblages for discussion, deliberation, and enactment. It was the permeation of the nation with these modes of expression (the vocal) which produced the literary and debating societies, as well as the great preachers and advocates and orators of our earlier history. In the biographies—notably the campaign biographies—of the political leaders of Vice-President Wilson's generation, we find repeated reference to their careers in the societies and lyceums, and to the political and administrative ability which they there displayed. We must guard ourselves against accepting the fulsome praise which is bestowed upon their boyhood efforts for political effect; but we may accept—with necessary reservation—the fact of their leadership and their success (often hard won) as speakers; and, as we follow their public careers, we may realize how dominant in those

generations were the vocal forms of expression.

What has been said of leadership in academy societies may be accepted as true of the town societies; but the material for tracing its manifestations is less accessible, and the task is unnecessary in view of the close relationship between the two. This relationship, as well as what has been said of the societies as one of the organs of popular education, is well illustrated in the great festal days, which, up to a quarter or half-century ago, were celebrated by our colleges, academies, and literary societies; their commencements, exhibitions, and anniversaries; for in content of program the three were practically identical. Present day commencements have, in most institutions, changed into ceremonial functions.

The older type of commencement and the exhibition go back to the earliest days of our colleges. The schools and academies adopted them, as a matter of course. They were held annually in the academy conducted by Rev. Simon Williams at Windham from 1768 to 1790—a famous school which drew pupils, some of whom became famous, from as far away as Boston. Nathan Appleton, the noted merchant and philanthropist, who was born at New Ipswich in 1779, records that his first public appearance was in the town school, and, also, that he then wore for the first time a jacket and trousers (the latter of red calamanco). Before 1800 the exhibitions were in full swing, and they maintained their vigor down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

They were sometimes held in the schoolroom, or in a hall. But in 1800, and in most towns for a half-century after, very few halls existed; and the exhibitions—unless quite unpretentious—were held (as were the college commencements, the town-meetings, and other assemblages whether secular or religious) in the meeting-house. We have already noted that

the idea of community enlightenment and entertainment was the motive behind the activities of the literary societies; and we may now note the use of the church as a community center—a use which savors, at once, of the school social center and of the institutional church. This use is centuries old; its present vogue is a revival, not an innovation.

The Windham Academy exhibitions were sometimes held in the Presbyterian Church of which Mr. Williams was minister. For the Chesterfield Academy exhibitions a stage floor was built in front of the pulpit on timbers laid over the pews. The whole was enclosed in curtains, and a carpet was borrowed when they had come into use. (In 1830, so a student of that time writes, there were not over half a dozen in town.) Black-coated trustees, sitting in a row at the rear of the stage, served with the pulpit as a background. At the Lancaster and Salisbury Academies and at the Baptist New Hampton Institution we find like use of the church. The same was the case at Sutton where one of the Dramatic Associations sometimes transformed the tall pulpit into an orchestra for the musicians.

In one respect, at least, the old meeting-house did not feel strange, when used as a theatre—in the length of the performance. Our forefathers took their pleasures, as they did their religion, in large doses. The time required to walk, or drive, in from their farms compelled this. They devoted the Sabbath, both forenoon and afternoon, to the latter, and likewise they usually devoted the whole day and sometimes the evening as well to an exhibition. One at Chesterfield Academy in 1846 began at nine in the morning; there were seven numbers in this session, the same in the afternoon, and nine in the evening session, which must have held the audience until well towards midnight. A Lancaster Academy exhibition in 1844 began at five in the afternoon, and consisted of nine parts

and five pieces of music. A student at New Hampton in 1840-43 mentions exhibitions of sixty to seventy parts; but they were probably graduation exercises. Dinner and supper were served in the intermissions between sessions, and formed no unimportant part of the day's festivities.

The exercises began with prayer; and continued with selected or original orations (sometimes in other languages than English), essays, dialogues, farces, comedies, tragedies, and music. The program of the Lancaster exhibition of 1844 was as follows: Prayer; Salutatory Oration; Dialogue, *The Archers*, from *Ivanhoe*; Original Oration, *Our School*; Drama, *Richelieu*; Original Oration; Farce, *The Omnibus*; Tragedy, *The Revenger*; Comedy, *College Life*; the whole interspersed with five pieces of music. The plays were usually selected; but occasionally were written by a teacher or student for the occasion.

How popular and important the exhibitions were, may be seen from various rules and statements concerning them which have come down to us. The by-laws of Chesterfield Academy enjoined students to prepare carefully for exhibitions so as "to preserve the reputation of the Academy." And we are told—what is no doubt true—that, "Few theatres were probably ever more popular with the dwellers in a large city, than were these exhibitions with the inhabitants of Chesterfield and the neighboring towns." In 1819 the trustees abolished them, because they encroached too heavily on time required for study—a common complaint in all academies; but they were compelled to restore them in answer to popular demand. Sometimes the church was so crowded at these Chesterfield functions that additional supports had to be placed under the galleries to keep them from falling. The New Hampton anniversary was a holiday for that and the surrounding towns; and the people came in crowds from far and near. It was a veritable country

fair; for lemonade, confectionery, soap and other articles were sold by the numerous booth-keepers who assembled to ply their trade.

It is interesting, as well as amusing, to see what were some of the parts which were taken in these exhibitions by men who afterwards became famous. Nathan Appleton, while at New Ipswich Academy before 1794, played "Belcour" in the *West Indian* and "Marplot" in the *Busy-Body*. In 1801 Edward Payson, later the famous pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Portland, Me. (who was most retiring and absorbed in thought in his later years but fond of social pleasures in his younger), took part in an exhibition in his native town of Rindge. He played the rôle, in a drama, of a profligate and dissembler; and we are told that he played it with life and energy. General John A. Dix in his boyhood days at Boscawen attended Salisbury Academy—of which Stephen H. Long of Hopkinton, the distinguished army and railroad engineer and famous western explorer, was then Preceptor—early in the second decade of the nineteenth century. While there he participated in an exhibition; and has left in his *Memoirs* an account of the event, which is worth quoting in full, in closing this paper, both from its personal interest and because it is an unsurpassed description of an institution, which held such a prominent and vital position in the education and social life of his generation:

"I also made good progress as a speaker. A few years later an eminent tragedian, who had given me a series of lessons in elocution, said to my father, then in command of a regiment in the army of the United States, 'Colonel, your son has great constitutional facilities for becoming an orator.' I believe this was the judgment—though it would have been expressed in less sounding phrase—of the preceptor, the pupils, and the people of the surrounding country, for it was not long before I appeared

before them as a public speaker. The occasion to which I refer was the semi-annual exhibition, or rather the exhibition, as it was appropriately termed. To be more accurate, the examination of the students, which took place at the academy, was followed by an exhibition at the meeting-house of the oratorical and dramatic powers of the pupils.

"It was got up with the most studied preparation and all the scenic effect of a country theatre. The pews, occupying about one-third of the area of the building, were boarded over and converted into a stage, reserving a small space in the rear for robing. It was an era in the lives of those of us who had never witnessed a dramatic performance. I had read all of Goldsmith's and most of Shakespeare's plays, but had not the faintest conception of the mode in which they were represented. One of the older pupils, who had a knack at painting, got up some sketches of trees and foliage for the sides and background of the stage. We had no shifting scenes; and as we came to the performances, which were quite varied, it occurred to me that the actors, when they should, according to the book, have been conversing in drawing-rooms or streets, were always holding communion with each other in umbrageous solitudes. The drop-curtain was unexceptionable. It was muslin of a fiery red; and to my sight the effect, as it rose or fell, concealing or displaying the green trees behind it, was gorgeous beyond anything I had conceived. I think it made the same impression on the spectators, who were, at least nine out of ten, inhabitants of the neighboring country, and as ignorant as myself of dramatic representations. Ours commenced in the morning about ten o'clock, and lasted till one. After that we had an intermission of an hour for dinner. At two they recommenced, and continued till eight in the evening.

"It was midsummer, and in that

northern latitude the twilight ran far into the night. We played 'The Taming of the Shrew' with unbounded applause. The genteel portions of the comedy were, as I thought, glorious; but the drunken tinker filled the measure of my conception in regard to the power of imitation. I was, in fact, so convulsed with laughter that the performance which was to follow, and in which I was to bear the most distinguished part, was at one time in imminent peril of miscarriage. It was a dialogue between David and Goliath, taken from one of Hannah More's sacred dramas. I need not say which part was assigned to me. When the preceptor proposed it I shrunk from it, as far exceeding my powers. I was only familiar with the history of the giant and his youthful antagonist through the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel. I knew I was to be armed with a sling, and I was somewhat familiar with its use, but I did not think myself sufficiently expert to hit my adversary in the forehead in good faith and actually bring him to the ground, as I took it for granted the spectators would expect—at least with a reasonable resemblance to the reality. But when I read Miss More's poetical version of the meeting, which the preceptor put into my hands, and found that after the challenge had been given and accepted the parties, by virtue of the *Exeunt* (that ingenious device of the play-writers), were to retire, leaving the audience to learn the particulars of the combat from Abner, the captain of the host—in a word, when I found that the impossibilities of the drama were to be enacted behind the scenes, I entered upon my task with the utmost enthusiasm. I may truly say, in modern phrase, that my performance was 'a great success'—I do not think the drunken tinker carried away as many laurels as myself. My adversary was an overgrown youth of some twenty-two years of age, who had just left the plough and commenced his classical education with a

view to the ministry. He was full six feet in height, and his frame was dilated and hardened by field labor. When he stood before me and waved his enormous wooden spear over my head, with these terrific words—

'Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with
wounds'—

(a feat to which he was quite equal), the intrepidity with which I withstood and defied the giant was rapturously applauded. But when I, a mere stripling, bade my colossal adversary follow me out, and pronounced the concluding lines—

'The God of battle stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own,'

the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. I was called back upon the stage to receive the congratulations of the admiring spectators.

The meeting-house was crowded. Hundreds of bright eyes looked down upon me from the galleries. Tumultuous applause greeted my reappearance. I did not know that this was a common occurrence in theatrical life. It seemed to me a new-born distinction, the off-spring of an unexampled success. My triumph was complete. It was the greatest day of my life. I felt that I had done a noble deed. I do not think that David himself could have been better satisfied with his own performance in the original drama. . . . My triumph was not a mere ephemeral achievement of the day. For a long time I saw myself noticed by the country people as they passed me in their wagons; and on one occasion a red-cheeked girl driving by pointed me out to her companion as blooming as herself, and I heard her say, 'There's the fine little fellow that acted David.' "

HOSPITALITY

By Frances Crosby Hamlet

Outside the storm beats on the pane,
Our hearthfire's glow is bright;
Our thoughts enfold the many guests
We've welcomed here at night.

So many lives have touched our own
Around the cheery flame,
And deeper pleasures have we known
Since, passing, here they came.

Then be they near, or be they far,
Or quick or even dead,
God bless all those, where'er they are,
This roof hath sheltered.



THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 5

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

JULY

"I am never long in the woods before I am possessed by a spirit like what the Greeks imagined Pan to have. A fearful pleasure. The low winds whisper to me, the branches wave above me, they flutter as does my heart. In such a time I sit in awe, joy and tears. And the awe deepens, and joy quickens—and I feel like the child Samuel in the temple waiting for the Lord to speak."—*William Mountford.*

As a New Hampshire child and boy I liked to play in the cool inviting woods on a hot July day, and since I reached the perfect adult age (thirty-three), I have each summer camped in my little cleared grove of pines in an old New Hampshire pasture. In July I each year take to the woods. And I soon encounter that mystic experience of joy that Mountford celebrates in the words I quote above. July is the vacation month of a lot of people, but only those who spend it tenting out in a New Hampshire pine grove really know the deepest joys. And if one has the good fortune like myself, to pitch that tent on the spot hallowed by memories of boyhood and with parents still living, then does he indeed find a joy that no other experience in life can give its equal. What a great joy comes to me today!

THE SUBLIME JOYS OF A JULY DAY

I am lying on the breast of Mother-Earth, the rich brown of a carpet of pine-needles beneath me. It is cool and restful here, a gentle breeze is swaying the pines. The trees about the pines are arrayed in the richest, fullest leafage of the year, and out yonder in the fields the green is varied by the golden hues of the buttercups, daisies and dandelions. The air is alive with the sounds from tiny beating wings and insects chants. Rays from the great hot summer sun pry through the pine branches to seek my hiding place, and through other rifts I watch the clouds chasing across the blue sky. The hillsides vibrate with heat, the streams are drying and the

mud beginning to crack. The long grass is falling before the scythes of the mowers or before the keen blade of the merrily singing machines, and the friendly breezes bring me whiffs of the sweet-smelling fresh-cut hay. I have broken all fetters, my soul is free, and I am as happy and complacent as God himself as I look upon the great, green world in its beauty. Some men think that fame, money, travel, etc., are needed in order to be happy, but I know better. How much wiser was

THE SWEET SANITY OF JEFFERIES

In his "Pageant of Summer," where he shows us "It is quite enuf to lie in the shadow of green boughs and listen to the songs of summer, drink in the sunlight, the air, flowers, the sky, the beauty of all." Thoreau, Whitman, Jefferies, Burroughs are the men who in modern times have known, above all others, the worth of all this; but back farther St. Francis, Jesus, Theocritus knew it full well.

THE SWEETNESS OF THE JULY NIGHT

Follows the July day—the warm, balmy night in the woods, when all is dark, the noises of the day hushed in the glorious sunset. And this night brings its own peculiar sweetness in the shape of a different set of odors, sounds, and thrills. The joys of the July day are thus twenty-four hours long, and to the appreciative heart that touches a July day at any point of time there is a feeling of ecstasy.

And so I am lying here, drunken with the joys of a July day in a New Hampshire bit of pine woodland. The world is ablaze with the life of the big July sun, everything quivers, thrills, with joy. At other times Nature makes us feel complacent and happy in a restful sort of way, but today she makes us hilarious in our joy—one catches the spirit of the birds that flit about the pines, and his happy heart cannot keep still a single minute.

A GRANITE STATE AUTHOR

A New Hampshire author and composer who is becoming known to the public is James T. Weston, author of "The Pine and the Palm," a stirring

and from youth has contributed to various periodicals.

Recently he has established a publishing plant to aid his work and as a result his patriotic compositions were presented in many towns on Memorial Day.

Mr. Weston is now at work on a noteworthy composition, "The New England Anthem," which will be published in time for Old Home Week use. The score is well suited to the words, which beautifully portray the charm of mountains, woods, and lakes and the New Englander's love of home.

Mr. Weston's works are not all of serious mood, however, for he has written an extremely funny farce, "The Tin Teacup," and several mirth-provoking songs, and has now in preparation a series of "Mountain Stories" which, while describing the early pioneer days of New Hampshire in a faithful way, present a continuity of unexpected, humorous situations. These stories are essentially for lovers of the great outdoors.

The products of Mr. Weston's genius are sure to attract more and more the attention of the public.

Mr. Weston's wife, Emma Coolidge Weston, has written stories for children's magazines in spite of her blindness, and was one of the first to assist in forming a New Hampshire Association for the Blind.

James T. Weston

patriotic exercise for children, and composer of a companion song of the same title.

Mr. Weston was born in Stoddard, the son of William and Sarah A. (Wilder) Weston. His present home is in Hancock. As a boy Mr. Weston showed a tendency for literary effort

THE EULOGY OF THE FLAG

By James T. Weston

O flag, our flag, in some land distant far
From those we love and long the most to see,
Where stranger tides flow on to stranger ports
And foreign scenes have tired our weary eyes,
Then, when we see our banner floating free
High o'er the city's sordid streets and ways
O! the heart leaps and happy tears will flow;
Then dost thou speak in accents beautiful
Of that dear homeland far beyond the seas;
And mothers bring their eldest sons to thee
And whisper to them so that none can hear,
"America, my son, America."

Where the navies of the world are floating,
Proud on the ocean's widely swelling tides,
There thou hast no reason to be ashamed
Of thy nation or of thy men and ships,
Or of the men and ships that have so often
Carried thee bravely through the fire and flame
Of many fierce sea-fights to victory.
Glory to thee and for thy heroes praise.
For the brave soldiers of the Grand Army
We twine the laurel and we wreath the bay.
We give the glory of our flag to thee,
And all our hearts' best love and sympathy.

To all those who sacrificed their lives for their Country and their Flag, and who are resting now beneath the elms and maples of the North and the magnolias of the South, and especially for those who sleep in unknown graves, we sing our sweetest songs and strew our choicest flowers, and promise them that no stain shall ever come upon our precious banner of the Stars and Stripes.

O Flag, our Flag, all hail to thee!
In the far islands of the sea
Thou art the emblem of the free.
Thy stripes are bleached by widow's sighs,
From martyrs' blood thy crimson dyes,
Thy stars from rocky summits hewed.
Thy silken folds are oft bedewed
With tears from orphaned eyes.
The beacon fires of Freedom burned
To give thee to the world,
And Innocence can rest secure
Where'er thou art unfurled.
In ev'ry land thy name shall be
The Goddess, pure, of Liberty.

Hancock, N. H.

EDITORIAL

Good citizenship, which means, among other things, intelligent citizenship, is among the aims and ideals of every right-minded man and woman. Whether or no our nation has this sort of citizenship in the same high degree of which it could boast a few generations ago is a serious and much-debated question. It is one of the problems which our new school law is intended to help to solve. It is a matter in which the coöperation of every helpful influence in our community life should be sought earnestly and given freely. One of the factors which was effective in this direction years ago is described with readable interest and historical value by one of the contributors to this issue, Mr. Asa Currier Tilton, in his article on New Hampshire town and academy debating societies. All of his readers, we think, will be convinced of the good work which those societies did in imparting knowledge, arousing interest, stimulating thought and increasing the power of articulate expression. In what way and form this influence for good can be restored to our community life is a matter well worth considering.

The "open forum" is an attempt at it, which has been measurably successful in many cases and which has failed, where it has failed, because the meetings have been devoted to oratorical solos rather than to the free debates which are necessary if the real object aimed at is to be attained. The lecture, address, sermon, oration, no matter how able, eloquent, informing and entertaining, does not give the same exercise to the mental faculties of the community as does the sharpening of wits and mobilization of minds in a general discussion of a timely topic of true importance. The possibilities for state leadership on this line of our General Court have furnished the one good argument for retaining the House of Representa-

tives in its present unwieldy bulk, but when debate is as lacking as was the case at the session of 1919 even this advantage is lost.

We certainly need a more general dissemination of interest in and information about the great problems of today, state and national, among our people. There ought to be some better way than now exists for making audible the popular demand for such reforms as the abolition of the liquor traffic, the extension of suffrage to women, a league for international justice and safety, more efficiency and less politics in all our government units and operations, the conservation of our resources, material and spiritual. There ought to be some way in which our colleges, academies and public schools could lead in this good work as they did in the days of which Mr. Tilton writes. The churches could aid—are aiding, by the "open forums" which have been mentioned. The Village Improvement Societies, the Parent-Teachers Associations, the Woman's Clubs, the Granges and Farmers' Clubs, all forms of human association and social intercourse, are capable of helpful influence on these lines.

In the days now passing of restricted suffrage too many votes have been cast without any worthy mental process accompanying the act. The extension of the suffrage to women will not eliminate this regrettable tendency, although it may decrease its comparative extent. The ignorant vote, the careless vote, the venal vote, the evil vote are the greatest dangers which exist in our country today. They must be outbalanced by intelligent votes, thoughtful votes, honest votes, votes which stand for militant morality and sincere patriotism. Let us all do what we can to get more of these latter votes in New Hampshire and in the nation.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

DAWN. By Eleanor H. Porter.
Illustrated. Pp. 339. Cloth,
\$1.50. Boston: Houghton Mif-
flin Company.

No other native of New Hampshire has written books of such wide circulation as those of Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, born in Littleton, December 19, 1868, daughter of Francis Fletcher and Llewella (Woolson) Hodgman. How her aggregate of sales compares with that of our leading resident author, Mr. Winston Churchill, we do not know, but both are flatteringly stupendous in their totals. Mrs. Hodgman's apparent method of work is as simple as it is successful. She takes some sterling principle of life and conduct, brings it into personal contact with her readers and gives it appealing form by embodying it in the attractive personality of some youthful hero or heroine, Pollyanna, David, or, in the case of her present volume, Keith Burton.

How Keith lost his sight and how he felt after he lost it is described with rather harrowing detail, which, however, forms a background of suitably deep contrast for the happiness which comes to him, still blind, when he realizes that much of the best which the world has to give, useful work for others, true love for himself, is still within his grasp. Mrs. Porter does not plan complicated plots for her stories and does not need to do so. Character drawing is her forte and her command of that art makes her great success deserved. Such a type as Susan Betts, the *dea ex machina* of the story, immortalizes the New England "hired girl," whose virtues, as we look back upon them now, seem almost incredible and certainly worthy of being placed in the gallery of noted characters of fiction. Susan, as Mrs. Porter draws her, is a modern combination of Mrs. Malaprop and Silas Wegg, but she is also a loyal woman whose golden heart it is good to know.

Some of the best books for girls—and boys and older people also find them good reading—which have been written in recent years in this country are the work of a lady resident in Hinsdale, N. H., who has taken the pen name of Joslyn Gray. Issued serially in the *Youth's Companion* and afterwards published in attractive book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, at \$1.35 net, they have delighted thousands of readers who hope for their continuance in years to come. "Rusty Miller," the most recent in the series, takes its name from one of its principal characters, a red-haired girl, with the equipment of brains and temperament that usually accompanies such hirsute adornment. Familiar types of the country side, the village rich man, the country pastor, the benevolent maiden lady, the "girl who goes to the city," and so forth, are drawn with truth, and the story is quietly and pleasantly interesting, and "good" without being "preachy."

A new volume of New Hampshire poetry is by Clark B. Cochrane of Antrim under the title, "Songs from the Granite Hills" (Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50 net). "Love Lives Forever," the first, longest and most ambitious poem in the collection, serves to introduce more than a score of other ventures in verse, religious, philosophic, pastoral, patriotic; sonnets and songs, ballads and hymns. We like best "Noon by Lake Sunapee":

'Neath groves of maple and the tall plumed
pine
By Sunapee's fair shore we linger long;
The low waves shimmer in the noonday shine
And on the shingle lip a plaintive song.
About their nests the crooning robins throng
In leafy coverts under branches cool;
The plodding farmer, waiting for the gong,
Bathes his swart forehead in the shaded pool;
Fair as the blue depths of the quiet sky
The glistening waters spread before the eye,
While small white clouds, slow sailing from
the west,
Are mirrored in their bosom lovingly,
Below where new-born lilies lie at rest
Like affluent pearls on some fair lady's breast.

From the same publishers comes an equally neat and somewhat thicker volume of New Hampshire verse, being 150 "Chips from a Busy Workshop," that of the genial and versatile head of Holderness School, Rev. Dr. Loren Webster. Mr. Webster divides his verse into Songs of Freedom, Songs of Loyalty, Sacred Songs, The Web of Life, Love Lyrics, Songs of Childhood, In Remembrance and In Lighter Vein. Each section abounds in quotable bits, some of them particularly

enjoyable to those who have the pleasure of the Doctor's personal acquaintance, but most of them as general as genuine in their appeal. We quote only the first stanza of "New Hampshire":

All hail, ye people of the Granite State,
In acres small, in manhood's power great!
All hail! Ye sturdy sons of noble sires!
Ye daughters fair, whose hearthstones glow
with fires
Of patriotic love! Upon the shrine
Of Fatherland no gift excelleth thine.
All hail! brave hearts, and let the welkin ring!
Dear old New Hampshire's paeans let us sing!

AFTER THE WAR

(THIS WAR IS A WAR AGAINST SELFISHNESS)

By Sumner F. Clafin

When the hog in human nature
Gets its final knockout blow,
And the best that we have in us
Gets a fair and equal show.

Black and white and brown and yellow,
Belonging to the race of man,
Rise to grace God's earthly temples;
If we will we know we can.

Hate and fear cast out forever,
Faith and hope and love abide,
Bringing all the world together
In His temples purified.

All the dross purged as by fire,
We God's wisdom then may know,
When the hog in human nature
Gets its final knockout blow.

Manchester, N. H.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. HENRY C. HOLBROOK

Henry Carroll Holbrook, M.D., died at his home in Penacook, May 3. The following tribute to his memory is paid by Prof. George W. Sumner:

To many of us in Penacook and the neighboring towns the news of the death of Doctor Holbrook brings a deep sense of personal bereavement.

sympathies too broad for a narrow partisanship, he never shirked any of his responsibilities as a citizen.

He himself felt that, outside his professional work, the thing most worth while was the effort he devoted to the schools. In his long term of service on the board of education he labored for the interests of the children of every class and especially for the children of the poor and the ignorant.

The Late Dr. Henry C. Holbrook

He was a lover of his kind and to him love meant service without stint. For several years past, handicapped by ill health, his friends have urged him to husband his energies but over and over again the dire need of some fellow man has seemed to him the call to duty, and he has entirely forgotten himself in the need of his patient.

Not a few of us are walking the streets of Penacook in health, today, because he has devoted to us more of his energy and his sympathy than he could afford to give.

The epidemic of influenza last winter inspired him to long continued exertions, inducing a physical collapse from which he never recovered.

He was interested in everything tending toward the welfare of the community. With

To him, more than to any other one man, is due the establishment of Penacook High School. He believed that every child should have a chance to get all the education he could be persuaded to secure.

For himself, his thirst for knowledge was never satisfied. His college course was only an introduction to the years of reading and study which he engaged in up to the very last.

A leader in the church, he was an eager student of all that is best in modern thought. His changing theological beliefs left unchanged his loyalty to the church and his faith in its mission in the world.

In his death the medical profession, the schools, the church, and the community have met with a serious loss.

To those of us who were privileged to be

intimately associated with him his life will continue to be an inspiration.

He was the son of Calvin M. and Mary J. (Southworth) Holbrook, and was born in West Fairlee, Vt., September 12, 1859. He was educated in the Thetford and St. Johnsbury academies, in Vermont, and at Dartmouth Medical College. After completing his studies he came to Penacook in 1884 and opened an office in Exchange Block, building up an extensive practice not only in Penacook but in nearby towns. He has been in failing health for several years but continued to practice as far as his condition would allow. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Emma J. (Kimball) Holbrook, one sister, Miss Hattie Holbrook of Penacook, and two brothers, Rev. Frederick Holbrook of Colorado and George Holbrook of Vermont. He was a member and deacon of the Congregational Church and a member of Horace Chase Masonic Lodge, Trinity Chapter, and Mt. Horeb Commandery K. T.

ANSON L. KEYES

Anson Luther Keyes, born in Lempster, February 6, 1843, son of Orison and Lucina

had been city attorney, county attorney and president of the county bar association, and was a prominent member of the state bar association. He was a Mason, a deacon of the Congregationalist Church, and a Republican in politics. On June 30, 1873, Mr. Keyes married Harriet A. Lufkin of Great Falls, N. H., by whom he is survived with one daughter, Mrs. Luella K. Strong of Oconto, Wis.

MRS. MARY P. WOODWORTH

Mrs. Mary Parker Woodworth of Concord, leading club woman, social and religious worker, and well-known writer, speaker and musician, died at her home in Concord June

Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth

14. She was born at Lisbon, May 3, 1849, the daughter of Charles and Amelia (Bennett) Parker, and was educated at St. Johnsbury, (Vt.) Academy, the only girl in the class in which she graduated, and at Vassar College, the first New Hampshire girl to enter that institution, from which she graduated with the class of 1870. After teaching a few years at St. Johnsbury and Bellows Falls, Vt., she married, September 30, 1873, the late Albert B. Woodworth, afterwards mayor of Concord. She is survived by one daughter, Miss Grace Woodworth of Concord, and by two sons, Edward K. Woodworth of Concord and Charles P. Woodworth of Boston. Mrs. Woodworth was the first woman member of the Concord school board, serving nine years and until she declined reelection. She was president of the Concord Woman's Club, 1897-99, and had been chairman, since its establishment in 1904, of the New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs Scholarship

Anson L. Keyes

Ann (McClure) Keyes, died May 6 at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul, Minn. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College, class of 1872, and Albany Law School, class of 1873. Since 1878 he had practiced law at Faribault, Minn., where he

Fund for the aid of girls preparing themselves to teach. She was a member of the Vassar and Collegiate Alumnae Associations and twice president of the Boston branch. A communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Mrs. Woodworth had been president, since 1912, of the diocesan woman's auxiliary to the general board of missions.

GEORGE EDWIN SMITH

Hon. George Edwin Smith, who died in Boston, April 26, was born in New Hampton, April 5, 1849, the son of David Hebard Smith and Esther S. (Perkins) Smith. He was graduated, A. B., from Bates College in 1873, studied law in private offices in Lewiston, Me., and in 1875 was admitted to the bar in Boston. For several years he served as attorney for the town of Everett and under its city charter was its first city solicitor. Mr. Smith became a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1883, serving also the following year, and in 1887 became a state senator. His service continued through four years, the last three of which he was president of the Senate. For six years, from 1906 until 1912, he was chairman of the Massachusetts Harbor and Land Commissioners. Other interests had been as a trustee of the Boston Five Cent Savings Bank and as director of the Massachusetts Fire and Marine Insurance Company and as a member of the overseers of Bates College. He belonged to the Middlesex Bar Association, the Boston Bar Association, the Masons (Knights Templar) the Middlesex, University and Algonquin clubs, as well as the Tedesco Country Club in Swampscott, in which town his summer residence was situated. Mr. Smith, on Oct. 31, 1876, married at West Buxton, Me., Sarah Frances Weld, and he is survived by his widow Mrs. Smith is prominent in the Massachusetts Society of Daughters of the Revolution, of which she has been the state regent.

CHARLES H. TENNEY

Charles Henry Tenney, one of the foremost figures in the hat industry in this country, who died at his home in New York City, April 27, was born in Salem, July 9, 1842. He began his business career in Methuen, Mass., but went to New York in 1868 and until his retirement in 1914 was engaged successfully in many enterprises. He was a director of the Bowery Savings Bank, the Manhattan Company and many other corporations and belonged to the Metropolitan, the Union League, the Lotus, the Grolier and other clubs and the Society of Colonial Wars. He is survived by a son, Daniel G. Tenney of New York, his wife and three grand-children. Mr. Tenney had erected recently as a memorial to his mother a church for the Methodist Society at Salem Center and had been a generous benefactor of Methuen. His will,

disposing of an estate of several million dollars, gave a quarter of a million to churches, hospitals and schools in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

ERNEST C. WESCOTT

Ernest Charles Wescott, born at Blue Hill, Me., September 24, 1866, the son of Stephen B. and Mary (Folsom) Wescott, died at Rochester June 16. He was educated in the

Ernest C. Wescott

academy of his native town and in early life was engaged in business at Manchester. For fifteen years he had been in the dry goods business at Rochester and not long since opened a branch store at Dover. A Republican in politics, he was chosen delegate from Ward Two, Rochester, to the Constitutional Convention of 1918, and a member of the Legislature of 1919, in which he served on the committees on ways and means and state prison. He had also served his city as probation officer. He was a member of the various Masonic bodies, lodge, chapter, council and commandery, of the Eastern Star, the Knights of Birmingham, the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, of which he was a director and publicity manager, of the Rochester Country Club and of the Congregational Church, in which he was an officer. During the war drives he was chairman of the Red Cross membership committee in his city. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Edith M. Wescott, and by one daughter, Mrs. Mildred Newbury, of Rochester.

SILAS M. DINSMOOR, M. D.

Dr. Silas Murray Dinsmoor, a well-known physician of Keene for the past thirty-nine years and, for twenty years previous a practicing physician in other towns in this state, died at his home, 21 Summer street, Keene, May 14.

He was born in Antrim, June 22, 1836, the son of Silas and Clarissa (Copeland) Dinsmoor. After attending schools and academies at Washington and Marlow he taught

American Medical Association. He was a member of the pension board for a time and a member of the Elliot Hospital Staff. For many years he served as a member of the school board of the Union School District.

He leaves one son, Dr. Frank M. Dinsmoor of Keene; and one sister, Mrs. Virgil A. Wright.

Doctor Dinsmoor's long and useful life was distinguished by a successful devotion to the ideals and the practice of his profession, which he has bequeathed in full measure to his son.

The Late Dr. S. M. Dinsmoor

for two years at Sullivan. He attended the medical school at the University of Vermont, later going to Columbia Medical College at Washington, D. C., receiving his degree in 1860. He commenced practice at Antrim, his native place, and there and at East Washington and Franconia he spent twenty years. He went to Keene in 1880, and until recently had been in active practice there.

He married Georgianna Carey, September

10, 1862, at Lempster. She died in July, 1917. He was a member of Social Friends Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Asteria Chapter, O. E. S., the Cheshire County Medical Society and the New Hampshire Medical Society since 1869. He was also a member of the At the same time he was a good citizen, solicitous for the best interests of the community of which he was for so many years a respected resident.

Volume 51

AUGUST, 1919

Number 8

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The

Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

Beginning "THE SEQUEL"

By Mrs. Henry W. Keyes

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

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HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

AUGUST, 1919

No. 8

A WHITE MOUNTAIN CENTENARY

By John W. Weeks

[At Crawford, in the White Mountains, on July 5, 1919, exercises were held commemorating the 100th anniversary of the opening of the Crawford bridle path to the summit of Mount Washington and the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Mount Washington Railway. The program was prepared by the New England Trail Conference, whose president, Paul R. Jenks, acted as chairman. Frank H. Burt, son of the late Henry M. Burt, founder of *Among the Clouds*, the newspaper published on the summit of Mount Washington, gave the history of the building of the railroad to the summit. Franklin K. Reed of the Federal Forest Service spoke of its work in connection with the White Mountain region and Hon. John W. Weeks concluded the exercises with the address which we print in full herewith. During the afternoon there was unveiled at the junction of the Mount Washington carriage road and the Crawford Trail a green and white shield, the gift of the United States Forest Service, bearing this inscription: "Mount Washington 8½ miles via Southern Peaks and Lakes of the Clouds. First tourist path in White Mountains opened by Abel and Ethan Allen Crawford in 1819. Improved as a bridle path by Thomas J. Crawford in 1840. U. S. Forest Service official trail since 1917."]

In the brief address I shall make this afternoon I think I may be pardoned for making some references to my own ancestors, who were among the early settlers of Coös County, the part they took in the development of this country, and the reasons, although I am not a member of the Trail Conference, for the personal interest I take in this celebration.

A large percentage of those attending ordinary meetings to celebrate some conspicuous historical event are curiosity seekers or, as is more frequently the case, have given very little thought to the particular event being celebrated. Those present here today are radically different from that characterization. Almost without exception this assemblage represents citizens who have given long study and thought to this vicinity and who have derived infinite pleasure from their association with mountain, forest, and stream. I say they have derived infinite pleasure; I should add benefit, for it would be the universal testimony of those who have communed with these forms of nature that they have

obtained from them an invaluable stimulus which has reacted on themselves and their activities in their ordinary courses of life.

How could such a condition be otherwise? There is no quality in a great stretch of level country to inspire particular enthusiasm other than along material lines. When the stream is added under such conditions, there is still very little to create that elevation of sentiment which comes from communion with the forest, which is materially added to when we include the mountain. All of these sources of value and benefit predominate in this region.

I am not sure that our predecessors in this part of the country gave serious consideration to any such views. I have sometimes wondered if the individual who happened to settle in a particularly beautiful location in this mountain region was governed at all in so doing by the scenery or the character of the surroundings other than its material value. Certain it is that many such localities seem to have been selected because of their beauty,

for they are the sites the people of modern times have selected in which to spend their hours of leisure.

I wish to bring to your attention some of the conditions relating to the early activities in this section, for it is interesting to study the reasons which led to the settlement of this northern country. For at least a hundred years before the close of the French and Indian wars in 1760 it had been impossible for the early settlers, even the most adventurous, to go very far beyond the coast line or the main streams and their tributaries. Therefore, we see the early New England settlements confined very largely to the coast and its inlets and to the three or four main rivers rising in this immediate section. Even in such localities any advance made into the wilderness was a hazardous undertaking, for the Indians, incited by their allies in Canada, were constantly on the alert, raiding the outlying settlements and often killing or carrying settlers into captivity.

The peace following the termination of the French and Indian wars, however, changed this condition and an immediate move was made to settle those sections of the country which had been visited by the troops during the prosecution of these wars. That particularly applied to this section of New Hampshire.

Rogers, the celebrated Partisan Ranger of that period, had led an expedition up the Connecticut Valley to attack the advanced Canadian settlements and in doing so for the first time definitely located the meadows in Lancaster, Northumberland and Strafford, which are the finest on the Connecticut River north of the Massachusetts line, with the exception of a comparatively small territory in the towns of Orford and Haverhill. This discovery was reported in Massachusetts and resulted in residents of Petersham locating at Lancaster, this being the first settlement north of Haverhill, forty miles

south of this point, and the second settlement on the Connecticut River north of Charlestown, or Number Four, as it was then called, about sixty miles south of Haverhill.

The great distance from the centers of population and the difficulty in reaching this section naturally resulted in an extremely slow growth, and the first settlement made in 1764 was so soon followed by the activities incident to the Revolutionary War that no great progress was made until after the peace treaty with Great Britain was signed in 1782. Then very considerable numbers came to this locality, largely from southern New Hampshire, and among them my great grandfather, whose name I bear, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and who came to the town of Lancaster in 1786, accompanied by two of his children, a girl of thirteen and a boy of six. The boy was that Major John Wingate Weeks who took an active and conspicuous part in the War of 1812, who later represented this district in Congress, and who was one of the members of the first party to make the trip to the top of Mt. Washington over the Crawford Trail.

There were three practicable routes into this region at that time: One following the Connecticut Valley; another following the general Winnepesaukee Lake region, striking the Connecticut River at Haverhill; and the third was through the White Mountain Notch. The earlier settlers, those who came in 1786, came up the Connecticut River Valley.

The second influx of settlers, those who came immediately after the Revolutionary War, generally speaking, came by the Lake route. Concord, then called Rumford, and Penacook had been settled, and they were the first settlements in this direction south of Haverhill.

The third influx came about the same time or a little later. They were generally from the neighborhood of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and

came by the White Mountain Notch route, a trail which had recently been opened.

My great grandmother came to Lancaster by the White Mountain Notch route, following her husband one year after he had located and established himself on the Connecticut meadows, and brought her two remaining children with her. It is not unfitting to comment that in making this trip it was necessary for her to follow a trail scarcely more than a blazed line from the town of Tamworth to her destination, a distance of

in the earlier days, those who hoped that these mountains would yield what had been discovered in the mountains of Mexico and the Southwest large returns in precious metals. That undoubtedly was the thought which governed Gorges and those associated with him in the famous Mason-Gorges grants.

EARLY VISITORS AND SETTLERS

Undoubtedly the first white man to visit the White Mountain region was Darby Field, of Piscataqua, an Irishman, who ascended Mt. Washington,

Mt. Prospect, Lancaster

about eighty miles, there being no permanent intervening settlements. I am not sure whether the women of today would have the resolution to make such a trip, spending two or three nights in the woods, accompanied only by two very small children, one a babe in arms, and the faithful horse which she rode. That baby was my grandfather. He later settled on the south slope of Mt. Prospect, in Lancaster, near my present summer home.

Previous to the settlement on the Lancaster meadows many of those who had come to this region had been the type of adventurous men who always lead in such movements, those lured by a desire to hunt and fish, and,

accompanied by two Indians, in 1642. He probably followed the route up the Saco from the coast to the Ellis River and thence to its source. Very much of the report made of this trip has since been verified, and it furnished the inducement for his return the same year accompanied by Thomas Gorges and a man named Vines, who represented one of the grantees of the province—Sir Fernando Gorges.

It is reliably proven that the next visitor to Mt. Washington who made the ascent was John Josselyn, who made a careful report of his observations. He ascended the mountain in 1663. Other visits were undoubtedly made in the passing years by hunters and adventurers, a few of which have

been recorded, but not until 1784 did any party having scientific attainments or purposes reach the mountain. This party was headed by the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., and he was accompanied by Colonel John Whipple, of Jefferson, one of the earliest and most prominent settlers in that part of this region. This party undoubtedly gave the name to Mt. Washington, although there is no recorded evidence that that is the case. During visits made to the mountain in the following years, it was referred to as "Washington" as if it were generally understood that that was its name.

Very naturally the early settlers in New Hampshire were a hardy race. They had to encounter innumerable difficulties and the very air they breathed gave them a determination not found in every locality. Nearly every man in New Hampshire in the days of the French and Indian wars, as well as the Revolution, was a soldier, so there was naturally a martial spirit existing among the men who were in active affairs at that time.

One of the examples of such men was the original Crawford, whose descendants have lived in this vicinity down to our own time. Doubtless many of the stories told of him and his son, Ethan Allen Crawford, are somewhat exaggerated, but there is no doubt about the latter having been a man of great stature, of unusual strength, and a courage quite unusual even for that day and locality. This is high praise, for not only did these early settlers have all the natural hardships of such a life with which to contend, but there were great numbers of animals which were a source of danger to human beings and stock. The woods were infested with bear, wolves, and lynx, all of which became very bold at certain seasons of the year, and it was necessary to use the greatest prudence and frequently much courage to contend against them. This region owes very much to the adventuresome Crawford and Rose-

brooks, both of whom were of the typical colonizing type and who would not have felt in their natural element in a community which had become thoroughly established and settled.

The first women to ascend the mountain and spend a night on its summit were three sisters—the Misses Austin, of Portsmouth, N. H., who made the ascent in 1821.

The first settlement in the vicinity of the mountain was made by Eleazer Rosebrooks, in 1792, and eleven years later he built the first public house in this region.

In 1820 a party of engineers from Lancaster ascended Mt. Washington by way of the Crawford Trail. This party consisted of John W. Weeks, Adino N. Brackett, John Wilson, Charles J. Stuart, Noyes S. Dennison and Samuel H. Pearson. They were accompanied by Philip Carrigan and Ethan Allen Crawford. This party gave the names to the remaining peaks of the White Mountain Range.

The same year some of the members of this party spent seven days on the mountain and were accompanied by other residents of Lancaster. This party made numerous observations of heights, and so forth.

The peaks in the White Mountain Notch—Willard, Webster, Crawford, and Resolution—were given names later by individuals who frequently visited the mountains, among them Mr. Sidney Willard, of Boston, for whom Mt. Willard was named, and Dr. S. A. Bemis, for whom Bemis Station is named.

PUBLIC HOUSES

The construction of houses for public purposes indicates fairly clearly the trend of the use which the public were making of this region as a pleasure resort. Naturally the original ones were very crude affairs, probably first built for private homes and gradually enlarged to be used for public entertainment. The earlier of these houses—they could hardly be dignified by calling them hotels—

were those built by Rosebrooks and Crawford. The Willey House in the Notch was also used for hotel purposes until its destruction in 1826. What is not generally known is that the first habitation of any kind built on the mountain was originally at the summit and was erected by Crawford one hundred years ago this year, he recognizing the necessity for some protection for visitors going to the top of the mountain over his trail if they found it necessary to spend the night there.

This house, which, of course, was very crude, was destroyed in August, 1826, by the same storm that destroyed the Willey House. It was occupied that night, but the occupants becoming alarmed by the fierceness of the storm abandoned the house and reached the timberland in safety. In that respect the abandonment had the opposite effect to the result which came to the occupants of the Willey House, who would have probably been saved if they had remained in the house.

In 1852 the first Summit House was constructed by J. S. Hall and L. M. Rosebrooks. For some reason which I have not been able to learn, the Tip-Top House was built the next year, in 1853, so that there were rival hostleries on the summit of Mt. Washington for several years. The Tip-Top House was constructed by J. F. Spaulding & Co.

The earliest public house of any particular pretention on this side of the mountain for the entertainment of visitors was the Fabyan House, built on the site of the present house. This building was destroyed by fire in 1851. Its successor was also destroyed by fire some twenty-five years ago, so that the present structure is the third erected on that site.

The White Mountain House, a mile below the Fabyan, was built by one of the Rosebrooks family in 1841 and has been used continuously as a hotel ever since. I spent the night there with my father in 1866. At that time

the White Mountain House was the only hotel on this side of the mountains. There had previously been a house on or near the present site of the Crawford House conducted by a man named Gibbs, but it was not standing at this time.

On the other side of the mountain the Glen House was erected as early as 1860, and in 1865 it had a capacity for nearly five hundred guests. Naturally this was the starting point for people ascending the mountain, as there was no road to the top of the mountain from the west side while the bridle paths and carriage road on the east side were in active use about the time the Glen House was originally constructed.

EARLY TRAILS, PATHS AND ROADS

The early settlers of the entire Coös region were greatly handicapped for many years on account of poor and insufficient roads. The earlier roads were simply blazed lines through the woods and, of course, could only be traversed on foot or horseback. They were in most cases simply guide posts to show the traveler the way to his destination. The New Hampshire colony was relatively without resources and such means as the lower settlements had for road-building purposes were expended in that region where the larger part of the population had settled.

Moreover, the earlier settlements in the north country were far removed from those in the southern end of the colony, the intervening towns not being settled until later. For example, the first settlement above Penacook, the early name of Concord, was Haverhill, a distance of about eighty miles. The next settlement was at Lancaster, more than forty miles north of Haverhill.

As I have suggested, there were three possible ways of reaching the upper Coös settlements at Lancaster and Northumberland—by the Connecticut River, using canoes in the summer and traveling on the ice in

Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

A BIT OF THE ANCIENT WAY

winter; the bridle path route from Concord and Penacook to Haverhill and thence to Lancaster, the entire distance being through a heavily wooded country; and the route through the White Mountain Notch.

The first application for a charter to construct a road to the north country was made to the Provincial Assembly in November, 1752. This charter was granted and carried into effect by the cutting of a bridle path from Portsmouth to Concord and later to Haverhill. This left the mountain country nearly fifty miles from any road, and it was not until 1770 that the first settlers of Lancaster cut a bridle path from Haverhill to that town, Lancaster having been first settled in 1764.

In November, 1763, the Provincial Assembly passed an act authorizing the opening of a road from Durham, in Strafford County, to Coös, an act which had no immediate effect as the construction of the road was not attempted for many years.

In 1768, an additional act was passed by the Assembly authorizing the construction of a road to the Upper Coös country, which resulted in the extension of the path to Lancaster. There were great difficulties to be overcome in traversing the proposed route, as well as the one by the Connecticut River, and the distance and time required to cover the routes were so great that it was impracticable to carry the few products of the upper region to market. Indeed, for many years the principal articles of commerce produced in the north were the skins of animals, there being great numbers of fur-bearing animals in this region at that time. Because of these difficulties the inhabitants of Lancaster commenced searching for a shorter route to the coast, finding one through the discovery of the White Mountain Notch by Timothy Nash in 1771.

In 1773, two years after the discovery of the White Mountain Notch, the Nash-Sawyer grant was made. One of the conditions of this grant was

that a certain amount of money should be expended in the construction of a road through the notch, and the construction of a path was soon undertaken.

A more substantial trail was built through the Crawford Notch as early as 1805, but a turnpike suitable for sleighs and carriages was not finished until several years later. This was an absolutely essential improvement from the standpoint of the settlers of the Connecticut Valley. They had no road communication with the rest of the world, and while their crops were generally abundant at that time the difficulty of getting them to market prevented their being purchasers of many of the supplies needed in such communities. With the construction of the road through the notch they were able to take their goods to the nearest seaport—Portland—which became and to some degree is today a leading trading point for the northern New Hampshire region.

I remember very well the stories that were told me of the methods followed by the settlers in taking their products to market—methods which continued down to my time. Usually this was done in the winter, and long lines of sleds, sledges and pungs, as they were called, were used to transport the products of that region to the market at Portland. Usually the settlers made the trip together and returned together—perhaps for the reason that they frequently got into difficulty on the way on account of bad roads and needed the assistance of one another. There was also the fear of attack by wolves, which may have influenced this method of taking products to market.

The construction of this road, as was the practice at that time, was done by a corporation which charged tolls, and for many years it was one of the most profitable turnpikes of New Hampshire, being the tenth road in number in the state constructed in

Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

THE CRAWFORD TRAIL OF TODAY

that way. It is said that the original cost was \$40,000, which was a large amount of money in that day to spend for such a purpose.

In 1786, the Legislature, as a result of the petitions of the settlers in the mountains, provided for the sale of large tracts of land, the revenue raised in this way to be expended in the construction and repair of roads. A committee appointed to carry out the provisions of this act was in existence for ten years. The net result was that a very considerable part of the lands in the mountain region were sold for road-building and the committee and its friends in this way obtained large areas of land, the public unfortunately, as in most such cases, not receiving the benefit which should have resulted from the sale of such a large part of the colonial domain.

It may not be without interest to those devoted to the prohibition cause today and, in fact, to all others to know that the first article of commerce to pass through the White Mountain Notch to Lancaster was a hogshead of rum, it being brought from Portland at a great expense of time and effort. The transporters of the hogshead put on record that they crossed the Saco River twenty-two times in making the trip and that they finally reached Lancaster with the hogshead minus a very large percentage of the contents, which had been liquidated by the builders of the road presumably to lighten their burden.

The first article of commerce that went over the road from Lancaster to Portland was a bale of tobacco which had been raised in Lancaster. It seems rather remarkable that the raising of tobacco should have been undertaken in this northern climate, but that it was successfully done is without question. The fact that tobacco is now grown in the Connecticut Valley as far north as the southern boundaries of Vermont and New Hampshire is confirmatory evidence of the truth of the report that tobacco

was raised in the mountain region in these early days.

The first real turnpike or stage road was constructed from Plymouth to Haverhill in 1808, and from Haverhill to Lancaster a few years later, so that as early as about 1820 there was a through stage line from Lancaster to Boston. I have noted in a paper published in Lancaster at about that time that mails were carried to Boston in three days, indicating that the road must have been in reasonably good condition.

The carriage road on the east side of Mt. Washington was chartered in 1853, the construction commenced in 1855 and completed in 1861, offering ample reason for the excellent hotel accommodations which developed in that locality, there being at Gorham the Alpine House, a very pretentious establishment for those times, in addition to the Glen House.

The modern carriage road to the base of the mountain on the west side was undertaken in 1866. There had been before that a rough road largely used for timbering purposes. Its terminus, near the Fabyan House, was near what was well known as the Giant's Grave which I remember, a great mound of gravel undoubtedly piled up as a result of the freshets in the Ammonoosuc River. This pile of gravel was later used for construction purposes.

The building of this carriage road was considered necessary on account of the proposed construction of a railroad to the top of the mountain. The Boston and Maine Railroad did not at that time run north of Littleton. Later, as is well known, it was constructed to the Fabyan House and then to the base of the mountain. The construction of the railroad to the top of the mountain was commenced the same year as the carriage road, in 1866, and completed in 1869. One of the most illuminating examples of the increase in the cost of construction as we know it today over those periods is furnished in the reported

Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

UNVEILED ON JULY 5, 1919

cost of these two enterprises. The carriage road is at least six miles in length. It was built through a comparatively rough country, heavily wooded, and is said to have cost \$10,000. The railroad, when completed, cost about \$150,000. It is not out of reason to suppose that the same construction at this time would in the case of the carriage road be at least six to ten times as much, and I presume the same relation would bear in the case of the railroad.

The first path to the top of Mt. Washington was constructed by Crawford in 1819, the anniversary of which we are today celebrating. This was followed by various paths, and in 1840 a pretentious bridle path was constructed. This commenced at the Giant's Grave, passed up the Ammonoosuc Valley, following practically the route of the present carriage road, and thence over Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe to Washington. A branch at one time ran from this road to Mt. Pleasant. Abel Crawford, then in his eighty-sixth year, was the first man to ride to the summit of Mt. Washington over this path.

Another bridle path constructed at about this time was known as the Davis path, which passed over Mt. Crawford, along the Dry or Mt. Washington River, to Mt. Washington.

ASCENDING MT. WASHINGTON IN WINTER

Several adventurous people undertook the ascent of Mt. Washington in winter some sixty or sixty-five years ago. Those who made the early ascents came from the town of Lancaster. The first party to make a successful ascent was directed by a Lancaster resident named Osgood, in 1858. Four years later the ascent of the mountain was made from the east side by Franklin White, Chapin C. Brooks and John H. Spaulding. All of these men were active residents of Lancaster in my boyhood days, and I knew them very well. They went

to the top of the mountain during the month of February, spent two nights on the summit, and made the descent without accident as had the Osgood party four years before. Since those days others have undertaken the trip and a party under the direction of Professor Huntington spent a winter there for observation purposes. I do not think that in more recent years there have been any considerable number of attempts to reach the top of the mountain in winter. It is a hazardous undertaking and the practical results are not commensurate with the dangers involved. Relatively the same facts can be obtained in other localities without jeopardizing the lives of the observers.

PRESERVATION OF WHITE MOUNTAIN FORESTS

There is a subject in connection with these mountains which I wish to briefly bring to your attention, not because it directly relates to paths and trails, but indirectly it has a very material influence on their preservation and on every activity in this region. I refer to the taking over by the government of large areas of wooded lands on and about Mt. Washington.

When a new congressman goes to Washington he frequently is at a loss to so place himself that he can be of material service by engaging in the promotion of some desirable legislation. When I commenced my service in the House of Representatives, in 1904, I was no exception to this rule, but in my investigation of questions relating to New England my attention was attracted to the legislation relating to forestry which had been pending in Congress for many years without making any progress.

After much investigation it was decided that under the Constitution the government could not take over these wooded areas unless they had a direct connection with some object over which the General Government had control. The Constitution re-

serves to the Federal Government the protection and improvement of navigable waters within the borders of the United States, and the conclusion was reached that anything relating to or affecting navigable streams would under the provisions of the Constitution come within the jurisdiction and control of the government.

There were individuals, many of them having scientific attainments, who contended that the flow of mountain streams did not in any way affect navigable waters, nor were they influenced or affected by forests. These contentions seemed utterly untenable to me, and Congress finally concluded they were unsound, passing the bill I had introduced providing for the taking over of these areas, which has since been known as the Weeks law.

Since the enactment of this law the government has acquired in the White Mountain region 360,637 acres and has examined and approved, although final acquisition has not been effected, between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand acres more. It has expended for this land \$2,352,185.09 and will expend for the approved purchases \$434,937.55. The lands which have been approved for purchase are necessary to consolidate the government's purchases already made and furnish the best possible protection to the headwaters of streams rising in their vicinity. The chief of the Forest Bureau estimates that there should be about 800,000 acres purchased in this section to carry to completion the provisions of the Forestry law.

I have made inquiry of the Forest Service relative to the expenditures and receipts from these forests and find that the expenditures, including administration, protection, and construction of improvements, up to this time have been about fifty per cent in excess of the receipts, although the latter are increasing very rapidly, those for the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1919 being about one-

half of the total amount received since the beginning of these operations in 1914 and sufficient to pay all expenses this fiscal year.

At the present time the Forest Service is maintaining 132 miles of trails in the White Mountains, of which more than forty miles have been constructed by the service during the last five years. The remainder consists of old logging roads and the individual or organization trails which have been taken over by the government. This mileage, however, does not include the trails built and maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club and other similar organizations, although the Forest Service has taken over from the Appalachian Club the path known as the Valley way and the Crawford path. The first purpose of the trails maintained by the Forest Service is for the protection of the forests, but they are also available to the public for recreation purposes.

The importance of this service cannot in my opinion be overestimated; indeed, I doubt if there are many people in New England who quite appreciate the importance of the White Mountain group to the welfare of the New England states. Certainly the group is the most valuable asset of the state of New Hampshire, and it is of vital importance to the prosperity of all the New England states with the exception of Rhode Island.

All the rivers of any considerable importance which furnish the power for very many of the New England manufacturing industries rise in this immediate section. They include the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Saco, the Androscoggin, and their tributaries. If the timber at the headwaters of these rivers had been removed, as would undoubtedly have been the case if it had remained in private hands, for it had become such a valuable asset that individual holders could not have afforded to keep it standing, there would have been a marked diminution in the power of these streams and an irregularity of

flow which does not now exist, an irregularity apt to be accompanied by floods of very destructive character.

If there is any question in the mind of any one about the possibilities which may result from floods, a visit to the village of Hill will very quickly remove that doubt. A comparatively small stream flows through this village, emptying into the Merrimack. The woods surrounding this stream in the hills back of the village were removed and the result was a flood which carried away bridges and did material damage to many houses in the town. Such a result might have been anticipated in many sections if the White Mountain forests had been removed at the same rate the work was being done when the Forest Act became a law.

Moreover, there is a valuable feature of this law which has not been given sufficient public attention; that is, the provision relating to fire control. I have not the figures available to demonstrate the improvements resulting from the efforts of the Forest Service to provide against fires, but as is well known the loss in the destruction of forests by fire had amounted to tens of millions of dollars annually, and it is surprising that provision for systematic protection from fire had not been adopted much earlier. It is gratifying to know that the areas burned in this region on government lands since the government assumed control and commenced its purchases have been negligible, the only exception being the destruction by fire of 1729 acres of National forest lands which had been selected but the title to which had not yet passed to the government. This forest was located on the Paugus and Swift River watersheds in Albany township, and it is hardly just to charge this fire to the Forest Service, which has taken every precaution to prevent forest fires. In addition to the force employed throughout the year in the forests on revenue producing work a force of forest guards patrol the woods

during the summer months. The lookout system is a very complete one, being provided by the state in coöperation with the Federal Government under the provisions of the Forestry law.

Until the enactment of the Forestry law little or nothing had been done by the Federal Government, states, or municipalities in a concerted way to build up forested areas. The time has now come when such action will be taken through various mediums. It has come because the value of wood has so greatly increased and its uses are so numerous that it will be necessary for us not only to conserve but provide additional sources of supply. European and Asiatic countries reached this condition many years ago and the result has been that forests have been developed and maintained through various governmental mediums and many of them have become remunerative. One municipal forest in Europe has returned as high as eight per cent on the cost of the investment, and for many years in one community in Japan eighty per cent of the population have been engaged in forestry pursuits.

All of this has a direct bearing on the question in which we are mutually interested. It means that the forests of the White Mountain region will be kept intact and these historic paths and trails preserved and not effaced by the destruction of the surrounding timber. The material value of the forests will increase, and I anticipate that in a few years, if it is not so now, the investment will be a profitable one; indeed, I have no doubt the government could dispose of its holdings in this region for very much more than they cost. As time goes on the preservation and maintenance of these forests will attract many visitors to this most favored region.

Perhaps I need not repeat what I said in the beginning—how greatly interested I am in every activity relating to the movement you represent. I look forward to the years to

come with the greatest confidence in the complete use of this region for recreation purposes and at the same time its maintenance as a necessary part of the industrial life and welfare of New England. A hundred years is an almost negligible length of time in the world's history, and so much we all approve has been accomplished

along these lines since Crawford cut the first trail to Mt. Washington that it does not require an unusual imagination to see this region in the not distant future substantially a great park—a park system able to maintain itself and one which will promote the welfare and add to the enjoyment of millions of our people.

GOING BACK HOME

By Martha S. Baker

'Tis the very same road over which we go,
With the same old engine for all I know;
The car is crowded with folks—but yet,
They seem to me an entirely *new* set—
The *folks* have changed.

These folks at the station—who are these?
Are they playing a joke on me just to tease?
They are strangers to me—not one I know,
Where in the world did these folks grow?
The folks have changed.

The old covered wagon—I can't find that,
There's an automobile in which I never sat—
The old driver, too, my neighbor and friend.
How queer this new young chap they should send!
The folks have changed.

But, thank the Lord, the skies don't change,
Nor fields nor flowers nor hillside range;
They are just as sweet and old-fashioned as ever,
And I pray from my heart they'll look strange to me never,
Though folks have changed.

The dear home paths, they are just the same,
Over which for many fond years I came
To the home I loved for peace and rest,
For all that is true and holy and best;
But the folks have changed.

Our life on earth is but for a day,
And some sweet time we'll go home to stay,
And there the dear home friends we'll find,
For they lived for God and humankind:
There folks don't change.

Concord, N. H.

Mrs. Henry W. Keyes and Her Sons

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

I

Now that everything is all over, and I have settled down to busy days—not too busy, for I am not very strong yet—and quiet evenings, it seems to me sometimes as if the whole thing had never happened. At other times, particularly when I am walking by the river alone, and the sun sets before I get home, leaving the fields and hills and sky extremely dull and cold, the trouble seems altogether too vivid and real, and I spend a good many hours wondering what I am going to do with the rest of my life. If I thought that I could do as much as mother did, I should be satisfied; but I shall never be half the woman that my mother was.

Just at present, while I am waiting to get well, there seem to be a great

many empty hours; and I am going to fill some of them by writing down, as well as I can, the sequel to my mother's story—for I suppose that everything really started twenty years ago, when father fell in love with mother.

Father's people all came from Boston, and had lived on Beacon Hill ever since there was any hill there. They were as intellectual as was compatible with a social existence, and they were very orthodox Unitarians, too, for that belief does not interfere with society, as Boston understands it. They had plenty of money—they always had had plenty—but they never splurged and they never squandered. Father went to Harvard College, and then to Harvard Law School, and then abroad for a year, and when he had returned from his travels, and

had been taken into the best law-firm in Boston and several good clubs, his family felt justified in expecting that he would of course fall in love with one of the girls who had been to Papanti's dancing-school with him, marry her, and bring up a family similar to his own father's—a credit to Boston, and an example to lesser cities. But father did nothing of the sort. He didn't shine in the law, and he didn't fall in love with anybody, and one day he said he hated Boston. Then his Great-aunt Simans raised her hands, and said she had always felt that he was going to be the black sheep of the family. However, he just drifted along without doing anything very dreadful until he was thirty.

Then he met mother.

I can't make out that mother's family ever lived anywhere in particular. Her mother was a pretty chorus girl, and her father grew up in the slums of some big Western city, became a traveling salesman, and finally made a fortune in some kind of patent medicine. They were married in a rather hurried, mysterious fashion which I have never understood very well; but as neither of them had any parents to advise them, I suppose they did not realize how badly such things look, so they should not be blamed. Mother was their only child, and they adored her, and it was a very happy family. She went to a big fashionable boarding-school when she felt like it, and when she didn't, they all just packed their trunks, and went and took a perfectly delightful trip somewhere. The consequence was that mother's education was rather neglected; but her parents didn't realize that, for no one had ever educated them at all. While they were taking one of these trips—this particular one was to the White Mountains—they happened to stop at the hotel where father was staying with his parents, and it was there that father and mother met; and one night less than two weeks later, father

walked into his mother's room about midnight and said he was engaged to be married.

If you could have seen my mother, even last summer, I do not think you would have wondered much that it did not take father long to make up his mind that he wanted her; and I'm sure, if you could have seen her when she was seventeen, you wouldn't have wondered at all. I have a picture of her that was taken about that time, and it is the loveliest thing I have ever seen. But father's family was furious. He was told that his wife would never be received, and that he himself would be turned off without a penny if he persisted in his wicked folly. Horrible stories were raked up about mother's parents, and told to everybody in the hotel. Queer things were insinuated about mother, too—that she did not really love him, but wanted to marry him for his money and position. This was really rather absurd, for she had a great deal more money than he did and—not having been brought up in Boston—had never even heard of position. But the Castles didn't think of that. The result of all this fuss was that father became more and more in love the more he was opposed, broke with his family entirely, married mother before he had known her two months, and took her to Boston to live.

I think perhaps if he had not done that, matters would not have turned out as badly as they did; but I suppose, if you, and your father, and Heaven only knows how many grandfathers before that have always lived in the same place, it doesn't always occur to you that it's possible to go and live somewhere else; anyway, it didn't occur to father. He found when he went to his clubs that his old friends treated him coldly; and their wives didn't call on mother. About a year after his marriage—I was a brand-new baby then—he was asked to resign his position in the law office where he had been for six years; so then he and mother left Boston, and

went to the big Western city, where mother's parents lived, to stay with them until father could see his way clear to earning his living. Of course mother was delighted to be with her own people again. Everyone was lovely to them, and they went out a great deal, and had lots of company and might have been very happy, but for one thing: father couldn't help thinking all the time how much he had given up for mother, and, what is worse, talking about it a good deal; for, though he loved her, he realized by this time that her education and refinement of mind were not equal to his, and her parents were intolerable to him, though they were as kind as possible. It made mother feel very badly to be told that her father ate like a pig, and that her mother wore her dresses cut too low, and that she herself knew no more of the King's English than she did of Greek. She bought books, and sat up late at night studying, and improved very much; but she couldn't improve her father and mother; and she loved them so much the way they were, that she didn't want to, any how.

About this time one of the big magazines stirred up a great deal of feeling against patent medicines by a series of articles telling how injurious the pretended blessings to humanity were, and what frauds the men who manufactured and sold them must be. Very soon my grandfather, who had always passed for a very worthy, kindly man in the city where he lived, began to be shunned by his neighbors and pointed out as a cheat and a defrauder of the poor; so he decided to sell out his patent medicine plant. I can't explain it very well, because I am only eighteen, and have not had a great deal of business experience yet; but when he had disposed of his property at a great loss, and invested most of his money in railroad shares, the railroad suddenly failed, and left him penniless. The shock of this, followed upon his disgrace, overcame him completely, and he grew despon-

dent and morbid; and one night he came into his room with a loaded pistol, and shot himself before my grandmother could prevent him herself, or summon any help. Her whole life had been wrapped up in her husband, even if she only was a "cheap little chorus girl to start with" (as I heard my father say once) and she did not survive him very long—so my father and mother found themselves cast entirely on their own resources, without any money, and with three small children—for two little boys had been born since me.

I was nearly six years old by this time, and I can remember, though not very distinctly, the long journey back to the East, and the process of settling in a small town in New England, where father again began to practice law. He was a pale, tired-looking man, who rarely spoke except to complain about life in general, and mother in particular, although I'm sure he loved her dearly—for no one could help doing that. I was always well and strong, but the boys were delicate children, and father had a troublesome cough, which often kept him awake all night. It kept mother awake, too, but he did not seem to think of that, and she never mentioned it. We had no maid, and all day long, while he was in his office, a little way down the street—idle most of the time, for this is a peaceful community, without very much use for lawyers—she was taking care of us, and doing the housework and the sewing. She must have been wretchedly tired, most of the time; but I never saw her break down, even for a minute, until the day the boys were buried. There was an epidemic of diphtheria in the village, and we all caught it. Father and I had it very lightly, but my two little brothers died within a few hours of each other, after an illness of only two or three days. When the small white coffins were taken from the house, and driven slowly away towards the cemetery, mother lay down on her bed, and

burst into a torrent of weeping. I cuddled up to her, and tried to comfort her, but it was of no use; she cried for hours, and when she finally stopped, and got up again, she went about as if she was walking in her sleep, looking gray and dazed, wringing her hands and giving little moans from time to time, but never crying again. When father died, the following spring (the doctor said it was tuberculosis, but I knew better—it was just discouragement) I do not think she felt it very much. She had suffered all she could, she was numb.

II

This numbness lasted a long time—nearly a year, I think. She was kind and gentle all that time, but she spoke very little, and when her work was done at night, she used to lie down and remain motionless for hours, finally rousing herself to put me, carefully and silently, to bed, after which she would go into the next room, and sew very late. She did beautiful needlework, and sent a great deal of it to the city, where she sold it first through some industrial union; but she soon had so many private customers that this became unnecessary, but she earned quite a little money; that and the mite which had been saved from her parents' fortune was what we lived on. Father did not leave us one cent.

One day, about a year after my father's death, I found my mother waiting for me at the door of the schoolhouse when I came out, a little after four in the afternoon. It was early May, and as there had been heavy rains, the grass was looking very fresh and green, and the apple-blossoms fairly shone in the sun—and mother! there was not one stitch of black about her anywhere! She had on a white linen dress and a soft white hat, and even her shoes and stockings were white—she always had the loveliest skin and figure in the world; anyway, and rid of her gloomy crêpe, she looked about eighteen, though she was

really thirty. I stopped short in the doorway, and looked at her, and the other children, pushing by, all turned and stared; but mother appeared unconscious.

"It's such a beautiful day," she said—and her voice sounded young and fresh, just like the rest of her—"that I couldn't help coming to meet you, dear. I thought we could go for a little walk together somewhere—in the woods, or along the highroad where we can see these lovely blossoms—whichever you prefer."

I chose the woods—I was too surprised to comment on this startling procedure. We walked along slowly, and mother chatted all the time, about all sorts of pleasant things—a new order for a baby's layette, a book she had been reading, a recipe which a neighbor had given her and which she meant to try for supper that night. The woods were very cool and fragrant, and still, except for the birds that were singing. Mother laughed a little and spoke of it all, and didn't seem to notice that her skirt was getting muddy around the bottom, and that her shoes and stockings were a perfect sight. At last she threw herself down under a big tree and pulled me down beside her.

"Isn't this fun?" she said, kissing me, "we must come here often, and next time we'll bring our supper with us, and stay a long time. I wonder why we never came before?"

I did not answer her, though I knew perfectly well why we had never come before, and after a few minutes mother spoke again, still in the same light tone, but this time with an extra shade of tenderness.

"I've been thinking things over a good deal lately," she said, "and I've decided that I've been a pretty poor mother"—I protested, but she only kissed me and went on—"a pretty poor mother, and I'm going to try to be a better one. Why, darling, I've never done a thing to make you happy—I've just clothed and fed you and sent you to school—and we ought to

be having the most glorious days together, you and I! The trouble's all over and done with, and we mustn't even think of it again. I had the happiest girlhood that ever was, I believe, and in spite of all that's happened since, I'll always have that to look back on. I want you to have the same inheritance, the best, I believe, that any mother can give her daughter. It's all I can give you and I ought to have remembered that sooner."

Then she told me for the first time about her own childhood; her meeting with father; her short and stormy engagement; and that part of her married life which I could not remember—all that I have told you, and a great deal more—and all without a single note of regret or complaint. "And now, dear," she said when she had finished, "we will never speak of this again—I loved your father, and he loved me; but I ruined his life, and I shall never be able to forget it; and if I did not have you, darling—what a big 'if' that is, isn't it?—mine would be ruined, too—so I want you to promise something today. You may love a man some time—some man may love you—but if he is divided from you by any gulf of money or mind or position, so that his mother feels that she cannot gladly take her son's wife as her daughter—promise me that you will never marry him, even if it seems to break your heart and his."

"Why, Mother!" I cried in amazement, "as if anyone would ever want to marry me! and as if I'd ever want to marry anyone! I'm never going to do anything except live with you always, and help you!"

Mother laughed. "I suppose that's what every daughter says to every mother—at first," she said, "and if you're so sure of it, you won't mind promising what I ask, will you?"

"Of course not," I said, "do I ever mind promising anything that you ask me?" So then she kissed me again, and after a minute she said that she

could not try the new recipe that night after all, as I was going to the Stone's to supper, and we must hurry back, or I should not be ready when Harry came for me.

The Stones are a family who live in a beautiful old house just outside the village, and have the finest farm in the county. Mr. Stone used to be a butcher, until he married the rich Miss Powell; then, as she was an only child, and her parents couldn't bear to part with her, she stayed on in their house, and Mr. Stone became a sort of hired man for his father-in-law. Now the Powells are dead, and the farm belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Stone, and they have the finest cows and the fastest horses and the fattest pigs for miles around. Mr. Stone is the kindest man in the world, and I have always loved him dearly; but I hate the smell of the tobacco he chews, and I wish he would wear a collar and necktie, as his collar button looks so prominent, and his shirt so unfinished without them; however, he never will, and I suppose it really isn't very vital as long as he doesn't take cold. Mrs. Stone doesn't wear any corsets, and dresses her hair in two funny little wire screws down her forehead except at supper time, when it comes out in "crimps," but she is even kinder than Mr. Stone, and makes *such* good damson jam and angel cake! They have two children—Harry, who is about three years older than I, and Lucy, who is just my age and one of my very best friends.

Well, Harry drove over to get me that night, and I had to keep him waiting quite a while, for, though walking in the woods is exalting to the spirit, it is rather hard on the clothes. But Harry has a patient disposition, and he didn't mind waiting at all. We arrived at the Stone's just in time for supper, and it was one of the best suppers I ever ate. For even mother couldn't cook as well as Mrs. Stone, and the "hired girl" is a wonder, too. Lucy had been to Boston the Saturday before and had bought all her

new spring clothes; she had been to the theatre, too. So, between seeing the clothes, and talking about the play, it was nine o'clock in no time. Lucy teased me to stay all night, and so did Mrs. Stone, but I had promised mother that I wouldn't, so Harry went to harness the horse, and we all stood on the porch and waited for him. Mr. Stone asked me to come Saturday morning and try a new horse that he had bought and that he was sure I would like (he always says that about every horse he buys, for as he taught me to ride, he seems to take a great interest in me) and Mrs. Stone urged me to spend the rest of the day besides.

"Why, dearie," she cried, "every time you come, it's harder to let you go home. I wish you never had to."

"So do I," said Lucy, "Oh Helena! wouldn't it be lovely if you and Harry should get married when you grow up, and then you never would have to go!"

Mr. and Mrs. Stone both laughed, but Harry drove up just then, so I kissed them good-bye without saying anything, and went quickly down the walk. Harry helped me into the carriage very carefully, and I didn't know for several minutes whether he had heard or not. Then I found out that he had.

"Helena," he said, "I think it would be splendid if you would."

I suppose every girl, no matter how old she may be, is a little startled by her first proposal, and as I was only thirteen, I was very much startled indeed.

"Why, Harry!" I said. He was very red, and he turned away from me and looked at the carriage wheel. Harry was only sixteen himself, so I suppose he was a little startled, too; but though Harry is bashful, he is determined, too; so, as I didn't say anything more, he turned around again after a few minutes, redder than ever, and said, "Well?"

"Well," I said, and I looked back at him, too, for I never was afraid of

anybody, even if it was someone proposing to me, "somehow I don't think I'd care to." Then I remembered my promise to mother that afternoon, and I said, "Anyhow, I don't think your father and mother would like it, do you?"

Harry laughed. He is not very romantic, or he would have known better than to laugh when he was making love. "Like it!" he fairly roared, "there's nothing on earth they'd like so much. Whatever put that into your head?"

"I don't know," I said, which wasn't true, of course. Then I told him that, anyhow, he was too young to propose to me, and that I would much rather talk about something else; and Harry, though he is determined, is not the nagging sort, and he didn't say any more about it—then.

Of course I told mother all about it as soon as I got home that night. She was sitting in a low chair by a big lamp, sewing, as usual. When I finished she rose quietly, gathered up her work, and turned down the light.

"Let's go to bed," she said. She put her arm around me, and we went upstairs together; when we reached the top she remarked casually,

"Don't worry about Harry, honey, I always thought he'd ask you, but he's about five years ahead of time. Lucy was rather silly, that's all, and he had to say something."

"Then shall I go and try the new horse in the morning, mother?"

"Of course; why not? Don't open your window too far, dear—there's a strong wind from the west."

III

Lucy and I were both ready for the High School that next fall, but Lucy's family decided to send her to the "Academy," twenty-five miles away, where Harry had already been going for two years, preparing for the State Agricultural College. When I came home from the Stone's bearing this important piece of news, mother made

an announcement with her customary suddenness.

"I'm rather glad of it," she said, "for you won't feel that you are going away and leaving her behind, since she is going too. I've decided to send you to school in Philadelphia."

"Send me to school in Philadelphia! Away from you?" I cried, the tears coming to my eyes before I had finished speaking.

"It's the school I went to when I was a girl," coaxed mother; "that is, when I went at all; and I was very happy there. The same principal is still in charge—Miss Mortimer—and she was very kind and cordial when I wrote to her about you. The summer vacations are long, dear, and the time is really very short from Thanksgiving to Christmas and from Christmas to Easter."

"But where," I faltered, "is the money coming from?" I devoutly hoped that my mother had not thought of that, and that when reminded of it by her more prudent daughter she might discover it impossible to carry out her plan.

"Oh, I've been putting by a little every year," she said, "and besides, I've so many orders now that I'm going to enlarge the business, and have Miss Sims for an assistant. I had an order this morning for all the lingerie for a big, big trousseau, and I've been drawing designs for the bridal petticoat. What do you think of this one?"

I never shall forget the trunkful of lovely clothes I had to take with me when I left for school, all so beautifully made, fitting so well, and so many of them. Mother went with me to Philadelphia, and for the first time I stayed overnight at a hotel, and went to the theatre. The next morning when we reached the school it was already full of girls, hurrying everywhere, trying to get settled, and I had to hurry with the rest. The parting with mother was not as hard as I had expected.

My roommate was a girl from Boston named Nancy Hutchinson. I have since found out that she is not at all a typical Bostonian, and that her family, though very wealthy, is not one of the really old ones, like father's; but I thought that next to mother, of course, she was the most attractive person I had ever seen; I think so still. Even then, her brother Robert's friends were very thoughtful about sending her violets and candy. We younger girls were only supposed to stay up a little while at the school dances, but usually when Miss Mortimer came to tell us it was time to go to bed, Nancy had every dance engaged to the very end, and Miss Mortimer let her stay. Miss Mortimer must have been as old as forty, but she still had some remnants of good looks, and I sometimes think she may have been a popular girl herself once.

I went home with Nancy for the Thanksgiving holidays. I had never visited at any house before except the Stone's, and I found this very different. Mr. Hutchinson wears the most imposing collars you ever saw, and Mrs. Hutchinson's hair is always beautifully waved, and her waist is smaller than mine; and they were the first people I had seen except mother and the girls and teachers at school, who were not the least bit uncertain as to their English. Since then I have made a great many visits, and soon got used to butlers and low-necked dresses, and all the things that go with them. But they made me dreadfully uneasy at first. Mrs. Hutchinson gave us a little dance, and I had the german with Robert. He was dreadfully cross because I was taken out so much.

"When I come down to your next school dance," he said, "you must save every waltz for me." Of course I didn't do anything of the sort; in fact, I saved just two in all, and Robert, who does not take to being thwarted as good-temperedly as Harry, was so cross during those two that I wished I hadn't saved him any.

I didn't see much of the Stones the

next four years. The Hutchinsons went abroad for two of the summer vacations, and took me with them both times; the other two summers I visited a great deal, and my school friends and their brothers came to visit me; the winter vacations were so short that I didn't always come home, and when I did, I liked being alone with mother. Besides, though Lucy grew prettier and sweeter all the time, Harry did not seem to improve very much, and I avoided being alone with him—he bored me so. However, when I got a letter from him not long before I finished school, asking me to come with his family to the graduation festivities at the State Agricultural College, I accepted, because I had a letter from mother urging me to do so. I must confess, however, that I didn't want to very much, especially as I had to give up an unusually jolly house party to do so.

I never was so glad to get home as I was early that June. I was very tired and I looked forward to three delightful weeks alone with mother. She had come to my graduation, of course, but there was no time then for "heart-to-heart" talks, and there was a good deal I wanted to say to her. Besides, I had bought all the materials for my summer dresses, and there were these to be seen and "enthused" over, and then the careful planning and making. Mother liked everything that I had bought, and listened to all that I had to say, but she finally looked up over a piece of fine batiste with a little frown.

"Haven't you planned anything for Harry's graduation?" she asked.

"Why, Mother, I'd forgotten all about it!" I said, and hesitated a minute, looking at the pile of pretty things in front of me. "I hate to use any of these—I do so want them fresh for Class Day and the Boat Races, and all my summer visits afterwards. There must be something left over from last year that would be plenty good enough."

"You seem to be forgetting," said

mother, "that you were traveling hard in Europe all last summer, and came back with your clothes worn to shreds. What particular dress can you suggest 'left over from last year' that will do for Harry's ball?"

Mother spoke a trifle sarcastically, which is an unusual thing for her, and I answered a trifle sulkily, which is, I hope, an unusual thing for me.

"Well, if you think best, of course I can wear the dress we made at Easter time for the school dance—everyone said it was the prettiest one there! But it does seem too bad to waste it on Harry and his stupid farmer's party." I pushed away the ribbons I had in my lap, walked over to the window, and stood for several minutes looking out at nothing in particular, feeling nervous and irritable and tired—not an unusual condition, I have discovered, for a girl to be in after she has been having too many beaux and too little sleep. Presently I felt mother's hand on my shoulder.

"Helena," she said, drawing me gently down to the window-seat beside her, "have you ever thought that your going to his graduation may mean a great deal to Harry?"

"I don't see why I should think so," I said, still sulkily, "I've hardly seen anything of Harry these last four years; and when I have seen him his manner has certainly not been what one would call flirtatious." I giggled a little, and the corners of mother's mouth twitched, for the idea of Harry being flirtatious is funny.

"I think," mother said, growing grave again very quickly, "that Harry will ask you to marry him before long; and when he does, I hope that you will accept him."

"You think he'll ask me to marry him!" I cried, "and if he does, you hope I'll accept him. That great, awkward, stupid, red-faced, tongue-tied farmer-boy!"

"That great, whole-souled, clean-hearted, honest man!" she retorted vehemently. "What good thing in life is there that he cannot give you?"

What evil thing is there that he cannot keep away? Will you ever have to feel that you are his inferior? He knows, and glories in the fact, that you are leagues ahead of him in culture and education and delicacy. Will you ever have to fight your own way, earning the very bread that you and your children put into your mouths? He will not let so much as a breath of cold wind touch you. Will he take you away from me, teach you that your mother is an inferior creature, use me in times of necessity and ignore me at all others? He will love me as my own sons, who are dead, would have done. He is rich; he is good; he is young and strong; he is in love with you. What more can you ask when you choose your husband?"

"I suppose," I answered hotly, "that I can ask to be in love with him."

All the vehemence and anger left my mother's face, as suddenly as they had come, but left it, I thought, very white.

"Is there anyone else?" she asked, quickly.

"No," I replied, "there is not. I have never seen any one yet whom I wished to marry."

"And you have reached the mature age of eighteen," said my mother. A little smile flickered across her face. She was always like that, reminding you of an April day, whose little storms and showers appear suddenly and never last long, but throw the sweetness of its sunshine in even sharper relief than if they did not occur. "I suppose you will not attempt to tell me that you have never met anyone who wished to marry you?"

"As I have already told you all about it," I answered, "you know that Robert Hutchinson has pretended to make love to me ever since I first met him—he doesn't mind being refused in the least—and Eleanor Leighton's cousin has talked more or less nonsense—and there are one or two others; I don't believe, though, that any man is losing his appetite or sleep over me."

My mother looked relieved, and returned to her subject. "Have you anything against Harry?" she asked.

I certainly did not want to tell her that I hate to see anyone so slow and so stupid, and so interested in pigs and cows and so utterly indifferent to poetry and romance, and all the really important things of life—for those are really not good reasons for hating anybody. It seemed unnecessary to mention that the way he wore his clothes, and dropped his final g's and ate his food, all jarred on me; nor did I like to drag in Mrs. Stone's "curlers" and Mr. Stone's collar button, and the fact that the "hired girl" calls me by my first name; so I simply said "no."

"Then," mother pleaded, "won't you try to like him a little better? Remember what the optimist said to the pessimist, 'Don't look at the hole—look at the doughnut.'"

"All right," I said, "Harry's very like a doughnut—tough and unsightly and—indigestible."

"Doughnuts are no more indigestible than puff paste," said my mother, "but I am afraid you prefer that."

"I certainly do," I said, "but I'll try to fall in love with Harry if you want me to." I knew I was perfectly safe in saying that, for of course I couldn't, if I lived a thousand years; and it made the conversation end pleasantly.

IV

I finally departed for Harry's graduation with Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Lucy, carrying with me an outfit which satisfied even mother, and quite surpassed that of any other girl I met. We went in the new motor Mr. Stone had recently bought—a large, cheap car which he calls his *automobile* and drives himself, very badly; it broke down several times on the way, with the result that we did not reach our destination until after seven o'clock in the evening. We were promptly informed at the "hotel" that supper was "all cleared up" and that we could not get any-

thing to eat there "at that late hour." So Harry, who had met us wreathed with smiles, and looking terribly hot and uncomfortable in brand new ready-made clothes, said that he would ask the landlady of his boarding house to take pity on us, and accordingly we drove there, and sat outside while he went in and pleaded for mercy. He was gone a long time, and came back looking as if he had been through a fiery ordeal, but saying that she had consented to give us something. We went in and sat down at a long, grim-looking table, laid with thick white china—the crumbs had not been brushed away since the last meal, and the clean knives and forks lay around in piles wherever it was convenient to drop them, apparently—and were served by a tired, cross-looking "hired girl" to a delicious and wholesome repast of cold baking-powder biscuit, ham, canned salmon, custard pie and green tea.

While we were eating, Harry told us that Mrs. Powers, the mother of Jim Powers, his best friend, was "giving a little party for the young people" that evening, and wanted us all to come—so we hurried back to the hotel to get ready. I was hot and dusty and tired, and longed for a good bath, but there was no such thing as a tub to be found, so I did the best I could with a basin, got into my new pale-blue muslin, and went downstairs, hoping to find more air on the piazza than in the stuffy little bedroom. Harry was walking up and down, waiting for us, and when he saw me he stopped short and grew very red, looking at me with a long, slow stare as if he had never seen me before.

"You are the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life," he said at last.

The piazza was crowded with proud parents who had come to see their sons graduate, and Harry's thick voice has a very penetrating quality. The next minute fully fifty pairs of eyes were turned upon me.

"Well," I said distinctly, "you

have never seen many in a place like this."

The color died out of his face, and I knew that I had succeeded in making even him understand that I was very angry. Harry is stupid, and a delicate insinuation does not go very far with him. I walked away towards the parlor, and at that minute Lucy came down the stairs, and joined us. I was thankful. We were a little late in reaching Mrs. Powers' house, and all the other guests had already arrived. The girls were sitting on one side of the room and the men on the other; everyone looked hot and self-conscious and uncomfortable. The somewhat limited conversation was carried on in whispers, and every now and then there was a stifled giggle, which was immediately suppressed. We were taken around by Mrs. Powers, and introduced to every single person; and when we had made the rounds, and sunk gratefully into chairs, a solemn hush fell upon the assembly and lasted several minutes. Then Mrs. Powers (who had gone out of the room after the introductions were over) returned wreathed in smiles, bearing a large trayful of cards with little pencils attached; she distributed these, and then, still smiling she said:

"You have all heard the nursery rhyme,

Pussy, where have you been today?
Out in the meadow asleep on the hay.
Pussy, you are a lazy cat
If you've done no more than that.

Now I will give you five minutes in which to draw a picture of the pussy."

A series of groans was heard, which seemed to please her very much, and we all bent to our tasks; when the five minutes were up, and relief seemed at hand, she made another smiling announcement.

"Now you may draw a picture of the meadow."

When this was finally achieved, she gathered up all the cards, and took them away to consult with two

friends who had come in to help her with the party, as to which was the best. While she was gone we sat in stony silence; when she came back she was holding up a card which I recognized as mine with a feeling of sinking horror, and she announced:

"Whoever drew this must step forward and receive a prize."

I have studied about the Spanish Inquisition, and since that evening I have understood its terrors a little better, and I have sympathized more with its victims. After the "drawing contest" was over, we were all requested to "pass into the back parlor" and a "guessing contest" took place. Little tables were placed primly about, and we "progressed" from one to another. On the first table were eight little unlabelled bottles, containing flavoring extracts; on the next the same number containing spices, and so forth. I tasted and tasted and when I was through I couldn't have told almond extract from cloves. The entertainment ended with a supper consisting of vanilla ice cream, coffee served in tea-cups without any saucers, and several kinds of layer cakes.

Although the girls and men had avoided each other all the evening as if they were afraid of catching the plague, they began to leave the house in solitary couples as soon as they had said good night to their hostess. Lucy whispered to me that Jim Powers was going to "see her home," and asked if I would mind walking slowly along behind with Harry. I did mind, but I agreed, and waited patiently with him at the corner of the street until Lucy and Jim were out of sight.

"Come," I said then, as Harry did not seem to be in any particular hurry, "I suppose we can start now without any danger of interrupting a delightful tete-a-tete."

The street was very dark, and there was no one in sight and suddenly I felt Harry's arm, very tight around my waist; with his free hand he turned my face up towards his. Harry is

strong as an ox (among his other bovine qualities) and it would have been absolutely useless to try to get away—but I spoke very quickly.

"Harry," I said, "no man has ever kissed me yet; no gentleman has ever presumed to attempt it. Have I given you any reason to believe that you have a right to my first kiss?"

For a moment he did not move. Then he took away his hand, and his arm dropped slowly. "I didn't mean to—to make you feel like that," he muttered, "I'm sorry. Forgive me, Helena."

"I shall never forgive you as long as I live," I answered—and in spite of all he could say, I did not speak to him again that evening, not even to bid him good night.

Lucy was already in our room when I got there, and greeted me with a radiant face.

"Oh, Helena, didn't you have a lovely time? I do think it was one of the nicest parties I ever went to," she said, "I wish we were going to stay here longer—it's too dreadful to think that every thing will be all over with day after tomorrow."

"Well, I suppose Jim can come and visit," I said crossly, "unhook my dress, will you, please?"

"Why, Helena! what's the matter?"

I hate the kind of girl who is always talking about her love affairs, so I only said that I was tired and hot, and wanted to get to bed and to sleep as quickly as possible.

"Why, I feel so excited I could talk all night," said Lucy. "By the way, there's a big box of candy and a letter here for you; they came on the evening mail. Someone must be keeping pretty close track of you. I wish Jim would send me great packages like that."

"You're welcome to the candy," I said, "I've had so much of it given to me this spring I'm sick of the sight of it." I handed her the ten-pound box of Maillard's chocolates, and opened the letter. It was from Robert. As Lucy put it, he did "keep pretty close

track of me." No matter how little I told him of my plans, or how much I traveled about, I was sure to get a letter every day from him—long, tedious, and silly. But at least, whatever he might say—and he certainly said a good deal—he kept his hands off me—in his pockets most of the time, to be quite truthful; and I thought anything that would take my mind off Harry would seem pleasant

that night, so I read the letter, which was just like hundreds of others I had had from him, instead of tearing it right up and putting it into the scrap basket, as I often did. Then I undressed and lay down in the bed with Lucy, who chatted for a long time very happily, reflecting that perhaps some men were less tiresome than others, but that none of them were worth loving, much less marrying.

(To be continued.)

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

By Mary B. Benson

Bathed in the morning sunshine,
 "The smile of the Great Spirit" lies;
 Her waters dancing and sparkling
 'Neath the blue of the summer skies.

Misty and soft in the distance,
 Guarding her waters fair,
 Silently tower the mountains;
 Touched with a beauty rare.

Calm in the heat of noonday,
 Like a mirror her waters clear;
 Oh, beautiful Winnepesaukee,
 The "Great Spirit" hovers near.

Slowly the shadows deepen
 And the sunset glory falls
 On mountain and lake and hillside,
 While near-by—a night bird calls.

The night winds whisper gently
 As over the mountains creeps
 The moon in its silvery glory
 To smile on the lake, as she sleeps.

Oh, lovely "Lake of the Northlands,"
 Your beauty is ever new;
 And life grows brighter and sweeter,
 As my thoughts fly back to you.



THE WEARE PAPERS

By Otis G. Hammond

The Weare family presents a most remarkable record of public service during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of New Hampshire history. The most eminent member of the family, Meshech Weare, was born in Hampton Falls June 13, 1713, and died there January 14, 1786, aged 72 years, not an extreme age, as measured by the standards of the present day. Had he been twenty years younger during the strenuous service of the Revolution his life might have been extended by the same period, for he was of a hardy and long-lived race. His father lived 91 years, his uncle, Peter Weare, 86, and his grandfather 87.

Meshech Weare was graduated from Harvard College in 1735, and devoted the next three years to the study of theology. In 1738 he abandoned theology for matrimony, and his public career began with his election as moderator in 1739. Passing by his public service in town offices, we find him a member of the House of Representatives in 1745, serving continuously until 1755, and again from 1762 to 1771, and in 1774, where he occupied the speaker's chair from 1752 to 1755, and the clerk's desk from 1765 to 1771; he was a delegate to the Albany Congress in 1754. Judge Weare was in effect the chief executive of New Hampshire during the whole period of the Revolutionary War, being president of the Council and chairman of the Committee of Safety from 1776 to 1784, and chief justice from 1776 to 1782. When the new constitution took effect in 1784 he was elected president of the state. At the end of his term of one year he retired from public office, being then 72 years of age and in poor health, and he died January 14, 1786. The form of government adopted by the House of Representatives January 5, 1776, which continued in effect until the

constitution of 1784, did not provide for a governor or any distinct executive branch of the government, but created a council of twelve members, which bore the same relation to the House of Representatives as the present Senate, and the executive powers necessary in the carrying on of the government and the prosecution of the war were vested in the two bodies acting concurrently. The president of the council was, therefore, for eight years the chief officer of our civil government. In addition to all these honors he sat for 35 years, from 1747 to 1782, on the bench of the Superior Court, the last six years as chief justice.

His father, Nathaniel Weare, was a member of the House of Representatives from 1727 to 1732, and in 1737-1738, being speaker during his first year, and justice of the Superior Court from 1730 to 1738.

His uncle, Peter Weare, was a councillor in 1698, member of the House from 1715 to 1727 and in 1734, being speaker from 1722 to 1727, justice of the Superior Court from 1726 to 1730.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Weare, was a member of the House in 1685 and 1686, chief justice of the Superior Court from 1694 to 1696, and councillor from 1692 to 1715.

Such a notable family of public officials could not fail to accumulate a large and valuable body of correspondence and papers, both public and private, but save a few stray documents of little value their location was not known to the officers of the State or to students of its history until 1913. In that year, among the effects of Jacob B. Moore, Jr., of New York, intestate, was found a chest containing ten large volumes of ancient manuscripts labelled "Weare Papers." The administrators of the estate, Frederick C. Moore of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. David Wesson of

Montclair, N. J., nephew and niece of Mr. Moore, discovered upon examination that the papers related largely to New Hampshire, and placed the matter in the hands of H. C. Ward of New York as agent, with the purpose of negotiating a sale to the State of New Hampshire. Through other parties they were brought to the attention of Hon. George H. Moses of Concord, who was then in business in New York City. Mr. Moses later mentioned the subject to Mr. Otis G. Hammond, superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society, who immediately opened a correspondence with the administrators to ascertain their plans for the disposition of the papers. A request that they be sent to the society for examination was refused, not unexpectedly, but examination at the bank in Montclair where they were stored was permitted. A very brief and hasty view of the documents proved to Mr. Hammond that they were without question the genuine Weare papers which had been lost for so many years, but nothing could be accomplished at that time towards securing their return to New Hampshire by purchase or otherwise, as they had not then been appraised to the probate court. The administrators readily promised, however, to give Mr. Hammond immediate information of any progress towards their disposal. This promise, however, was evidently forgotten, for nearly a year and a half passed during which letters of inquiry brought no information until, finally, in April, 1915, a letter from Mr. Wesson stated that the papers had been placed in the hands of an auctioneer to be sold. Neither the name of the auctioneer, his residence, nor the time of sale was mentioned, in spite of the promises of the administrators to give Mr. Hammond the earliest information of any intention to dispose of the papers, and further correspondence was necessary to obtain these facts. It was finally ascertained that the auctioneer men-

tioned was Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished dealers in the United States, and that the sale was to be held in May. The matter was then brought to the attention of Hon. Frank S. Streeter, then president of the Historical Society, who advised that no action be taken until the auctioneer's printed catalogue appeared as publicly advertising the sale.

This advice, though undoubtedly sound, made the situation somewhat more difficult on account of the short time generally allowed by auctioneers between the mailing of their catalogues and the day of sale, often not more than a week or ten days, and it did not appear safe to depend upon the receipt of a catalogue from the administrators of the estate in time to secure necessary official action. An arrangement was therefore made through other parties for the securing of a catalogue at the earliest possible moment. By this means a copy was received by Mr. Hammond on May 22, only eleven days before the sale, which was to be held in Philadelphia June 2, while the copy promised by the administrators did not appear until five days later, which would have been too late for action by the state.

A consultation was immediately held with Mr. Streeter and Chief Justice Parsons, and the matter was carried to the office of the attorney-general, where with the aid of Mr. Joseph S. Matthews, assistant attorney-general, plans were made for official action, and at a meeting held on May 28, the case was laid before Governor Spaulding and his council, who responded immediately and unanimously by directing Mr. Matthews and Mr. Hammond to proceed to Philadelphia and take any measures necessary to recover the papers, which appeared clearly to them to be a part of the archives of New Hampshire. Accordingly, aided by the kindness of Hon. Alexander Simpson, Jr., of Philadelphia, who gave up half of his Memorial Day holiday to receive his

visitors from New Hampshire, an injunction was served on Mr. Henkels and the administrators on June 1, the day before the sale was to be held, and suit for recovery was entered in the courts of Philadelphia in the name of the State of New Hampshire *vs.* Henkels *et als.*, the firm of Simpson, Brown & Williams appearing as counsel for the state.

This injunction rested for three years without the case being brought to trial, but the delay, which at times became vexatious, proved very profitable to the state. The attitude of the defendants gradually changed from belligerency to reason and compromise, and those in New Hampshire who were giving constant attention to the case were fortunate in finding evidence which effectively exploded the Moore family tradition as to their original possession of the papers, and finally induced the defendants to yield without trial. The elder Moore was a charter member of the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1823, and its first librarian. He was also the editor of the society's earliest publications, the "Collections," a true title, for these volumes are composed of a miscellany of valuable historical documents, papers, and essays collected from various sources. It was thought that possibly he might have published some of these Weare papers, and a search revealed most important evidence bearing on the case. In the second volume of the Collections, printed in 1827, of which Mr. Moore was both editor and publisher, pages 139-194 constitute a chapter entitled "Original Letters," and among these are included fifteen of the twenty-nine letters of George Washington which were found in the Weare papers under injunction in Philadelphia. At the head of this chapter Mr. Moore placed this editorial note: "The following interesting papers, relating to the War of Independence, are copied from the originals on file in the office of the secretary of state of New Hampshire." At the end of the chapter he

added another note: "The remainder of Washington's letters in the secretary's office in this state, will be published by the Rev. Jared Sparks in his forthcoming edition of Washington's Works." Here we have Mr. Moore's own statement that in 1827 some of the papers afterwards found in his son's estate were in their proper place in the state archives. After the settlement of the case it was admitted by the counsel for the defendants that this evidence was final in inducing them to settle the case without trial.

In November, 1918, a conference of counsel was held in Philadelphia, attended by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Simpson for the state, and Judge William L. Stuart and Hon. Hampton L. Carson for the defendants, at which an agreement was reached whereby the defendants yielded to the claim of the state for all the documents of a public and official character, which were clearly a part of the New Hampshire archives, and the state agreed to purchase for \$3,000 the remainder of the papers, those personal to the Weare family, and those which lacked some measure of proof of their official character. This payment was also to release the state from all claims of any nature whatsoever on the part of the defendants. The papers considered as purchased by the state include a considerable number of Revolutionary letters of great importance and value, which were, without any reasonable doubt from a layman's point of view, as much the property of the state as any of the others, but whose disposition by a court of law, deciding by positive and legal evidence, might have been uncertain because of the loss of the leaf which bore the address. The contents of these letters did not in all cases absolutely decide the question whether they were written to Meshech Weare personally or in his official capacity.

This agreement was immediately ratified by Governor Keyes and his council and by the Moore estate and Mr. Henkels, and on the 30th of

December last the Weare papers were laid before the governor and council, the clear and undisputed property of the state. On that day, in answer to the request of Mr. Hammond, they were deposited in the custody of the New Hampshire Historical Society, with authority to arrange, repair, and bind them in a suitable manner at the expense of the state, and with permission to the society to publish any or all of them at any time.

So this noted case has during the past year come to a successful conclusion, and the New Hampshire Historical Society is given the custody of the most valuable collection of documents that has come to the state since its foundation, with the possible exception of the Masonian records, plans, and papers which were received in 1891. The actual money value of the Weare papers, in case of sale at auction, has been variously estimated, but at the present time a conservative valuation would appear to be about \$40,000. They consist largely of letters to President Weare from nearly all of the great leaders of the Revolutionary period, both military and civil, including 29 from George Washington, 35 from Gen. John Sullivan, 15 from Gen. John Stark, and many others from Generals Poor, Schuyler, Heath, Gates, Stephen, Lord Stirling, Reed, and Folsom, and from William Whipple, Josiah Bartlett, Stephen Hopkins, Robert Morris, Samuel Huntington, Matthew Thornton, Thomas McKean, Nathaniel Peabody, Samuel Livermore, John Hanson, John Jay, and many others, and more than 50 rare Revolutionary broadsides. The documents prior to the Revolution had not been catalogued by Mr. Henkels, being reserved for another sale. They are, however, of exceeding interest and historical value, dating back to 1647, and include the original draft of the charter of Dartmouth College, a deposition bearing the autographs of Gov. William Bradford and John Alden, minutes of town meetings at Penacook, 1726 to 1730, a

plan on parchment of Gov. John Endicott's 500 acre grant at Penacook in 1664, the records of the Court of Quarter Sessions at Newcastle from 1683 to 1688, and hundreds of others of almost equal interest. The entire collection numbers about 1,500 documents.

For some reasons it is a matter of regret that this case was not tried, and an opinion obtained from the highest court of law defining a public document and establishing the title to it as property, and how such title may be legally transferred. There are many laws, circumstances, and conditions affecting private titles which do not operate against a municipality or a state. If it could be established by the courts that the title to a public document is perpetual unless transferred by act of the duly elected representatives of the people, exactly the same as the title to real estate, such as the State House, county building, or city hall, and that such documents, strayed from the custody of the public office in which they belong, whether by theft, negligence of individuals, or any other cause not legal, may be seized and restored without recourse by the party in whose possession they may be found, then the business of autograph collectors and dealers would be curtailed by the elimination of a class of documents which in the aggregate is very large, and there would be an end to the pilfering from public archives which is constantly going on. Few collectors will pay high prices for autograph letters, knowing that they may be taken from them at any time by a duly authorized public officer, and if there is no market for such papers there is no incentive for the spoiler.

This story cannot be closed without saying that the credit for the restoration of this remarkable collection of papers to the state belongs very largely to Hon. Frank S. Streeter and Chief Justice Parsons, who, as president and vice-president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, were so successful in starting things, often the most

difficult stage of action; to Governors Spaulding and Keyes and their councils for enthusiastic and unanimous support; to Assistant Attorney-General Matthews for all the hard work, patience, and good judgment which such a case necessarily involves, who was at all times ready for trial, and had prepared himself to carry the case

to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary; and to Judge Simpson of Philadelphia, whose ability as a lawyer and as an adjudicator has since been recognized by his election to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and who so generously gave his services to the state of New Hampshire.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OLD HOME WEEK

August 16-23, 1919

REUNION ODE (Tune, "Old Oaken Bucket")

By Charles Henry Chapin

NEW HAMPSHIRE bids welcome to all sons and daughters
Returning from stations our fancies have sought.
We've roamed o'er her mountains and sailed o'er her waters;—
We note many changes the swift years have wrought.
We miss from our ranks many dear, loving faces
That greeted our view in the earlier years.
We see on each other Old Time's cruel traces,
That speak of privation and sorrow and tears.

CHORUS:

Our old home reunion, our precious reunion,
Our joyous reunion with old long ago!

We're thinking again of our lads over yonder
Who may not return; but their spirits, we know,
Are hovering near; could there anything sunder
Their matchless devotion that conquered the foe?
Our sturdy New Hampshire, as firm as her granite,
Has furnished her quota at Liberty's call.
Our old "ship of state" has the heroes to man it—
Victorious Heroes! she welcomes you all.

CHORUS:

Our soldiers and sailors, our loyal defenders,
Invincible heroes! she welcomes you all.

Our boys from the front leave a record behind them—
A record New Hampshire regards justly proud.
The hundreds who fell bade her never to mind them:
With courage unflinching she had them endowed.
And when, over yonder, we meet them triumphant,
Where rest is eternal and striving shall cease,
We're sure there can nothing afford us more comfort
Than dwelling together in infinite peace.

CHORUS:

Our joyous reunion, our sweet home reunion,
Our blessed reunion in infinite peace!

[The above is taken from a painting on wood in the possession of Mr. William Evarts Beaman of Cornish. On the back is a pencil memorandum in the handwriting of the late Charles C. Beaman of the famous law firm, Evarts, Choate & Beaman, as follows: "Painted by _____ Ruggles, a 'Ruggles Gem.' Picture from New Hampshire side of Connecticut River, showing Mt. Ascutney and flat-boats on the river. This was before any railroad. Church steeple in Ascutneyville. C. C. Beaman."

Dr. Edward Ruggles, born in Fall River, Mass., 1817, died in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1867, appears a member of the American Art Union in a list published in 1847. He studied medicine and painting in Paris, acquired a large practice, amusing himself on vacations at his easel. He painted small landscapes with astonishing rapidity. They became widely known as "Ruggles Gems." It is doubtful whether the artist ever really saw the flat-boats here depicted. The church steeple was built at Ascutneyville in 1846, after the last of the flat-boats are believed to have disappeared. The large boat is probably as inexacty described by some old resident. No record exists of any fore-and-aft sails having been used by flat-boats on the upper-river. All described were square sails, like the two seen in the distance. A hinged gangway, the whole width of the boat, such as is shown in the painting, may still be seen in use at Ashleys Ferry, between Claremont and Weathersfield Bow.]

EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE CONNECTICUT

By George B. Upham

Preliminary to further pictures of life on the upper Connecticut, let us quote some contemporary writers:

Jedidiah Morse, clergyman in New Haven, Conn., and Charlestown, Mass., father of the inventor of the telegraph, was the author of the first American geography, published in 1784. In an abridgement of this, called "Geography Made Easy," Morse says of the Connecticut, "This

beautiful river, in its whole length, is lined on each side with a great many of the most flourishing towns in the United States."

A footnote quotes these lines by Joel Barlow, one of the then celebrated "Hartford wits":

No watery gleams through happier valleys
shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than
thine.

Timothy Dwight, president of Yale, in his "Travels in New England," writes in 1803: "This stream may perhaps, with as much propriety as any in the world be named the Beautiful River. From Stuart to the Sound, it uniformly maintains this character. Beauty of landscape is an eminent characteristic of this valley."

In the winter of 1760, four or five men might have been seen tramping up the frozen river, two of them dragging a chain and sticking iron pins in the snow at measured intervals. The others are hauling a sled loaded with axes, guns, extra snowshoes, blankets and provisions. They are Col. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable, soldier and surveyor, with his assistants—precursors of ownership in the hitherto unowned lands of the river valley—fulfilling the directions of Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. He has ordered them to survey and fix the north and south boundaries of the unnamed townships on both sides of the river from Charlestown to Haverhill. Driven stakes or trees marked with numbers, exactly opposite each other on the east and west banks indicate the corners of the townships, planned to be six miles square.

If all other records of the New Hampshire Grants had been destroyed if all other knowledge of the former jurisdiction of New Hampshire over the territory now Vermont had been lost, the story would be saved, at least in part, by these still existing town boundary lines. A brief examination of the most recent map of the two states, showing the straight lines extending from New Hampshire into Vermont, will be sufficient to inform even a casual observer that no such continuity could possibly exist by mere coincidence. The boundaries south of Claremont and Weathersfield were, in many instances, originally fixed by Massachusetts Grants, and there the lines are more irregular.

The settlements on the meadows as

far north as Cowass (Haverhill and Newbury), began nearly simultaneously with the settlement of Claremont. The first permanent settlers in Cowass came there in 1762, although two men sent from Haverhill, Mass., via Number Four, had arrived with cattle in the summer of 1761, gathered hay, fed the cattle in the winter and departed in June of the succeeding year.

During 1762 and the four or five succeeding years, eight or nine hundred settlers, including perhaps two hundred families, took their last look at civilization in the little village clustered around the fort at Charlestown, and journeyed northward into the wilderness, some by the trail through the meadows and forests, probably the greater number by the river, in canoes in summer, on ice in winter, with their wives, children, few household belongings and provisions on "slays" or sleds, drawn sometimes by oxen or horses, perhaps more often by man power. All heavy articles, such as "mill-cranks," iron for the blacksmiths, molasses, sugar, salt, flour, rum, etc., necessarily were sent up by the river. Trips by water for such necessities were frequent, and often delayed by floating ice in spring or fall. At one time the celebration of Thanksgiving at Haverhill was deferred for a week owing to the expected arrival of molasses from Number Four. On its failure to arrive, the festival was postponed for another week, and finally celebrated without molasses.

We have records of misfortunes attending these journeys, of drownings and of immersions, not of a ceremonial character. In one case of a break through the ice occurring a few miles north of Claremont, the dripping, shivering victim after rescue used language deemed unbiblical. When this came to the knowledge of the minister he felt obliged to remonstrate. But the delinquent protested that the Lord himself had cursed that place, and he could prove it.

"Doesn't the Bible say the Lord cursed the earth for man's sins? Well, when He did, do you s'pose He made an exception of that particular devilish hole in the Connecticut River?"

The earliest industry of the upper valley was the felling of the giant pines, especially reserved for the masts and spars of the Royal Navy. This industry is of earlier date than the coming of the first settlers. Gangs of sailors and woodcutters paddled up the river in canoes with a naval officer in charge, bringing with them tools, provisions and supplies. The peeled tree trunks were floated down the river to Hartford, thence shipped to England. Just when this work was begun is not known, but probably before or soon after the fall of Quebec in 1759. The first settlers in Cornish found a "Mast Camp" there, near the mouth of Blow-Me-Down Brook.

Mr. Charles C. Beaman offered a reward of \$50 to anyone who could satisfactorily explain the origin of the name of this brook. The name was given in 1763 or earlier, for it appears on the plan drawn on the back of the original charter of Cornish dated June 21, 1763. A possible explanation is that the surveyor who made the plan visited the "Mast Camp," heard the sailors singing a chantey in which these words occurred repeatedly, and named the brook then and there if the sailors had not done so before. The name certainly has a sailor-like sound.

The upper Connecticut River Valley was long the principal source of supply for the Royal Navy, so it is not unlikely that the masts of the British fleet that lay at anchor in Boston Harbor on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, had floated down past the mouth of Sugar River.

One of the early industries of the upper-river which survived for many years, was the making of potash. Until the great potash deposits of Stassfurt, Germany, were developed

a century later, woodashes were the chief commercial source of supply. With wood and nothing else to burn, with huge fire-places in almost every room, with forests which the settlers, hardened and skillful in swinging the axe, were desirous of quickly clearing, with the great river to carry it down to ships at tide-water, it is little wonder that the upper-valley remained for a period of forty or fifty years, the principal source of potash for the world.

The process of making was simple. The wood-ashes were leached with water, the lye boiled down and evaporated in great iron kettles, and the residue finally fused at red heat. The ashes of the wood fires which heated the kettles, furnished material with which to begin the process anew. "Potash houses" were everywhere. Old deeds and road surveys make frequent mention of them in Claremont, as in all the valley towns. Some were near the mouth of Sugar River.

But the "Great River" is as ever, flowing on. Had we been at our post of observation on a bright May morning in 1773, we should have seen a strangely shaped object drifting slowly with the current. Coming nearer, it proves to be a long, rough-hewn, pine-log canoe, with a woven willow canopy erected near the stern. In it a young man is seated, with a bear skin thrown over his shoulders. It is John Ledyard, who about a year before, had travelled north in a rickety sulky over the "Great Road." A single year at Dartmouth was enough for his restless spirit. Indeed, during three months of the winter he had been recorded absent, pursuing his studies with the Indians near the Canadian border. In the absence of the college president, who was a friend of John's father and in especial charge of this youth, he had, by prodigious toil, fashioned this canoe from the trunk of a giant pine.

With a copy of Ovid and a Greek testament for intellectual refreshment,

he is now drifting toward his home in Hartford, and thence out into the great world, to sail the south seas with Captain Cook, to be present at Cook's murder by the natives in Hawaii, to travel in Europe, Asia and Africa, to see the world by land and sea more widely, in his short thirty-seven years, than it had ever been seen by anyone before. Jared Sparks, historian and president of Harvard College, is to do honor to himself by writing *Ledyard's Life and Travels*. We wish you good luck, John Ledyard, as you drift by.

In the last days of July, 1777, an unusual number of boats and canoes are seen hurrying down the river. They are the New Hampshire upper-valley men on their way to join John Stark at the designated rendezvous, Charlestown, Number Four. Perhaps never before was such an aggregation of effective, home-made soldiers—about 1,500 men—brought together in so short a time as those who met there and marched over the Green Mountains to fight the battle of Bennington.

Some years before the Revolution, the first flat-boats passed up the river, and later there was a whole fleet of them between Bellows Falls and Sumners Falls, opposite Plainfield. Until canals and locks were built, the boats were unloaded and their freight hauled by oxen past the falls, then reloaded on other boats to go further up or down. The deep-shaded forests and decaying vegetation held back the water as a sponge, so there were neither such floods nor periods of low water, as in later years. The flat-boats on the upper river averaged about fifty feet in length, ten feet in beam, and a little less than two feet in draft. They carried about fifteen to twenty tons of freight on the down voyage, less coming up. They were generally built of oak. Some of the larger had a small cabin at the stern, in which the crew slept when the boat was tied up at night. The crews of the smaller boats slept in the meadows

or occasionally at inns or farm houses along the shore.

The boats were provided with a mast about twenty-five feet high, sometimes with a topmast, also, and were rigged to carry a large square sail. Some of the larger boats carried a main and topsail. Sails were set only when the wind was fair, experience having demonstrated that the wind, if any, is so deflected by the hills and terraces, as to be always up or down this river, never for any length of time across.

Bacon describes the larger boats, some of which may have come above Bellows Falls, as "averaging seventy feet in length, twelve or thirteen in width at the bow, ten at the stern, and fifteen at the mast, which stood about twenty-five feet from the bow. In the stern was a snug cabin. The mast was high, rigged with shifting shroud and forestays, a topmast to be run up when needed, the mainsail about thirty by eighteen feet, and the topsail twenty-four by twelve feet. The capacity of this class of boat was from thirty to forty tons." With both sails set, ninety-two square yards of canvas drawing, where the current was moderate and in a good breeze these shallow draft boats must have moved up the river at quite a lively rate of speed.

In light or head winds, the boats were propelled by "setting poles" of white ash twelve to twenty feet long, with a socket spike at the lower end. The "spike pole men" worked one on each side of the smaller boats, two or three on each side of the larger ones. Placing the spiked end of the pole on the river bottom, and with the larger end against their shoulders, they walked the length of the boat on planks spiked to the sides, shoving with all their strength. The captain stood at the stern, shouting his orders and steering with a long, swiveled, wide-bladed oar. The men worked especially hard in the swift water, where, if the boat got athwart the current, it would be swept back many yards.

Sugar, molasses, flour, salt, rum, iron and heavy merchandise was the freight carried up. The down cargo was principally potash and shingles. Passengers used these freight boats, and there were "landings" in every town. Holland's map of New Hampshire (prepared for publication in 1774), shows the "Upper Landing" and the "Lower Landing" at Charlestown. The Claremont landings were at Ashley's and Sumner's Ferries, the latter a few rods north of the present bridge. The principal landing in Weathersfield was at the "Eddy," about half a mile north of the "Bow." This was much used as a mooring and landing place. The water was still in the "Eddy." There were extensive potash works near. The "landings" were favorite places of resort for people of leisure, as the railroad stations at train time are today. Records of the locks at Bellows Falls show, in some years, the passage of more rafts than flat-boats. These rafts, built of boards, logs and other lumber, were often sixty feet long by twelve feet wide, and were called "boxes." Many men were employed in piloting them down the river and through the locks and canals. Great stores of potash, hand-made shingles, clapboards, and other freight, which had accumulated in the winter, were sent down in the spring, when as many as twenty-five or thirty flat-boats and "boxes" sometimes passed the mouth of Sugar River in a single day.

Had we been on the river bank of an early evening in May or June we might, perhaps, have seen a little fleet moving down the river from out the shadow of Ascutney, the full flow of the current bearing it along. The sails, set to catch the evening breeze, are golden tinted in the sunset. The boatmen, with little work to do on the down voyage, break the silence of the valley with their songs, which, learned from real sailors down at tide-water have a flavor of the sea.

It is an interesting historical fact

that for many years after the Revolutionary War, navigation on the Connecticut was probably more extensive above tide-water, up and down, than on any other river in America, and certainly more so than on any other river in New England. Navigation on the Ohio in those years was practically all in one direction—down the river. The boats were broken up for lumber on arrival at their destination. This was sometimes done on the Connecticut, but was not the usual practice.

The Connecticut was the first river in America to be improved for navigation by locks and canals. The first charter for a canal in America was granted by the General Assembly of Vermont, sitting at Windsor in 1791, the same year that the state was admitted to the Union. It provided for the canal around Bellows Falls, which was completed in 1802. It was seven years later before the canal around Sumner Falls was in use.

Very large sums of money, considering the limited financial resources of the period, were expended in building the locks and canals of the Connecticut River. Those at Bellows Falls were valued in 1826 at \$70,000; those at Sumners Falls at \$12,500 and those at Olcotts Falls, now Wilder, at \$50,000. The ruins of the masonry on the New Hampshire side at the latter place are really impressive, see Illustration in Bacon's Connecticut River, p. 314. There the descent in one mile was thirty-six feet. At Sumners Falls where the descent was only twelve feet, mostly rapids, boats could run down, but not up, in the river. The canal at Bellows Falls was three quarters of a mile long and eighteen feet wide with seven locks providing for a lift of fifty feet. Dr. William Page of Charlestown, N. H., to whom with Lewis R. Morris of Springfield, Vt., the charter was granted, executed the work as civil engineer; but the money came from England, being so invested by Hodg-

son Atkinson, a wealthy Londoner, who never saw the works for he never crossed the ocean. The property remained in the Atkinson family for seventy-five years, until long after the canal had been diverted to power purposes.

In 1822 a charter was granted for a canal from New Haven to the Massachusetts line. This canal was built, and about 1830 or shortly thereafter extended to Northampton. During the progress of construction residents in the valley became divided into two factions; one which favored the improvement of the river, was known as the "Riverites," the other, which was for abandoning the river and building canals was known as the "Canalites." The latter seem to have gone mad. In 1829 a charter was granted by Vermont for a canal the length of the state, from Vernon to Barnet, thence to Lake Memphremagog. Not to be outdone New Hampshire, in the same year, chartered a company to build a canal from the Massachusetts line, at Hinsdale, to the mouth of Israel's River, at Lancaster. The rivalry between the "Riverites" and "Canalites" was strenuous, at times bitter. It doubtless had the effect of preventing the expenditure of much larger sums than would have been spent had the factions united, and thereby greatly reduced the inevitable loss. That a railway was not considered as a serious competitor may be gathered from a report made to The Connecticut River Company, in 1826, in which it was said: "We think the subject of a railway may be safely dismissed from consideration."

The upper practicable limit of navigation was Wells River, although some boats went up to Barnet. The up-trip from tide-water at Hartford to Wells River, took about twenty days; the return trip was sometimes made in five.

The industry of boat building grew to be an important one all along the upper-valley. An unknown commentator, writing of Windsor, Vt.

in 1792, states: "It is only six or seven years since the first boat was built at Windsor, and now business has increased to hundreds of tons, yearly." In Hartland, Vt., boat building was one of the principal industries. Timothy Dwight wrote: "When I was at Wells River (in October, 1812), there were fourteen boats at that landing, destined to this business," i. e., loading with potash and other products of the country to be carried down to Hartford.

The most prosperous period of upper river navigation began about 1790, reached its height about 1805, and gradually declined thereafter, owing to land competition over the turnpikes built from Claremont, White River and Bellows Falls to Boston; also to the increased stage and teaming facilities in the valley itself.

The Middlesex Canal from Boston to the Merrimack River was opened for traffic in 1803. In 1815 locks on the Merrimack were completed and freight carried, in flat boats, like those on the Connecticut, up to Concord without breaking bulk. From Concord it was teamed further inland. This in some measure competed with transportation on the Connecticut; but through cost by this route to points within twenty or twenty-five miles distant from the Connecticut was higher than by that river.

A survey for a canal from the mouth of the Contoocook, near Concord, along that river, Warner and Sugar Rivers, to the mouth of the Sugar was made in 1816. Eight years later a canal survey was made from the Pemigewasset to the Connecticut, at Haverhill.

The waters of the Connecticut were the first of all the waters of the world, to be churned by a paddle wheel turned by steam. It was the steamboat invented by Captain Samuel Morey that did this, one Sunday morning in the summer of 1793, at Orford.

Early in October, 1829, a notable event might have been witnessed from the river bank in Claremont—the passing of the first steamboat to go above Bellows Falls. The “Vermont,” a stern-wheeler, seventy-five feet long, fifteen feet beam, drawing only about a foot of water, on this trip carried nearly a hundred passengers. With stokers almost constantly feeding her fires with cord wood piled near the boiler, smoke streaming from her funnel, with stern wheel lifting the whitened water and sending it in billows far astern, with passengers and luggage crowded into the space otherwise unoccupied, with the stars and stripes straight out in the breeze, we see and cheer her as she passes by. She went up river as far as the locks at “Water-queeche,” and for a brief season carried passengers and freight between the landings from Bellows Falls to Windsor.

In the summer of 1830, the “John Ledyard,” named for our friend of earlier years, steamed from Springfield, Mass., up to Wells River, and made the return trip, but never came on the upper river again. The “David Porter,” built at Hartland, Vt., and named for the naval hero of the War of 1812, plied between Bellows Falls and Sumners Falls for a season or two in the thirties, but not with financial success. Afterwards the “William Holmes,” built at Bellows Falls and named for the first Englishman to sail on the river—1633—operated for one or two summers between Bellows Falls and Charlestown, with occasional trips to Windsor.

Long after the flat boats had disappeared, the railroad was built, in 1849, and put an end to all attempts

at steam navigation as a commercial enterprise on the upper river.

In the eighties, four or five pleasure sail boats owned in Claremont and Weathersfield, piloted by young men, raced north to Windsor or south to Charlestown, carrying astonishing spreads of canvas for craft so small. Since then, with the exception of an occasional motor boat or canoe, the river has remained deserted, save by the log drivers and the pulp logs floating down.

Late of an evening in the spring-time, before the world war, the writer pacing the deck of a Mediterranean steamer, was joined by an Englishman, who incidentally remarked that he had several times been in America, mostly at Bellows Falls. The recollection of what seemed years in the aggregate at that same place, waiting for trains—always late—led to the inquiry: “Why should an English traveler go to Bellows Falls to wait?” It developed that he bought paper and pasteboard to supply Europe and the East with cigarette boxes. “The paper of that box you bought in Egypt, and now hold in your hand, came from Bellows Falls.” The box, just emptied and about to be added to the flotsam of the Mediterranean, was returned to my pocket. It seemed like something from home.

(The principal authorities on the history of the river are: “The Connecticut River,” by Edwin M. Bacon. And “The Navigation of the Connecticut River,” by W. DeLoss Love, printed in *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, Vol. XV, New Series, page 385. The Bibliography accompanying Mr. Love’s article is especially valuable.)



THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 6

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

AUGUST—THE LAZY SPELL OF THE YEAR

"Spare the arm which turns the mill, O Miller, and sleep peacefully;
Let the cock warn you in vain that the day is waking,
Let all live the life of the elderly people and rejoice in idleness."—*Antiparos*.

The early weeks in August are the lazy spell of the year, the time for the delight of indolence. It is the time to practice the virtue of indolence, for indolence is a virtue, as is seen by the etymology of the word, it coming from two Latin words meaning freed from anxiety. It is a true instinct which sends a person on the first two weeks in August for his vacation, if he can have but two weeks in the year. Even in active New Hampshire the fathers felt the spell, and each year after the haying was done, families took their outings to the beach, to camp meetings and the like. The balm of June passed into the heat of July, and now ends with a season of dreamy days in early August. No wonder that Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle and the Romans, men who lived in a climate where the August spell is long, no wonder they had a contempt for manual toil, and that Antiparos wrote the words I quote above. Josh Billings reflected the same sentiment in his homely lines in his almanac, where he said:—

" 'Tis August: the roosters pant
As well as lizards,
And the oxen on the dusty roads,
Cant raise a trot to save their gizzards."

Wants are few these days, needs are simple. A bowl of cool milk and crackers is enough for any of the three meals of the day, and gives more satisfaction than a many course dinner at the big hotel. These are the days when Whitman and Thoreau are the prophets for all, for both were great apostles of idleness. Thoreau was a somewhat restless soul and was active even in loafing, but still he

would plant no more beans than it was a delight to hoe, "his hoe tinkling against the stones"; the rest of the day he would forget the world is a busy place and suck the sweetness from life. Whitman was a large, soft-bodied, leisurely moving man, who proceeded carelessly through life, enjoying every day and hour. These are the days when we all like to follow Whitman, to loaf and invite the soul.

In the true spirit of the season I am up here in my camp in the little pine-grove in the old Kensington pasture. I lie flat on the bed of brown pine-needles and enjoy the day-dreams that are a part of the spell of the August days. Everything is half asleep, even the trees, for the leaves hang listless; the world is half asleep in the August mid-day sun, when the warm floods of sunlight bathe everything in a hot spell. Even the mad, active chirrup of the insects gives way to the long-drawn chant of the locusts. The farmers feel the spell and we can not hear their cries from the hay-fields as we did three weeks ago; haying is nearly over and even the hard-working farmer lets down for a little in mid-day.

Summer has passed its meridian and we are on the downward slope, and Nature pauses to rest.

As evening hours come on we hear the rasp of the small New Hampshire katydid, imitating her bigger sister who lives in southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

August days, we salute you. The enchantment of out-door life now reaches a dreamy haze, where half awake, the world rests a bit before we enter the beautiful vale of September and October. During these days when the world pauses, what delicious comfort the shade of the wood-land gives, and the charm of rest becomes the greatest of charms.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE THOREAU

Probably the sage of Walden Pond has no truer disciple than Rev. Roland D. Sawyer of Ware, Mass., and Kensington, N. H.

Mr. Sawyer says, "Others admire Thoreau as a literary figure, I accept

living and as one of the few greater lovers of Nature. As an advocate of simpler habits and truer feeling for God's beautiful green world, Sawyer is a strong follower of Thoreau. Those who call upon Mr. Sawyer in the summer months find it hard to catch him with a pair of shoes on his feet, and in Boston where he has for six years been in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention, his garb of light clothing, low collar and sockless sandals has stamped him as at least one man who is individualistic in his dress.

Since 1907 Mr. Sawyer has spent his summers in his Mother-Earth Camp at Kensington, where he has a little clearing in the woodland, a Thoreau Cabin, a kitchen-shack, a rest-lodge for sleeping, and a group of tents. It is Mr. Sawyer's idea that those who love Nature are to be found in one or more of the three classes: viz., those who were reared in rural scenes; those of poetic temperament; those not physically robust, and in whom the love for Nature and outdoor life is Nature's effort to keep them alive. In the last group he thinks most of those are to be found whose love for Nature has become a rapture, and he cites such men as Pope, Heine, Stevenson, Jefferies, Fiona McLeod, and even Thoreau himself, for he says "had it not been for his active out-door life those narrow shoulders of Thoreau would have killed him ten years sooner."

Mr. Sawyer says of himself, "I catch a bit from all three groups; I was reared among the rural scenes, I have the poetic spirit, suffered a break-down in health at 18." Mr. Sawyer is intensely in love with his native state, and is contributing to the GRANITE MONTHLY a series of papers on "Through the Year in New Hampshire."

Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

him as a prophet of a saner manner of living." Mr. Sawyer's contribution to last year's centenary celebration was the publication of a brochure, which he limited to forty-four copies, one for each year that Thoreau lived. In that booklet Mr. Sawyer hails Thoreau as a prophet of simpler

EDITORIAL

The month of July, 1919, in New Hampshire, was filled with events of significant interest and importance, deserving consideration and comment. Our state was honored signally in having the National Association of Music Clubs meet at Peterboro, that beautiful country town where the memory of Edward MacDowell, America's greatest composer, has a living monument in the colony of creative art established and maintained by the devotion of his widow. At Crawford's, the centennial and the semi-centennial of epoch-marking events in White Mountain history was celebrated with appropriate exercises, described in an article in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Unique in plan and purpose and entirely successful in their realization, the School of Citizenship for women, conducted at the State College in Durham, attracted wide attention and made apparent the power and the possibilities of the new factor now to enter into our political problems. Interesting in themselves, important because of that for which they stood and provocative of wide differences of opinions were the visits to New Hampshire during the month of United States Senator Hiram Johnson of California, arch enemy of the League of Nations, and President De Valera of the projected Irish Republic. Not for many years has the nation's birthday, July 4, been so widely celebrated in New Hampshire as in 1919; the reason being that in Concord and many other places the observance of the holiday was com-

bined with a formal, but fervent, Welcome Home celebration for the soldiers and sailors returned from the great war. Typical of the time and a forerunner of the new day that is dawning was the return of one soldier son, Lieutenant Lester Morse, to his home town of Lancaster, flying an army airplane up the Connecticut river from Mineola, L. I. Others of the New Hampshire men who helped to save the world will be honored in connection with the exercises of the twentieth annual Old Home Week in the Granite State, beginning Saturday, August 16. Reports received at the headquarters in Concord of the state Old Home Week association indicate that the number of towns celebrating this unique festival of New Hampshire origin will be as large as usual this year and that the various programs will be full of interest. Town anniversaries which will be commemorated suitably during the Old Home month include the 225th of Kingston, the 200th of Londonderry (including Derry and Manchester), and the 150th of Brookline, Goshen and Surry. Church services will be held very generally on Old Home Sunday and family, school and neighborhood reunions are reported from several towns where there will be no general observance. New Hampshire, garbed in midsummer beauty, will have a whole-souled welcome for every returning son and daughter and will hope for their interest and counsel in the progress and the problems of their Old Home State.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Allen Chamberlain, who knows and loves the mountains of this section as do few other men, has given, of his knowledge and affection, for the benefit of those who would fain follow in his footsteps, a most interesting and useful little guidebook and handbook, which he calls "Vacation Trips in New England Highlands" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, \$1.25). How to hike, where to hike and what to see are told by this expert of high-way and trail in a way to tempt even the novice tramp out into the open air and up to the skyline. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont share the author's attention and the benefit of his maps and pictures, which are new and not duplicated elsewhere. Mr. Chamberlain writes in his Foreword: "If these pages can serve as a finger-board to indicate some of the 'wildernesses' of New England that await the foot-free rover, and the ease with which they may be reached and enjoyed, their object will have been attained." That they will do this and much more the popularity already achieved by the little book amply attests.

It is an interesting coincidence that what may be called the "personality" of a New England farmhouse should make an almost simultaneous appeal to the creative instinct of two writers of fiction in neighboring states, the result being embodied by Frances Parkinson Keyes of New Hampshire in "The Old Gray Homestead" and by Zephine Humphrey of Vermont in "The Homestead." (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, \$1.90.) The latter story is subjective in mood as opposed to the objective viewpoint taken by Mrs. Keyes, so that comparative criticism of the two novels would hardly be possible, if it were desirable. Miss Humphrey's heroine is dominated by her Homestead in a way which constitutes a curious and interesting study in heredity, while, as will be

remembered, the central figure in Mrs. Keyes's story herself thoroughly and delightfully dominated "The Old Gray Homestead." Some of Miss Humphrey's characters are familiar New England types, but more of them are the unusual offspring which now and then flower from the Yankee stock and it is their varied reactions from their Vermont valley environment which make the complications of a pleasant love story.

Four neatly gotten up books of poetry by natives or residents of New Hampshire are published by the Cornhill Company, Boston, at \$1.25 each. "Rhymes Grave and Gay," by Carolyn and Gordon Hillman, mother and son, roams the world for its subjects and sings them all with true poesy. For instance, this one of Pasquaney Lake:

The lake is molten silver,
The hills are gnomes of jet,
The moon a ball of ivory
Caught in the sky's blue net.

The trees are dimly dappled,
The roads are dusky ways,
Flares of scarlet leap on high
From an island camp-fire's blaze.

Miss E. Marie Sinclair's "Dream Dust" is largely, though not entirely, the versification of the emotions, particularly the fervent ones. The final "Song" in the book is typical:

You are so wondrous in mine eyes
All life is glad. I ne'er will tire
Of all my dreams that fold you close
And keep my heart a singing lyre.

At twilight, dreams have power to bring
You close. I feel your lips on mine,
And hear your dear voice whispering
Till life and earth are turned divine.

You are so perfect in mine eyes
That in them you could do no wrong,
And though the world outside be sad
Within my heart you are the song.

Very different from the pleasant poems and songs of sentiment contained in these two books are the vigorous, unconventional, sometimes

mordant and always strong "Rediscoveries" of Richard D. Ware of Amherst. In a word of introduction Mr. Ware says that the world war is to be followed by "the greatest hunt for truth that ever the world saw," and his verses here collected are intended as contributions towards it. Pacifism, Prohibition, Suffragism are among his topics.

"Man o' War Rhymes" are by Dr. Burt Franklin Jenness, native of Pittsfield and retired officer of the United States Navy. The salt of the sea and the mud of the trenches,

tragedy and comedy, the call of the waves and the lure of far off lands, experiences gathered in service the world around, are in Doctor Jenness's verses. Listen to this advice to "The Rookie":

When you are a rookie, an' most o' the crew
Are natcherly makin' a goat out o' you;
The ship is unsteady—an' you are too sick
To turn to an' swing up your bloomin' ham-

mick—
Jest break out a blanket an' roll up on deck—
Don't mind if some lubber does step on your
neck—

You've joined the outfit, so show 'em your
grit;

Buck up an' be happy—you're doin' your bit.

THE SWING WITHIN THE GROVE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

We've dreamed of the old oaken bucket,
Of our home dearly loved on the hill;
We've dreamed of the red little schoolhouse
Near a murmuring, musical rill,
And sometimes mid memory's musings,
When afar from our birthplace we rove,
We dream, fondly dream just at gloaming
Of that swing which once swung in the grove.

Once more we are seated within it,
And once more we fly fleet as the wind,
A moment of fear and of rapture,
And each playmate is left far behind;
Now high and now low 'neath the branches,
Like on pinions we rise and recede,
And earth seems to transform her nature,
Gliding by us with wonderful speed.

Then back to the earth and her quiet,
With our faces and hearts all aglow,
With creaking of rope high above us
And the voices of playmates below;
The "old cat dies slowly"—we linger—
We are loath from our seat to descend;
Alas! Like life's dreamland before us,
Fate ordains that most pleasures must end.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SILAS M. DINSMOOR, M. D.

Dr. Silas Murray Dinsmoor, a well-known physician of Keene for the past thirty-nine years and, for twenty years previous a practicing physician in other towns in this state, died at his home, 21 Summer street, Keene, May 14.

He was born in Antrim, June 22, 1836, the son of Silas and Clarissa (Copeland) Dinsmoor. After attending schools and academies at Washington and Marlow he taught or two years at Sullivan. He attended the

Society since 1869. He was also a member of the American Medical Association. He was a member of the pension board for a time and a member of the Elliot Hospital Staff. For many years he served as a member of the school board of the Union School District.

He leaves one son, Dr. Frank M. Dinsmoor of Keene; and one sister, Mrs. Virgil A. Wright.

Doctor Dinsmoor's long and useful life was distinguished by a successful devotion to the ideals and the practice of his profession, which he has bequeathed in full measure to his son.

The Late Dr. Silas M. Dinsmoor

medical school at the University of Vermont, later going to Columbia Medical College at Washington, D. C., receiving his degree in 1860. He commenced practice at Antrim, his native place, and there and at East Washington and Frankestown he spent twenty years. He went to Keene in 1880, and until recently had been in active practice there.

He married Georgianna Carey, September 10, 1862, at Lempster. She died in July, 1917. He was a member of Social Friends Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Asteria Chapter, O. E. S., the Cheshire County Medical Society and the New Hampshire Medical

At the same time he was a good citizen, solicitous for the best interests of the community of which he was for so many years a respected resident.

JOHN D. BRIDGMAN

John Downer Bridgman, born in Hanover, July 9, 1834, the son of Daniel and Harmony (Downer) Bridgman, died in Lebanon, June 21, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Carrie L. Hapgood. A son, Charles B. Bridgman, of Lake Placid, N. Y., also survives him. Mr. Bridgman graduated from Dartmouth Col-

lege in 1856 and was admitted to the New Hampshire Bar in 1859. He spent a few years in Mobile, Alabama, and Chicago, but for more than half a century had resided at Hanover, where he was a member of the Masonic Lodge and a well-known and respected citizen.

WILLIAM P. CARLETON

William P. Carleton, prominent manufacturer of Keene, died of apoplexy on June 17 while on a fishing trip in Richmond. He was born in Winchester, September 10, 1847, the son of Parmely and Hannah (Gale) Carleton, and attended the school there. At the age of 21 he came to Keene and began a successful business career, principally devoted to the manufacture of chairs. He served in the city government three years as councilman and two years as alderman; was a trustee of the First Congregational Church and formerly superintendent of its Sunday school. Mr. Carleton was a lover of nature and the out of doors and the rose garden at his home in Keene was one of the sights of the city. He married, May 7, 1896, Lizzie M. Converse, by whom he is survived.

FRED W. FARNSWORTH

Fred Winslow Farnsworth, born in Milford November 8, 1854, died in Mount Vernon, N. Y., June 24. He graduated in 1877 from Dartmouth College, where he was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. He taught for twelve years in Red Wing, Minn., and then for twenty years was in business at Milford. For the last ten years he had been with the Underwriters' Salvage Company in New York. June 9, 1885, he married Emile H. Herschler of Red Wing, who, with five children, survives him. Mr. Farnsworth was a Mason and prominent in educational and church work during his residence in Milford.

EDWARD M. LANCASTER

Edward Moulton Lancaster, born in Hill, March 29, 1832, the son of Dr. Josiah and Martha (Leighton) Lancaster, died at Roxbury, Mass., June 13. He was a student at Dartmouth College in 1855 and 1856 and then for half a century was a successful teacher at Roxbury. He was the author of a "History of England" for school use.

JOSEPH W. BUTTERFIELD

Joseph Warren Butterfield, veteran educator, was born August 9, 1853, in Westmoreland, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butterfield. He attended schools at Chesterfield, the New Hampshire Agricultural College, then at Hanover, and the Randolph, Vt., Normal School. His life work was that of a teacher and superintendent at Plainfield, Westminster and East Montpelier, Vt.; and at the time of his death, June 25, he was

superintendent of schools for the northeast division of Washington County, Vermont. Mr. Butterfield was prominent in Good Templar work and was also a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Congregational Church. He married, in 1880, Ruth Hollister, by whom he is survived, with one daughter, Mrs. H. J. Conant of North Montpelier, Vt.

ALBERT E. RICHARDSON

Albert E. Richardson, born in Orford, May 15, 1844, the son of William M. and Lucy (Cook) Richardson, died June 17 in Burlington, Vt. December 25, 1866, he married Frances Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Webb, of Lisbon, who died in 1910. Their son, Frederick A. Richardson, survives his parents. In the early seventies, Mr. Richardson became a partner in the wholesale drug house at Burlington, which was afterwards the Wells & Richardson Company, of which he was for many years the manager and rated as a millionaire. Since 1906 Mr. Richardson had been in poor health and had suffered financial reverses.

GEORGE W. C. NOBLE

George Washington Copp Noble, founder of the Noble and Greenough School, Boston, died in Cambridge, Mass., in June. He was born in Somersworth, November 1, 1836, the son of Colonel Mark Noble, and was educated at Phillips Exeter and Harvard. In 1865 he founded the famous school which bears his name and of which he was principal emeritus at the time of his death. He was for twelve years an overseer of Harvard and was one of the original members of the St. Botolph Club.

MORTIER L. MORRISON

Mortier Lafayette Morrison was born in Peterborough, July 2, 1836, the son of Abraham Perkins and Mary (Robbe) Morrison, and died in the same town, of which he had been a lifelong resident, May 1. He served in the Civil War as quartermaster of the 13th N. H. Volunteer Infantry, succeeding in that position the late Governor Person C. Cheney. After the war he managed his father's paper mill until its destruction by fire. He then became treasurer of the Peterborough Savings Bank and so continued until his death. For twenty-five years he was town moderator, three years selectman, three times a member of the Legislature, member of the Governor's council in 1885-6 and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918. He was a member of the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion, and a 32nd degree Mason, and held membership, also, in the Odd Fellows, Patrons of Husbandry, Peterborough Historical Society, Wonolancet Club of Concord, and the Unitarian Church. A daughter, Mrs. Alice Tucker, of East Jaffrey, is his sole survivor.

JAMES E. FRENCH

James Edward French, one of the men of longest and most potent legislative service in the political history of New Hampshire, was born at Melvin Village in the town of Tuftonboro, February 27, 1845, the son of James and Evaline A. (Moulton) French, and died at his summer home on Welch Island in Lake Winnipiseogee, Saturday, July 12, after an illness of some months.

When Mr. French was six years old, his parents removed to Moultonboro, and there he

14 Legislatures as a member of the House of Representatives and in 1887 as state senator.

He had been continuously a member of the House since 1897, holding most of that time the important committee chairmanships of Railroads, first, and then of Appropriations. In the latter capacity his ability and firmness saved the state hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. French was a Republican in politics and had so far converted his fellow townsmen to the same faith that at the polls in 1918 he himself was reflected unanimously and the

The Late James E. French

has ever since resided, being engaged in the mercantile business until 1884, when he retired. He was educated in the public schools and at Tilton Seminary.

Mr. French held the office of moderator of Moultonboro from 1879 continuously until his death and was also town treasurer for many years and postmaster. From 1879 to 1883 he was state railroad commissioner; from 1889 to 1893, United States collector of internal revenue; and in 1915-17 a member of the board of trustees of state institutions. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Conventions of 1912 and 1918 and had served in

vote for governor was Republican, 217, Democratic, 13.

Mr. French had the title of colonel from service on a Governor's staff. He attended the Methodist Church; was a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Patrons of Husbandry; and was a director of the Pemigewasset Railroad. He married July 2, 1867, Martha E. Hill of Somersworth, who died May 7, 1907; and March 15, 1914, Martha A. Hersom of Somersworth, by whom he is survived, together with one brother, Hon. George B. French of Nashua, and one sister, Mrs. S. M. Estes of Meredith.

GEN. JOSEPH M. CLOUGH

Gen. Joseph Messer Clough died May 7, at his home in New London. He was born in Sunapee, June 15, 1828, the son of Hugh B., and Hannah Messer Clough. His education was secured in the common schools of that town and at Norwich University, Northfield, Vt. After residing for a few years in Enfield, Manchester and Lowell, he removed in 1857 to New London, where he had since made his home. His fondness for military life was early manifested. He was military instructor at Colby Academy, New London, and commanded the City Guard at Manchester and was a member of the City Guard at Lowell which was commanded by Benjamin F. Butler. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Volunteers and was later appointed lieutenant of Co. H. He re-enlisted in the Fourth Regiment and was promoted to captain. Although twice wounded, in a St. Petersburg mine explosion, and again at Fort Stedman, March 29, 1865, he continued in active service until mustered out July 29, 1865, after which he was brevetted brigadier general for brave and gallant service. From 1877 to 1884 he was a brigadier general in the New Hampshire militia and in April, 1909, Governor Quinby appointed him a major general. General Clough was interested in all that pertained to the political and economic welfare of his state. He represented the town of New London in the Legislature in 1866 and 1897 and in 1881-2 represented his district in the State Senate. He was a member of the Patrons of Husbandry and a Mason. The general leaves a widow, a step-daughter, Mrs. Minnie Burleigh, Boston and one son, Dr. William P. Clough, recently with the A. E. F. in France.

GEORGE D. HUNTLEY

George Dana Huntley of Concord, who was called from earth so suddenly on Sunday morning, June 29, at his summer home in Bow, was born in Topsham, Vt., May 19, 1850, the oldest son of Augustus Dana, and Mehitabel Jane (Perkins) Huntley, being one of ten children, of whom five are now living. His father was a native of Topsham, and his mother of Grantham, N. H. Mr. Huntley possessed a very cheerful disposition, and his boyhood days were happy ones. As he neared manhood he did whatever his hands found to do, and in March, 1871, came to Concord, to make his fortune. With thirty-five cents in his pocket, he soon found employment in handling horses, in which he excelled,

and later entered the employ of the Concord Railroad, as a carpenter. But his talent was for carriage making, and without special training he engaged in that business becoming an expert in building and repairing. He was associated in business for a time with the late Curtis White, and later the firm was known as Huntley & McDonald. For more than twenty years the Huntley carriage shop, on South Main street, did a paying business and there he made a large acquaintance, not

George D. Huntley

only in New Hampshire but also in Massachusetts and Vermont. His efficiency won for him a host of friends who found his word as good as his bond, and who now mourn the loss of a faithful friend. He retired from business August 1, 1914. Then he became much interested in farming to which he devoted each summer, up to the last day he lived, being very successful along that line. He was a member of Rumford Lodge No. 46, I. O. O. F., Tahanto Encampment, and Canton Wildey No. 1, which gave him the full Canton burial on July 2. On January 1, 1879, he married Sarah J., daughter of Barauch, and Sarah Biddle of Concord. One son, and twin daughters, born to them, died in early infancy. Mrs. Huntley died December 21, 1907. January 1, 1910, Carrie M. Farmer of Bow became his wife, and survives him.

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SEPTEMBER, 1919

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Dam is 97½ feet long; water 14 feet deep on dam at flood stages

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 9

WATER POWER AND WATER CONSERVATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By George B. Leighton

Most people in New Hampshire are familiar in a general way with the number of mills and industries along the rivers of the state. These are more or less operated by water power. Our people know that at certain times of the year the streams have little water and at other times floods prevail. During flood time much water passes over the dams. It has probably occurred to many that "the water that goes over the dam does no work." This fact some years ago led me to interest myself in the general condition throughout the state of high and low rivers and the consequent economic effect. In 1917 the Legislature passed a bill (No. 256) which empowered the governor to appoint a commission to investigate the possibilities for the conservation and better utilization of water power in the state. The commission so appointed was empowered to appoint engineering assistance and enter into a cooperative agreement with the United States Geological Survey for the purpose of making this investigation. Having been largely instrumental in the framing of this bill I was honored with the appointment of commissioner by Governor Keyes. A report was rendered in accordance with the bill at the last session of the Legislature January, 1919. The editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY has requested me to tell something of this work to its readers; for the report itself is necessarily somewhat techni-

cal and provision was not made for printing sufficient copies for general circulation throughout the state.

Soon after receiving the appointment a cooperative arrangement was made with the United States Geological Survey for a joint investigation and assistance, especially in field work. This work particularly was in charge of Mr. C. H. Pierce, district engineer for the Water Resources Branch of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Pierce having had several years experience in studying water resources in other New England states was able to plan the investigation and field work and save both time and expense.

Natural resources are not particularly abundant in New Hampshire and it is of the utmost importance that a better understanding should be had of the water power resources. We have practically no mineral resources; the other natural resource of importance being that of forestry and there is an intimate relation between forestry and water conservation.

The purpose of the act of Legislature was to study the question of water storage in addition to power development. The report submitted to the last Legislature touched upon water storage and it seemed to be wise to the Legislature to continue the work of the commission and prepare a report for the next Legislature, that of January 1, 1921, which will be more particularly on the water power

development. It was necessary to make a fairly complete examination of the topography of the state and examine valleys, ponds and lakes with a view of ascertaining the feasibility of storage reservoirs. Every town in the state with the exception of a few in the northern part whose topography was known has been visited and its streams studied. Upwards of one hundred locations in the state were found where flood water may be retained. Year by year cost of manufacturing in New Hampshire has increased and, therefore, it is of prime importance to see if some economy cannot be effected. Nearly all of the larger water powers are obliged to have auxiliary steam power at certain times of the year; that is, at the time when the rivers are low. Steam power has increased in cost owing to the increased cost of coal. From the report of the Massachusetts Commission of Water Ways for 1918 one learns in Massachusetts that mills operate on the average of 54 hours per week or 8 to 10 hours per day, which is only 32 per cent of total time. Therefore, unless storage is provided 68 per cent of the water running down stream is wasted. Much the same condition prevails in New Hampshire.

A word about the topography of the state. Those who have travelled about New Hampshire know that the northern part is quite mountainous; that lesser hills cover the central part of the state, tapering to lower hills in Rockingham County. The total area of the state is about nine thousand square miles, about one half of which is forest clad. Two rivers with their tributaries drain practically the whole state—the Connecticut on the west and the Merrimack in the central part of the state. The Androscoggin and the Saco flow into Maine in the northeast section of the state and further south smaller rivers are found, such as the Salmon Falls and Cocheco. The dividing line between the Merrimack and the Connecticut River watershed

is on high hills, in several places 2,000 feet in elevation, in a general way parallel to and about thirty miles east of the Connecticut River. In the central and southern part of the state we have a considerable area of lakes and ponds in this respect New Hampshire is quite different from Vermont. The rocks in New Hampshire are largely crystalline, while those in Vermont are largely sedimentary. New Hampshire rivers are, therefore, not able to cut channels in the harder rocks as the rivers do in Vermont where the valleys often take the form of what are called canyons in the west. These natural lakes and ponds were basins under the glacier which undoubtedly at one time covered the state to the depth of several miles, and many of them are at the headwaters of our rivers, so they can furnish excellent storage of water by means of inexpensive dams. The aggregate amount of storage if all are developed will be very large. The Connecticut and Merrimack leave the confines of the state before entering the sea and are of important value as power producers to industries in Massachusetts. This fact should be borne in mind as indicating the necessity of coöperation either with the state of Massachusetts directly or with its industries. Several conferences have been held with the Massachusetts Commission on Water Ways with a view of closer relation but the Massachusetts Legislature has so far been rather indisposed to follow the commission. However, several of the Massachusetts power companies are desirous themselves of coöperating.

Rivers, of course, receive their water from rain and snow fall. In New Hampshire the average rainfall is about 40 inches. It is greater near the coast and it varies from year to year. The lowest recorded rainfall in the state was that at Hanover in 1871, 22.69 inches, and the heaviest was 121.13 on Mt. Washington in 1881. There is monthly variation in rainfall and consequently in the

amount of rain that passes down the river. The melting snows of spring cause floods and the drouth of summer or absence of rainfall causes low rivers. The percentage of rain that reached the river varies materially with the river. If the headwaters of

rainfall passing down the Connecticut River is about 50 per cent.

In the study of water power and water storage it is necessary to know with considerable accuracy the amount of water flowing down the river. This is known as stream gaging. We

Gaging Station on Souhegan River at Merrimack

the river are forest clad the water is slower in reaching the river in comparison with the valley which is unfor-ested. Forest cover thus retards the rainfall, so does agricultural land. On the Connecticut River, as shown by Mr. Pierce in observations in Vermont, the average percentage of

have established stream gaging stations at eleven places in the state, and in a further study which we are now making we have increased this number. As it is necessary that records should be taken daily or frequently those interested in mills have in a number of cases assumed a por-

tion of the cost in making these records.

One should remember that by means of electricity water power can be utilized in a way which was not possible in the past. Formerly a mill was of necessity operated by shafting directly from the water wheel but now electric power may be generated at other places on the river and conveyed to the mill. There is an interesting illustration of this on the Winooski River in Vermont, where

Mr. Pierce, at my suggestion, made an effort to find a locality in the state where a dam could be built which would hold back a lake of several square miles in area but no such location has been found, although the Webster Basin occupies some 7 miles and the Suncook Ponds would cover 4 square miles if these storage resources were fully developed. The largest amount of storage in the state to be obtained in any one locality is, of course, the region of Lake Winnepe-

High Water on Pemigewasset River at Bristol, April 16, 1895

eight plants with some 7,500 horsepower are brought together. In the southwest portion of our state in Hinsdale there is a power plant which is connected electrically with the Readsboro plant on the Deerfield River in Vermont. These plants generate electricity for distributing power through southern New Hampshire and Massachusetts even as far as Providence, Rhode Island.

saukee. I quote from the report in regard to it:

Lake Winnepesaukee, which lies in practically the geographical center of New Hampshire in Carroll and Belknap counties, is the most important storage reservoir and feeder of the Merrimack River. The gross drainage area above the dam at Lakeport is 360 square miles, and about one-fourth of this area is covered by Winnepesaukee and the numerous smaller lakes and ponds which drain into Winnepesaukee. At the dam below Sanbornton Bay, East Tilton, the gross drainage

area has increased to 418 square miles, and at the mouth of Winnepesaukee River it is 475 square miles. The net area of water surface of Lake Winnepesaukee, including the numerous bays and inlets, above the Lakeport dam, is about two billion square feet, or nearly 71.9 square miles. With the present allowable draft of 44 inches, the storage capacity is about seven billion cubic feet.

Records of lake elevation are available since 1870, and from these records it appears that the storage capacity has been inadequate and water wasted during the spring months in 33 of the 49 years. While the records are not complete enough during this whole period to permit of a definite estimate of the amount of waste obtaining in different years, yet the

feet of head. The use of an additional one billion cubic feet of water at this head would represent an increased power of 5,433,000 horsepower-hours each year. Its use at power developments on the Merrimack River would represent an increase of 2,868,000 horsepower-hours at plants above the New Hampshire-Massachusetts line, and 1,711,000 horsepower-hours in Massachusetts, or a total of over 10 million horsepower-hours. The equivalent coal saving would be represented by 5,500 tons on the Winnepesaukee; by 2,900 tons on the Merrimack in New Hampshire; and by 1,700 tons in Massachusetts; a total of 10,100 tons a year.

To secure this additional storage it would only be necessary to raise the allowable lake

Low Water at Ayers Island Power Site on Pemigewasset River above Bristol

more complete records of later years and the gage heights of earlier years would seem to indicate that the waste has averaged two billion cubic feet, considering only those years when there was waste. If additional storage capacity were available in Lake Winnepesaukee so that storage could be carried over from a wet to a dry year, it would seem conservative to estimate that one billion cubic feet of storage could be added to the present storage every year.

There has been developed on the Winnepesaukee River, between the Lakeport dam and its confluence with the Pemigewasset, 216

level 6 inches, that is, to 50 inches instead of 44 inches, and possibly modify the restrictions in regard to amount of drawdown. The construction cost would be insignificant, as it would involve no change to existing structures, except to provide against wasting over the dam. The damages to any property around the lake would be practically negligible; the water standing 6 inches higher at some boat landings during the early spring would not be noticeable by July or August.

There is a storage possibility at Keene of considerable magnitude but a

majority of storage sites discussed are of moderate capacity for the aggregate storage possible for each. As to water power sites the commission will have more to say in this coming report. On the Connecticut there are three important sites from which it is estimated over 345 million horsepower-hours can be secured. On the Merrimack and its tributaries there are 9 water power sites capable of developing approximately 145 million horsepower-hours.

Water conservation or storage is not a new subject. For some years several of the states have devoted much study and passed some legislation. In New York state under Governor Hughes the work began. Detailed plans and estimates have been prepared for storage systems. The idea there is that of dividing the state into river districts and issuing bonds for the necessary funds. While this plan is no doubt preferable in a large state like New York it is questionable whether it is wisest in a state of the size of New Hampshire. In Pennsylvania there is a commission with extensive powers but the work has only been lately undertaken. Much the same may be said in regard to Oregon. In Maine storage systems have been developed by private companies on the Penobscot, Androscoggin, Kennebec and some other rivers. Considerable storage has been developed at Moosehead and Sebago lakes. In Maine at the chief rivers the conditions are that the power users are financially strong so that with coöperation among themselves through a system or company they have been able to do this work. The small users on this river have profited without participation in the expense, as no authority was given for collecting tolls or making assessments. In New Hampshire at Berlin the mills have joined in this organization. Mr. Walter H. Sawyer, who has been engineer for the Androscoggin development, very kindly submitted an account of this work which was pub-

lished in the report, and he calls attention to the fact that in New Hampshire some 40,000 additional horsepower could be developed. Wisconsin has probably progressed further than any other state in developing water storage on the Wisconsin River. A company organized under the laws of the state controls but does not profit directly, but under corporate authority from the state certain rights are given which could not otherwise be secured.

It has been my observation in matters of this nature that often times legislation was ineffective on account of legal difficulties. In order that New Hampshire might profit by the opinion of those qualified to discuss this phase of the question a leading firm of lawyers in Boston who are counsel for some of the larger water power, Messrs. Davis, Peabody and Brown, and Hon. Allen Hollis of our state were asked to submit their views on matters which should be considered in legislative action. In controlling river flow vested rights must be recognized and protected but mere obstruction must not be permitted.

The report submitted to the last Legislature had for its object the presentation of the problem of water storage from all possible aspects so that Legislature and future Legislatures might determine whether the problem was worthy of development and they might be guided in legislative action. At the present time the commission has received so many indications of interest and approval of the work done that its only question seems to be that of method, development of water storage and power. It should be borne in mind that this question does not affect mill owners alone but all the people of the state through the generation of electricity. Previously I have indicated how electricity from various power plants may be brought to one mill but electricity is not alone used for power, it is now becoming of value and importance for domestic pur-

poses. Electric lighting has been general for a number of years but it is now entering the field of domestic housework, such as cooking, and for the heating of small rooms. Not only will our people have added convenience of living but if a complete storage system of water on our rivers can be accomplished it will be a means of saving approximately 200,000 tons of coal per year to mills and citizens of New Hampshire, and one half as much again to power users in Massachusetts on the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers. Recently the price of this coal has exceeded \$5, but computing it on a basis of \$4 at point of consumption, it may be said that there would be a saving to the people of more than one million dollars a year.

As the benefits which will be derived from developing our water power will inure to the benefit of a large portion of our citizens it is obvious that the state directly or indirectly should take a leading part in this work. Experience of other states confirms this. It may be that a mill organization on certain streams such as in Maine may be possible but this does not seem to be likely on the Merrimack or Connecticut rivers. As a whole New Hampshire being a small state with limited income is not in a position to create commissions of adequate personnel and means to carry out many kinds of work as is done in larger states. It is my recommendation that our Public Service Commission be in some way empowered to be an agency through which it may be done.

It requires money to save money; it requires money to build dams. The problem is how to find that money; how to expend it wisely and how to secure the revenue from the beneficiaries so that it will at least be self-sustained. It is not at all impractical

to base the benefits of water conservation on the amount of coal saved to water power users providing that by river regulation they can reduce materially if not entirely the consumption of coal. This problem is somewhat technical but it has been very carefully worked out and believed to be practical. However, subsequent study may find a better system. As indicated in some instances, the power owners themselves may cooperate and distribute the costs and benefits among themselves. In this connection again it is only right and reasonable that Massachusetts industries should participate in the cost if they are to receive benefits by improving control of water flowing.

Several bodies and organizations within our state have manifested their great interest during the preparation of the report. Particular mention may be made of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, which has a committee on water conservation, and of the various local boards of trade. The subject must now be considered by all citizens in order to produce results. The commissioner and Mr. Pierce feel very proud in having made the investigation considerably below the amount of money appropriated for the purpose, and being able to turn back into the treasury about 25 per cent. It is to be hoped that the summary of our findings which I have endeavored to express in as slightly technical language as possible will arouse added interest in this matter so important to New Hampshire. How better can we understand the importance of river control than in quoting the words of Gibbon, who in speaking of the floods of the Tiber in Rome says: "The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature."

HISTORIC HOMES OF CANTERBURY

A DESERTED HOMESTEAD

By Alida Cogswell True

There's a quaint old rambling homestead,
'Cross the road from an ancient mill;
The front door's closed from idle gaze,
But the side door opes at will.

It was dusk as we passed the rose hedge,
Clambering high above the sill;
The elms whispered no word of welcome,
All else beside was still.

By the flickering light of the lantern gleam
We peered each hidden charm,
Breathless at times—in "make-believe"—
We fancied some ghostly harm.

Each room bespoke some romance old,
And with emotion akin to fear
We imagined the fireplace and chimney-nook
Yet held tales we longed to hear.

Long ago when the house was building
Great looms were there installed,
And those silent beams of industry
Held our interest enchanted—enthralled.

Oh—the charm of the closets and attic!
The creak of each ancient board,
The wealth of antique treasure
Such as a miser might hoard.

A trunk was found—lined with paper
Bearing date—Eighteen Hundred Three
With S'S formed like F'S of today
To modern eyes—a mystery.

The candle molds! the lanterns queer!
The knapsack hung o'er beams!
And just beyond—an army coat—
Material for many dreams.

Dreams of that desperate conflict—
O what tales that garment could tell,
Of joy, perhaps—of hopes unfulfilled,
For we read that the soldier fell.

Perchance he returned to the homestead
To hear again the brook,
To listen once more to the whippoorwill,
To take a last fond look.

And we picture a lonely maiden
With eyes so soft and brown
Looking with longing up the road,
The road that leads to town.

For has she not heard that her lover
Is being brought home to die?
Back to the scenes of his boyhood
The place where he fain would lie.

* * * * *

Rather would we think that the soldier
Returns to his lady fair—
That a bridal party assembles
Near the winding stair.

So we'll dream that we see the maiden
Pass down to meet the groom—
For the march to the northeast parlor
That charming—historic room.

Many stories have been related
Of this mansion of olden time:
We see the rose hedge—the winding stair—
But the maiden and soldier—where?

These romantic legends of days gone by
Find response in the hearts of today;
A solemnly sweet benediction comes
As our tribute we lovingly pay.

To the patriot soldier of long ago,
To the maid with sweet brown eyes,
To the home, rose-crowned; with trees bent low—
And a memory that never dies.

Penacook, N. H.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Frank S. Streeter

A joint conference or get-together meeting of all school superintendents and members of school boards, with the State Board of Education, the Commissioner and other officers of that organization, will be held at the state house in Concord during the month of October, where it is proposed to have a full and absolutely frank discussion and scrutiny of the plans and policies of the board in carrying out the high purposes of the Legislature in passing the educational bill of 1919 and of the great majority of our citizens who gave such generous and hearty support.

The act, on its face, vests very broad, general powers in the State Board, but the board believes that the greatest value and usefulness of these powers rests in the fact that they will enable the board, with its official organization and with the coöperation of our superintendents, effectively to aid and stimulate local school boards to create better schools in every town and school district in the State.

By the enactment of the law, the citizens of New Hampshire, regardless of their individual political or religious views, have emphatically expressed their desire to provide the best possible public school system for all the children of the state.

These desires can be most certainly realized only in one way and that is by the active and sympathetic working coöperation of five separate groups, viz.:

(1) The State Board of Education with its official organization.

(2) The sixty-nine superintendents and assistant superintendents.

(3) The members of the local school boards, of two hundred and fifty-six districts.

(4) The three thousand public school teachers. (Six hundred secondary, about 2,400 elementary.)

(5) The parents, guardians, and friends of the sixty-two thousand children of school age who are required to attend the public schools.

(I do not overlook the seventeen or eighteen thousand children attending the Parochial and private schools in whose educational development the state has the same interest as in those attending the public schools.)

Each of these groups is chargeable with large individual responsibility for success or failure under the new law.

If each of these five groups can realize their individual responsibility, and, inspired by a common purpose, unite their efforts to better our public school system, the successful accomplishment of that purpose will be assured.

We feel that voluntary initiative and administrative efficiency of the local school boards throughout the state is of the highest importance, and this board will lend all possible encouragement to such initiative and efficiency.

We believe that the local boards should establish their own independent organization and create a standing committee consisting of one from each county (probably two from some of the larger counties) of their most efficient and public-spirited members, and that the closest and most intimate relations, for educational purposes, should be established and maintained between the State Board and such committee representing the entire body of local school boards. The details of such an organization, its purposes, and the best methods of uniting the efforts of the local school boards with those of the State Board and its official organization for the successful realization of their common purpose will be fully discussed, considered, and acted upon at the proposed October meeting in Concord.

THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Left to right: Frank S. Streeter, chairman; Ralph D. Paine, Thomas W. Fry, Wilfred J. Leonard, John C. Hutchins

Among the questions which press for solution are:

1. With reference to an adequate supply of competent teachers for both secondary and elementary schools.

We may as well consider the situation as it exists.

The following recent statement by Dean Briggs of Harvard seems to be warranted by the actual facts:

"Though it has long been true, that the teaching profession has not attracted so large a number of the ablest people as for our children's sake we should wish, the chance of attracting a sufficient number of people such as we should like to see in the profession grows ever less, considerably less, than in the past. When work which takes much less time for training, much less time to prepare, brings a much larger financial reward, even when the difference between the working hours of a teacher and those of other callings is much less than it used to be, I think you will see why there is a good deal to frighten people out of the profession."

This question must be considered not by the State Board alone but by every school board and superintendent in the state and by all good citizens who are interested in the efficient maintenance of our public schools.

2. What steps is the State Board justified in taking to satisfy the provision of the law with reference to the care of health and physical welfare of school children?

We have taken certain steps and elected a very competent person as supervisor. Plans are now being perfected which will be put into operation at the beginning of the school year. The questions are: Have we done enough? What more shall we do?

There are other important questions to be considered at that meeting.

The board has fixed the minimum salary of a superintendent at \$2,000 per year not with any intention of paying this sum to a \$1,400 man, but because the state does not wish or intend to employ or keep for this highly important work any superintendent whose services are worth less than \$2,000. Every superintendent is given the opportunity to make his position as secure and valuable to himself as his ability, energy, and ambition will permit, and he may safely rely on the State Board for encouragement and for its knowledge and approval of meritorious work.

We believe that one of the most essential factors in the doing of successful work by a superintendent is his ability to establish warm, friendly, and mutually coöperative relations with the members of the school boards in his district and with citizens specially interested in the progressive betterment of the schools.

THE TOWER, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

THE TOWER

By Perley R. Bugbee

Only a stump remains of the Old Pine,
A target of lightning storms, and time.
Erected on a rock, to perpetuate its glory,
There's a Tower in the Park, near the Observatory.
Money of eleven classes, and labor by the hour,
Raised a strong and an attractive tower.

It was one of President Bartlett's dreams,
Fulfilled by classes eighty-five to ninety-five's means.
The tower is builded of rock called hornblende schist,
A material more lasting than the tree that's missed;
While only seventy-five feet in height
From its top there's a panoramic sight.

The students with their visitors seek
Its canopied top, during Carnival week;
On Prom. mornings, as the sun tints the skies,
They climb the winding steps to see the sun rise;
Its popularity never seems to wane,
For at Commencement they visit it again.

Both old and young climb its steps
To view near and far, fair nature's depths;
Beyond the river, are Vermont's green hills,
While their quiet beauty, man with rapture fills;
The decades roll on, and memories increase,
As Class after Class, smokes its pipe of peace.

Over the treetops it greets the rising sun,
And follows its course till the day is done;
Above it lazily drift the fleecy clouds,
While from meadows below the mists rise in shrouds;
Nightly there alone, a sentinel it stands
Watching over and guarding Dartmouth's lands.

Hanover, N. H.

SPOFFORD AND LAKE BEAUTIFUL

By Francis A. Corey

There is a charm about a typical New England village reposing tranquilly in its lovely green setting, that has an irresistible appeal. The spirit of peace hovers over it like a benediction. How sweet is the pure country air, how restful the brooding silence, how delicious the thought of being miles and miles away from the roar and traffic of the big, bustling city, where no faintest echo of its multitudinous sounds ever penetrates! You lift your eyes to the hills and are glad of a halting place in their embrace

willingly along the way, rejoicing in the heavenly peace and quiet of this enchanted wood, a quiet broken only by soft summer murmurings and the melodious songs of the birds.

Once well over the hill you are drawing near the village itself. Presently there are charming glimpses of a lovely valley dotted with farmhouses and well-tilled fields; and beyond, a line of misty hills. As you journey on, Pistareen Mountain, tree-jeweled, wonderfully symmetrical of outline, lifts its green dome against the gray-

Beside the Lake

where tired body and brain may find rest and recuperation.

Spofford has, to the full, this indescribable charm. If mindful of first impressions, you will approach the little village from the direction of the rising sun, a long, long climb up a wooded hill leaves you in a receptive mood for what lies beyond, for every rod of the way is delightful. Up and up winds the hard, smooth road in innumerable graceful curves bordered with willowy pines, sturdy beeches and silver birches, commingling their foliage with the darker green of hemlock and spruce. But you loiter

blue sky. Before done wondering that this beautiful mountain should ever have been sold for a pistareen, you descend a last gentle slope, and here you are in Spofford.

It is not a pretty village. Only in patches is it even picturesque. But the glory of the hills is around and about it. After the first hour the leaven of the charm has done its work. You are so completely under its spell you no longer wonder concerning the why and wherefore of the feeling that possesses you. You are in Beulah land, and are satisfied. No jarring note disturbs your tranquility. Even

the fleecy clouds floating lazily overhead have a soft transparency in perfect keeping with the somnolent atmosphere and drowsy hush.

It is a place of winding roads. Starting from the village hall one may take either of three routes and after a short detour, return to the point of departure. There is a dearth of pillared mansions along these circuitous ways, but each has its goodly array of tidy frame-houses set down at haphazard in the lush greenery, all exhaling an atmosphere of home-comfort and content. High up on the breezy hills are other dwellings that for unnumbered years, have courageously taken the brunt of the bitter winter winds.

Turning abruptly to the right, you may go down, down into a wonderful ravine shut in on either hand by rocky, precipitous cliffs. Here a sort of semi-twilight lingers even at mid-day. Overhead is only a mere scrap of sky. Straggling trees border the way, which is set thick with the green growths that make beautiful all roads and by-paths of this region. A brawling stream crowds so hard upon it you half expect to find it has taken full possession at the very next bend. In the budding May-time this shadow-haunted ravine is the favored haunt of migrating birds, and rare warblers love to linger here for a brief season. Here and there along the rushing stream, is the picturesque ruin of some long-silent mill where busy wheels revolved in the days of old.

But let us retrace our steps to the quiet, sleepy street leading westward. Other unsightly ruins are here, for Spofford was a famous manufacturing village once upon a time. But the day of thriving industries is long gone by. Only a few dilapidated buildings, fast falling into decay, are now left of the old network of factories and shops. Grasses grow green, and buttercups flaunt their gold to the very brim of the stream that goes winding along at its own sweet will. In prosperous days the little settlement was

dubbed Factory Village; but the name lost appropriateness when, one after another, its leading industries sought new locations where the problem of transportation was more easily solved. And then it was, perhaps, that some far-sighted summer guest, realizing the possibilities of the place, proposed calling it Spofford, after its beautiful lake.

From necessity and not from choice most of the houses crowd close upon the street. They seem strangely silent as you pass them by of a summer morning. Few faces appear at the windows, a dog seldom barks, and the hens set down their feet cautiously, as if afraid of breaking the heavenly quiet. The men are away at their daily toil, the housewives busy in kitchens at the rear. But the six o'clock supper over, and work suspended for the day, the street awakens to sudden life. Serene and contented folk gather on porches and in the shadow of old lilac bushes crowding the narrow front yards.

At the western end of the village a tiny bird's nest of a house almost rubs shoulders with a more pretentious neighbor over the way. Vines and flowering shrubs cluster lovingly about this wee dwelling. It makes a picture the eye delights to dwell upon. But the real lure of the place is its beautiful sunsets. Here it is that you get your first glimpse of the lake itself; and glorious beyond words are water and sky when the sun hangs trembling above the western horizon. A gold and crimson pathway of radiant brightness stretches for more than a mile away—even to the long line of low-lying hills that border the far-off shore.

Not so many years have gone by since vacation idlers first discovered this lovely lake hidden among the hills. The Sunday-school picnics that once gathered periodically on its shores for boating, fishing and a midday gorge, were fast losing their vogue. The time was ripe for a different order of things. And so

the latest discoverers serenely took possession. It was as if Aladdin's lamp had wrought one of its miracles. A luxurious hotel arose almost in a night. Now summer camps and cottages dot all the shores of the lake.

One might wander far without finding a more delightful summer resort than Pine Grove Springs Hotel. Charmingly located, it looks out upon a broad expanse of water laughing and dimpling in the sunlight. A lovely green park, laid out in walks and drives, and shaded by fine old trees, stretches to a broad road highway at the rear. The New Hampshire summer is hot, but

coteries; but there is a happy lack of snobbishness here that puts every one at his ease. Truly democracy has come into its own!

It is quite the custom for fortune's favorites to bring their own motor cars and chauffeurs. A wise provision; for one of the greatest delights of this lovely region is its beautiful drives. Over hill and down dale, along winding, green-bordered roads, and through aromatic pine woods, where the slippery brown needles are strewn lavishly to the very ruts, one may go speeding at his own sweet will. There is boating, bathing and fishing. But Nature does not provide unaided all

Pine Grove Springs Hotel

here all discomfort is forgotten. Refreshing breezes come stealing with a gentle murmur under drooping green boughs. The lure of the many-windowed building is irresistible. Its long, spacious verandas promise heavenly rest and comfort to jaded summer guests. Once having passed its portals, you are loath to believe that the nearest big city is a hundred miles away. All the appointments are so perfect—everything so up to date! Nothing has been left undone to add to the comfort and pleasure of the hotel's guests. These are largely from New York and Brooklyn. It is ever a refined and prosperous-looking company that gathers on the verandas and in the spacious parlors. On their native heath these smart vacationists may belong to exclusive

the diversions summer idlers crave. A comfortable launch makes hourly trips around the nine-mile lake. Fine tennis courts are close at hand; and here the confirmed golfer finds his paradise. The links are among the best in the state. The ball slips easily and gracefully over a level stretch of smooth, velvety lawn, then goes dancing coyly and coquettishly up a green hillside. On the breezy summit even the most enthusiastic golfer must fain pause a moment to admire the entrancing panorama of hill and vale and far-off misty mountains. Well has this course been called the "Scenic Golf Links of New Hampshire."

Of course mention should be made of the spring in the pine woods from which the hotel derives its name.

Entrancing is its situation, at the terminus of a lovely shaded path. You drink, and drink again, of the cool, crystal-clear water, pronouncing it a nectar fit for the gods.

The cottages in the immediate vicinity of the hotel have quite an air of distinction. As you go westward, following along the rocky shore, they are less pretentious, and set further apart. Emerging from the wood, you come suddenly upon Lakeside, a favorite family resort. Here is a little cluster of wee cottages reposing

sky, how darkly blue the water, how vivid the green of grass and shrub and tree! You are almost persuaded, as you glance about you, that the cottages set like jewels in this charming environment, were always there. What matter that the architecture, for the most part, is the happy-go-lucky sort? Such vagaries as are in evidence add immensely to the picturesqueness of these clustered summer homes. You find yourself smiling upon them approvingly almost before you are aware. New Eng-

In the Pine Grove

unblinkingly in the sun, which graciously tempers for them its heat. Further on are more cottages, an almost limitless number, huddled so close together one may almost lean over the rail of his veranda and shake hands with the neighbor next door. These cottages are all pretty and attractive and there is something altogether charming in the good-fellowship that prevails. One is forced to the conviction that country air and the simple life foster the virtues of kindness and forbearance. An ideal spot in which to cultivate the graces of out-of-door summer life. How entrancing the lovely, curving shore! How deeply blue the

landers were slow to test for themselves the delights of life in the open—they did not find it easy to depart from the sacred traditions of Puritan ancestors who had scant time for frivolities in their austere lives. But once having known the sweetness of idle days under the trees and beside still waters, they became the most enthusiastic vacationists in all the world.

On this delightful shore well-to-do residents of the near-by city of Keene have established summer homes. A situation more ideal could hardly be imagined. A half-hour's motor-ride, morning and evening, takes my lord to and from his place of business.

Meanwhile my lady spends a restful day under the trees. The small boys and girls, left pretty much to their own devices, splash and frolic in the shallow water to their heart's content. With the velvety twilight comes the happiest hour of the twenty-four. Father and mother gather their tired and sleepy saints and angels on the cool veranda, and friendly neighbors "run over" for an informal chat.

Just off-shore lies a lovely wooded island, a favorite camping ground of Indians when the country was only a little younger than now. Tradition

knocked long and loud, no one would come to bid you welcome. Vestiges of the old bar are still to be seen in one of the square front rooms. An enchanting place is the festal hall on the second floor with its arched ceiling, quaint chandeliers, raised balcony and delightful suggestions of a day gone by. The chamber in which President Pierce once slept has been left practically untouched by vandalhands. Unfortunately Washington and Lafayette never passed that way! The most amazing feature of the old stone house is to be found in the attic.

Cottages in Charming Environment

has it that this island was the scene of momentous war-councils in days gone by.

An old stone mansion at the "four-corners," is, perhaps, the most interesting house in all this region. A delicious aroma of romance lingers about it. As one gazes on its grimly-picturesque walls, riotous fancies throng upon the mind. By right it should have been the scene of thrilling events. The stage is certainly set for something startling. And yet its history is only a little less common place than that of the farmhouses around and about it. The old house was a sort of "wayside inn" in its palmy days. Now, though you

Here are several queer little wooden bunks, boxed in like miniature cells. Why any one should even attempt to woo sleep in such a bed is beyond comprehension!

A turn to the right brings one to Silverdale—beautiful for location. Just beyond is the Brattleboro "colony," a row of pretty cottages perched on a sort of terrace. They look out upon the sparkling water with only the sunlit road between. Truly a place in which to dream dreams as vacation days drift lazily by.

On the north shore of the lake is Camp Namaschaug, a flourishing summer camp for boys. Its location,

on a slope crowned with forest trees, is ideal. Here refreshing breezes have full play, the balsam-laden air is always invigorating. A long row of substantial-looking buildings close to the water's edge make the camp a conspicuous object from any point of view. A little way back many clustered tents gleam palely under the green arches of great trees. When the welcome hour for bathing rolls around, it is well worth a trip across the lake to see scores of happy boys splashing and frolicking in the clear water.

Faring back to the "four-corners," let us now take the left hand road. Following this for a short distance we come suddenly upon a tiny enclosure so mysterious and unusual it piques curiosity at first sight. At the foot of a tree are two forlorn and neglected graves—the graves of a man and his wife. The single headstone bears an old, old date. No gate or sign of an opening in the gray stone wall surrounding the sunken mounds, affords ingress to the enclosure. It is as if the two sleeping there after "life's fitful fever," would fain bar out the

world—be by the world forgot. Long, long ago a broad avenue lined with trees led straight up the hill to their earthly dwelling-place. Hardly a vestige of the old home now remains. There are wide stretches of arid pasture land where once were cultivated fields. And yet Nature has done her best to make amends. Ferns cluster thickly about the lichen-covered boulders that strew the hill-top. Everywhere along the tumbling stone walls are tangled grasses and low growths of dainty and exquisite coloring.

Ah, how quickly does the day go by in this lovely summer land! Before we have taken note of the passing hours the sun has slipped down the western sky and night is almost upon us. There are creeping shadows all along the forest aisles—hardly a ripple stirs the darkening water. More and more deeply falls the reluctant twilight. A last lingering glow touches the hill-tops with splendor and fades from peak to peak. The air is full of soft murmuring sounds, the sleepy chirping of birds; and silence falls like a benediction over all the land.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first four chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry.)

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The next morning early we attended prayers at the college chapel, and from there walked to the Congregational Church, where the graduation exercises took place. The church was well filled with smiling parents, most of whom looked very self-conscious in their best clothes, and all of whom seemed to think that their sons were the most remarkable creatures in the world to be able to graduate from the State Agricultural College. The exercises were long and tiresome; when they were over we walked back to the hotel for dinner (spreads, and such dissipations, being unheard of at this place) and Harry, Lucy, Jim Powers and I spent the afternoon on the river in a row-boat. It was roasting hot; the boat was wet and dirty; Lucy and Jim Powers chatted nonsense every minute, and Harry and I were both extremely silent. I went back to the hotel with a raging headache, and when eight o'clock came it was all I could do to drag myself out to the "ball." The air was stifling; none of the men offered to fan me, and very few of them wore gloves—I asked one of my partners to get me a glass of water, and he came back with a cup of luke-warm lemonade. When I rose to begin my second dance with Harry, I felt the room beginning to go around, and would have fallen, if he had not caught me quickly.

"Helena, you're sick!" he exclaimed, "and no wonder! You're

all tired out! How thoughtless we've all been!"

For a minute we stood near the place where I had been sitting, and Harry's arm was still around me, but I felt too sick to care. He seemed to be thinking hard.

"The river is hot in the day time," he said after what seemed an eternity, "but it's very cool in the evening, and one of the fellows has a canoe with plenty of cushions—I'm sure he's not using it, because of course he's here. It's only a short walk—and, anyway, if you'll let me, I can carry you, as soon as we leave the street. I think for the present, you'd feel better there than you would in a hot room at the hotel—though I will see that you do not sleep with Lucy tonight—she must go in with mother, and father can come to my room. Will you come with me, Helena? I promise I'll—behave."

I nodded. I realized that he half carried me out of the hall and down the street, and that when we had passed the college square he lifted me in his arms altogether; then I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was lying in a canoe on a mass of cushions, and Harry was kneeling beside me bathing my face with a cold wet handkerchief.

"Don't be afraid of tipping over," he said instantly, "the canoe is tied to the shore, and we're pulled up alongside—do you feel more comfortable, darling?"

"If you will keep on with that wet

handkerchief and not call me darling," I answered, "I think that in a few minutes I shall be able to sit up and enjoy the moon."

I felt better very soon—Harry rearranged the cushions and untied the canoe, and we started down the river. He did not say anything, but he looked as if he wanted to, and knowing that he would be uneasy and uninteresting until he did, I said,

"Well, Harry, what is it? Do say it and let us have it over with!"

Harry looked hurt, in that dumb, stupid way he has. He leaned forward, and I drew back a little.

"Oh *don't!*" he cried, "I promised I wouldn't touch you, didn't I? Don't you believe me? There isn't much good in my saying anything—I know that well enough; but why do you hate me so?"

"I don't exactly hate you," I said, "in fact, I know you've lots of good points, and I'm really fond of you in a way, but you just don't interest me. And when you do inexcusable things like last night, you do worse than bore me—you make me very sick."

"I know," he said, "but I don't mean to bore you—I don't mean to make you very sick; it's simply that I don't know what to do. I realize that perfectly well; if you'll only tell me what you would like, I'll try and do it."

I could not think of anything very apt to say, so I said nothing.

"I love you so much," he went on in a low voice, "I want so much to please you and to make you happy, that it hurts me very much to blunder all the time. Can't you teach me to do better? I know it's outrageous to hope that any one so far above me as you are could ever care for me and yet—I can't help hoping. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, and I can't help feeling that perhaps in time, you might be satisfied with what I have to offer you; and you know how father and mother and Lucy love you. There's plenty of money; I'll never ask you to leave your mother if you

don't want to; and God knows I will be a good husband to you if you will only give me leave to call myself that!"

Harry's big blue eyes were full of tears and his voice trembled. I was deeply touched, but I shook my head just the same.

"I'm sorry, Harry," I said, "but it's no use—I don't love you and so I haven't anything at all to offer you, and I hope I shouldn't be so selfish as to take and take and take and give you nothing at all in return. Please don't feel too badly about it. You'll fall in love with someone else someday, and fare much better."

"I never shall fall in love with anyone else as long as I live," he said quietly. He swung the canoe around, and began to paddle slowly up the river. "But you will," he added.

I did not answer; but I had a curious feeling that both of his remarks were true.

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We reached home the following evening, and mother, all in white, stood waiting for me in the doorway. I rushed up the steps and into her arms with hardly a word of good-bye to the Stones. Never in all my life had I been so tired and so glad to be alone with her. I had a lovely bath and shampoo, and then mother brought our supper and put it on a little table by my bed—such a delicious supper, such bright silver and dainty china and snowy linen! I was too exhausted to talk much, and she did not ask any questions; and when I had finished eating I turned over with a sigh of satisfaction, kissed mother, and went straight to sleep.

The next morning, however, I told her all about the trip, when the work was done and we sat sewing together on the piazza. She did not say much.

"Mrs. Hutchinson was here yesterday," she remarked casually, "she was motoring near here and dropped in for a little call—she said she would send the car for you next Monday."

"She needn't," I replied, "Bobby

is coming for me himself in the runabout."

"Bobby's parents are very much attached to you," went on Mother.

"Yes—and so is Bobby," I replied a little pertly, "it's too bad, mother, but it's no use—these perfect matches simply won't come off. I don't care a rap more for Bobby than I do for Harry—but I do prefer the atmosphere of Harvard to that of the State Agricultural College; so I expect to enjoy myself very much after next week."

I certainly did. My round of good times began with theatre parties, Class Day, the baseball game and the boat races, and continued with a three weeks visit at the Hutchinsons' big summer place at Beverly. It was a long time before I even thought of Harry again.

VI

I had been at Beverly less than a week, when Nancy came into my room late one afternoon in a state of great excitement. I had gone out immediately after luncheon for a sail with Herbert Leighton; and as Nancy had a good many preparations to make for the dance she was giving that evening, she had not gone with us (at least that was one reason; another was that Herbert did not especially urge her to). When I got home I found that she had motored to the station for some belated express. So I peacefully undressed and took a bath, and was lying on the big window seat in my bedroom, dressed in my dotted muslin wrapper, reading a little, and snoozing a little, and looking out at the ocean a little, when Nancy burst in upon me.

"Helena," she said "*Whom* do you suppose has just arrived?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said, "and I don't care much; in fact, I think I'm rather sorry anyone has come; we've quite a houseful already."

"Well," she went on, "I guess you'll sit up and take notice when I tell you—it's Roger Lorraine."

I did sit up, so suddenly, that I almost cracked in two. "Roger Lorraine—the man that coached the Harvard eleven!" I gasped, "the handsomest man I ever saw in my life, whom we tried every way to meet, and couldn't! Oh, Nancy, do tell me all about it quickly, or I shall *die!*"

"It happened like this," Nancy said, and I could see that she was just as excited as I was, "a little while after you left, Robert came lounging into the dining room where I was sorting out german favors. They're perfectly lovely, Helena, I got part of them at—"

"Nancy," I groaned, "I don't care a rap about the favors; do go on about Roger Lorraine."

"Well, as I was saying, Robert came lounging in and asked where you were. I told him—'How tiresome' he said, 'Herbert is getting altogether too much in evidence. I was going to ask her to go over to the station with me to meet Roger Lorraine!'"

"What!"

"Yes. I jumped about a foot, and then I managed to ask him what he meant. 'Roger Lorraine,' he repeated quite calmly, and just as slowly as usual, 'Yes, I believe I did forget to mention it, but he's coming down this afternoon to make me a little visit,' and with that he left the room and a few minutes later I heard him depart. You'd better hurry up and come down stairs. To *think* that Robert has known him all the spring, and could have introduced us to him just as well as not, and never mentioned it! Isn't that just like him? Well, I'm awfully glad you won't marry him—I'd love to have you for a sister, but it's perfectly plain that he'd make a bad husband. Mercy no! I can't possibly wait for you to dress! You can ring for Clarice to hook you up. Don't do your hair that quickest way—it isn't half so becoming. Good-bye!"

Nancy departed, and I took down

my hair again, and did it the longest way, which takes forever, and polished my nails for some time besides; but when Clarice came to do up my dress, I made her hurry. It was a pink tulle—and Mother certainly created a masterpiece when she made it. Even Clarice, who sees so many beautiful gowns that she is quite blasé, raved over it.

"Comme Mademoiselle est charmante ce soir—elle est comme une rose dans cette belle robe. Mais, oui, Mademoiselle, vous êtes d'une beauté extraordinaire ce soir. Voilà, cest fait."

As I ran down the stairs I could see Nancy, Robert, and a number of men and girls who had been invited to dinner before the dance, sitting in a semi-circle around Roger Lorraine, over by the big window in the lower hall; he was laughing and talking, and all the others were simply listening; I soon found out that this was the usual state of things in his case.

"You don't need to tell me who this is," he said, springing to his feet as I came forward. "I came down here to rest, and write articles on athletics; but as soon as Robert told me you were here, I changed my plans completely. I intend to put in a considerable time in teaching you the error of your ways. I hope you have a number of dances free for this evening, so that I may lose no time in beginning."

"I haven't one," I retorted pertly, though I smiled very pleasantly as I said it, "and if I had a dozen, I wouldn't waste them on a man who thinks I'm in error—a party isn't a catechism class. I'm afraid you've mixed me up with some one else you've heard of—when and where did you hear about me?"

"When and where haven't I!" he exclaimed, "for the last year—and rumors—hints—before that. If the eleven had been beaten, I should have blamed it all to you. As it is, I blame you, because, though we won, it was a tight squeeze."

"Just how am I to blame?" I asked.

"Because all the men in training had their heads so full of you that they couldn't—and didn't—give football the proper—that is, the first place—in their consideration."

"Except," I said, "the coach, of course."

"Of course. I have lived at least five or six years longer than most of these infants, and I know that the perfect woman, like the fountain of youth or the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, does not exist."

"Old age is made so pleasant nowadays," I said, "that nobody wants to be young any more; and the pot of gold lurks in patent toothpicks and hair restorers and elastic suspenders. As for the perfect woman, she not only exists, and always has, but there are a dozen different types of her. You have only to take your choice. Which do you prefer—Catherine of Sienna—or Elizabeth of England—or Helen of Troy—the saint or the diplomat or the beauty?"

"On the whole," he replied, "I think I prefer someone who combines the three—Helen of Boston!" He snatched three great roses from a vase which stood near by, and handed them to me with a low bow. I shook my head, making an even lower courtesy.

"I don't really come from Boston, so I don't deserve your compliment," I said.

"I believe you! If Boston ever produced anything like you I have yet to see it!"

Everybody laughed but me, and though I tried to, something came into my throat and choked me, and I felt so hot and tingling all over that I looked down as if the buckle on my slipper were the most interesting thing in the world. I have been used to "being a belle" ever since I can remember, and all men say silly things sometimes; but this was the first time that a compliment ever left me without a retort. I was not altogether sorry that Robert lounged forward, and gave Roger Lorraine a little shove.

"Roger," he said, in his usual slow indolent drawl, "you make me very ill indeed. Why do you load Helena—who is much too vain already—with your fulsome flattery? Oh! I see that the dining room doors are being thrown open. My child, take my arm, and allow me to conduct you to an honorable seat at the feast—far distant, I promise you, from the one allotted to this honey-tongued, but worthless cajoler of little girls just out of the schoolroom."

I often wondered which of the two was worse—Harry or Robert. Harry was so serious, humble and adoring that I felt like a criminal all the time he was making love because I didn't love him—and yet there was no earthly reason why I should. Robert, on the other hand, made a farce of everything, treated me like a baby, and drawled his "undying affection," at all times, in all places, and before all people. The impulse to slap his face, which often almost overcame me, was never stronger than it was that night. Robert noticed it and made game accordingly.

"Little girls should not get angry with their fiancés," he drawled blandly between spoonfuls of soup, "Yes, I know—not yet—but soon, I am sure. Picture to yourself what an Elysium of bliss the life matrimonial with me would be, and do not reproach me if I anticipate a trifle, in terming myself your betrothed. Pink is very becoming to you, Helena; but if you are not wearing the orchids I sent you because they did not match your dress, surely, from your ample store you might have chosen another and—"

"Robert," I interrupted, "every one else has finished eating soup, and I think the man on the other side of me looks more interesting than you sound." I turned my back on him, and talked Ibsen to a bookish-looking person with spectacles and a good deal of bushy hair, for the rest of the meal; but I could hear Robert drawing on, undisturbed by the fact that no one was paying any attention to him.

Everyone left the table together, for the Hutchinsons' summer dinners are very informal—I felt cold, for some inexplicable reason, and started up stairs for a scarf; but before I reached the landing Roger Lorraine joined me.

"I have heard so much of the Hutchinson gardens," he said, "that I am perishing with the desire to see them. Is there not a marble seat somewhere among the roses, where one could sit a little while smoking an after-dinner cigarette, getting a view of the entire grounds meanwhile? It seems to me I have heard of such a place—near the water garden, and at some distance from the house?"

"I believe there is such a place," I said, lightly, "I hope you will succeed in finding it; the plan of the grounds is rather complicated, but I think if you persevere—excuse me—I am going upstairs to get a scarf."

"Let me get your scarf," he said, "and then, by way of thanks, show me the way to the seat. I have absolutely no genius about such things."

"Robert needs exercise," I said, "he is getting terribly fat and lazy. I will tell him that you want to see the rose garden, and I am sure he would love to walk down there with you."

"Where," was the unexpected reply, "did you say your scarf was, Miss Castle?"

I felt my cheeks growing red, and my hands growing cold, and I wanted to run away; and yet, I could not help looking up and meeting his eyes, for all that—He smiled—

"We shall enjoy ourselves very much," he said. "Where is—?"

"It's lying on my bed—the third room to the left," I said desperately, and when he had gone to get it, I felt tears coming into my eyes. I began to wonder if I were losing my senses. But if he noticed my disturbance, he did not show it; as we walked over the lawns, past the tennis-courts and bowling-greens, through the Italian garden and the old-fashioned Colonial flower-beds beyond it, he talked easily, continually, asking a few questions,

and insisting on direct answers, without seeming either curious or impertinent.

"Are you related to the Castles of Boston?" he asked, "you are the only good looking one I have ever seen!"

"I look like my mother, and she is a Westerner."

"But are you related?"

"Yes."

Having gained his point he did not press it.

"Are you fond of Boston?"

"Are you?"

"I think my question came first."

"I am going to 'come out' there next winter."

"I have already heard that good news; but do you like it?"

"No."

"What place would you prefer?"

"Well, there is Avalon—"

"Avalon?"

"Yes—in the 'Idylls of the King'—

'Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.'

Just compare that to Boston."

He laughed. "But climate isn't everything!"

"No; people count for a good deal. The people in Boston are very much like the climate."

"The Hutchinsons?"

"Of course not. You know as well as I do that they are not really old Bostonians at all—I mean the established families."

"Such as—"

"Well, such as the Lorraines."

He laughed again. "Do you know many of them?" he asked.

"I know one—slightly."

"And you find that one stormy, icy, altogether repelling?"

I realized that I was caught, but I said "yes," quite stoutly.

"What?"

"Oh, you know I do not!" I cried desperately, "or I should not have come way off here with you—there's the seat at last—Do you think when you have rested a little you can stop asking questions, and make conversation a little?"

"I am sure I can. It seems a very

pleasant place, not over praised at all; and as the dance does not begin for an hour, we shall have plenty of time to discuss any subject that you select. What shall it be?"

"Do you imagine," I exclaimed dumbfounded, "that I propose to stay down here for *an hour*?"

"That is exactly what I imagine—in fact I feel sure of it. Please notice that when you ask me a question, I answer it at once—shall you object if I light a cigarette? or perhaps you will join me?"

"Do I look like the kind of girl who smokes?"

"Please sit down—I cannot until you do, and I am very tired—thank you—No; to be quite truthful, you look like a rose made human."

"That is a very pretty compliment."

"A very pretty girl inspired it."

Again I had no answer ready; I was embarrassed, angry, excited, disturbed—and overwhelmingly happy. I wanted to escape, to run back to the house and hide in my room, and yet I wanted most desperately to stay where I was. Mr. Lorraine smoked in silence for some minutes. I fidgeted.

"Are you always so restless?" he inquired at last. I sank back on the seat.

"That is much better," he said tranquilly. "I am very glad that I decided to make this visit. I see that it will be of great benefit to the world of athletics—I shall spend all my time in this garden."

"Oh, no, you won't, for you have come to visit Robert, and he hates gardens. All he cares about is athletics and stupid authors like Bret Harte and—"

"You—"

"I hate Robert as much as he hates gardens."

"Nonsense!"

"Well—perhaps not quite that. But I don't like him. He teases me, and makes fun of me—he never lets me alone—he treats me like a child."

My companion burst out laughing—"And what," he asked, "do you imagine that you are?"

I felt snubbed, but I was determined not to show it.

"Of course, I am one," I said, "I think I am glad of it, too. It must be terrible to reach the age of thirty, or thereabouts, and feel the burden of all those years resting on one's shoulders—besides, after attaining such longevity, I might be tempted to become domineering and disagreeable, and that is always unfortunate."

"Let us return to Robert," said Roger Lorraine, lighting a fresh cigarette, "I have no intention of asking Robert to join me here."

"Whom do you intend to favor with your invitation?"

"You."

"I shall not accept it. The athletic world would not benefit. I cannot even paddle my own canoe."

"You will never have to."

"But the athletic world—"

"Will profit by—my silence. There is too much written and said on the subject already."

"You should have thought of that before accepting Robert's invitation—he will be terribly disappointed—"

"Disappointing Robert is, I presume, a heinous crime in your eyes?"

"Awful!"

We both laughed; then, somehow, I succeeded in getting him to talk about himself, and before the hour was over I felt as if I had known him all my life. His parents were already elderly, he told me among other things, and he was their only child; he had been to Groton, through Harvard and the Law School, then abroad for three years. We compared notes; but he had seen so much more, and learned so much more from what he had seen than I had that I was ashamed. He had been home again for a year, practising with his father's law firm; but had decided to go back to Europe in the fall.

"What's the use of my working?" he said, "I hate it anyway, and I don't need to. If I drop out, some better man will have my place. I don't want to spend the next few

years grinding away on State Street. I want to go back to Italy—and lie in the sun—and look at pictures and ruins—and listen to music—and float down the grand canal by moonlight."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Not by any means," he said with a little laugh.

"I rose from the seat. 'Come,' I said, 'we must go back to the house.'"

He laughed again, threw away his cigarette, and joined me. As he did so, I could not help making mental comparisons between the wonderful ease and grace of everything he said and did, and Robert's slowness and lounging, stupid ways. As we passed the water garden, he bent over and picked three or four beautiful great pink lilies.

"You are not wearing any flowers," he said, "here are some for you. You must not adorn yourself with roses, for you are one yourself; these are partially closed, as they always are at night; but I think they suit you very well."

"They are lovely," I said, and put out my hand. As he placed the flowers in it, I felt his fingers close over mine.

"If I had known you a year," he said, "or a month, or even a week, I should ask you to let me kiss that hand."

I trembled again, but I answered him looking straight into his face.

"If I had known you a year," I said, "or a month, or even a week, I might possibly say that you might."

"But since I have known you only a few hours, you could not, of course, say anything of the sort?"

The clasp of his fingers tightened—my head began to swim—A moment of silence passed that seemed like an eternity. At last I found my voice.

"I have been told," I said, "that sometimes, when privileges are asked, and have to be denied, for one good reason or another—"

"Then?"

"Then sometimes they are taken."

(To be continued.)

AN INDIAN FIGHT ON BARBERS MOUNTAIN

By George B. Upham

On a blazing-hot August afternoon two hundred and eleven years ago, two canoes might have been seen gliding down that reach of the Connecticut River which runs between the townships now known as Claremont and Weathersfield. In them were six men. They were "On Her Majesty's Service," Her Majesty Queen Anne, in the war then waging between England and France.

For a long time nothing had been heard except the dip of the paddles. When abreast of the near slope of Ascutney, Bob Barber broke the stillness by calling to the occupants of the other canoe—"Hey there! I question if we could do better than go to the top of yonder mountain you see ahead to look out for smokes." The answer "We'll do that," sounded across the water.

An hour or two before sunset the canoes were pushed gently to the eastern shore, lifted dripping from the water, carried a short distance and hidden in the thick undergrowth above high water mark. The little party then slung their "snapsacks,"

shouldered their long barrelled flintlock muskets,* and disappeared in the forest. It was not a hard climb up the mountain, since some of the slopes were grasslands, burnt over by Indians in seasons past. They reached the rock-bare summit and looked long and carefully in every direction; no smoke or other sign of their wily foe was visible. Then, after sunset, they descended a short distance to the well protected little valley to the south, built a small fire and prepared their evening meal.

In the morning, on the way down to their canoes, Bob Barber was in the lead, the sharp crack of a musket sounded, Barber was seen to fall but almost instantly to rally, rise to his knees, take deliberate aim and fire; the animal-like screech of an Indian showed that his shot had counted. Martin Kellogg, just behind him, fired an instant later and another screech told a similar story. The four other scouts a short distance behind, seeing Kellogg immediately surrounded by a dozen Indians and hearing the cries of others coming, broke for cover and

* Smooth-bore muskets were the firearm of the period and so, of course, of these scouts, for rifles with a grooved or rifled bore did not come into general use for more than a century later. The musket, the first easily portable firearm, succeeded the arquebus in the sixteenth century. The word from *musca*, Latin for fly, had been used as a diminutive in falconry applied to a small hawk, and so came to be applied to the new small firearm.

Rifling the bore of a gun barrel, though invented by Gaspard Koller at Vienna about 1520, was little appreciated until three centuries later. A mallet was a necessary accoutrement with early rifles to pound the ramrod and drive the bullet down. In America the Pennsylvania Dutch first developed the rifle into an efficient firearm at Lancaster, Pa., about 1739. Although used by the Pennsylvania riflemen at the siege of Louisburg, where their accuracy of fire made it impossible for the French to serve their cannon, the rifle was practically unknown in New England until the Pennsylvania and Virginia frontiersmen arrived at Cambridge to aid in the siege of Boston in August, 1776. The rifles in use during the American Revolution were generally the private property of the men carrying them. Their work was so effective that the English subsidized a body of continental Jägers to oppose them.

The percussion system for igniting the powder charge was invented by Alexander Forsythe, a Scotch clergyman, in 1805, the copper percussion caps by Thomas Shaw of Philadelphia in 1816. In 1834 Forsythe's invention was tested, as compared with flintlocks, at Woolwich, with the result that the flintlock missed fire twenty-six times to the percussion's once. In consequence the old Brown Bess smooth-bore was altered to suit the percussion principle. Though the United States manufactured rifles for the army as early as 1819 few were then made. Rifles did not come into general military use until about 1850. See *The American Rifle*, by Major Whelen, New York, 1918; also *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the latter apparently somewhat misleading.

The above is a view of Barbers Mountain taken looking south, and about a mile and a half from the summit. A glimpse of the Connecticut may be seen in the distance. It occupies an area more than two miles north and south, nearly as much east and west, rises 650 feet above the river and 950 feet above the sea. The northern and eastern slopes are formed by large masses of well graded till; west and south there are abrupt ledges with interesting rock terraces. The summit, distant a mile northwesterly from Claremont Junction, affords an unusually beautiful view to the north, the river flowing for miles directly at the observer with broad terraced meadows flanked by rows of mountains on either side. The "Great Road" crosses the eastern slope, still called "Town Hill." Here was the original village settlement in Claremont, removed to its present site, three miles further east, between 1790 and 1800, because of the development of the water power of Sugar River there.

As we travel from the river's mouth at Saybrook or from Hartford up the Connecticut Valley to Wells River, the railroad is nowhere separated from the river by a mountain except by this one at Claremont. Here the railroad continuing nearly due north is distant about one mile and three quarters from the river. Here the Indian trail, later to become the "Great Road," and the railroad were laid to the east of Barbers Mountain. In no other place in the valley, from the Sound to the Canadian line, are there farms and homesteads on such considerable heights above the river unseparated from it by railroad or highways.

The rock mass of Barbers Mountain is designated by Hitchcock as "Huronian," a term indicating pre-Paleozoic origin but no longer used by geologists. Professor Daly of Harvard says: "The Connecticut River flows along a belt of soft rocks parallel to their strike, and is thus a typical longitudinal valley. In no part of its course is it more clearly 'adjusted' to a relatively weak zone than on the 'Calciferous mica-schist' eastward of Ascutney." The harder mass of Barbers Mountain has been left as a residual of erosion in the sculpturing of the valley. Through long ages the Connecticut flowed to the east of this mountain, between it and Twistback, probably at times encircling the latter in places now occupied by large masses of modified drift. The present course through the gorge to west of Barbers Mountain is relatively recent as shown by the steep sides, and the fact that the river is still cutting on its rock bed as indicated by the ripples in the current at the foot of the mountain.

were lost to view in the thick undergrowth.

This happened on Barbers Mountain in August, 1708. The survival of the name and the preservation of certain ancient records enables us to fix the place of the fight.

Some of the details of the foregoing narrative are, manifestly, purely imaginary. In order to vouch for the story, and clearly separate what is imaginative from what is contemporaneously recorded fact, we set forth the latter with the names of the authorities.

Queen Anne's War—1702-13—was, in America, mainly a struggle between the settled communities in southern New England and the French and Indians of Canada. The chief sufferers were the frontier towns of Massachusetts and particularly those in the Connecticut River valley. They suffered greatly in the earlier years of this war, in which several hundred settlers were killed and an equal number taken captive to Canada. The French sent frequent expeditions down the river, some of Indians only, some made up of French regulars accompanied or preceded by Indian scouts and warriors. The settlers had learned that safety depended upon being forewarned of these raids, and, therefore, during this and the several succeeding wars sent a surprising number of scouting parties far up the river, sometimes keeping such parties out for several months continuously. We have the records of many of them. These records show that they were instructed "to go to ye mountain tops and there to lodge and view morning and evening for smoaks,"—the smoke of campfires being the best way of detecting the presence of Indians over wide areas.

In August, 1708, one of these scouting parties was sent out from Deerfield in canoes. With it were Robert Barber, a son of Josiah Barber of Windsor, Conn., and Martin Kellogg, then twenty-two years of age, who four years before had been taken cap-

tive at the "Sack of Deerfield" and carried to Canada. They proceeded as far as White River, which at that time was accounted to be one hundred and twenty miles up the Connecticut River from Deerfield. The party was under instructions to scout near the mouth of White River, for its valley with that of the Winooski—the route now followed by the Central Vermont Railroad—was one of the favorite Indian routes from Lake Champlain and Canada.

Dr. Hastings, Town Clerk of Hatfield, Mass., kept a record of events in the valley, from 1700 to 1728. In this we find the following: "August, 1708. One Barber of Windsor was slain one hundred miles up the Great River, and Martin Kellogg taken, and one of the enemy slain and one wounded."

In the "Journal and Records" of Rev. Stephen Williams, one of the captives taken at the "Sack of Deerfield," in 1703, we find the following: "August, 1708. A scout of six men, about a hundred miles above Deerfield were fell upon by a party of Indians, and one Robert Barber of Windsor was slain; but after he had received his mortal wound, he got upon his knees and shot the very Indian that shot him, and fell down and died. So that when the Indians came to them, which was within a few minutes, they were both dead, lying within a few rods of one another. This account I had of an Indian, who, upon relating the matter, added, 'No, he is not Barber, but his ghost.' At the same time Martin Kellogg was taken, which was the second time of his going into captivity, but before he was taken, discharged his gun and wounded an Indian in his thigh."

Thus we have two independent contemporaneous authorities to the effect that this fight took place about a hundred miles above Deerfield.

Capt. Benjamin Wright, who led many scouting parties up the river, records in the report of his scout which started from Deerfield about April 26,

1709, with sixteen men, that they "traveled up the Connecticut River (a distance) which is usually called one hundred and twenty miles . . . to the mouth of White River." The latter place is twenty miles north of Barbers Mountain, placing that mountain, according to the early reckoning of distances, just one hundred miles up the river from Deerfield.

In a "Memoir of Rev. John Williams" we find still another narration of the event. This was evidently written much later for the name "Vermont" was not adopted until 1777. It reads as follows: "August, 1708. As a scout from Deerfield were returning from White River, in Vermont, they were attacked by the Indians, a man by the name of Barber was killed, he having killed the Indian who fired upon him, so near together did they discharge their guns. Martin Kellogg was captivated, the rest were so fortunate as to escape."

This record, although later, is interesting in that it describes the fight as occurring on the return from White River, and tells us definitely that the rest of the scouting party escaped. Perhaps the recorder had additional information, not now available. Other descriptions of this fight, as that in the Oliver Ellsworth MSS., 1802,

are believed to have been compiled from the foregoing, with some additions of a traditional nature, which were probably wholly imaginary.

It is quite likely that one or more of the four who escaped in August, 1708, was with Captain Wright on his above mentioned scout eight months later. If so they would very naturally point out the place and call it "Barber's Mountain." Indeed it is probable that other scouting parties had passed there during the months that intervened, and that the place was well known by that time. If no survivor was present with them it would have been easy to describe the scene of the fight as on the only mountain close to the river on the east side, about half way between the "Great Falls" and White River. But it is not necessary to rely upon conjecture or descriptions of the place given to others, for we know of Martin Kellogg's return from his second captivity and of his later participation in various scouting parties up the river. One of these was in April and May, 1712, with Capt. Thomas Baker, and thirty-two men. It went up to Cowass (Haverhill).^{*} Kellogg would have good reason to recollect the place and to point it out to his companions. The Indians also doubtless

^{*} Capt. Thomas Baker and Martin Kellogg who acted as Lieutenant on this expedition, had both been captured at the "Sack of Deerfield" and taken to Canada. Together they planned and effected their escape, being joined by two other captives. They made their way to Lake Champlain, crossed to the mouth of White River, constructed a raft and floated down the Connecticut to the "Great Falls," there abandoned their raft, made another below the falls and on it floated nearly to Deerfield. The only provisions they had between White River and Deerfield were "ye leg of a tortoise and a small hook-fish."

The expedition of April and May, 1712, after reaching Cowass, struck across country to the Pemigewasset—probably following very closely the route now traversed by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad. Near the mouth of the stream, since known as Bakers River, a large party of French and Indians were discovered coming down the river in canoes. Captain Baker placed his men in ambush, fired upon the enemy and killed so many that the survivors beat a hasty retreat. The Captain secured the accoutrements and ornaments of an Indian Chief. Accounts of this occurrence vary greatly. The foregoing is in substance as related by Captain Baker's daughter who probably had heard her father tell the story many times. The expedition went down the Merrimac to Dunstable, now Nashua, thence to Boston.

Captain Baker, with Martin Kellogg as interpreter, was later sent to Canada to effect the release or exchange of prisoners. It was on this expedition that he wooed and won the beautiful young widow, Madame Le Beau, and succeeded in carrying her off as a "prisoner" against the wishes of the Jesuit Fathers and French officials.

The names of Martin and his brother, Joseph Kellogg, are familiar in the history of the Connecticut River Valley. They not only did a lot of Indian fighting but were long employed as interpreters in negotiations with the Indians.

pointed out the place for the belief that it was not Barber but his ghost that arose and shot the Indian that shot him, had apparently made a deep impression on their minds.

The above facts and the fact that Charlestown "No. 4" was settled in 1740, only thirty-two years after this fight took place, seem quite sufficient to account for the survival of the name until the first settlers came to Claremont in 1762.

As bearing upon such survival it may be stated that many records, perhaps more than fifty in all, exist of scouting parties and other expedi-

tions passing up and down the "Great River" in the sixty years prior to the settlement of Claremont. There were, undoubtedly, many other passings on the river, the records of which have been lost or about which nothing was ever written. The old Cheshire County Records fail to show that any one named Barber ever owned land on this mountain. No one of that name is known to have lived there. There seems little doubt that the facts above stated account for a name, unaccountable for a century or more, the oldest geographical name in Claremont.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 7

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

SEPTEMBER

September, the month of peace and quietness, is here again. A quaint legend in the old Irish church says that Christ as the Shepherd once went among the months and gathered them to his bosom and gave them each a secret name. The first month he called to himself was September, and to it he gave the name of "Peace"; the other months and their names were: February, "Hope"; March, "Strife"; April, "Tears and Laughter"; May, "Love"; June, "Joy"; July, "Beauty"; August, "Quietness"; October, "Content"; November, "Silence"; December, "Death"; January, "Resurrection and Life." Thus all the months received their secret name, and then turning to them the Master said: "September, I have called thee first, because thy secret name is my own, 'Peace.'"

The legend rings true to fact, September is the month of peace, its days give one a complacent temper.

Twice in the year the hills, pastures, roadsides of every New Hampshire town are ablaze with glorious beauty; once in early May when all is a beautiful green, and again in September when the tints of crimson, sapphire, indigo, gold—greet our eyes.

EARLY SEPTEMBER

Early days in September seem the best part of summer—though there is a little chill morning and night, yet the day is essentially a summer day. Insect life now reaches its climax, the green crickets are now full grown and chant their loudest each evening; the small species of katydid which we find in New Hampshire rasps his constant strain; the

bumble-bee appears at the windows; the yellow-jacketed bee hunts the cider-mill; the butterfly makes the most of the remaining days. How friendly everything is on these days, it seems that all the glories of the golden sunshine of June, July, August, is gathered up in the mellow, life-giving streams that warm the earth. Early September days are the days to be much out-of-doors and to walk thru pasture and woodland.

MID-SEPTEMBER

The cries of the crow and blue-jay now give the fall-spell to things—the swamps are turning crimson—in a few days New Hampshire will be sublime and its hills will blaze in glory. The farmer begins to think of his harvest and is making ready—we are entering the *season of promise*.

LATE SEPTEMBER

Now comes the glory—September is leading up to the October Miracle. And the thousand beauties that greet the eye are matched by the sweetness of the odors that greet the nostrils. The frost-tipped bushes, trees and gardens throw off a delicious odor. There is a delightfully invigorating crispness in the air. Who is there whose soul is so dead that he would not like to live forever when he is greeted by a day in late September among the hills of the Old Granite State.

"A walk thru the woods in September
Is a bliss I can never define;
The red leaves that glow like an ember
Make gorgeous the tree and the vine;
With earth and sky for my teacher
I worship with sun and with clod,
Forgetting the priest and the preacher,
For now I am walking with God."

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Arthur Meier Schlesinger of the faculty of the University of Iowa contributed to the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, Volume XXVIII, Number Two, while connected with the Ohio State University, a paper upon "Salmon Portland Chase: Undergraduate and Pedagogue," which has been reprinted and issued in book form at 70 cents by The F. J. Heer Printing Company, Columbus, Ohio. It is based upon letters written by Chief Justice Chase, while a student at Dartmouth and a school teacher in Washington, to his college mate at Hanover, Thomas Sparhawk, of the class of 1828. Professor Schlesinger fails to give us the information we would like about Doctor Sparhawk, but we gather from internal evidence contained in the letters that he was of the famous Colonial family of Sparhawks of Kittery and Portsmouth, and that he was a near relative—perhaps the son?—of Concord's pioneer banker and one-time secretary of state, Samuel Sparhawk. In fact, while the letters are very interesting and give in themselves a good picture of life in Hanover and Washington in the third decade

of the nineteenth century, the accompanying notes and connecting narrative might easily and profitably have been expanded to twice or three times their present length. However, as it stands, the monograph preserves some historical matter of value and is both readable and entertaining. The deeply religious character of some of the letters and the piquant references in others to current scandals of that day in both collegiate and political circles form an amusing contrast. How little college boys have changed in a century is seen in his opinion of the freshman class of his time: "Take the class as a body and I doubt whether it would be possible to find a poorer set of intellects in any college in America." The future Chief Justice, it will be seen, did not hesitate at that time about expressing his views forcibly. Of what is now, at any rate, one of the prettiest and most hospitable cities in the state, he says "It is a gloomy and unsocial place," and his description of his experiences as a school teacher among people whom he characterizes as "almost savages" is highly pessimistic.

EDITORIAL

Two of the articles in this issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* are particularly worthy of thoughtful perusal; not only on account of their intrinsic interest, but also because of their relation to great problems now pressing for solution in the state as well as in the nation. One of these articles is that in which Colonel George B. Leighton, state commissioner of water power conservation, describes the investigations which he has conducted, summarizes his findings and points out briefly their bearing upon the future of New Hampshire. The time is coming, and that soon, when, if the Granite State's industrial prosperity is to continue, she must take a most careful account of stock and must lay the most thorough and far-reaching plans for the discovery and utilization in the utmost degree of the very last one of her resources. Heading, in importance, the list of her resources is the "white coal" of her lakes and streams. For a century, now, it has been creating great wealth, much for our own people, and more for those shrewd men of other states who early saw and capitalized the possibilities of our waterfalls. And yet those possibilities are far from being realized in full, as Colonel Leighton's article shows. The matter of their full development and application to our economic problems warrants the immediate attention, followed by the speediest possible action, on the part of our state's best thought and most active enterprise. So much for the conservation of our water power.

It is the even more important matter of the conservation of our man

power—and woman power—which is dealt with in the other article to which reference has been made. In it General Frank S. Streeter asks in behalf of the State Board of Education for general coöperation in assuring the utmost success for the workings of the new school law enacted by the Legislature of 1919 and which already has become known nationally as the most advanced statute in the country upon the subject of education. If it accomplishes all that its friends hope and claim for it, the result will be of the greatest benefit to the New Hampshire of the immediate future. No one whose loyalty to the state is sincere will refrain from giving to the new law the cordial and interested support for which General Streeter asks. The one panacea for the troubles now afflicting the body politic is the right kind of education. If, as seems likely, the new law will help the schools of New Hampshire in giving that kind of an education it will be a most valuable asset of the state and a true measure of conservation. Black clouds lower today in the industrial skies above New Hampshire, as well as above the whole country, and, for the matter of that, the whole world. We have faith to believe that they will be dissipated and that the present, almost universal unrest will be followed by a greater general degree of peace, prosperity and contentment than ever has existed in any previous period of the world's history. But this can be accomplished only through the careful conservation and the intelligent use of our every resource, moral, mental and material.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

EDMUND WARREN KNIGHT

Edmund Warren Knight, one of the best known hotel men of New England, passed away quietly at his home, Cedarcroft, Peterborough, early Sunday morning, August 3. He was born March 12, 1859, at Hancock, where he received his early education in the district school. In 1869 Mr. Knight's father moved his family to Franconia, and at the early age of ten the young man came in contact with the hotel business and began his

their master. While teaching at Whitefield he lived with the Dodge family, proprietors of the Mountain View House. It was not long, however, before he gave up teaching and devoted his entire time to the hotel business. He spent winters with Walter Aiken in Bermuda and with G. W. Kittelle at Fernandina, Fla. Later on he became associated with J. T. Wilson of the New England House in Boston, becoming guardian of Mr. Wilson's daughter after the decease of Mr.

The late Edmund W. Knight

career, during the summer season, as bell boy for Taft and Greenleaf, the proprietors of the Profile House. Having mastered the courses of study given in the district school at Franconia during the winter months, he entered the New Hampton Institution at New Hampton, continuing his summer work at the hotel. When sixteen years of age he began teaching. He had charge of schools at Whitefield and Jaffrey, both towns of his native state; and, although hardly more than a boy himself, he soon developed marked disciplinary powers, which stood him in good stead, for many of his pupils were older than

Wilson. In 1886 Mr. Knight accompanied Charles H. Greenleaf, for whom he had worked several years, on a trip to California where they expected to become interested in the Hotel Raymond at Pasadena. Not finding there a good business opening, on the way back East Mr. Knight took a position as assistant steward of the Palmer House in Chicago. The following year Mr. Greenleaf assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Vendome in Boston and took Mr. Knight into the business as assistant manager and later on as manager and partner. He continued in this capacity until four years ago

when his health began to fail. He then retired from active duties, hoping by a period of time spent in complete rest and travel to regain his former health. Mr. Knight was a member of the Boston Art Club, the Winslow Lewis Lodge of Masons and the Old South Club. He had the honor of being the president of the latter during some of its most influential years. He was at one time also president of the New Hampton Institution Alumni Association in whose welfare he was always interested. Reunions of the association were held at the Vendome, and in his will, Mr. Knight bequeathed \$5,000 to help continue the work of the association. For many years he had also been a member of the Boston Hotel Association and the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association.

for some of the finest residences of that time on Fifth Avenue, New York, and whose business connections extended as far as Australia and South America. In 1891 Mr. Freeman retired from active business after a career characterized by shrewd judgment, keen foresight and sterling integrity. Mr. Freeman many times declined political preferment, but in 1887 he was one of the representatives from Claremont in the famous legislative session of that year, serving on the Committee on Labor, which was established at that session for the first time as a standing committee of the House. He also served on the school board of Claremont and was much in demand as a member of important building committees, such as those which erected the town hall and the Way School. For more than half a century he had been a member of the Baptist Church at Claremont, serving as one of its deacons for thirty-nine years and as its treasurer for nearly as long a time. His church, its faith and its works, were very near to his heart. Deacon Freeman was three times married; on December 25, 1865, to Alice Raymore of Brookfield, Vt., who died June 15, 1876; on April 10, 1878, to Electa A. Goodell of Brookfield, who died November 5, 1895; and on January 21, 1897, to Jennie M. Raynsford of Cornish, who has been his devoted companion for more than twenty years in the beautiful home which Mr. Freeman built at 77 Sullivan street, Claremont. His only surviving child is a son, Hiram Webb Freeman, born October 9, 1866.

The late Deacon Charles N. Freeman

DEACON CHARLES N. FREEMAN

Deacon Charles Nelson Freeman, one of the most highly respected residents of Claremont, died there August 2. He was born at Brookfield, Vt., November 9, 1839, the only son of Loren W. and Diany (Crane) Freeman. He served in the Civil War in the Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, in which he enlisted while employed at Ashburnham, Mass. In 1868 Mr. Freeman located in Claremont as a contractor and builder and in 1871 established the firm of Freeman & O'Neil, which manufactured interior finish

PHILIP CARPENTER

Philip Carpenter, judge advocate general of the state of New Hampshire during the administration of Governor Moody Currier, died at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., July 23. He was born in Bath, March 9, 1856, the son of the late Alonzo P. Carpenter, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court of the state, and the late Julia (Goodall) Carpenter. He was educated at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy and Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1877. Three years later he was admitted to the bar and married Miss Fannie Hallock Rouse, who is herself a member of the bar and has been president of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs. In 1885 General Carpenter removed from New Hampshire to New York City, where he had since practised his profession with eminent success, making a specialty of corporation law. From 1897 to 1901 he was first assistant district attorney. He was a member of the city and state bar associations, of the Republican, Union League, Colonial, Manhattan and Dartmouth Clubs, of the New England Society and of the Academy of National Arts. He is survived by his widow and by his sister, Mrs. Lilian Carpenter Streeter, of Concord.

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Number 10

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New Hampshire State Magazine

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By PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

OCTOBER, 1919

No. 10

DARTMOUTH AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Ernest M. Hopkins, LL.D.

President of the College

The granting of the royal charter establishing Dartmouth College, defined not only what the institution should be but also fixed its permanent abode. The Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the College, therefore, is among other things, very specifically an anniversary of the origin of that relationship between Dartmouth and New Hampshire, the compatibility of which has been honorable to each. The retrospect of a century and a half is gratifying in that so long a period of mutual association of interests should have been so largely one of mutual appreciation. This, I believe, has never been more marked than now.

It is especially pleasant at this time, to recollect the cordiality with which the College was invited to New Hampshire by Governor John Wentworth and the heartiness with which it was welcomed. The location of the College within New Hampshire's boundaries was not a haphazard occurrence. Pennsylvania sought the establishment of the projected college within its limits and Eleazar Wheelock carefully examined this proposition

upon the ground. The attractions of New Jersey were formally presented. Likewise, New York urged that the work of the College be undertaken at Albany and western Massachusetts argued for the desirability of setting up a rival to Harvard in that outpost of the colony. The eventual decision was made only after the most careful consideration on the part of President Wheelock and only after the courtly governor had indicated his own eagerness that the College should be established within New Hampshire's territory.

Incidentally, it is worth noting that the College has never had a more interested friend in office within the state than was this gallant cavalier. In all reasonable ways he proclaimed the advantages that would accrue to the state from the presence of the College. He built roads to give access to the College and in person he travelled across the province from the seaport of Portsmouth to the forested wilderness of the Connecticut shore, to be in attendance at each of the first three commencements.

It is for others to say what have

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Ernest Martin Hopkins, eleventh president of Dartmouth College, was born in Dunbarton, N. H., November 6, 1877, the son of the Congregationalist minister in that hill town. He prepared at Worcester Academy for Dartmouth, where he graduated in the class of 1901. He remained at the College, as secretary to President William J. Tucker and later as secretary of the College, until 1910, when he engaged in business and held various important positions concerned with the adjustment of industrial relations. He was inaugurated president of Dartmouth in 1916, but during the war gave much of his time to service as assistant to the Secretary of War in the Department of Industrial Relations. President Hopkins, in the brief period during which he has been the head of Dartmouth, has inspired both the undergraduate and alumni bodies with admiration, affection and loyal confidence. The difficult war period was safely passed under his leadership and the College enrolment today is the largest in its history.

been the benefits to New Hampshire in this long association of interests of the state and the College. Perhaps the consequence of the affection for the real glories of the state, which has been bred in the hearts of thousands of sons of the College who have come to her from afar, would prove to be high in the list of advantages which have accrued to the state. Of the benefits to the College I can speak more freely. First, I would emphasize the importance of the high grade personnel with which the College was blessed from the very first, due to its propinquity to the sturdy stock which made up the citizenship of the state, and due to the interest of this citizenship in the College which led it to send its sons to Dartmouth. Thus were high standards set in the very first years of Dartmouth's life, the advantageous effect of which became interwoven with the other influences which have worked so largely to the permanent welfare of the College. Other benefits of large significance are those which have acted definitely upon the selective processes which have so largely defined the Dartmouth type,—processes, active both in the influences that have been attracting to the College men of a definite type, and in the effects upon these men

who have come to it. The Dartmouth man has become, in the attributes ascribed to him, a man of rather sharply defined characteristics which are not disassociated with the ruggedness of the environment, the stanchness of character of the local population, and the strenuousness and vitality of the northern New England climate. He is held to have absorbed something of the strength of the hills, and I believe, rightfully. Wherever Dartmouth men go, the words of Richard Hovey abide;

"The still North remembers them,
The hill-winds know their name,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Keeps the record of their fame."

As the earlier born daughter of the royal province, the College possibly may be considered as an elder sister of the state. At any rate in this capacity, or in any other that may be conceded to her, Dartmouth extends greetings to New Hampshire and welcomes this occasion for expressing the high regard that she holds for the relationship existent. The satisfaction with which she considers the mutually auspicious outcome of the long-ago, romantic negotiations between John Wentworth and Eleazar Wheelock is as definite as it is long enduring.

THE FOUNDER'S CALL

1770

By Perley R. Bugbee

"Vox Clamantis in Deserto,"
To the pines of the north I'll go,
Though I am advanced in years
God cares, I will leave my fears.
"Listen. I hear an Indian's voice
Calling for a brother's service."
I'll trail the Connecticut's course,
If need be to its very source.
Somewhere in its fertile valleys broad
Somewhere, I will teach Indians of God.

After long journeyings and a summer's search,
'Neath azure skies and the old pines, was his church.
Dartmouth's founding here was not by chance;
It was a real heroic romance.
Here he builded a hut in the early fall,
And listening, heard again the Indian's call;
It came from the north, or was it from the west?
Answering, he called, "I will be host not guest."
Nine years of service, all given him, he gave.
Yonder, the pines are whispering o'er his grave.

Hanover, N. H.

TWO DARTMOUTH LETTERS

By Harlan C. Pearson

In connection with the near approach of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Dartmouth College, two letters having an interesting relation to that institution, though not dating back to the time of the Wheelocks, have come recently within the ken of the editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

Miss Mary B. Harris, librarian of the Pillsbury Free Library at Warner, and Mr. Louis P. Elkins, of the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, found these letters while going through their respective family papers and kindly loaned them to the editor.

The older of the two is written by Judge John Harris of Hopkinton, then of the Probate, but afterwards of the Superior Court, to Rev. Carlton Chase, then rector of Immanuel Church at Bellows Falls, Vt., but afterwards the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire.

This letter is largely concerned with church matters, but contains an interesting paragraph about Dartmouth, from which Bishop Chase graduated in 1817, and as to whose future both the writer of the letter and its recipient were much concerned. The letter is as follows:

HOPKINTON, July 31, 1820.

My dear Sir:

I might offer, as an excuse for not writing sooner, my engagements, journeys, etc. But the truth is, I have been waiting for a letter from you. I assure you, I had become very impatient, and was totally at a loss to account for your silence.

I passed two nights at Windsor, about a fortnight since, on my return from Hanover, and learnt that you had been there a short time before. I was happy to find the Revd. Mr. Leonard in good health and spirits and his society flourishing. I was informed that a Mr. Wheeler, I presume your friend, Jack, had been engaged to preach to the Congregational Society in that place, and was to commence immediately. I passed an afternoon with Mr. Howard, the Baptist minister, with whom I was much pleased. He appears

to be a well-informed, candid, worthy man. I understood that he and Mr. Leonard were on terms of friendship and intimacy.

I was pretty much confined to business, while at Hanover, and had but little opportunity for observation. By what I saw myself, and heard from others, the place is remarkably dull. The class about to be graduated is very small. Indeed there are but few scholars at the institution, compared with former times. It is said that four-fifths of the students are supported by charity. Probably few others will go there in future. There is danger that the college will go down. President Brown died last Thursday. Much will depend on his successor. On that subject there will be difficulty. Shurtliff will wish for the presidency and think himself entitled to it; and will give them trouble, if not elected. The trustees are sensible that the appointment of him would ruin the institution. I think it will be difficult to find a suitable person, who will accept the office. Gardner Spring, of New York, and Dr. Worcester, of Salem, are talked of. McFarland and Thompson would both like it.

I had learnt, that the Revd. Mr. Andrews was appointed agent of the Colonization Society, and had been to Vermont to take leave of his parents; but did not suspect, he had been so near us, as Connecticut River. It is a painful thought, that I shall probably never see him more in this world. I hope, we shall hereafter meet around the throne of God in heaven. Did he give any instructions, or say anything about a trunk of clothing, which he left at Mr. Chase's?

Mr. Searle has preached at Hopkinton but two Sundays since you were here. Last week he went to Portsmouth, and was to return and preach at Concord yesterday. In the course of the present week he calculates to leave for Temple, Boston, Bristol, etc.

I was not a little disappointed at the election sermon. You know, it was read to Mr. Atherton and myself a night or two before it was delivered in public. It was then too late to suggest any alterations, or I should not have hesitated to have done it.

I do not know, but suppose, that the elegy you mention was written by Darling, the writing master, who has been lounging about Lieut. Parker's for a long time.

As to a church, Benj'n Wiggin has been here, and the subject has been proposed to him. He is not at present disposed to give one himself, but says, he will do something handsome towards it. One thousand dollars has been mentioned. His friends have some suspicion, that he will conclude to do the whole, when he shall return in September. I confess, I have more hopes, than formerly.

Mr. Atherton's expected marriage is news to me. It must have been a late calculation, or he would have mentioned it to me himself. I now cannot conjecture who is the object of his choice.

I wish Blaisdell would adopt a little different course. Our ladies are preparing some few articles of clothing for him.

A certain Methodist preacher, by the name of Adams, and Doct. Jones have got up a considerable excitement in the westerly part of the town. There is much zeal and but little knowledge displayed. Moses Hastings's widow has joined the Shakers.

A Mr. Rogers, an Episcopal clergyman from New York, who has the charge of three churches, one in New York, one in Massachusetts, and one in Connecticut, lately called and took dinner with me. He appeared to be a pompous, eccentric man, but had many agreeable things about him.

I have not room for some local and personal things, which I might mention.

I am, as ever, thine sincerely,
J — H —

REVD. CARLTON CHASE.

Of the men whom Judge Harris mentions in his letter, Professor Roswell Shurtleff (the Judge spells it with an i) had graduated from Dartmouth in 1799 and had been connected with the college ever since. At the time this letter was written he occupied the Phillips Chair of Theology, acted as librarian and gave instruction in "natural and politic law."

Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester of Salem, Mass., a member of the class of 1795, was secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. "McFarland and Thompson" were the Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland of Concord, of the class of 1793, and United States Senator Thomas W. Thompson, also of Concord, of the class of 1786. Both were trustees of the college and each had been in earlier life a tutor at the college. Doctor McFarland also had been a "preceptor" in Moor's Indian Charity School during the last years of its activity.

The class of 1820 was, as Judge Harris wrote, "very small," having but 24 graduates. The next class increased only to 26, but the class of 1822 graduated 45. Not a little would have been lost to the glory of

Dartmouth, however, if the class of 1820 had not been graduated; for it included George P. Marsh, lawyer and author, minister of the United States to Turkey, Greece and Italy; Judge George W. Nesmith, for 32 years a trustee of the college; and Judge Nathaniel G. Upham.

Of this period in the life of Dartmouth, following close upon the destructive war between "college" and "university" which Daniel Webster won for the former, Prof. Charles F. Emerson has written: "Dartmouth had been recovered, but at the cost of such impoverishment that nothing but the foundations were left. These consisted of little more than a body of traditions, but they were priceless. For the third time the work had to be commenced practically from the beginning.

"Rev. Daniel Dana, D.D., of the class of 1788, was called to the presidency in 1820; a choice spirit, an attractive preacher, but with impaired health, he entered upon the work with great reluctance. Before the end of a year, the cares and burdens of the new position, and the unwelcome change from congenial professional duties to administrative details for which he had less taste, reacted unfavorably upon his health, produced great depression of spirits, and led to his resignation. His winsome personality had been effective in removing the gloom and soreness left by the controversy and creating a hopeful outlook, but the time was too short for the formation or development of a policy of administration."

This was done, however, in the six years' presidency of Rev. Bennet Tyler, D.D., which followed, and after him came the brilliant Rev. Nathan Lord, D.D., inaugurated at the age of 35, which made him the youngest college president of his day in this country, and continuing to hold that office until 1863, the longest term, saving that of John Wheelock, in the history of the college.

Some of the other names men-

tioned by Judge Harris became famous in after years. "Jack" Wheeler was the Rev. Dr. John Wheeler, trustee of Dartmouth from 1826 to 1833 and president of the University of Vermont from 1833 to 1849. Soon after Judge Harris's letter was written the Rev. Addison Searle, a class mate of "Jack" Wheeler in Dartmouth '16, who had been teaching school in Concord and acting as an Episcopal priest, became a chaplain in the United States Navy.

The other Dartmouth letter to which reference has been made reads as follows:

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Nov. 2, 1832.

Dear Sir:

The College Faculty have requested the students who intend to instruct schools this Winter, to commence in season to close and return to College at the commencement of the spring term on account of new regulations in the course of studies.—You mentioned that you thought of having your school begin the Monday after Thanksgiving if the District were willing. I should be glad to commence then, if you wished, for reasons as stated above. Should you, however, prefer a different time I would not urge the matter, but will be ready to begin whenever you wish. I should like to know the time you prefer as soon as convenient to you.

From your friend, etc.,
MOODY CURRIER.

MR. P. ELKINS.

The superscription of this letter is:

MR. PETER ELKINS,
CONCORD, N. H.

Politeness Mr. Marble.

"Mr. Marble," a Phi Beta Kappa member of the class of 1834 at Dartmouth, afterwards was known as the Reverend Doctor Newton Epaphroditus Marble, teacher and minister.

Mr. Peter Elkins evidently was superintending school committee or something of the sort in the Concord of that day. He was a well-known citizen whose tin shop was on North Main street just beyond the Washing-

ton Tavern, the grandfather of Mr. Louis P. Elkins of today.

The young member of the class of 1834 at Dartmouth who was so willing to meet the desires of the Concord School District evidently made good as an instructor, for following his graduation he returned to the state capital for more teaching in the old North End School, at State and Church streets, of which Judge Nesmith had been the first master after his own graduation in 1820.

Nor did Mr. Currier's duties as pedagogue occupy all of his time, for on August 1, 1834, the first number of the *Literary Gazette*, Moody Currier and Asa Fowler, editors, made its appearance.

A great many years later, in June, 1885, to be exact, when Mr. Currier was in his 80th year, he came again to Concord, this time to be inaugurated as the governor of his state.

The custom to which his letter refers, of remaining away from the winter term of college so as to teach school and thus earn money for defraying the expenses of the rest of the college year, continued as a Dartmouth custom into the last decade of the nineteenth century. Almost every man in the list of famous alumni of the college, from Daniel Webster down the line, had this experience among the prized memories of his college days; and no better stories ever are told at class reunions than those which have to do with the experiences of the amateur pedagogues in the various fields of their labors.

We may be sure that those of young Moody Currier in the Concord of the Thirties were pleasant ones, for the state capital of that day, little, one-street town, as it was, had a deserved reputation for genuine hospitality and more than surface culture.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By Hattie Duncan Towle

A quaint old homestead somewhere stands
In the town of "Long Ago";
Its doorsills worn by many feet,
And its doorways small and low;
Its windows few have many panes,
And each one the sunbeams fill
To shine on plants that gayly bloom
On the window's narrow sill.

As well-known steps sound on the walk
You will open wide the door;
In ev'ry room loved forms appear
And loved voices sound once more;
The lamplight outlines father's face,
Just as in the days of yore;
The paper rustles 'neath his touch
As it slides down to the floor.

You climb again the steep old stair
To the chamber where you slept,
That little room you dearly loved;
Its memories sweet, you've kept.
You hear the raindrops on the roof,
And a mouse upon the floor,
Then mother comes to "tuck you in,"
And to talk your troubles o'er.

With loving words she talks to you,
Her sweet lips all a-quiver
And as she prays, the white mists rise
Above the town and river.
O mother love! so dear and true,
By Love Diviner given,
(Since mother's with the angels now,
You feel you're nearer Heaven.)

All tender things of yesterday,
All of life that seems worth while,
That old, old house brings back to you,
Oft with tears, oft with a smile;
O, dear old home—far back somewhere
You see it now with tear-dimmed eyes,
So quaint and worn but—over all
Something sacred, holy, lies.

The Connecticut River at Cornish and Windsor

THE INDIAN TRAIL ALONG THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

By George B. Upham

"It was over these old trails, . . . that missionary, soldier, trader, trapper, hunter, explorer and settler followed the Indian, with or without guides. The road followed the trail and the railway the road."—*Alexander Francis Chamberlain, Encl. Brit., Vol. XIX, p. 475.*

For centuries before the coming of the white man the Connecticut Valley was a natural north and south route for the aborigines. The river furnished the easiest way over the ice when solidly frozen in winter or by canoe in summer. But lacking canoes, and in times of flood or floating ice, it was necessary to take to the land trail.

The east side, at least as far as Cowass (Haverhill and Newbury),

offered the most practicable route for there were fewer tributary streams which at high water would cause delay in order to build log rafts to make a crossing.

The most travelled Indian trail was, therefore, on the east side. The settlers blazed the trees where the trail led through the forest, thus fixing the course of the bridle path which later became the "Great Road."

This trail was occasionally followed by scouting parties from the Massachusetts towns, and after the establishment of the fort at Number Four, 1743-44, it was frequently used by hunters, trappers, scouts and traders going north. Tradition is to the

effect that J. Peterson, the ranger, and other very early settlers in Claremont, "moved back from the meadows to the higher ground in the north part of the town, to get away from the Indians whose trail was along the river."

Northfield, so named because then the most northerly town in the river valley, was first visited by the English in 1663, and first settled in 1673. It originally comprised not only its present territory in Massachusetts but much of Hinsdale and Winchester in New Hampshire and Vernon in Vermont.* The Colony of Massachusetts Bay then claimed the valley on both sides of the river, and much more, as far north as Cornish and Windsor.

The first comers to Northfield found there and near the mouth of the Ashuelot numerous Indians who called the place Squakheag. The first settlers at Cowass, 1761-62, found Indians living there. Very few lived between Cowass and Squakheag. One solitary red man was found in Claremont when the first settlers came in 1762 or 1763.† We read of none found in neighboring towns.

Long before the coming of the white man the fierce and warlike Mohawks, chief tribe of the Iroquois, who lived west of the Hudson and in the region of Lake Champlain, had repeatedly raided the upper Connecticut Valley. The Indians living at Squakheag were still subject to

incursions from them. As a result the upper valley between Cowass and Squakheag had become almost depopulated, here and there a hermit Indian only remaining.

To the north of Cowass and east of the Merrimack were the Abenaki tribes, driven eastward by the Mohawks no one knows how long ago. All the region between the Abenaki and the Mohawks, as far south as Squakheag, had become a no-man's-land, a more or less neutral ground, to which bands of Indians sometimes came for fishing, or through which they occasionally made their way. Moreover in 1612 and 1613, with a recurrence in 1617-1618, a frightful pestilence, probably small-pox introduced by the English navigators, had swept away fully half the aborigines throughout New England.

Had we no other information respecting the depopulation of this part of the valley, it might be inferred from the paucity of Indian names. Had the Indians been here to tell the settlers we might have had Indian names for the Sugar, White and Black rivers, and for dozens of our brooks and hills. It may be asserted with safety that in no other equal area in New England are there so few Indian names as between the Ammonoosuc and the Ashuelot, the Merrimack and Lake Champlain. Not a prominent peak of the Green Mountains, except Ascutey, bears an Indian

*The Colonial Province of New Hampshire granted charters for twenty-two townships bounded on the west by the Connecticut River, and for the same number bounded on the east by that river, in the present jurisdiction of the state of Vermont. But it granted one charter only for a township whose boundaries extended across the river. This was for Hinsdale, the most southwesterly township in New Hampshire. The reason why the boundaries of Hinsdale originally crossed the Connecticut was as follows: The Province of Massachusetts Bay had nearly a century previously granted to the proprietors of Northfield land on both sides of the river, including lands which by the subsequent fixing, in 1740, of Massachusetts' northern boundary as it exists today, were cut from Northfield and made a part of the Province of New Hampshire. The settlers north of that line preferred to be in one and the same township though separated by the river. The charter was granted accordingly. That part of Hinsdale west of the Connecticut River was after the organisation of Vermont, 1777, and until 1802 known as Hinsdale, Vermont. The name was then changed to Vernon.

†A tradition is to the effect that a solitary Indian lived in Claremont when the first settlers came, that he was present at the raising of the frame of Union (Episcopal) Church, in 1770, still standing. Concerning this the present writer wrote fifty years ago: "The majority of the inhabitants of the town were present at the raising of the frame of this building, considered at that time to be of immense proportions, among whom was the only remaining Indian, whose name was Towssa. He watched the advancing strides of civilisation with jealousy, and had been known to have taken a prominent part in expeditions against Charlestown, Keene, and other places in the vicinity, and particularly disliked the idea of having so large a building erected upon what he termed his hunting grounds. He made a threat that if any white hunter should approach the vicinity of his wigwam, situated upon the other side of the river, near the present residence of Dr. S. G. Jarvis, he would kill him. Among the strong and active men present was one Tim Atkins, who hearing this threat of Towssa's, determined to put it to a test. Accordingly one morning after loading his gun he proceeded towards the forbidden grounds. Arriving there he soon found the Indian, and after a hard struggle the white man came off the victor. He buried the body beneath one of the tall pines that grew in the vicinity. The exact spot was not known until the summer of 1854, when a laborer, digging upon the land of Mr. John Tyler, discovered a skeleton supposed from its immense size to be Towssa's."—*Northern Advocate*, Claremont, June 21, 1870.

name. Ascutney is such a prominent landmark that captives taken north would naturally inquire its name. "Skitchawaug," opposite Charles-town, was saved us owing to its proximity to the fort at Number Four, which the northern Indians frequently visited in a friendly way in times of peace. The officers there probably asked the name of the lake they had seen about twenty miles to the north-eastward, and so we have Sunapee.

From the end of King Philip's war in 1676, to the fall of Quebec in 1759, the French aided and encouraged the Indians in attacks on the English settlements, and during all these years the neutral ground, notwithstanding great fear of the Mohawks, was repeatedly traversed by the northern Indians on the war path, or, in the intervals of peace, to barter their furs, the English giving greater value for furs than could be obtained in Canada.

The first settlers at Squakheag reported that the Indians annually burned over the meadows in the fall the better to prepare the ground for planting in the spring. This practice was doubtless centuries old. Even after the depopulation of the upper valley, where there was no longer any planting, this custom seems to have been continued by the Indians, who came for fishing or who passed through. Indians, even more than white men, continue ancient customs long after the reasons for them have ceased to exist.

In years preceding the incursions of the Mohawks these later abandoned meadows and the abundant supply of salmon and shad in the rivers must have supported a considerable Indian population. From time to time there have been discovered in the hillsides

and terraces, pits, sometimes lined with clay, in which corn was stored. These "granaries" are found in groups, and generally on slopes to provide for dryness. They were circular excavations, the smaller ones about five feet in diameter and the same in depth, the larger ones from sixteen to twenty feet in diameter and ten to twelve feet deep. When filled with corn, dried fish or nuts they were covered with poles and long grass or with brush and sods. A picket was placed over them to guard against depredations by wild animals. Many such granaries have been found in Northfield, Hinsdale and Vernon. The extent of such storage may be estimated from the fact that when, in the spring of 1638, the settlers in Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor, Connecticut, were starving, enough corn to load a fleet of fifty canoes was sold and sent down to them by Indians living in the valley at Northfield, and Pocomtuck near the mouth of the Deerfield River.

The corn was sometimes contained in baskets deposited in these underground granaries. On their first expedition from the Mayflower, after it had made the harbor at Provincetown, Cape Cod, Miles Standish and his men found under a heap of sand "a little old Basket full of Faire Indian Corne," digging deeper they found "a fine new Basket full of very faire corne of this year: the Basket was round, and very narrow at the top, it held about three or four bushels and was very handsomely and cunningly made." Mourt's Relation.*

The fertile lands of the upper river valley, for centuries before the incursions of the Mohawks, had doubtless been used for planting their corn.

*Without Indian corn the early settlement of New England would have been quite a different story. Indeed it is doubtful whether in its absence New England could have been settled as it was. This would have changed the history of America and, in consequence, the history of the world. From their first landings at Provincetown and Plymouth the early settlers in New England found the old Indian cornfields cleared ready for their use, and an acreage much larger than the Indian population, diminished by the pestilence, required. From the Indians they obtained the seed corn, learned the aboriginal method of planting together with pumpkins and squashes and of fertilising each hill. From the Indians they learned how to store and dry the corn in cribs, a method found in use in Rhode Island and Connecticut, manifestly greatly superior to their underground granaries or pits.

Through long centuries the aborigines had bred this tropical plant, a native of Peru, to mature in our short northern summer, and developed the methods of its cultivation and use which remain little changed. Indian corn and the usual accompanying pumpkin are the sole products cultivated extensively in these northern latitudes which have the luxuriance and general appearance of tropical growth. Indian corn more than any other product of the soil has been and still remains the basis of the economic prosperity of the United States.

The Ainsworth meadows in Claremont, a little north of Ashley's Ferry, were probably so cultivated, for here near the barn on the highway leading to the Woodell place, on the southern slope of Barbers Mountain have been found a number of Indian graves and stone implements. Excavation in the terraces and hillsides there might disclose other Indian graves, and perhaps "granaries." The only other place known to the writer, where Indian relics have been found in Claremont, is on Sugar River about two miles east of the village, and near the home of Mr. Rush Chellis.

Let us now consider how the river valley looked to early explorers and the first settlers. The hills and uplands were covered with a heavy growth of great trees. The narrow valleys of the lesser streams were doubtless a tangle of underbrush and fallen tree trunks. But the river meadows were almost as open as they are today. This was mainly due to the annual burning, but the spring overflow of the meadows, often scoured by floating ice, discouraged the growth of young trees, while these same conditions and the annual deposit of fertilizing silt stimulated the growth of wild grasses which smothered the chance tree seedlings.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the upper Connecticut valley, as far north as Cowass, was traversed by scores of scouting parties, traders, trappers, and captives taken by the Indians. They have left numerous accounts of their adventures but almost no description of how the valley looked to them, except in the names of a few places, such as "Great Meadows," now Putney, and "Great Falls," now Bellows Falls.

The first description that we have we owe to Capt. Peter Powers of Hollis, N. H., who, in his journal of the expedition led by him in June, 1754, from Rumford, now Concord, N. H., to the Cowass meadows, or "intervals" as they were then commonly called, writes of seeing large tracts of

"clear interval" on both sides of the Connecticut River.

His descendant, the Rev. Grant Powers, settled as a minister at Haverhill in 1814, was a singularly enlightened clergyman. To him we are indebted for the publication of Captain Powers's journal and in the same book the most valuable original contribution of any one writer to the early history of the upper Connecticut Valley. Grant Powers travelled for twenty or thirty miles north and south from Haverhill, obtaining statements from the first settlers, or if they were dead, from people with whom they had talked. These he wrote down in the presence of the narrators. After collecting materials for nearly fifteen years and a delay of ten years thereafter, he finally, in 1840, published a little book worth many times its weight in gold. It describes "events principally included between the years 1754 and 1785." Unless otherwise stated the quotations in this article are taken from this book. Had a Grant Powers lived in Claremont we should know much more of its early history.

Of settlers' journeys up the valley, Mr. Powers tells us little, but, so far as now known, his book is the sole source of information. The first to arrive in Cowass were "Michael Johnson and John Pettie, who were sent by Capt. John Hazen with his cattle in the summer of 1761. They came from Haverhill, Mass., by Number Four or Charlestown, and then up the Connecticut River." That they brought cattle in the summer shows they must have gone up by the land trail. "They took possession of the Little Ox Bow. . . . They found this Ox Bow and the Great Ox Bow on the west side of the river 'cleared interval' . . . which had in former years been cultivated by the Indians for the growth of Indian corn. The hills were swarded over, and a tall wild grass grew spontaneously and luxuriantly, so that an abundance of fodder for the cattle

was easily procured. The Indians dwelt at this time on these meadows east and west of the river and were amicable." This and other descriptions of Haverhill, Orford, etc., herein quoted, would doubtless apply to conditions in Claremont and neighboring valley towns, except that but few Indians then "dwelt" south of Cowass.

"Johnson and Pettie survived the winter unharmed,* and in the spring of 1762, Captain Hazen came to their relief with hands and materials for building a gristmill and a sawmill." These heavy materials were undoubtedly brought up from Charlestown on the ice or by water. Captain Hazen, a soldier of the French and Indian wars, had probably seen the Cowass meadows in going to or returning from Canada. Mr. Powers gives names and incidents respecting three families and nine men without families who settled in Haverhill and across the river in Newbury in 1762. He records that in 1763 more cattle were driven up the valley from Massachusetts, adding that "at this time, 1763, we are told, there were no roads in any direction, and their bread-stuffs were brought from Charlestown by boats." The household goods of the first minister in Newbury were brought from Charlestown on the ice in 1765, and "Col. Robert Johnson, who opened the first tavern, supplied his bar with spirits imported in the same way."

Fancy a couple of sleds, hitched tandem, loaded with a few pieces of furniture, bedding, pots, pans, kettles, bibles, hymn books, saws, axes, barrels and kegs of liquids, with two or three well-muffled women and children perched on top, and drawn by slow-moving oxen over the frozen river on a bitter-cold, midwinter day. The driver, walking beside, cracking his whip in the frosty air, a few men on foot following close behind. This

is a picture that from time to time might have been seen on the upper Connecticut in any of the winters of early settlement.

In the seventy miles between Charlestown and Newbury, Powers tells us that there were neither ministers nor taverns. It was through this spirituously arid, spiritually unguided wilderness that John Mann "of gigantic stature," and his wife, Lydia, travelled from Hebron, Conn., to Orford in the autumn of 1765. After Mann was past eighty he narrated to Powers his early adventures with such enthusiasm as to give the impression that the events had recently transpired.

"Mann was twenty-one years of age, his wife seventeen years and six months. They left Hebron on the 16th of October, and arrived in Orford on the twenty-fourth of the same month. They both mounted the same horse, according to Puritan custom, and rode to Charlestown, N. H., nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Here Mann purchased a bushel of oats for his horse, and some bread and cheese for himself and wife, and set forward—Mann, on foot, wife, oats, bread and cheese and some clothing on horseback. From Charlestown to Orford there was no road but a horse-track, and this was frequently hedged across by fallen trees." Mann also tells us some incidents of the journey.

We can picture this young, adventuresome couple in ruddy health, filled with hope and anticipation of their new home, resting by the trail perhaps near the present site of Lottery Bridge, eating their scanty supply of bread and cheese, their horse munching his dole of oats, the autumn leaves falling gently upon them, and seeming a golden benediction of the welcoming forest. Think of their courage, travelling north into the wilderness so shortly before the

*Johnson and Pettie built a canoe and started down the river in June, 1762; the canoe was upset near the mouth of White River and Johnson drowned. Later his body was found and buried on an island opposite Lebanon, a mile and a half south of the mouth of White River, which still bears the name "Johnson's Island." It first appears so named in Carrigain's map of New Hampshire, published in 1816.

coming of winter, without supplies or the immediate prospect of a roof to cover them. They were not to suffer for food at Orford. One family had preceded them in June of the same year, and Mann relates "that for some years after he came, deer and bear were very numerous, and there were some moose in the east part of the town. After a new-fallen snow he had seen deer tracks almost as plentifully imprinted, as we see sheep tracks where the latter are yarded."

With regard to the journey, Mann relates that when he "came on from Charlestown he found in the town of Claremont, two openings by young men by the name of Dorchester. In Cornish there was but one family, that of Moses Chase. In Plainfield there was one family, Francis Smith.* The wife was 'terribly homesick,' and she declared she 'would not stay there in the woods.' In Lebanon there were three families, Charles Hill, son and son-in-law, a Mr. Pinnick. In Hanover, there was one family, Col. Edmund Freeman, and several young men, who were making settlements."

According to Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer of New Hampshire, published in 1823, "the first settlement in Claremont was made in 1762 by Moses Spafford and David Lynde. In 1763 and 1766, several other inhabitants arrived," but no names other than Lynde and Spafford are mentioned. A painstaking inquiry in 1823 would doubtless have revealed the names of nearly all of the "several other inhabitants who arrived in 1763 and 1766," and some of those who lived in the "five or six log cabins" which were "here before the town was incorporated" in 1764, as stated in John Peak's Memoirs, published in 1832.

The names of the first settlers in Waite's "History of Claremont" were manifestly taken from this Gazetteer. Had the author read Mr. Powers's and Mr. Peak's books he might have added the names of the two Dorchesters, here in 1765, and John Peak, his wife and two children, here before 1764. Waite should also have added the name of J. Peterson, which was on the muster roll of Robert Rogers's Rangers, to the list of settlers who were in Claremont before its charter was granted. We find the name Dorchester not uncommon among the early settlers in Springfield, Mass., and in other old Connecticut Valley towns for more than a century previous, which gives us added confidence in Mann's statement. Those of that name in Claremont may have become discouraged and taken their departure when they learned of the charter bestowing the land upon men very few of whom were ever to see the town.

When the Manns passed through Claremont, the Spafford, Peak and perhaps other families were here. The Manns had probably slept the night in Charlestown, the last place where they were sure of finding shelter. It is not strange that they did not see Spafford, Peak or others than the Dorchesters in Claremont, if they passed in the middle of the day when settlers would be absent from their cabins and busy in field or forest; perhaps before that date some of them had "moved back to higher ground to get away from the Indians, whose trail was along the river." Mann does not undertake to say how many families were settled in Claremont, as he does of Cornish, Plainfield, Lebanon and Hanover. The Manns probably passed the next night in Plainfield with the family of Francis Smith, with whom it appears they had some

*Francis Smith was named in the charter dated August 14, 1761, as one of the grantees of Plainfield. The words of this charter, a plan of the township and interesting plans of Hart's Island containing nineteen acres, and Buck's Island containing eight acres, between Cornish and Windsor, the latter plan showing a "Potash House" on the river bank, may be seen in N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXV, pp. 437-445. These plans are dated January 21, 1772. The surveys for them were, therefore, probably made in 1771. Both islands were granted to Jonathan Chase on January 24, 1772. Jonathan thought he had acquired title to them several years previously. See Vol. IX, N. H. State Papers, p. 145.

conversations. They would naturally have inquired about other settlers there, also in Cornish and Lebanon. Mann must have frequently met his neighbor, Colonel Freeman of Hanover and doubtless discussed with him the number and names of early settlers in nearby towns. It would, therefore, be safer to give credit to his statements, than to those in the *Gazetteer*, based on traditions hastily gathered for the whole state.

Powers points out that Mann's statements "differ materially from what we find in the *Gazetteer* of New Hampshire in respect to the first settlers in those towns," adding, "But I have long since lost all confidence in *Gazetteers*. . . . The method of gaining information has ordinarily been to write to some postmaster or justice of the peace, or some other man, and request him to furnish them with facts respecting early settlement. . . . But not one man in fifty will devote one week to examination of the records, or to visit the aged to gain information; in most cases it would require all of one month to make a correct report."

"I would not diminish the interest which the public may feel in Farmer and Moore's *Gazetteer* of New Hampshire. . . . It is worth a million of Thompson's *Gazetteer* of Vermont; but they ought to have sent a competent agent into every town in the state to collect statistics."

As most of the information in New Hampshire town histories respecting the first settlers is taken from the Farmer and Moore *Gazetteer*, this

criticism of their work, written soon after its publication, is of utmost importance to everyone interested in New Hampshire history.

Powers continues: "Lebanon is made the first town settled north of Charlestown, before Haverhill or Newbury, contrary to the united testimony of the first settlers in all the towns above them. Esquire Mann and Esquire Otis Freeman agree in their statements in respect to Lebanon. Has Lebanon authentic documents to show that their town was settled as early as 1760 or the spring of 1761? They can show that their town was chartered then; but can they show that it was settled? Mann and Freeman tell us Plainfield had one family in it in 1765; our *Gazetteer* shows us two men there, L. Nash and J. Russell, in 1764, and the next year when Mann and Freeman came through, 1765, it tells us of a church organized, and a settled minister, Rev. Abraham Carpenter.* Has the town these documents? If they have, it is the first instance in which I have found the first settlers deviating from the truth."

We may be grateful to Mr. Powers for his investigations respecting the first settlement of the towns in the northern Connecticut Valley. Old journals or letters may sometime come to light, describing other early travels over this same bridle path leading through Claremont. Until then Grant Powers will retain the honor of preserving for us the only story of a journey north over the Indian trail.

*It appears from the Plainfield Records that in 1777 Josiah Russell was a captain of a militia company in which the name Littlefield Nash also appears. This company was out on service during a few weeks of that year. It may have occurred to the informant of the *Gazetteer* that these names would serve as well as any others as those of the first settlers of Plainfield, in 1764 or 1765. In the history of Plainfield, published in Hurd's "History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties," Philadelphia, 1886, it is stated that "the first religious services in this town of which we have any record were held in 1771 by Isaac Smith of the Congregational order." These facts are stated as illustrating the unreliability of Farmer and Moore's *Gazetteer*.

THE MOUNTAIN BY THE SEA

By Donald C. Babcock

Oh, some go round by Dover Point,
And some through Kittery,
Where the road leads down from Eliot town;
But that's no way for me.
I'll go by Agamenticus,
The mountain Agamenticus,
Great purple Agamenticus,
That stands beside the sea.

As I fared forth on a golden day,
The wind was running free;
I passed a farm where no man dwelt,
With leaning gravestones three,—
A league toward Agamenticus,
The blue hill Agamenticus,
The watchman Agamenticus,
That lures unto the sea.

And as I climbed his tranquil slope
'T was quiet as could be,
And the corpse-flower grew, translucent, blue,
Beneath a vine-clad tree.
Now still lay Agamenticus,
The ancient Agamenticus,
Old haunted Agamenticus,
Basking beside the sea!

Then olden things I left below
In fields of memory,
While sang my soul, as if I walked
In some new Odyssey:
For from Mt. Agamenticus,
Grey, rocky Agamenticus,
From highest Agamenticus,
I saw the flashing sea.

The talking leaves, they wove a spell,
And now I cannot flee
The white sea-foam, the will to roam,
The weird that I must dree,
Afar from Agamenticus,
Green-golden Agamenticus,
Cloud-shadowed Agamenticus,
Alone beside the sea.

Durham, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first six chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson.)

VII

I have heard a great deal about "the morning after the night before," which seems to trouble men very much; and though of course I have never touched even a glass of champagne, I thought I knew how they felt when I woke up, somewhere in the vicinity of eleven o'clock, the morning after Nancy's party. The blinds were closed, but the windows were open, and a damp, chilly wind was blowing the curtains; I could hear the thud and swish of driving rain outside, and knew that I was doomed to that "demmed damp, disagreeable thing," a wet day by the sea. The light in the room was dim, but I could see my pink dress, tossed over a chair by my bed, the bottom jagged and dirty, the delicate skirt torn to shreds, and pinned to the waist the black and broken stems of three or four water-lilies, minus the blossoms. Around the chair were piled my larger german favors; while the smaller and more valuable ones lay beside my long, soiled white gloves on a table in the center of the room.

I buried my head in my pillow so that I would not see all these things, and then I began to cry. I lay for a long time thinking over my conduct of the night before, and the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed. It was one thing to riot through a dance, and come upstairs, laden with tro-

phies, at three o'clock in the morning! I had done that before; it was quite another to meet a man at seven, go away and sit on a garden seat with him at eight, and let him kiss my hand at nine! What a fool I had been! What on earth had bewitched me, robbed me of my sense of dignity, turned me hot and cold and afraid and bold and wretched and happy all at once? What must Roger Lorraine think of me? Surely he would have only one opinion—that I was utterly lacking in every instinct of a gentlewoman. But why did I care so desperately what he thought?

About this time I began to grow quite hysterical, and should probably have ended by getting up and packing my trunk, if my luxury of self-chastisement had not been interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Hutchinson. She knocked softly, and came in without waiting for an answer, so that I did not have time to compose my features. I had lost my handkerchief, and if you are crying you cannot do much at short notice without one.

"Why, my dear child," she exclaimed kissing me, "what is the matter? I expected to find you weary, but jubilant. I never saw such a belle as you were last night!"

"I was a perfect fool," I replied, gulping, "I can't think what got into me."

"You were a perfect witch," she

said, laughing, and shaking me a little, "what are you crying about?"

"Well," I fibbed, "nothing special—I'm tired, that's all, and my head aches, so I feel a little nervous."

Mrs. Hutchinson is a bundle of nerves herself—the result of the process of breaking into Boston society when she didn't really belong there—so she saw nothing strange in my remark.

"Poor child," she said, "I'll tell Nancy not to come in. Try to get another nap, and I'll send your lunch to you here. It's beginning to clear, and if it really does, we're all going out on the yacht this afternoon, but of course you won't feel like coming. Ring for Clarice if you want anything won't you, honey?" She kissed me again, and left me.

I watched her depart with feelings of relief; evidently, instead of thinking any the less of me on account of my performance of the night before, she was more disposed to make much of me than ever. I reflected that she would make an ideal mother-in-law—it did seem a pity that Robert himself should be so deficient. No man, no matter how rich and devoted he might be, could prove a satisfactory husband, if he drawled.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, though I still felt very tired, I got up. I had a raging headache, and I certainly looked a fright—black loops around my eyes and all my color centralized in my nose. I did my hair in the most unbecoming way possible, put on a lavender dress, which made me look still paler and more unattractive, and proceeded to the piazza, knowing that I should be undisturbed, and hoping that the fresh air would make me feel a little better. I curled myself up on a big Cape Ann hammock, pulled a little white shawl over my feet, and, almost instantly, fell asleep again.

It was almost dark when I awakened, and I sat up, startled, not realizing where I was or what had happened. The next instant I became

more startled still, for I found that Roger Lorraine was sitting beside me in a big easy chair.

"Good evening," he said, stretching out his hand without rising, and smiling that wonderful smile that had electrified me the night before, "I hope you are feeling better? But I hardly need to ask. I have been sitting here for about an hour, watching the color come back into your cheeks. You are a Circe, but with all modern improvements—instead of turning men into swine, though you bewitch them, you turn yourself from one flower into another. Last night you were a rose—today you are a violet."

"Please don't," I said, "I'm—I'm not in the mood for being flattered. Why didn't you go off with the others?"

"My father telephoned me to come up to town about some important matters—matters that *he* considers important, I mean—so I borrowed Bob's runabout, and ran. I took the liberty of bringing you back a little present."

He handed me a package, and I undid the wide gold cord that tied the crisp white paper around it, my fingers growing cold as I did so. Inside there was an exquisite piece of porcelain—a little cupid, dragging after him a boat-shaped vase, fastened to his neck, and intertwined with wreaths of flowers. The cupid and the boat were white; the flowers were pale pink water-lilies with delicate green stems.

I held it in my hands for a minute, turning it over, and swallowing hard. Then I stood up, dropping the box and wrappings as I did so, and handed him the trinket.

"You know I can't take this," I said, "I'm going upstairs, and please, *please* don't come after me." And I fairly ran away.

But if I was quick, he was quicker. He reached the door leading into the house ahead of me, and stood with his back against it.

"You may go upstairs," he said, as if he had a perfect right to decide just what I should and should not do, "but not quite yet. You needn't take the vase if you don't want it—I thought it would please you—I'm sorry if it doesn't. But you certainly must tell me what the matter is?"

"I've been lying in bed all day," I faltered, "crying and wondering what you must think of me."

"Good heavens! don't you know?"

"I'm afraid I do, but please believe me when I tell you I never, never acted that way before—I'm afraid you won't, but it's true. I don't know what got into me. Perhaps, if I tell you how humbled and ashamed I feel you will at least be kind enough not to tell anyone—all the silly things I did."

I managed to lift my eyes with the last words, knowing they were full of tears, and fearing that he would laugh at me; but something I saw in his face, though it was very far from derision, made me look down again.

"You poor child," he said, "I ought to get down on my knees and beg your forgiveness! If I had had sense enough last night to wait a little, instead of following my own impulses, you wouldn't have had this wretched day. Now, I'll do all I can to atone for it." And he held out his hand. I shrank back a little, and he flushed. "Won't you even shake hands with me?" he said slowly.

"Of course I will if—"

"If—"

"If that is all you want."

"It's all I want just now," he said.

I shook hands with him, and then we stood talking for a few minutes, and watching the yacht as she came in, with Robert standing well up in the bow, alone, smoking his ugly little pipe. Then we separated and I went upstairs to dress for dinner; but somehow—I shall never know just how it happened—I carried the little porcelain cupid with me.

The next week was very full, and it was not until the night of Eleanor Leighton's dance that I saw Roger Lorraine alone again. In the meantime, I came to feel as if I knew him very well—as if I had always known him, in fact. We had motored and sailed and played tennis and walked together, but Nancy, or Robert, or some other member of the house-party had always been with us. It even happened that the few times we were left on the piazza together for a few minutes, one of the children, or a servant happened to be nearby. Strangely enough, I always seemed to be going off alone with Robert, too, and feeling sulky about it. But that did not help matters any; he contrived somehow that I went; and once he said, with his horrid drawl and slow, stupid smile that he had always supposed Roger was clever.

"Well, he is!" I fired back.

"He's an awfully poor manager," said Robert, "if he weren't you wouldn't be here with me—what makes you so snappy about it?"

"Some people manage too much," I said, "there's such a thing as *over-managing*—I wish you knew how sick I am of the sight of you."

"It's a sight you may as well get used to; you're going to see it all your life."

I had been up nearly all the night before, and I did not feel equal to arguing with Robert; it's like going around and round in a circle. I just let him talk, and he certainly said a good deal.

Eleanor's dance was well under way, and I was having a wonderful time, when Roger, with whom I had had the last waltz, left me in the pergola for a minute while he went to get me a glass of lemonade. I was just beginning to wonder what could possibly be keeping him so long, when I heard a motor drive up slowly, and an instant later he appeared bearing my wraps instead of the lemonade.

"I have borrowed Bob's runabout

again," he said, "this time without permission. It is a week since we have been to the garden seat together; if you are not too tired, I should like to have you go there with me again tonight."

"The dance is not half over," I replied, "and I am going to lead the german with Robert."

"Are you?" he asked.

My heart beat very quickly, and then seemed to stop altogether. I tried to answer, and my voice was gone. I felt as if everything inside of me was being turned over, and thumped, and squeezed. Then I realized that my cloak was wrapped about me, and that I was lifted in to the motor; that every particle of resistance had left me; that we were riding along, silently and quickly, with the salty wind blowing on our faces; that I was lifted out again, and that I stood and waited while Roger took the motor to the garage; then, that I was leading the way again across the lawn, past the tennis-courts, the Italian gardens and the old-fashioned flower-beds, straight to the garden seat where we had spent that first evening together. The moonlight was very brilliant, and my silver-spangled dress shimmered, and sparkled and melted before it; and, as I at last looked up, and saw the expression on Roger's face, I felt as if my whole spirit sparkled and melted before his, as my dress did before the moonlight. He put out his arms and drew me to him—closer, and closer, and closer, until I was stifled for breath, and yet I wished it were closer still; bent, and kissed my hands; raised himself, and kissed my hair, my forehead, and my cheeks; finally, taking me altogether in his arms, kissed me on the mouth until my lips stung with pain; and every kiss seemed to burn into my very soul, and brand me as his.

It was a long time before he lifted his head. It was longer still before either of us spoke. Then finally he asked.

"Are you afraid of me now?"

"I am afraid of just one thing."

"What?"

"That you will ever let me go."

He laughed a little, and began kissing me again. "I shall let you go," he said, "just long enough to put on a wedding veil."

"Roger!"

"Just about that long. Your visit here lasts another week—well, I'll stay too, and we'll have that time together without telling anyone. Then you'll go home and tell your mother, and I'll go home and tell mine, and then we'll be married."

"But I can't—"

"You must. I won't wait; I can't."

"I'll have to have time to get ready—"

"Darling—we'll take the first boat to Cherbourg and go straight to Paris, and you can buy everything that Paquin and Worth have on hand, and order more. While the dresses are being made we'll hire a little house in Fontainebleau, with a garden and a seat."

It was my turn to laugh. "You will perhaps concede the necessity of a wedding dress?"

"Well, just that, no more. You won't make me wait longer than six weeks?"

I was silent.

"Helena, my darling—" I was in his arms again, with his lips against mine—"I love you, I want you, I must have you,—"

"I will marry you as soon as you wish," I whispered at last.

VIII

The following morning I was down stairs at half-past eight, for I couldn't bear to feel that I was losing a single minute which I might be spending with Roger. It was like a dash of cold water in my face to be met by Robert, as I tried to enter the dining-room. He blocked the doorway, and looked me over critically.

"Miss Castle," he said, in a drawl

that had a touch of severity in it, "may I inquire, without inelegance or impertinence, what is doing? What power on earth contains sufficient force to cause you to appear, fully dressed and smiling, at eight-thirty the morning after a dance? Further, what power causes you, who always remain until the bitter end of a party, and then stay a little longer, to leave for home in the middle of one? And to continue, did it slip your usually retentive mind that you were to have led the german with me last night?"

"No," I said, "it didn't. I was tired, and came home rather unexpectedly. It was inexcusable, but you needn't expect me to apologize; you're always doing inexcusable things to me, so its only fair that I should have had my turn. Please let me into the dining-room. I'm hungry."

"There isn't anyone in there," said Robert, "so you needn't be in such a hurry." The insinuation in his tone was very marked, and I felt a horrid blush coming into my face. "Besides," he proceeded leisurely, "you look very pretty standing just where you are, and you really have very good color for a young lady who keeps such late hours as you do, and my artistic sense leads me to enjoy the charming spectacle."

I was so used to Robert's inanities that I had long since stopped answering them. I sighed, and looked towards the stairs.

"Roger left the house about five minutes ago," said Robert, taking a little white envelope out of his pocket, and looking at me through his lazy, half-shut eyes. "He had just come down, looking extremely fit and cheerful, I thought, when he was called to the telephone; he soon reappeared, and asked me if I would send him to the station at once, so that he could catch the eight-thirty train. I assured him that I should be delighted to, and went to order the motor. When I came back, he handed me this, and asked me to give it to you as soon as you came down. Then he said he

should not be back until dinner time and rushed off. His father is the limit. He is already considerably richer than Croesus, and yet a day never passes, year in and year out, that he isn't at his office by nine in the morning, grinding away for dear life; what's worse, he thinks Roger ought to be there, too. Now Roger's got the Apollo Belvidere skun a mile on looks, and he's a crack athlete and a good dancer, and I've heard he makes love very effectively; but all the law he'll ever know could be written on a postage stamp—easy. Heaven knows that I have few enough comforts in this weary world; but at least I am thankful for not having a father like his. It makes me tired to think—"

"It takes very little thinking to make you tired," I interrupted, "when are you going to give me my note?"

"I was waiting to see how long it would be before you asked for it," said Robert, handing it to me with a queer grin. "I knew you wouldn't stand it long."

I broke open the envelope.

My darling:

I've just been called to town by my father. He won't take any excuse; but I shall be back to dinner, and we'll have another evening on the garden-seat. I shall fairly count the minutes until I get back to you, and it seems as if I could not bear to leave in this way without a word of good-bye from you.

Your own,

ROGER.

Don't you think you could possibly make it five weeks instead of six?

"That must be a very interesting note," remarked Robert, "you've been reading it for nearly five minutes. You look extremely charming."

"Well, you look like an inquisitive monkey," I retorted, tucking the note into my blouse, "no, I won't tell you what's in it, but I'll eat some breakfast with you, and then I'll go out sailing with you."

"The gods certainly have showered blossoms in my path," murmured Robert.

Neither of us wanted much to eat, and we were actually out on the water before any one else came downstairs. It was a glorious day, but I was far too restless and impatient and disappointed to enjoy myself. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of everything, and I wondered, in a vague way, if every day that I was obliged to spend away from Roger would seem so futile and tiresome. A little after ten o'clock I asked Robert to turn towards home again.

"You have been so absorbed in your own reflections," he replied, "that you evidently have not noticed that our breeze, which was small at best, has entirely deserted us. Another will doubtless spring up in time to get you back to dinner. Meanwhile I fear you will be obliged to put up with my society for an hour or two longer, and I am very glad of it, as there are several things I wish to say to you."

Robert crossed his legs, leaned back in his seat, and puffed away at his pipe in silence for some minutes. At last he announced, without taking his pipe out of his mouth,

"If you would marry me, it would make a great man of me."

I laughed. "You've told me that several times before. The trouble is I haven't seen sufficient indications of incipient greatness to make me feel like taking the risk."

"I am like a fire," proceeded Robert, undisturbed, "all laid, ready to light. Well laid, too, with excelsior and good kindling underneath, and great birch logs on top. All that I am waiting for is the touch of a match. You are that good match."

"You are mistaken," I replied, "I am not a good match. My mother is the village dressmaker, and I'm nothing but her unpaid assistant. Don't be deceived."

"I'm not deceived. I should not care if your father was the village garbage man—if there is such a person. What do you think my

father was to begin with, anyway? He—"

"I don't want to hear. All the more reason why you *should* make a good match. The man who has risen himself, if he began with garbage, would much rather see his son married to a duchess than a seamstress."

"You know that my father would rise up and call you blessed if you would take his ugly duckling and transform him into a swan."

"Robert," I said, "there isn't a girl living who can transform you into a swan until you give up three things; drawling, talking with your pipe in your mouth, and making love in public."

Robert sat up straight, threw his pipe overboard and inquired in a brisk voice,

"We're not in public now, are we?"

The whole performance was so unexpected, and so out-of-keeping with his usual behavior that I was alarmed; besides, I felt that the time had come to put a stop, if I could, to his everlasting plaguing.

"Robert," I said, "I simply won't be teased any longer. You've made fun of me in season and out of season for the last five years. You've dogged my footsteps until I've locked myself in my bedroom because it was the only way I could escape from you. You've talked about my hair and my skin and my eyes until I'm ready to wish that I were blind and bald and the color of putty. You've taken advantage of the fact that your sister is my most intimate friend, to say things you wouldn't say to any other girl, and that you know I wouldn't stand from any other man. I won't stand it from you any longer, either. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world—you great lazy, shiftless, stupid creature! If you were poor, you might have developed some redeeming qualities. As it is, they've all been choked up by your money. Let's not talk about it any more; it's perfectly futile.

What's worse, its vulgar. A man like you has no conception of what love really is!"

I had said all this looking out towards some ocean steamers just coming in towards land, and, as I finished, I turned towards Robert with a little laugh, meaning to end my speech more lightly; the expression of his mouth cut my laugh very short. He was smiling, but I would rather have seen him crying, as I had once seen Harry Stone cry. For when a man cries, you know he is in trouble, and you can comfort him; but when he smiles as Robert was smiling, you know he is in torture, and you can only stand away, aghast at the evil you have wrought.

"Almost everything you have said is quite true," said Robert, "I realize it, I regret it, I apologize for it. There is just one thing about which you are mistaken—I do love you."

I caught my breath.

"I've chosen a pretty poor way of showing it, I know," he went on, still smiling, "and I can't blame you one atom that you've interpreted it as you have. I can see that I've made the whole thing disgusting to you—I am stupid, as you say. However—this must be distasteful to you and it's entirely unnecessary." He swung the boat around quickly, and taken unaware, I slipped off my seat. With his free arm he pulled me up again, releasing me instantly and remarking, "A fine east wind—just what we needed! How I wish I hadn't thrown that pipe overboard," he drawled, crossing his legs and leaning back again, "I haven't so much as a paltry cigarette with me."

"Robert," I said, "will you forgive me that speech?"

"My dear girl," he said, "I would forgive you anything except making me throw away my pipe."

"You're still friends with me then?"

"Have you ever read your Bible, Helena? I haven't, of course. But

somehow reports have reached me about a certain man who asked for bread and was given a stone. I wonder if whoever wrote that—I'm sure I don't know who it was—had in mind the kind of girl—I suppose she existed even then—who says she'll be a good friend to a man when he asks her to be his wife. Or perhaps you are thinking of that silly adage that half a loaf is better than no bread. I would rather starve at once, and be done with it, than go half hungry all my life. I suppose you'll offer to let me kiss your hand next—it would be on a par with all the rest."

I had thought of it, but I never would have believed that Robert was clever enough to guess such a thing.

"I will forestall you by telling you," he went on, "that if I cannot kiss you on the mouth, I do not care to kiss you at all; and even as to that," he grew white and caught his breath a little, but turned it into a laugh, "after what you have said to me I will tell you quite frankly that I would rather be branded with a red-hot iron."

"Oh, Robert, *don't!*" I wailed, "I never guessed you cared like this! I never guessed that—*anyone* did!"

"No," he said, "I don't suppose you have thought much about—this side of it; you poor, pretty, selfish little fool! Lots of dresses and candy and flowers, pretty speeches and split dances, sunshine and moonlight and rhapsodies—well, I imagine they're all very well for a time. I hope you'll get—all you want, Helena!"

He thrust his hands into each of his pockets in turn, and after prolonged searching, produced a crumpled cigar.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "how truthful Kipling is! 'A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!'"

And so, smiling again, Robert sailed me in to port.

IX

I hope that every girl has, sometime in her life, one absolutely perfect week. Then, whatever comes afterwards, she will always have that to remember.

I certainly had mine.

The sail with Robert had been ghastly; but I forgot all about it the first instant that I was in Roger's arms again, and nothing happened (for a long time) to remind me of it. He did not avoid me, but, considering that I was his sister's guest I saw very little of him; when we were together, he was his old, lazy, teasing self.

One evening at dinner the conversation turned to the topic of wedding presents.

"I think it's like gilding refined gold," cried Roger, "for a bride to give her husband a wedding present! She gives him herself—that ought to be enough for any man!"

I blushed furiously. Robert reached across the table for some candied fruit, and drawled,

"Well, I should say that depended a little on the girl. I know a number of young persons whom I should hesitate a good while to take as a gift!"

Everybody laughed.

"How hard it must be to think up anything nice enough to give your best friend!" exclaimed Nancy. "Why, when Helena gets married, I shan't know where to look to find anything good enough for her."

"Helena is blamed fussy," said Robert.

"What will *you* give me?" I asked turning to him quickly. I was angry with him again, and hoped that I had caught him unawares, but I had not.

"Nothing at all," he said, with unwonted promptness, bolting down a great juicy candied apricot between his words, "maybe if I like your man I'll give him a gold-plated shaving-mug set with rhinestones, or a lapis-lazuli ash-receiver, or something

else that will be equally useful to you. But I don't expect to like him," finished Robert, devouring the stem to his apricot with evident relish.

Certainly as far as presents went, it seemed as if there would be nothing left for any one else to give me, if Roger had his way. He had to go to town several times again, and every evening he came back laden with lovely things. We had not been alone together more than five minutes after that first long hard day apart, when he took three packages from his pocket—a flat box about six inches square, and two tiny ones. He handed me the largest one first. My fingers trembled as the white velvet case came slowly out of its wrappings and as I touched the little gold spring. A single string of perfect pearls lay inside, with a clasp formed of one huge diamond. I could not have spoken to save my life, but I looked at the necklace and then at him, and then I lifted his hand and kissed it.

"You darling!" he cried, "that's the most wonderful 'thank-you' I ever had in my life. Let me put it on for a few minutes—just to see if it's becoming—and now look at this!"

He opened one of the little boxes, and held up a ring—the most magnificent ring I have ever seen in my life—three enormous diamonds on the slenderest of gold loops. He slipped it over the third finger of my left hand, and we sat and looked at it together for several minutes. Then he began to open the other box.

"Slide your engagement ring on another finger and hold up your hand," he said; I obeyed; and looking down, saw that this time he had put on a perfectly plain gold band, slim and smooth.

"I couldn't help buying it," he whispered, "I had to see it on, even if only for a few minutes, and in a few weeks it will be on forever—thank God!"

He raised my hand and kissed the wedding ring.

The next evening there was only a big box of candy; the next a little prayer-book and hymnal bound in white vellum "to be used at our wedding"; and night after night so many other wonderful things that I was fairly dazed with them. And as he poured his gifts into my lap, he would sit beside me, or often at my feet, with his head against my knees, telling me all his plans for our future—that wonderful existence alone together which was to begin so soon. He meant to take me to Europe at once, and after a month in the little house at Fontainebleau with the big still garden and the old mossy stone seat beside the trickling fountain—there were to be months of roving—long days on glorious high mountain tops—long evenings on moonlit lakes; luncheons at gay restaurants, dinners in the candle-lighted parlor of our own little suite, the table half-covered with roses, the silent, skilful servants leaving us as soon as the coffee was served.

Sometimes, instead of talking, he read to me, and I learned for the first time what poetry was. Of course I had learned pages and pages of it by heart at school, and sometimes Mother had made me listen to things about nature by Shelley and Wordsworth—but this was different—Keats and Byron, and Elizabeth Browning's "Sonnets from Portuguese." He read divinely, and on those occasions, it was I that sat at his feet.

I believe that no week, in all the centuries since the creation, ever passed as quickly as that one did. The last evening of our visit found us on the garden-seat, as usual; Roger put on my ring again, "to stay this time," and then he said,

"I told my father today, Helena. Not everything—not your name. I said you had no money, but that you belonged to one of Boston's oldest families, and that I'd give him twenty-four hours to guess which one. He fairly rubbed his hands with joy. 'I've been worrying myself sick,' he

said, 'because I thought you were after Nancy Hutchinson, a vulgar little parvenu if there ever was one.' (Those are his words, not mine, dear!) 'Well, well, I'll give her five hundred thousand of her own for a wedding present, then she'll be rich enough, won't she? Pretty? Oh, come now, you don't expect me to believe all that; however, I always did have faith in your good judgment. You want to get married in four weeks and take her off to Europe for an indefinite stay? No, I haven't any objection. You'll never be anything but a poor lawyer, see if you can be a better husband.'"

I felt myself suddenly go cold all over. I drew away from Roger a little.

"Dear," I said, "we've known each other just two weeks. The evening we met you asked me if I were related to the Castles of Boston, and perhaps you remember that I hesitated a little before I answered. Oh, the answer was yes! But we dropped the subject then and we've never brought it up since; it has never entered my head, and I don't believe it has yours! Oh, Roger! perhaps when I tell you what I ought to have told you long ago, you won't stand to marry me at all!"

"What do you mean?" he cried. Then, as if suddenly remembering some half-forgotten scandalous story: "It's not possible that Godfrey Castle was your *father*?"

I nodded, too frightened at his expression to speak; then I waited what seemed an eternity for him to go on.

"Tell me about it," he said at last, "your side of the story—I mean your mother's. I've only heard the other."

So I told him everything I knew—everything about my scholarly, aristocratic father, about my rich, uneducated, lovely mother; of the bitter opposition to the wilful marriage; of the years of misery and poverty and disillusion. Long before I had

finished I was in his arms, his cool cheek against my wet one; at last he interrupted.

"Darling—you did frighten me for a minute; but do you think there is anything on earth that would make me love you less? After all, what is this you have told me? A sad story, and one which, I am sorry to say, is not always told as you have told it; but it must never touch our lives."

"This is the way you feel," I breathed, "but how about your father and mother?"

The silence that followed only lasted a minute, but in that minute I knew what had come to me, and I remembered, for the first time in years, the promise I had made my mother when I was a little girl; then the physical pain from Roger's embrace, and the hoarseness of his voice, called me back to the present.

"I tell you," he cried, in a voice that was heavy with the passion in it, "that no power in Heaven or Earth or Hell will keep me from marrying you!"

"Helena!" called a man's voice out of the darkness.

I don't think Roger even heard it; but to me it spelled some fresh calamity. That voice could belong to but one person in all the world, and that person was Harry Stone. There was the sound of footsteps hurrying through the garden, and I saw two men coming quickly towards us; they had almost reached us before I succeeded in freeing myself, and stood back, panting, my delicate white dress crumpled like so much tissue-paper, my cheeks burning red, my hair tumbling over my shoulders; I put up my hand to push it back, and as I did so, the three great diamonds of my ring glistened like white fire in the moonlight; then I turned from Roger, tall and handsome as a young god, perfectly

dressed in white, from head to foot, to Harry, in his farmer's overalls and great cowhide boots; his face was crimson, and his great dog-like eyes were full of tears; then I looked past him to Robert, in his loose Norfolk jacket and his baggy serge trousers, and saw the kindly, crooked smile on his white lips.

"Don't worry," he said easily.

I caught myself together. "What is it?" I managed to ask. "What are you doing here, Harry?"

"Your mother," he said, brokenly, "you know she wasn't well when you left home, but we thought it was simply the heat and overwork." I saw him glance at my exquisite dress, and horror-stricken, put out my hand to take Roger's for support; but he did not see me, and it was Robert that caught it abruptly, and held it like a vise. "About a week ago, the doctor said she had typhoid fever. She wouldn't let us send you word; she said she was sure it was only a light case and that you would be home in a day or two anyway, and kept on writing you gay little notes, so that you shouldn't suspect a thing. But yesterday she grew much worse and today the doctor says—Mother and Lucy are with her, and I came for you in the motor because there isn't another train until morning and if you wait till then you may not get there in time."

"Oh, my darling!" exclaimed Roger, starting forward. Robert turned towards him savagely.

"You damned fool!" he cried; he had not let go my hand, and now I half realized that he had picked me up, and was starting for the house with me in his arms, "if you haven't sense enough to hold on to her when she's fainting, go and get some whiskey and go *quick!*"

That was all I heard; but Harry told me afterwards that he said a good deal more.

(To be continued.)

GRAMMY HARDING

By Anabel C. Andrews

She was tired out, and discouraged—oh, I know that's hard to believe of Grammy Harding; but it is true. Sinking into the nearest chair, she said slowly: "No use. Will power is a mighty help; but it has to be backed by more strength, and money than I have. Can't bear to see the shrubs and vines, that Tom set out, suffer for a little care; but I've reached my limit."

Peter crept into Grammy's lap, purring his thanks, that—in some unheard of way—there had come to him a petting-time before it was too early to have lights and too dark to work.

"What are we to do, Peter? I'm afraid I'll have to sell my little home. My income, without Jimmy's help, isn't quite large enough to take care of the place, and us. I've sold all my antiques for U. S. bonds, 'To Finish the Job!' If only Jimmy could have come home—no! no! I must be glad I had him to give. Sometimes I wonder if those for whom he died realize how empty our home, and thousands of American homes, must always be without the Boys who sleep in France. He was all I had; and the last of the name. I've tried so long, and so hard, to think of some way—if it is 'always darkest before dawn' it should be 'dawn' for us very soon; but I can't see the first faint streaks, even. The bell is ringing—don't get exactly in front of me, Peter, for that's a soldier; over seas cap, and puttees—oh! three wound stripes!"

"Will you come in, Laddie?"

"Thank you—I am John Bennett; if you are Mrs. Thomas Harding I shall be very glad to come in."

"Yes I am; will you sit here?"

"Thank you—that syringa looks like the one we had at home."

"You have, of course, been home since your discharge?"

"I have neither home, nor relatives. I have only—or had, the last I knew—a cousin, twice removed, living in Wyoming. I obtained in France, through the kindness of a Y. man, a position in the bank, so have located here, and call the hotel my home. It isn't what I'd like, but a stranger cannot at once get a desirable boarding place; am hoping for that later. I called to thank you for my Buddy and myself."

"To thank me, Laddie, for what?"

"For the magazines and books you sent to France, and which came to the Y. nearest us. It would be impossible to tell you the help it was to all, particularly to those who, like ourselves, had no home ties; therefore no letters. Do you remember sending, in a *Digest*, the photograph of a lily, with a poem by Mrs. Wilcox?"

"Yes; I thought it beautiful, and hoped the Boys would also."

"We did. Buddy made a rustic frame for it, and hung it on the wall at the Y. Your address was on the mailing slips, and Buddy said: 'When you get back to God's country, Jack, you call on Mrs. Harding, and thank her; we'll send her some of that bead work the old French refugee makes.'"

"We'll both go, Harry."

"No, you'll go home without me, Jack; I know it. It is all right, but don't forget me."

"He is sleeping in the Argonne—as clean and square a man as ever gave his life for an ideal. We had these motifs made for you, by a refugee, whose home was utterly destroyed by the Huns, leaving her old husband and herself homeless. Will you accept her work as a little expression of our gratitude to you? Now, now, you mustn't cry! Oh, please don't."

But Grammy just sobbed while trying to thank him for the beautiful work. She groped for her handkerchief; he handed it to her, and said

gently: "Buddy wouldn't have made you cry. I'm so sorry—please forgive me."

Before Grammy realized what she was doing, she had shown him the gold star on her service flag; told him of her loneliness since her grandson enlisted, and how hard she was trying to be cheerful, while she accepted the fact that she must always be lonely; and her need of Jimmy was greater each month.

"O, I beg your pardon, Laddie; I shouldn't have troubled you with any of my trouble."

The soldier sat in Jimmy's chair; by Jimmy's window; with Peter snuggled in his lap, singing as he hadn't sung since Jimmy went; the words just said themselves: "I'd like to have you have supper with me, if you would care to."

"If I would care to—Gee! I can't thank you enough."

In a very short time Grammy called him to supper. Thin pink slices of ham; hot biscuits, with honey; a cream pie, with the cream piled high, and dotted with islands of pink raspberry jam.

"Sit here, please, Laddie, in Jimmy's chair, and serve the supper, as he always did. You had coffee enough in France; you shall have milk—we have it warm every morning from a neighbor's cow, which my husband sold to him, when we left the farm to come here."

"You can't understand, Mrs. Harding, how good it seems to have tablecloths, and napkins once more. First night I slept in a real bed, I laid awake to take comfort with the sheets."

The soldier enjoyed his supper. Grammy enjoyed seeing him eat it; once she said: "More milk, Jimmy?" The tears came, but did not fall, for Grammy winked them back hard, and smiled.

"I'd love to have you call me Jack—will you?"

"Surely, Laddie; glad to."

Grammy washed the dishes. Jack dried them, telling Grammy he had been K. P. enough to know how.

She took him out in the little garden, calling his attention to Jimmy's favorites, which she had tended, by neglecting the others; then they sat on the broad veranda talking, Peter sitting in Jack's lap, talking also, in his way.

Jack said, after a time, hesitating much between words:

"Would you be willing, and are you able, to let me board with you? I can bring you references, and I will be just as little trouble as possible; while I'd dearly love to do the garden work; can you consider it for an instant?"

"I don't need to consider it. I know any references you bring will be satisfactory—shouldn't hesitate to take you with none. If you can take care of the garden, and do what Jimmy did, we won't talk about board."

"I couldn't do that. The exercise is just what I need; save me paying for a course at the Y; and I want to pay you more than I am paying at the hotel, for it is worth it. Now let me talk a while, and you listen, making no objections to my plans."

Grammy listened.

"Yes, Peter, that's Jack's whistle, Lois has supper ready, and I have a big dish of the very first strawberries, hidden in the cellar for a supper surprise."

"Six years, Peter, since Jack came to us first. We didn't know he was the dawn, did we, in that darkest hour; but he was. He is a dear boy, his wife is a dear girl, and we have much to be grateful for, compared with what we had that day— Yes, Lois, coming as soon as possible, with Peter directly in front of my feet, as he invariably is, if I am in a hurry—good old Peter."

THE LAST LOG DRIVE

By Katherine C. Meader

The day had been sultry for June and now at evening we were all gathered on the back veranda to watch the fading western light and enjoy the cool breeze which springs up from the river after the sun goes down.

Hardly a ripple stirred the mirror-like expanse of the stream save where now and then a fish leaped to the surface or a stray log went hurrying by as if eager to overtake its comrades, some of whom had been floating down the stream, either singly or in little groups ever since the "big freshet" in April when the river "broke up."

The rosy glow still lingered in the western sky, dimly reflected in the placid water almost at our feet. The scene was perfect—everything so calm and restful after the heat of the day—and yet we were all conscious of a certain tension; a watchfulness, as if we were waiting for something or somebody,—we knew not whom nor what,—when straight out of the heart of the sunset, rounding the curve of the Big Oxbow, without a sound, came the first boat of the log drive.

Its solitary occupant stood high in the narrow pointed prow with one foot on the gunwale and a long blue oar lightly poised paddle wise over his knee. We wondered if he knew how like a Viking of old he looked in bold relief against the evening sky, or as he came nearer, what a charming bit of color his red shirt and blue oar made in contrast to the dusky green of the willows on the opposite bank.

But looking neither to right nor left, apparently as unconscious of his own picturesque attitude as of our admiring gaze, he floated down with the current and silently faded from our sight.

The twilight deepened into dusk, the breeze came up from the river

laden with the spicy fragrance of spruce and balsam, while from a thicket far across the meadows we could faintly hear the insistent melancholy refrain of the whip-poor-will—that nightingale of New England.

Early the next morning half a dozen husky rivermen came up to the house with their jugs and cans for water, looking not quite so picturesque by daylight as by twilight but always very pleasant and civil, tip-toeing carefully across the kitchen floor so as not to mar it with their heavy spiked boots.

Several boat loads of men had already gone down during the night to guard the bridges along the way, to keep the logs from striking the piers with such force as to damage them or from lodging and forming a "jam."

They said the "jam" on Harvard's Island was already broken and the main drive which had been held up there for some time would be down within a very few hours. The "big boss" from "down the line" had come up to meet the drive in his little motor boat accompanied (O shades of Leatherstocking) by his Indian half-breed engineer.

We spent most of the time that day, somewhat to the neglect of our household duties I am afraid, on the back porch, watching the logs, which came down thicker and faster until the river from bank to bank and as far up stream as we could see was simply packed with them. It was so fascinating to watch the men keeping their perilous footing, with their spiked boots, as they ran lightly back and forth across the floating, rolling, swaying floor of logs, balancing themselves with their long pike poles, which they used so skilfully to keep the logs constantly moving in the main channel, out of the deep cove on the one side and the shallow water on the other.

All day long the men kept up this perilous, difficult work, alert, vigorous and apparently in the best of spirits, but we sometimes held our breath as we looked on, realizing that a single misstep or a careless move might mean disaster and probably death. I asked one of the men if they had met with many accidents during the past season. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly but made no reply.

In the meantime others of the gang were patrolling the meadows looking for stray logs which might have been stranded during the high water and rolling them back into the stream with their cant-hooks and peavies. If the logs were some distance from the bank, horses were used to drag them back, much to the detriment of the growing crops, especially the grass which was then about ready to be cut. Some of the horses were trained to swim out into the water dragging a log clear off the bank and then, the log being automatically released from the rigging by a single skilful stroke of the cant-hook, to wheel at the word of command and swim back to the shore for another.

Toward nightfall when the main part of the drive had passed, there came raft after raft, made of big logs lashed together, carrying the horses which had been used in the woods during the previous winter.

The great, noble looking animals stood six or eight abreast, tied in two rows about five feet apart, facing each other across the center of the rafts. They seemed to have no fear of the water but stood quietly munching their oats, apparently rather enjoying the trip.

Now and then would come along a raft loaded with provisions, baled hay, barrels of flour, potatoes, etc., and again a boat load of men and baggage.

Just at dusk and once later in the evening we heard the "chug, chug" and the shrill whistle of the big boss'

motor boat, while at intervals during the night, a snatch of song, a burst of laughter, a quick word of command or a splash of oars, assured us that things were still moving.

We feared that the "wanagin" or cook raft might go down by during the night and we should miss it, but were delighted to find the next morning that it had anchored in a little cove a few rods below the house. When the cookee came up for water he said they were just ready for their second breakfast but they had received orders to stay where they were until nine o'clock and then go on down to the Newbury bridge. He invited us to come down and make them a visit so as soon as we had our breakfast we went down to call on the cook carrying some lettuce, radishes, and a big bunch of sweet peas—an interchange of gifts being etiquette.

The "wanagin" or Mary Ann, as it is familiarly called, is a house on a raft, built in sections so it can be taken apart and carried by rapids or falls, or places like the Narrows above Woodsville. This morning the sides were all open so the house was not much more than a roof sheltering the big stove and the cook's supplies and utensils.

There were two cookees, one of whom very politely did the honors, helping us up the narrow gang plank, etc., while the other sat stolidly peeling potatoes and throwing them into a wash tub already over half full.

The cook, himself, big and jolly, looked quite professional in his white cap and apron. He seemed much pleased with the flowers, etc., and good naturedly answered all the foolish questions we asked him while liberally treating us to cookies and card gingerbread. He was stirring up biscuits with a wooden paddle in a pan about the size of a bushel basket but stopped long enough to let us peep into the oven where sixteen pies were baking at once.

He said he and his two helpers had

to keep busy every minute as they often had six meals a day, since the men could not all be together at the same time. Then there were lunches to be sent to the advance guard or to those bringing up the rear, for it is as true of a gang of rivermen as of an army that they "travel on their stomachs." The men live well on the long toilsome trip from Connecticut lake to the Sound (or sometimes, as in this case, only to Holyoke) and beside the provisions they carry with them have a bountiful supply of milk, fresh meat and vegetables as the cook's orders are sent ahead every day by telephone.

Half an hour later the motor boat which had been up the line came chugging back and at the signal the "Mary Ann" slowly backed out of the cove, righted herself, and swinging into the current floated lazily down the stream.

The "big boss" who came up to the house to discuss the question of damages on the low meadow proved to be very intelligent and interesting.

He said that over four million feet of long logs had gone down in this drive. It was the largest drive that he had ever taken down and probably

would be the last one as the territory from which the logs were taken had been cut over so closely that it would be twenty-five years at least before it would be ready to cut again.

Mr. X—— said that his company had employed about 200 men and as many horses in the woods all winter chopping and hauling the logs, and now when the drive reached Holyoke the men would be paid off. The pay is not large and the work is both difficult and dangerous but the men seem to find a certain fascination in it and many of them follow the same pursuit year after year. I wish I could describe to you as he did the many interesting details of the work, as for instance how they "snub" the heavy loads down the steep mountain sides by means of a two-inch cable coiled around a big stump, paying it out foot by foot for perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred feet.

But his duties called him elsewhere and as his motor gave one last long shriek, going out of sight around the point, we thought "how the old order changeth giving place to new," and realized with regret that we had watched the last Connecticut log drive.

A MEMORY

By Helen Adams Parker

Grieved with the care and strife that manhood brings,
 I sought relief in open country lanes;
 Made company with sky and flowers and trees,
 And sunny brook filled with the Autumn rains,
 When presently I reached a little spot
 Where through a clump of firs the soft breeze swept,
 And there, beyond a simple wooden fence,
 A flock of barn yard fowl together stepped,
 Picking their food with gentle, clucking noise,
 From the soft earth, whence rose a moisture sweet;
 The world seemed flooded with a sense of peace,
 A brooding, Mother-love, my pain to greet—
 Such was the sound I first heard on that morn
 When I, a babe, awoke at early dawn.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 8

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

GORGEOUS OCTOBER

"O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson*

October brings the climatic perfection of the year in New Hampshire; in her first two weeks at least, and sometimes through the entire month, we stand at the apex of the year.

THE OCTOBER MIRACLE

The month is ushered in by the October miracle. The last two weeks in September are a glorious preparing for the yet more glorious first two weeks in October, and we enter the season of the year when God turns artist, stretches his canvas and draws the brush, and we see such a picture as never at any other time greets human or angelic eyes. Gold and orange, crimson and saffron, drab and maroon, indigo and scarlet all mingle and transfigure the earth's face before our wondering eyes. The forests blossom into ten thousand variegated harmonies, banks of glorious color cover the hillsides, delicate hues line the roads and the orchards are laden with their ruddy and yellow fruit; there is wooing in the very air, the skies are clear blue and the warming sunshine feels as the sunshine of October alone can feel. No writer has ever found words adequate to describe the October miracle, no painter has ever caught its glory on canvas—nor none ever will.

THE OCTOBER SPELL OF RAPTURE

I like to climb a hill on one of these early October days, and stand in silent joy and drink in the beauty. From ten till four on a bright day in early October, in any of these New England states, one encounters on every side such sights, sounds, comforts, as fill him with a spell of

emotional rapture. The sky is blue, the sun warm, the air is clear, the oppressive heat has gone, off through the valleys stretches a riot of beauty—the green has turned to scarlet, purple and gold; beds upon beds of leaves arise in one blaze of crimson glory, golden brown and bright indigo—the first-fruits of down-falling leaves rustle around my bare feet, the great sun off yonder shines warm upon my bare head, the atmosphere fills my lungs and intoxicates me with the joy of being alive in such a world—I am filled with the most exhilarating of emotions—it's a gorgeous, enchanting month—to be alive a day like this is bliss—earth today is a part of heaven.

MID-OCTOBER'S PERFECT DAYS

October 14, 1857, Thoreau wrote in his diary at the close of the day—"was there ever such a day?" This is the question one may well ask at the close of any of the days in mid-October. The blaze of beauty is fading but the factors of climatic perfection have reached their height, and we get a blending of air and temperature and soft breezes that make the days perfect.

DAYS IN LATE OCTOBER

"I love old October so,
I can't bear to see her go—
Seems to me like losing some
Old-home relative or chum—"

Now we come to the days when October is slipping away; when the warm season between frosty morning and night, each day becomes shorter; the winds grow more boisterous and strip the trees of their garb. The corn-shacks of the farmers remind us of the wigwams of the Indians who lived here before us, and we turn from the esthetic to the practical, and join the farmer as he seeks to complete his harvest before freezing days shall come.

EDITORIAL

The New Hampshire General Court of 1919 met in special session, upon the call of Governor John H. Bartlett and the Executive Council, at 11 a. m., Tuesday, September 8, and adjourned at 4.40 p. m., Thursday, September 10. The call for this extra session stated as its purpose the consideration of the suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution, and this matter had first attention in both branches. A joint resolution, ratifying the amendment on the part of the state of New Hampshire, was passed in the House by a roll-call vote of 212 to 142 and in the Senate by 14 to 10. "If and when" the amendment becomes effective by the ratifying votes of thirty-six states, certain legislation, framed at the New Hampshire special session, goes into operation, defining the entrance of women into Granite State citizenship with its various privileges and duties, including the payment of the largest poll tax in our history.

In his address to the Legislature upon its convening Governor Bartlett recommended action, in addition to the consideration of suffrage, upon an increased bonus for World War soldiers and for the prevention of profiteering, and both of these matters were taken up, as he desired. At its regular session, the Legislature had voted \$30 to every New Hampshire soldier and sailor in the war with Germany. To this \$70 each was added by unanimous vote of both branches at the special session, making a total of \$100 per man to be thus paid and to be raised by a bond issue of \$1,500,000. A sinking fund for the retirement of these bonds will be secured by increasing the annual poll tax from \$3 to \$5 for a period of five years. Those soldiers who already have received the \$30 from the state will have the additional \$70 sent to them without further for-

mality soon after December 1, when the act takes effect.

In the matter of a law to punish profiteering, such a statute was drafted by representatives of the Federal Department of Justice and submitted, through the Judiciary Standing Committee, to the House of Representatives, which passed it unanimously. In the Senate, however, the measure was deemed too drastic, and a majority of the Judiciary Committee in the upper branch recommended that it was inexpedient to legislate in the matter. A minority of the committee submitted a new draft of the bill which the Senate adopted and in which the House concurred, though with the freely expressed opinion that the statute in its final form has so few teeth as to be of little value.

Affirmative action was asked of this special session of the General Court upon several other important matters, including, especially, labor and liquor legislation, but all were postponed indefinitely by the House in accordance with its vote on the opening day that the business of the session should be confined to the subjects for whose particular consideration it was called.

The value of this brief and business-like session was far in excess of its cost, which is estimated at \$15,000. It placed the state of New Hampshire on the right side of one of the great questions of the day and gave her action an influence comparable in importance with that vote of hers which ratified finally the first Constitution of the United States of America. The right of women to vote, always evident, but long denied, soon will be granted to them in full measure throughout the nation, and it is gratifying to our sense of state pride that New Hampshire is recorded among the first, rather than among

the last, of the states to ratify the Federal suffrage amendment. It is fitting that this should be so, for, taken as a group, there is no constituency of women in this country or in the world more worthy of the ballot or more capable of using it intelligently and to good purpose than the

women of New Hampshire. With them holding the balance of political power we shall expect to see the demagogue and the partisan less influential than in the past and more consideration given to those leaders who believe in good causes and who have the courage of their convictions.

BOUNCING BET

By Alice M. Shepard

Bouncing Bet romps in the lane
 Around the feet of sweet-breathed kine,
 When, lowing for the tardy swain
 They stand and wait in patient line.

When bars are down, and cows go home,
 She follows softly in the grass,
 From barn to cot she loves to roam,
 A bonny, carefree, country lass.

She nestles 'neath the leanto eaves,
 Then wanders, eager to explore,
 And blooming rosily, she leaves
 A garland greeting at the door.

The house can never be forlorn,
 Though broken windows gape and stare,
 Though chimneys fall, and thresholds yawn
 While Bet keeps loyal vigil there.

Bouncing Bet romps in the lane
 And sports and ranges unconfined,
 For Nature's laws alone constrain
 And home is in her heart enshrined.

Franklin, N. H.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The Bibliographical Society of America, which was founded in 1904 during the Conference of Librarians at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on the initiative of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago, has for its object the promotion of bibliographical research and the printing of bibliographical productions. The Papers of the Society are published at The University of Chicago Press at a subscription price of \$4 a year. Part I of Volume XIII, issued at \$1 net, postpaid, \$1.10, is devoted principally to "The Speeches of Daniel Webster: A Bibliographical Review," by Clifford Blake Clapp, with a frontispiece portrait from a daguerreotype, not heretofore reproduced, taken when Mr. Webster was about fifty-six years of age. Mr. Clapp's work is scholarly, thorough and exact. At the same time it is readable and interesting. Its outline of the rise in fame and development in power of New Hampshire's greatest native, as reflected in the publication and circulation of his speeches and addresses, gives in itself a good idea of his career and public services.

In an introductory paragraph Mr. Clapp says: "Interest in Webster literature begins where interest in 'Americana' often ends, with 1800. Daniel Webster's speeches and writings extend over a little more than half a century, those of each decade seeming to have—roughly, it must be admitted—a peculiar characteristic. Separate editions of those of the first two decades are nearly all rarities; but, while some editions of the succeeding periods are seldom found, many of the later items were issued in large numbers, extensively collected, and carefully saved. Probably when general interest is aroused in Webster literature, much of this material will be brought to light from its many hiding-places. But neither the scarcity nor the frequent occur-

rence of any editions need deter recording or collecting; for the work of few Americans of the nineteenth century is so well worth study, and a certain inspiration comes from the knowledge and possession of the literature in its original form. It is from this point of view, largely, that the present review is written, with the hope of inspiring wider interest in the subject, and with the aim of drawing forth information concerning the printed material nearest the source and suggestions regarding its relation to Webster's career and to the national life."

To this hope and aim New Hampshire, especially, should be responsive.

"The Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad: Its Early History and the Men Who Helped to Make It," is the title of a book of 148 pages issued at \$1 by Charles Ed. Caswell of Warren, N. H. A few years ago, Mr. Caswell began the publication in his weekly paper, the *Warren News*, of some reminiscent sketches of early railroading in New Hampshire north of Concord. From the first they aroused much interest among his readers, with the result that letters began to pour in upon Mr. Caswell from far and near, giving interesting and valuable information, not elsewhere obtainable, as to the beginnings and growth of what was chartered as the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad but is now known as the White Mountains Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad system. The best of these letters were printed as they were received, interspersed with comment by the editor and amplified with facts gathered by him in various ways. Now they have been put into book form, with some illustrations, and in this shape will appeal, doubtless, to an even wider audience. Mr. Caswell has made no attempt at a systematic arrangement, chronolog-

ical or otherwise, of his material, but what he has done is to bring to light, gather together and preserve in print a great amount of original and authentic data as to the building and operation of this railroad line. Railroading in those times was a very different thing from what it is today. The great expresses that pass over this line now, bound across the continent, from the Atlantic to the

Pacific, the tremendous through freights, with much of their cargo destined to go over the oceans to the other hemisphere, dwarf into insignificance the tiny trains of the long ago. But the railroad men of those days, brave and loyal, of infinite resource and wonderful endurance, deserve to have their names and deeds rescued from oblivion, as Mr. Caswell has helped to do in this little book.

THE GRAVEYARD ON THE HILL

(200th Anniversary of Londonderry, August 25, 1919)

By Charles Nevers Holmes

A narrow road climbs upwards,
By bushes overgrown,
To where an ancient graveyard
Is sleeping—all alone.

Remote from men's devices,
From hamlet, church and cot,
It rests there half forgotten,
A silent, sunlit spot.

Within this little graveyard,
Beneath its stubbled sod,
Repose the bones of Christians
Whose faith was firm in God;

Whose virtues still survive them,
And though unknown to fame,
We read upon each tombstone
A good, unsullied name.

Far down below this graveyard,
Amidst a verdant lea,
The town they founded honors
Its anniversary;

But of that town's rejoicings
No sound is heard at all,
No echoes from the valley
Awake within its wall.

It is indeed God's Acre,
This spot where all is still,
This little, ancient graveyard
Upon a lonely hill.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

The late David E. Murphy

David Edward Murphy, leading merchant of Concord, died, September 1, as the result of an automobile accident ten days before. He was born in Concord, October 15, 1859, the son of Bartholomew and Mary (McCue) Murphy, and began to earn his own living at a very early age. At sixteen he entered the Underhill dry goods store as a clerk and before he was thirty was the proprietor of a business of his own. This he built up by his qualities of courtesy, diligence and unusual business ability until the Murphy store was one of the best known in the state and his financial acumen also was recognized by his election as director of the First National Bank and trustee of the Union Trust Company, both of Concord.

Mr. Murphy's devotion to his business did not preclude him from taking a useful and prominent part in public affairs. For some years he was president of the Concord Commercial Club. From 1905 to 1913 he was a trustee of the State Industrial School. He was a member of the commission having in charge the erection of the statue of President

Franklin Pierce in the State House yard and was the marshal of the ceremonies attending its unveiling. He was a member, also, of the State Commission appointed to consider plans for preserving the birthplace of President Pierce. During the war with Germany he was indefatigable in his loyal endeavors as a member of the State Committee on Public Safety and as the merchant representative in New Hampshire of the Federal Food Administration.

A steadfast Democrat in politics, Mr. Murphy was long a member of the State Committee of his party and made an excellent run in 1916 as candidate for the Executive Council. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Elks, Friends of Irish Freedom, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Catholic Club of New York and the Woonolancet Club, Concord. He was one of the prominent laymen of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, a devoted member of St. John's Church.

On April 26, 1905, Mr. Murphy married Miss Katherine Louise Prentiss of New York

City, by whom he is survived, and by one brother, Jeremiah, of Concord. His funeral, on September 4, was observed by a general closing of Concord stores and by an attendance of mourning friends from all classes in life which overflowed the spacious church and was the most distinguished gathering of the kind in Concord since the funeral of Senator Gallinger. Mr. Murphy left a large estate from which he generously remembered numerous charitable and educational institutions, even as, during life, he was prompt and liberal in the support of all good causes.

MAJOR JOHN ALDRICH

Major John Aldrich, the oldest resident of Lakeport, who died there July 29, was born in Franconia, June 1, 1824. He married Mary, daughter of John A. and Mary Ryan Cole, April 12, 1846, at Lakeport, then Lake Village. She died in 1907, aged 80. In 1857 Mr. Aldrich acquired the interest of his uncle, John A. Cole, in Cole, Davis & Co., afterwards the Cole Manufacturing Company. He enlisted in 1862 as a private, and was elected captain by the men with him from Lake Village and vicinity. His company became Co. A., 15th New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to major April 8, 1863. For many years he was superintendent of the Wardwell Needle Company. He retired from business several years ago. In 1917 he issued a book, "Lakeport's Ancient Homes," a history of the early days of Lake Village. He was the oldest living past master of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and he also was a member of the I. O. O. F.

DR. ALBERT L. NORRIS

Dr. Albert Lane Norris, eighty, native of Epping, died August 29. He was a member of the class of 1859 at Phillips Exeter Academy and one of the nine founders, in 1856, of the Christian Fraternity. Dr. Norris received his degree of medicine from Harvard in 1865. He served as an assistant surgeon during the Civil War, and during that struggle he was engaged in the Peninsula Campaign, met President Lincoln many times, and was a close personal friend of General Lew Wallace. In 1869, Dr. Norris studied in the hospitals in Vienna, Berlin, Edinburgh and London. On his return, he settled in Cambridge, and in 1873 married Miss Cora E. Perley, of Laconia. Until the death of his wife in 1909 he remained in Cambridge, and after that date he retired from active life and moved to Malden. His son, Dr. Albert P. Norris, carries on his father's practice in Cambridge. Two daughters, Miss V. Maud Norris and Miss Grace M. Norris, both live in Malden. Dr. Norris was a member of the Centre Methodist Church of Malden, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, etc.

DR. CARL A. ALLEN

Dr. Carl Addison Allen, who died at his home in Holyoke, Mass., September 11, after an illness due to overwork during the influenza epidemic, was born in Lempster, October 27, 1847, the son of Stephen and Phoebe (Lewis) Allen. He attended Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and received the degree of

The Late Dr. Carl A. Allen

M.D. from the Long Island College Hospital in 1874. From that year until 1890 he practised in Acworth, since that time at Holyoke, where he had been president of the County, City and Connecticut River Medical societies and of the Holyoke Anti-Tuberculosis Society and secretary of the Holyoke Red Cross. During his residence in New Hampshire he was superintendent of schools at Lempster and Acworth. Doctor Allen was a member of the Congregational Church and of the I. O. O. F. He married, first, Sophie E. Stearns, who died December 19, 1888, and, second, Hattie M. Murdough, who survives him.

FRANK L. SANDERS

Frank L. Sanders, grand sentinel and tyler of all the New Hampshire Masonic grand bodies since 1895, died in Concord, September 7, aged seventy. Born in North Chichester, the son of Charles Sanders, he received his education in the schools of that town. Early in life he removed to Concord, where he was engaged for several years as a contractor and builder, later being superintendent at the Page Belting Company, which position he resigned to establish a bindery in this city. He retired from active business fifteen years ago. The record of

Mr. Sanders in Masonry is one seldom equaled. He was past master of Blazing Star Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; past high priest of Trinity Chapter, R. A. M.; past master of Horace Chase Council, R. & S. M., and past commander of Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. T. In 1901 and 1902 he was grand commander of the Grand Commandery Knights Templars of New Hampshire. He was crowned an honorary 33d degree Mason in September, 1892, was a charter member of the State Veteran Free Mason Association, and for eleven years was master of the Alpha Lodge of Perfection, Scottish Rite. His survivors include a brother, Warren Sanders of Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. Nettie Knowles of North Chichester.

GEORGE W. STONE

George Weare Stone, prominent member of the New Hampshire bar, was born in Plymouth, November 11, 1857, the son of

superintendent of schools in 1879-80; for nine years was a member of the Board of Education, was a member of the House of Representatives in 1885 and 1887, being the Democratic candidate for speaker in the latter year; and was a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1902, 1912, and 1918. He was clerk of the Concord and Claremont Railroad; a trustee of Proctor Academy; a trustee of the New Hampshire State Library since December, 1913; a member and clerk of the Merrimack County Draft Board No. 2. Mr. Stone was a Unitarian. He was a member of the Masons and of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Mr. Stone married, April 28, 1887, Stella M. Prince, who died Dec. 28, 1914. They had three children, of whom one survives, Charles S. Stone, who saw service as a lieutenant in the national army. A younger son, Fred W. Stone, who enlisted in the merchant marine, was lost at sea. A daughter, Florence G. Stone, died in 1906.

LEON D. HURD

Leon D. Hurd, who died in Manchester July 15, was born in Walpole, August 15, 1850, and for 40 years was connected with the American Express Company as messenger. He was a member of Washington Lodge of Masons and of the White Mountain Travelers' Association. He was president of the Calumet Club for two terms, and helped form the Ragged Mountain Club of which he was the first president. He had served in the Legislature as a representative from Ward Four, Manchester, and was executive messenger to Governor Charles M. Floyd and his council. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Edward C. Blake of Manchester, a son, George L. Hurd of Concord, and five grandchildren.

REUBEN T. LEAVITT

Reuben T. Leavitt, past department commander of the G. A. R. and member of the Legislature from Pittsfield, died in that town September 11. He was born there, November 11, 1839, the son of Reuben T. and Nancy (Brown) Leavitt, and enlisted August 16, 1862, in Co. F, 12th N. H. Vols. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville and because of neglect of his wound was disabled for life. September 4, 1871, he married Emma A. Watson of North Berwick, Me., by whom he is survived, with one son, Harry, and a grandson and granddaughter.

The Late George W. Stone

Charles J. F. and Abbie Anna (Weare) Stone, and died at his home in Andover, September 2. He prepared at the New London Literary and Scientific Institute, now Colby Academy, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated with the class of 1873. He then studied law at Boston University and with the late John M. Shirley, whose partner he was until Mr. Shirley's death. He served his town as

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The

Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS NUMBER:

**THE RURAL CHURCH
NEW HAMPSHIRE SCHOOLS
PITTSFIELD'S OLD HOME WEEK**

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NOVEMBER, 1919

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THE COUNTRY CHURCH PROBLEM

By Rev. Harold H. Niles

Much has been written and spoken these last few years concerning the rural church. Surveys, statistics and pamphlets have appeared, and have shown us that the country churches are dying or dead, and that rural populations in a great many places are growing up without the influence of the church. This is not only true of the country church but it might also be said of a great many city churches. When one realizes that in this great republic of ours, founded upon the fundamentals of the Christian religion, sixty-three million people are living day after day without any connection with the church, he begins to understand why there is so much chaos and disturbance as at present. The Christian church has produced our civilization. The teachings of Jesus have made our homes, our property, our lives respected and secure. Without the Christian spirit fostered and nourished by the church, our hospitals, schools, colleges, asylums, homes for the aged, movements for social reform and social justice would cease to exist.

Our own Daniel Webster once said, "Without Christianity, human life is a desert, of no known termination on any side." Theodore Parker uttered the same great truth when he said, "Silence the voice of Christianity and the world is well-nigh dumb; for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers and the people."

The country districts furnish the cities with strong, bright, ambitious

and active men and women, who in time control the destinies of the state and of the nation. If these country districts are not filling the people with Christ's teachings and His Spirit, a great danger—a real peril—confronts the nation. With so many people in the nation, who never feel the push and the pull and the influence which come from those words which point the way to happiness and peace, which have come down to us from the lips of that Hebrew Youth, it is no wonder that America stands at a very critical point in her career.

Rural churches are dying! Let us accept the facts but "let us not only be hearers of the word but doers also." Without effort little is accomplished in this world. A keen sense of social maladjustment avails little unless an effort is made to correct the evils; so a realization of the nation's peril in the decay of the rural churches will amount to little unless an effort, strong and mighty, is made by those interested to improve the condition.

About the best way to do away with evil conditions is to remove the causes. To illustrate: Somewhere I have read that in an insane asylum a simple test is made of a man's mental condition. He is given a mop and is told to mop up a floor on to which water is running from a faucet in the wall. If he turns off the faucet before he mops he is considered sane, but if he mops and mops without turning off the water he is considered unbalanced. If a church or group of

churches attempt to clear up the flood of churchless rural communities without turning off the faucet, the efforts will avail but little.

The causes of this serious situation, we are told, are many. The trouble has been laid by different people to tenant-farming, the automobile, the flux of the ambitious young people to the city, and other similar causes. I do not believe these are the real causes, although they might help in killing the rural church.

Rev. H. H. Niles

Pastor of the White Memorial Universalist church, Concord, and chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature.

The real cause is that the rural churches have been the ones which have suffered the most from the scarcity of ministers. As Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, minister of City Temple in London, says:

"No one will deny that the last forty years has been a difficult and trying period for the preacher. The loss which the pulpit—along with poetry and art—has sustained in modern times has been great beyond measure. The reason is obvious—the withdrawal of so many fine minds into literature, science and industry,

wooed by the voices of the age. This exodus began years ago, when Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Bancroft and others left the pulpit for the more liberal province of letters, where they could speak without let or hindrance the truth as they saw it. It has been going on ever since, almost taking from us Brooks, Chapin and Swing, not to name Robertson—all of whom were kept in the pulpit as if by accident. Once almost every mother looked forward to seeing one of her sons in the pulpit as a teacher of faith; but it is not so now."

The scarcity of ministers is appalling. I have been told that in one denomination there are as many as seven churches for every active minister. Think of it, my friends! When the church dies our civilization will go with it. Because of this scarcity of ministers, many men have been sent into the rural field without adequate preparation and without the necessary equipment for successful work. For the last fifty years the rural churches have been and are regarded as training schools for the ministers, as stepping-stones to something supposedly bigger and better, and as last resorts for the old, worn-out ministers and city failures.

The *Manchester (N. H.) Union*, under date of September 30, 1919, published an editorial upon this subject, entitled "A Reason for It," in which it endeavored to point out that the failure of the rural church is due to the over-churched communities. I do not agree with that idea entirely. No doubt there are many communities where one church could do the work now done by two or three, yet in the majority of cases the truth is that the churches are under-peopled.

So long as there is a scarcity of ministers there will be a country church problem. So long as the ministry is an underpaid, worried and distracted body so long will its membership be small. The kind of men that the church needs for its ministry will never be attracted to it

so long as laboring men, railroad men, union men, street-cleaners and scrub-women receive more salary than the church offers.

Now, then, what can be done to remedy a very serious situation?

In the first place, the people in the rural places should consider squarely the situation before them. They should answer the question if they would care to bring up their families in churchless communities; they should face squarely the possibility of being obliged in a short time to do business in a community where the restraints of religion have been removed. Then they should get together and agree to pay liberally for the services of a faithful and competent minister. They gladly pay for fire and police protection, when all that firemen and policemen do is to gather after a building has been destroyed or a life wrecked and clear up the remains. While for the church that gets there first and prevents the

crime they pay grudgingly a small stipend.

In the second place, I believe that the dwellers in those communities should show the bright and enthusiastic young men the imperative and impressive need of the ministry. There is no better way in the world today by means of which a young man may contribute to the world's great problems than to take up the work of the Christian ministry. The ministry is a great profession glorified by the heroisms and the eloquence of Savonarola, Luther, John Knox, Phillips Brooks, Chapin, Beecher and a host of other consecrated and powerful men. It is calling today as it never called before for men and women to come forth and join in the great conflict for truth and for right. It is calling for men and for women who will help strengthen the moral fibre of the world, by drawing the people nearer to God. The salvation of the rural as well as the city communities rests here.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

By Jean R. Patterson

My dear one, in the midst of mighty things,
Your young life runs unwittingly its course,
And as I watch you play, on Fancy's wings,
My mind projects itself. Shall you perforce
Know too the misery that war lust brings,
Or shall the bleeding world, steeped in remorse,
Say "Peace on Earth," as did the King of Kings?
And saying, truly keep the sacred word
That promises to you a quiet span
Of life, by bloody sacrifice unstirred,
The happy usefulness of peaceful man?
Then if this come about, one boon I ask—
That you, with gratitude, uphold the task;
You and your generation, little son,
Shall thus maintain the Peace so well begun!

KEEP THE FLAGS TOGETHER

By Charles E. Sargent

Let us keep the flags together
Now the days of strife are done!
Let them wave in blended glory
Now their common cause is won!
With their folds in love united
Let their sacred symbols wed,
And one flag shall tell the story
To the children of the dead.

Chorus

Let us bind the flags in one
Now we've beaten down the Hun!
Let our solemn pledges hold
Now the cannon's lips are cold!
And let one flag
From mast and crag
Proclaim the glory that awaits
A new-born World's United States.

When the future generations
Shall the mighty story tell,
They will need the blended colors
As they paint the battle's hell.
All the pathos and the meaning,
That their silent symbols hold,
Will be needed in the drama
When the fearful tale is told.

There's a halo 'round our banner
We have never seen before;
We have caught a deeper meaning
In the flag that we adore.
That unearthly halo gleaming,
In the battle's lurid light,
Is the mating of the glories
In the nations' nuptial night.

Like a jewel in its setting
Is our flag among its peers.
'Tis the rainbow's sacred promise,
Shining through its veil of tears,
That no more shall earth be deluged
By a tyrant's ruthless ban,
When each nation swears allegiance
In the Commonwealth of man.

OLD HOME WEEK IN PITTSFIELD

Edited by WALTER SCOTT

At the annual meeting of the Old Home Day Association, the week beginning Sunday, August 17th, was selected as Old Home Week and Thursday, August 21st, was appointed Old Home Day. The following officers and committees were chosen:

President, E. P. Sanderson.

Vice presidents, Nathaniel S. Drake and Rev. W. Scott.

Secretary, Carroll M. Page.

Treasurer, Herbert B. Fischer.

Finance committee, Nathaniel S. Drake, Carroll M. Page and Herbert B. Fischer.

Executive committee, Rev. W. I. Sweet, Edward A. Lane, Rev. W. Scott, Dr. F. H. Sargent, Courtland Freese, Frank S. Jenkins, Matthew H. Nutter, Dr. W. H. Eaton, Alton Skinner, George F. Mitchell, David O. Sherburne, J. H. Danis, Rev. L. J. W. Robichaud and A. R. Pellissier.

Invitation committee, Frank S. Jenkins, Matthew H. Nutter, Frank D. Osgood, G. F. Mitchell and Philip W. Sherburne.

OLD HOME WEEK SUNDAY.

A union meeting was held on Sunday morning, August 17th, at the Congregational Church, beginning at 10:45 a. m. Revs. W. H. Getchell, H. A. Remick, W. Scott participated in the service. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. I. Sweet. Hon. H. B. Fischer was organist and the special singing was by the Shubert Quartette of Boston. The order of service follows:

Order of Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

QUARTETTE—"I will Lift Up Mine Eyes"

RESPONSIVE READING—23d Psalm, Rev. H. A. Remick

QUARTETTE—"Lord Thou hast been our dwelling Place," Holden

SCRIPTURE READING—Ecc. 11:9-10; 12:1-7, 13, 14, Rev. W. Scott

QUARTETTE—"Tell Me the Story of Jesus," arranged

PRAYER—Rev. W. H. Getchell

RESPONSE, QUARTETTE—"The Lord's Prayer"

ANNOUNCEMENTS—OFFERING

HYMN 592 (Tune Martyn)

SERMON—Rev. W. I. Sweet

QUARTETTE—"The Clanging Bells of Time," Walker

BENEDICTION—Rev. H. A. Remick

ORGAN—Postlude

The sermon by the Rev. W. I. Sweet follows:

"What Have They Seen in Thine House?"

(2. Ki. 20:15)

The question: "What have they seen in thine house?" was asked of King Hezekiah by the prophet Isaiah. Hezekiah thought the prophet made reference to the material splendor within, and he answered: "There is nothing among my treasures that I have not shown them." Then the prophet revealed to him the fact that it was moral splendor that made the home beautiful, and prophesied that which soon came to pass—namely, that his material splendor, his children, his people, because of lack of moral splendor, would soon be carried in captivity to Babylon.

"Old Home Day" is a great institution. It calls us back to the memories of childhood; it leads us through all the years; it brings us back home again.

The home is the greatest institution in the world. It was the first institution of earth, and it is the one institution that is to be perpetuated and perfected in heaven.

One of the best things the great novelist, Charles Dickens, ever wrote, found in his "Sketches of Young Couples," is this:

"Before marriage and afterward, let them learn to center all their hopes of real and lasting happiness in their own fireside; let them cherish the faith that in home and all the virtues which love of home engenders lies the only true source of domestic felicity."

ORATOR, PRESIDENT, PREACHER

Left to right: Lieut. Gov. Channing H. Cox, E. P. Sanderson, Rev. W. I. Sweet

Home life and the religious life are the great problems of today. These settled and there would be no difficulty anywhere else.

What was the big influence in shaping and moulding your life? Think back into childhood. Was it the school, the church, the Sunday School or the neighborhood that really made you? No, it was your home. It was the idealism, the atmosphere you breathed; and you thank God today for what your parents gave you through their faith and habits of life more than anything else under the sun.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," has given us a fine estimate of the home: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These

elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man; but do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I got home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty hut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance of the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart-love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

It has always been true through all years, as John Howard Payne sang in a homesick moment while abroad:

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek where we may is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

While I have been speaking you have travelled through the years, visited the old familiar spots, lived over many an incident. You have played with brothers and sisters, you have fed the calf, or the pig, or the colt which was "yours"—until father sold it and then you learned it was really his. And you will go again and again during this reminiscent service.

Now it is too much to expect us to cover all those years, so we shall briefly consider but one phase of it.

The Music of the Home.

Our boys have been away. We have heard much of "who?" and "what?" won the war. But music had much to do with it. The boys sang in the camp, on the march, in the trenches, as they went to battle—"America", "The Star Spangled Banner", "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "The Marseillaise", "God Save the King", and such "Classical songs" as "Ka-ka-ka-ty", "Kaiser Bill", "We don't want the Bacon—what we want is a piece of the Rhine", "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning". Harry Lauder, and many like him, kept up the spirit of the boys, kept them from getting homesick, entertained them, fired them for their grim and awful tasks.

The services of the day—with Schubert Quartette, the Community Chorus, and the Pittsfield American Band for the Old Home Day, the songs for our banquet—in all these arrangements we show the value we put upon music.

Music—the moods that produce it, the ills that respond to it, the good that it does, its blessings to this world of ours can never be measured. It is the handmaid of religion, touching the heart, calming life's fret and fever, solacing sorrow, rousing spiritual sensibilities, elevating thought, stimulating aspiration—in a word helping create a devotional atmosphere. All this Carlyle had in mind when he said: "Who is there that in logical words can express the effect that music has upon us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

No wonder someone has said that "Music is the language which angels speak."

Let us confine ourselves to one memory—the music of the home; the songs we sang, which father and mother sang. In my case mother did the singing. I can't remember that father could sing, he never sang. He was like some of the members of the family—that is one of the things that he could not do. Perhaps he was wiser than some of the rest of us for we try to sing. But Mother sang: "Rock A Bye Baby", she sang for years as for years she had a baby in her arms for there were eight of us. She sang better than mothers ordinarily do in these days for she had a longer training and more experience than mothers ordinarily have now. The weird and tragic we asked for—it is remarkable how children like the weird and tragical—"They Made Him a Grave in the Dismal Swamp", "The Faded Coat of Blue." And the old reli-

gious songs which are ever new: "Rock of Ages", "Jesus Lover of My Soul", and "In the Sweet By and By." There was no piano, not even an organ in those days. The song was in memory and pitched and carried perfectly.

You have gone back in this moment and heard your mother sing.

Now one thing this reminiscence should do for us: it should lay its hand upon us and ask us, How have I lived the song? Have I wandered from her faith and training?

Hon. N. S. Drake

Hon. Herbert B. Fischer

Henry W. Grady, the matchless Atlanta editor and orator, wrote his mother one day when he was well along in years: "Mother, I am coming home. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I have wandered far from your early teaching and training. I knew then that all you taught me was true, and I know it more now than I did then. I want to get back to it. Get out the old rocking chair for I want to sit in your lap and lay my head upon your bosom, (he was a very little man) and I want you to sing to me all those old cradle songs, all those songs of faith you used to sing, and then I want to kneel at your knee and have you pray with me as you did when I was a child, and I want to give myself to God and begin the Christian life as a child begins it and lives it on step by step, that I may walk in life with you, and be with you by and by in that other home which is drawing nearer and nearer every day." Old Home Sunday should do that for every one of us

It is always possible for the soul, though in a far country, to say: "I will arise and go to my Father", and find Him waiting to welcome, as Mr. Grady found his mother waiting as never before to welcome him.

"I'm Going Home Some Day", say it in the words of Grantland Rice:

I'm going home some day—
If I can ever find the pathway back;
For I have come too far, too far away,
A wanderer on a strange and alien track.
I saw the world ahead and only meant
To go a little way beyond—and then
To seek the old-time highway of content.

I'm going home some day—
 But every track I face is strangely new;
 God grant I have not wholly lost my way,
 But that in seeking all the long years through
 The mists shall lift and I shall find once more
 The path that leads me to the dreams of youth—
 The lanes of light—the life I knew before
 I left the old-time ways of faith and truth.

I'm going home some day—
 So moves the dream of all the roving world;
 The seekers of far lands who've lost their way—
 God's countless aliens by the currents swirled
 From out the harbor and by tempests tossed
 To unknown lands where they must ever roam—
 But this is all that makes life worth the cost—
 This endless dream, "Some day I'm going home!"

But "today is the day" to go home to the Father's house. "Behold now is the day of salvation." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "Procrastination is the thief of time." "Some day" is so apt to be never, unless we make that day "now."

Some day we shall go home—the home of which the wise man speaks: "Man goeth to his long home," and Paul "for if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." John says of it, "They sing the songs of Moses * * * and the Lamb."

Looking backward to the songs of the cradle we do well to look forward in this our last thought to the songs in the "Home Land".

"My heavenly Home is bright and fair;
 Nor pain nor death can enter there;
 Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Let others seek a home below,
 Where flames devour, and waves o'erflow;
 Be mine the happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
 To die no more, to die no more."

SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

A public meeting was held at the Opera House on Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m., with the following program:

Music by the Shubert Quartette of Boston.

1. (a) "To Guard the Right" Gelbel
 (b) "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" Bruce
2. Tenor Solos
 (a) "Rock of Ages" Johnson
 (b) "Mary of Argyle"
 Dr Ames
3. Scripture Reading and Prayer by Rev. W. I. Sweet
4. Response—"Lowly at Thy Feet" Arranged
5. Address—"Some Reasons for the Observance of Old Home Day; Special Reasons for 1919" Rev. W. H. Getchell
6. (a) "Remember Now Thy Creator" Rhodes
 (b) "Gallilee" Clark
7. (a) "The Old Oaken Bucket" Arranged
 (b) "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"
 (c) "Annie Laurie" Gelbel

8. Address—"Community Responsibility; that of Each Person to the Community as a Whole" Rev. H. A. Remick
9. (a) "The Holy City" Adams
- (b) "I'm a Pilgrim" Marston
10. Address—"The New England Town and World Affairs" Rev. W. Scott
11. (a) "Camp Songs" Walker
- (b) "Southern Cradle Song" Prothro
12. Bass Solos
- (a) "The Mighty Deep" Jude
- (b) "The Deathless Army" Trotter
- Mr. McGowan
13. (a) "Reveries" Storch
- (b) "At the Close of the Day" Arranged

The Rev. W. I. Sweet presided at the meeting and at its close Mr. E. P. Sanderson, president of the Old Home Day Association was introduced. He expressed pleasure at his election to the office, especially since his early life was spent in Pittsfield, and urged that everybody co-operate to make Old Home Week a complete success.

A summary of the addresses of the evening follows:

The Rev. W. H. Getchell spoke on "Some Reasons for the Observance of Old Home Day, and Special Reasons for 1919."

Reasons are too many to enumerate in time allotted, but let me call your attention to a few of them.

Home is a God ordained institution, and like all of the work of His hands is worthy of regard. It was God who "Set the solitary in families," centuries ago, and throughout all the years He has preserved for men the institution of home.

The influence of home-life makes men more efficient in all the work of life. When Solomon was about to erect the structure bearing his name, he caused the workmen to be divided into three divisions, so that "One month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home." This plan made for efficiency, for it kept the men contented, and doing their best. No person can do his best in any field of labor if he is homesick. A well ordered home is one of the most pleasing sights God looks upon on earth. It is a co-operative society and takes more than one person to make a real home. The saddest sight of earth is a wrecked home; and the man, or woman guilty of the sin of home-wrecking, is one of the meanest creatures on God's footstool.

We have special reasons for the observance of Old Home Day this year because owing to the fleet under the British Jack, and the boys in khaki, our homes were saved from destruction by German foes.

All honor to the boys who went "Over there" and to the boys who in the home camps were ready to go for the protection of American homes. We have reason to rejoice that on our Community Service Flag, there are no more gold stars. Let us honor the living, and not forget the dead, who gave their lives to save our homes.

Rev. H. A. Remick spoke on "Community Responsibility; that of each person to the Community as a whole."

The speaker desired to present but a single idea as he very seriously questioned—craving their pardon for his presumption—the capability of the audience to carry away with profit to themselves more than one thought. In these days when we lament the decadence of the religious spirit that pervaded the entire life of our Puritan ancestors, as evidenced by the neglect in the present day of people generally to anything of a spiritual or churchly nature, the magnificent congregation at the morning service, and the splendid audience there assembled was eminently provocative of serious thought and excited the question, What is the cause of this interest? Is it Old Home Day? No, for similar services have been held and there was no such response on the part of the Community. Was it the eloquence of the preacher? No, for once more asking pardon, serious, grave and delicate questions are here involved. There was a factor that stood out very distinctly. It had been remarked long ago by Robert of Saltonstall, "if he could write the songs of a nation he cared not who made its laws," and surely music and song seemed to be the compelling motive that had produced these exceedingly gratifying results. The responsibility under which each person was living to the community as a

whole could only be discharged by a cultivation of the religious and spiritual life of the individual and the only true exponent of the existence of this life was an earnest active performance of those obligations each person in the community owes the church.

The Rev. W. Scott spoke on

"The New England Town and World Affairs"

Worldwide travelers tell us New England has types of all the best elements of world scenery. In a comparatively small area it has the ocean, the river, lake and brook, mountain, forest, varied landscapes, pleasant villages and cities, whatever nature and man have produced. In its human aspects worldwide elements are found. The leading nations, the great races have contributed to its population. These facts unite New England to the larger world of which it is part. Its people and those of the country are thus bound to all nations, especially those of Europe, by their origin and history. The significance of this fact is apparent in connection with the strong world movements for closer union of nations where union is practicable. A study of a New England town, therefore, furnishes a key to universal or world history.

On Old Home Day we are reminded of the institution of home which is the basis of civilized society. A recent letter from Mr. Lake, published in our local paper, describes a New England home, the tender and strong ties and the beautiful mutual relations of members of the family. The hold which home has on the affections in New England is typical of its place among all men. It leads us to take our part in the protection and preservation of the home everywhere, in care for the widow and orphan, in the rebuilding of homes laid waste in the great world war which has devastated nations and broken innumerable households the world over.

A study of the professions and business pursuits which are part of the life of a town brings us also to a sense of their wide outreach. The doctor now is summoned to the protection of world health; the lawyer to give his best thought to the formation of the constitution and laws necessary for international union; labor, commerce, agriculture are now considered as never before in their bearing on the welfare of the entire human family.

The church edifices are the material symbols pointing to the religious sentiment which exists in some form wherever man is found. Here stands the Roman Catholic church, a great historic body which has been and is still the inspiration of many millions. The Congregational body runs back into European history and conducts its beneficent work in many lands. The Baptist church which has had its struggle in many countries, holds on its way a great democratic and missionary body. The Society of Friends, numerically small but extensive in its influence, should always be mentioned with appreciation. Thus the religious life of the community is intimately related to that of humanity. It is happily possible today and in our country to utter words of friendship and appreciation of these different branches of our common Christianity. The antagonisms of the past are growing less, and Jesus, the world teacher, draws his followers into closer harmony and understanding. Still greater harmonization the future is likely to reveal, as Christianity comes into closer contact with the ethnic religions of the world. As a great Christian thinker has said Christianity is the final, eclectic and absolute religion. It has all that is precious in the ethnic religions and is enriched by necessary additions for the uplifting and salvation of mankind.

The town school is the visible symbol of education which is also one of the universal things. Education aims to bring man to his best estate, to lift him to the highest level of his powers, to enable him to make the most possible out of life. What it does for the individual it does for human groups, small or large, as communities or races. Already it is become a matter of concern to commonwealth and nation. It is entering into the international area for the educational opportunity is the birthright of civilized man everywhere. How to bring to him his opportunity is a matter to command the best wisdom of teacher, statesman and citizen the world over.

The town hall is the symbol of government. The New England town has been regarded as an object lesson in democratic government. As yet, however, we do not have a democracy except in a partial and growing sense. The town merges into the larger units of government, the county, common-

wealth, the nation. These successive evolutions of government point to still larger issues. The league of nations in some form to promote liberty, order, progress among all nations is inevitable judging from the tendency of civilization during the centuries past in this great movement America's place is at the head or among the first. A nation, continental in area, with a hundred millions or more of people, with dependencies, near and remote, cannot be a hermit, a Robinson Crusoe nation.

Finally we are today reminded in this observance that man is more than a local being, more than a citizen of a town or commonwealth or nation, more than a world citizen. Religion shows he is a citizen of the universe, of the world that now is and the world that is to be. As the Scriptures declare, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

OLD HOME DAY BANQUET.

Old Home Day banquet occurred on Wednesday evening beginning at 7 p. m., at the Opera House in Pittsfield. The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational Church were in charge of the banquet. The hall was beautifully decorated. The orchestra consisted of Mrs. W. B. Ely, John Adams, Lester Emerson and William Adams. At the dining tables two hundred and sixty-five were seated and in the galleries there were probably a larger number of persons.

The returned soldiers and their friends occupied several tables in the centre. A number of the veterans of the Civil War and others were at the guests' table.

Mr. E. P. Sanderson, President of the Old Home Day Association, presided. At each plate were two collections of welcome home songs, the one containing twenty-three, the other seventy-three recent war-time songs and also old and familiar songs. During the evening the orchestra rendered selections and many songs were sung by those present. Music was a leading feature of the occasion. The singing was unusually good and enthusiastic. At 8:30 p. m., the after-dinner speeches began. Mr. Sanderson presided admirably and introduced the speakers with remarks, grave and gay, complimentary to the speakers and enjoyable by the large audience.

The first speaker was Hon. E. A. Lane, Chairman of the Public Safety Committee during the war. He gave an earnest welcome to the returned soldiers present. He briefly outlined the work of the committee and specially mentioned the four-minutes' addresses made by selected speakers in the community during the war and the valuable results of such service.

Hon. H. B. Fischer spoke appreciatively of the soldiers from this town and referred to the Red Cross work and the five Liberty Loans of which he was the treasurer and leading promoter. He called attention to the fact that the present occasion was the only public opportunity the community had to record their appreciation of the service done by the enlisted men of the town.

Dr. F. H. Sargent followed in a brief address commending the patriotic spirit of the young men who represented the town in the war period. He closed by reading a brief poem by his brother, Prof. C. E. Sargent, now of New Haven, Conn., part of which is as follows:

Keep the Flags Together.

Let us keep the flags together
Now the days of strife are done!
Let them wave in blended glory
Now their common cause in won!
With their folds in love united
Let their sacred symbols wed,
And one flag shall tell the story
To the children of the dead.

Like a jewel in its setting
Is our flag among its peers.
'Tis the rainbow's sacred promise,
Shining thru its veil of tears,
That no more shall earth be deluged
By a tyrant's ruthless ban,
When each nation swears allegiance
In the Commonwealth of Man.

Judge F. S. Jenkins followed with an appropriate address on "Old Home Spirit," and read a letter of some length from Lieut. Col. J. Frank Drake, in which he expressed his regret at inability to be present and his high estimation of Pittsfield and of his former teachers in the schools of the town.

Hon. N. S. Drake was next introduced. He gave an account of the food production of the town during the war. There were forty war gardens which yielded vegetables for many families for the fall and winter. The use of land was furnished free; its preparation for planting and, where necessary seed were also free. The farmers of the town did excellent service by increasing food production and the wheat crops were much greater than in previous years.

Mr. J. M. Gilman, representing the Grand Army, next spoke briefly expressing the interest of the veterans in their young comrades of the great war.

One of the chief speakers of the evening was Captain H. F. McDonald, former Mayor of Beverly, Mass., whose experience overseas was extensive. He urged the young soldiers to carry into civil life the high spirit manifested in the nation's service, to work hard, to render unselfish service to their country and to cultivate a common-sense view of life and duty. He questioned the propriety of the pay of men in military service who faced great dangers as compared with the unusually large pay of men in government work at home

in shipyards and elsewhere. He looked with disfavor on the covenant of the proposed League of Nations, and criticised the scheme at some length. He believed Lloyd George the ruling spirit of the peace conference, and regarded concessions to Japan with distrust.

The Rev. F. E. Webster, rector of Protestant Episcopal church of Waltham, Mass., next spoke. He referred to the fact that his son was in the navy, and still in service, and to the valuable work of the navy. He emphasized the need of an unselfish spirit among the people in view of the perplexing conditions facing the country. He differed from Captain McDonald in his view of the League of Nations, and looked forward with much hope for America and all nations. In his opinion a great lesson of the war was a wiping out of class distinctions. Whatever the future brings the heart of the country is sound.

Lieutenant G. S. Barnes of Reading, Mass., recently returned soldier, in a few words expressed his pleasure in being present and at the reception tendered to the soldiers. He believed the war experience gave a broader outlook on life and fitted the returning soldiers for greater usefulness.

Rev. W. I. Sweet responded to the Toast: **THE RED CROSS AND THE GOLD STAR.**

After speaking of the "Work in the Trenches at Home" by the Red Cross, he mentioned with special emphasis the great work done by the women at the head of the following committees: Mrs. Newman Durell, Knitting and Sewing; Mrs. Courtland Freese and Miss Lillian Elkins, Surgical Dressings; Mrs. Wm. B. Ely, Women's Liberty Loan, also Home Nursing, also pianist and musical leader. He regretted the absence of several of the boys who could not leave their positions taken since they returned and come the long distance. He mentioned those still in the service—Frank Buffum, Dr. Burt W. Carr, Everett Hall, Clarence Barton, Louis Paul Girouard, Russell Weldon, Ivan Yeaton. Then he spoke of the six boys who had made the supreme sacrifice—four of them sleeping in France and two at home: Earl W. Cram, Ezra Dupuis, Alpha J. Danis, William A. Peterson, William E. Smith and Fred W. Sleeper. The address to these were the following two poems:

The Evening Star by Harold Seton

"The evening star a child espied,
The one star in the sky.
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,
And waited for reply.
The mother paused a moment ere
She told the little one:
"Yes, that is why the star is there!
God gave His only Son!"

My Star

I have a star of gold on my breast,
A star of strife, a star of rest;
It marks a sword-thrust through my heart,
It tells of glory and of pain,
Of bitter loss and wondrous gain,
Of youth that played the hero's part.

O, star of gold upon my breast,
Tell of those stars that he loved best;
He bore the stripes, he suffered all
To keep our banner free from stain;
He hath not given all in vain
In answering his Nation's call.

O, star of hope upon my breast,
Strengthen the faith I have professed;
He died that nations might be free;
Help me to live for truth and right,
And with my woman's soul to fight
Nerved by his immortality.

(Caroline Ticknor of the Vigilantes)

Rev. W. Scott was the next speaker. He congratulated those who had in charge the arrangement of Old Home Week for their successful management. He regarded it as interesting that two speakers at the banquet differing in their views as to the League of Nations frankly expressed their differences. He believed free speech and discussion helpful to final sound opinion. He thought in some form a League of Nations was inevitable and that the United States would be safer and more useful in such a league than out of it.

Mrs. Newman Durell was next introduced and read the following verses:

A Sock Song

- Once on a time she made him socks—
- Frivolous, fluffy things in blue
- Or palest pink, with tiny loops
- To pull the dainty ribbons through,
- Hummed a little song the while
- Her fingers flew so deft and fleet;
- "Through all his life—where'er they go—
- God keep the path of my baby's feet!"

But that was twenty years ago!
 Today, she's knitting just the same—
 Long woolen hose, for the son who's gone
 To play his part in war's grim game—
 And she prays her song, as her needles fly,
 Fashioning socks for a warrior meet;
 "God, where the dangers thickest be,
 Guard safe the way of my soldier's feet!"

(Mazie Caruthers)

Mrs. Courtland Freese was called upon and read the poem entitled:

The Woman Behind the Man

Yes—I grant they're the U. S. Army
 Standing there three in a row;
 The man in the garb of the workshop,
 The soldier, the man with a hoe.
 And I wouldn't belittle their service—
 All part of a splendid plan—
 But I want you to think for a moment
 Of the woman behind the man.

War! Ah, the word strikes terror
 To the heart of womankind,
 It hasn't a place in her scheme of life,
 Nor a chord of response in her mind.
 But look—she has squared her shoulders,
 "It has come—I must do what I can."
 And she finds her work—did she ever shirk?
 This woman behind the man?

Not in the line of battle—
 Is that the one place for the brave?
 But just in back in the hospital shack,
 Who measured the service she gave?
 Tireless, sleepless, unfaltering,
 Never heeding the risk she ran,
 Strength she spent—strength she gave; hers a passion to save,
 This woman behind the man.

And back in the homes they are leaving—
 These boys fired with patriots' zeal—
 Linked so close to her life—sweetheart, mother, or wife—
 Can she answer the great appeal?

Ah! What of the tireless sewers,
Of the knitting needles that fly,
Of the thought and the care, food to save and to spare,
This is her mute reply

Paint us another picture,
Artist with thoughtful brow,
Put them all three in the front, but see
That she has a place there now.
The soldier boy—how we love him!—
The farmer, the workingman—
But isn't there space—just some modest place—
For the woman behind the man?"

(Lettie Vanderfeer)

Mr. George Denyen of Boston, Mass., was the last speaker. He said the returned soldier would in the future regard his service as a great and valued experience. He told several pleasant Negro, Scotch and Irish war stories and concluded with the poem of G. D. Mayo on

The Blue and the Gray

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance.

During the evening three cheers were given for Lieut. Col. J. Frank Drake whose letter was read by Judge Jenkins, for William Vien, a Pittsfield soldier, who won the Croix de Guerre with palm, and for President E. P. Sanderson.

The exercises at the Banquet closed at midnight with singing "Auld Lang Syne" and were followed by dancing by the returned soldiers and their friends.

OLD HOME DAY SPORTS.

The members of the Sports Committee were P. W. Sherburne, Chairman, E. N. Harriman, B. A. Lougee, Camille Grenier.

List of events and winners of first and second places, Old Home Day, 1910, beginning at 9 a. m. Contests on Drake Athletic Field.

100 yd. dash (Senior)

1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal.
2nd. Albert Marden, Bronze Medal.

100 yd. dash (Junior)

1st. Joseph Cloutier, Silver Medal.
2nd. Ezra Barton, Bronze Medal.

50 yd. dash (Senior)

1st. Albert Marden, Silver Medal.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal.

50 yd. dash (Junior)

1st. Joseph Cloutier, Silver Medal.
2nd. Ezra Barton, Bronze Medal.

Standing High Jump (Open event)

- 1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal, 4 feet, 4 inches.
2nd. Hector Drolet, Bronze Medal, 4 feet, 3 inches.

Running High Jump (Open)

- 1st. Osmund Jackson, Silver Medal, 4 feet, 9 inches.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal, 4 feet, 8 inches.

Running Broad Jump (Open)

- 1st. Osmund Jackson, Silver Medal, 16 feet, 8½ inches.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal, 15 feet, 11¾ inches.

Standing Broad Jump (Open)

- 1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal, 8 feet, 4½ inches.
2nd. Albert Marden, Bronze Medal, 8 feet, 1 inch.

Base-Ball Throwing Contest (Open)

- 1st. Frank Fowle, Ribbon with Clasp, 284 feet.

Rest House and Tennis Courts, Drake Field

Old Home Day Afternoon Program

Exercises at Carpenter Memorial Library.

The procession of the enlisted men of Pittsfield formed at 1:15 p. m. at the Washington House Square and after a march, preceded by the Pittsfield American Band, halted before the Carpenter Memorial Library where the Tablet exercises took place.

Unveiling of Memorial Tablet in Library

Poem (Recitation) Dorothy Maxfield

Dedicatory Address Hon. H. B. Fischer

Acceptance of Memorial Tablet and Giving it into care of F. S. Jenkins, as
custodian J. H. Jenness, Chairman of Selectmen

Reply of Custodian and Town Historian F. S. Jenkins

Retirement of Soldiers accompanied by Pittsfield Band

NAMES ON THE MEMORIAL TABLET.**1917 Honor Roll 1919**

Erected by the Citizens of Pittsfield in grateful memory of her sons who served their country in the World War.

Adams, John V.	Glines, Charles E.
Adams, Paul	Goodwin, Cyrus, Jr.
Adams, William A.	Goodwin, Leslie R.
Bachelder, Clifton R.	Hall, Edmund A.
Barton, Clarence L.	Hall, Everett A.
Bates, Kenneth C.	Hast, Augustus T.
Blackstone, Earl W.	Heinls, Alfred
Bouchard, Dozilva M.	Heywood, W. Harold
Brandt, Carl G.	Hill, Carroll E.
Brock, Charles H.	Hodgdon, Charles E.
Brock, Scott W.	Houle, Edmund
Brown, Sidney H.	Jackson, David F.
Buffum, Frank H.	Joy, George E.
Carr, Burt W.	Joy, Harvey W.
Carr, Raymond L.	Laro, Emalle J.
Caswell, Burton J.	Leduc, John M.
Cheney, Clifford A.	Mitchell, Ralph G.
Clark, John S.	Nutter, Franklin H.
Cote, Alfred	Oshier, William E.
*Cram, Earl W.	Page, Albert E.
Creasey, Norman	Pellissier, Adelard R.
Crocker, John M.	*Peterson, William A.
Cronin, Edward A.	Philbrick, George H.
Comings, Mack	Picard, Albe
Cutler, Lew S.	Potter, Waldo B.
Cutler, Scott A.	Prescott, Frank W.
*Danis, Alpha J.	Raymond, Charles J.
Desgranges, Joseph L.	Reil, Fred J.
Dion, Nazaire	Robbins, Ivan C.
Doughty, Sidney C.	Sargent, Arthur F.
Drake, James Frank	Sargent, Ralph L.
Drollet, Orgenore	Scott, Robert C.
Drollet, Osee J.	*Sleeper, Fred W.
Drollet, Rosario V.	Smith, Clifton A.
Dubuc, Philias N.	Smith, Roland A.
Ducette, Alexe E.	*Smith, W. E.
*Dupuis, Ezra.	Smith Ernest M.
Emerson, Fred E.	Steele, Ralph E.
Emerson, Richard C.	Tasker, William M.
Emerson, Warren E.	Towle, Edward L.
Feuerstein, Abraham	Vien, William L.
Folsom, Hiram Tuttle	Weeks, Chester R.
Freese, George E.	Weldon, Everett D.
French, Scott	Weldon, Russell F.
Garland, Richard R.	Wheeler, Vernon E.
Genest, William J.	Yeaton, Conrad D.
Girouard, Louis H.	Yeaton, Ivan A.
	Yorke, Arthur E.

Mr. Fisher's Dedicatory Address.

Honorable Board of Selectmen :

The Committee chosen by the voters of this town at the Annual Meeting held in March of this year to decide upon, procure, and erect a suitable memorial for its sons who served their country in the World War, have carried out their duty to the best of their ability and present this evidence of that fact. The several members considered carefully the matter of names, material, form and location, deciding finally and unanimously upon the Tablet here placed upon the wall of this Public Institution.

MEMORIAL TABLET
Made by Wm. Highton & Sons Co., Nashua, N. H.

Enduring bronze perpetuates our knowledge, through unborn generations, that Pittsfield breeds and fosters the type of Americans who have proven they may be relied upon to the death, when the liberties of the world are threatened.

This tablet bears the many names of our youth who had their rebirth in the baptism of that cataclysm, six giving their lives.

Here in imperishable metal is inscribed the proudest, most grateful record any Community may make, hold inviolate and pass on to be received as sacred heritage by posterity.

May the rays of the morning sun, as it strikes through the casement across its lettered face, glinting, warming, each separate name, flashing each Golden Star, surcharge this cold metal, until vitalized with a compelling magnetism, mute yet eloquent, it becomes as the very voice of Destiny, giving forth its quickening message of loyalty, service, sacrifice for Country and Humanity:

To all who may follow

Even as we have followed—This,

WE ALSO GAVE—THAT YOU MAY ALSO GIVE.

Acceptance of Tablet.

Mr. Jenness.

It is a pleasure in behalf of the town to accept your report. We deem highly the privilege of receiving this beautiful emblem dedicated to Pittsfield boys and we feel proud of the honor. We compliment your committee on the efficient manner in which you have performed your duty.

Mr. Jenkins, it is an added pleasure to entrust to you this tablet. We feel that it can be placed in no better hands.

Reply of Mr. Jenkins.

I consider it as an honor to the Institution to have such a tablet, such a memorial for the boys who went overseas to fight for a better and a higher civilization, and you can be assured that as long as I have the honor of being at the head of this Institution, I shall consider it a sacred trust. (To the boys) There is another memorial and record for you. Your names will be inscribed on the state record at Concord and, as town historian, I shall compile that record. On it will be placed your name, age, department of service, name of nearest relative, date of discharge and other data concerning yourselves. It is desired to have a complete and accurate record of your service.

Exercises at Park

Music, Community Chorus Mrs. Newman Durell, Leader
Address of Welcome E. P. Sanderson, President
Announcements and Cheers for Dr. B. W. Carr, former Red Cross Chairman

Rev. W. I. Sweet

Music Community Chorus
Introduction of Lt.-Gov. Cox of Massachusetts E. P. Sanderson
Oration Lt.-Gov. Channing H. Cox
Reading of letters of former citizens N. S. Drake
Music Community Chorus

On the platform were officers of the association, visitors and former residents of Pittsfield, and representatives of neighboring towns.

Address of Mr. E. P. Sanderson, President of Old Home Day Association

It is an honor to stand in this company and to greet the sons and daughters of the best of towns, for it is true, that those fields are the dearest which we tread earliest. It is also an honor to succeed, as I have, the two most distinguished citizens of this town, Ex-Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle and Hon. Sherburne J. Winslow. Their memory is fresh in our hearts. I want to stop and pay tribute to them for what they have done during their lives and for their devotion to this town and all of its citizens. Sixteen years ago under Governor Tuttle and in the following years under Mr. Winslow's leadership we enjoyed Old Home Day. We could not then realize the tremendous changes which were to come. It is undoubtedly true that we shall never again find in this fine old town the same condition of affairs that existed before this war, a change which has been brought home to us so forcibly. I want to say to the boys here that

while there are six gold stars on the tablet it is fortunate, and we rejoice, that there are not still more.

No one under present conditions can attempt to predict the future condition of affairs, no one can tell boundaries and kingdoms, or democracies or how our own country may be affected, but we must have faith and courage in the future. While our children may not live under the conditions of the past or receive the benefits of the past, they may enjoy better conditions even than in the hundreds or thousands of years that have preceded.

Four hundred and twenty-seven years ago this month Columbus first discovered this country. This is a short period as time goes. This month of August has been noted for the fact that Columbus at that time sailed into the new world.

I venture to read the poem of Joaquin Miller on Columbus, a poem remarkably suited to the condition of affairs to-day. It expresses the faith all men should have in the future.

Columbus by Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral speak what shall I say?"
 "Why say 'Sail on! sail on; and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washes his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
 He said: "Sail on, sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth as if to bite!
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leapt like a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled;
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Mr. Sanderson's Introduction of Lieutenant-Governor Cox.

Lieutenant-Governor Cox's ancestors lived here from time immemorial and he himself was born in Manchester, N. H., but he says the happiest time of his life has been the vacations he has spent in Pittsfield.

Channing Cox is well-known everywhere. There are Channing Cox clubs everywhere. Although I am a democrat I always vote for Channing Cox and I have his pledge that when he is Governor or President, he will come here and deliver the Old Home Day oration.

Speech delivered by Lieutenant-Governor Cox

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the kindly words of your President and for your friendly greeting I am most grateful. It is true as the President has said I did not have the great

Soldiers' and Sailors' Parade

privilege of being born here in Pittsfield and, therefore, I suppose, I must say that I was not "to the manor born", but I am only once removed because my good mother was born here and here have lived members of my family who have been here since the community was settled. The happiest days of my life have been spent here. Here too my good uncle lived and in his quiet way, holding to his own opinions, he led one of the most useful lives I have known, and he inspired young men and young women to high endeavor and gave them an equipment with which they could go out and lead lives of service in the world. He was a schoolmaster which I regard as one of the most honored professions. Would that there were more of them!

It is a great satisfaction to come back here, for where is there a prettier spot than on these hills, where have people lived more contented lives, and where have so many men and women gone forth in the world and led lives of usefulness and service in every line of endeavor? I am grateful to be asked to come here. It seems to me that one of the finest things New Hampshire

has ever done was the step forward it took under the leadership of Governor Rollins when he established Old Home Week. When I meet a man in the city who likes to talk of his home back in the country, I know immediately that he is ninety per cent good. How fine it is that once a year the sons and daughters can be summoned back to the old hearth stone and once more be inspired by those blessed associations of youth! For there is nothing else in the world so gripping and personal as they are. So we have come back from a distance to greet these old friends and see these old scenes. We do well to recall those old families who have lived here in happiness and contentment and those homely virtues which have ever made New Hampshire distinguished. In these days when there are so many problems hard of solution, we do well to turn back again to their lives and to the principles of people who had to cut their garments from the cloth they had and were compelled to govern their expenses according to their income and who lived peacefully and without everlastingly trying to keep up with somebody who lived next door. I say we do well to recall those homely virtues which have made us come back here to-day.

We are especially glad to-day to come back to Pittsfield not only to see those who formerly lived here, but also those young men who a year ago to-day were absent, but who, thank God, are here to-day. We are glad that when the great test came it was found that men of our own time, men of our own day and generation had kept alive the spirit and principles of the fathers and the patriotism which had been theirs, and when their country called, were ready to go forward and give everything, including life itself. They made still more lustrous the proud name of New Hampshire. "Comparisons are odious," but when we look over the record of the contribution of the New England boys to their country, we feel proud and offer tribute to the fidelity and devotion of the Yankee boys of the Army and Navy.

James Russell Lowell, whose one-hundredth anniversary was celebrated this past year, tells of taking a walking trip through the White Mountains and Franconia Notch. When he was near the spot from which he hoped to see the Old Man of the Mountain, the great wonder work of Nature, he approached a man cutting trees beside the road and said, "Can you tell me where is the best place to see the Old Man of the Mountain?" The wood chopper shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I don't know. I have never seen it." Mr. Lowell exclaimed, "Do you mean to tell me that you have lived near this great wonder that men and women come from far and even from across the water to see and that you have never seen it?" The wood chopper answered, "That is true. I have never seen it." Mr. Lowell told the wood chopper what he thought of him. Then the wood chopper asked, "Suppose you come from Boston, don't you?" Mr. Lowell admitted it. "Boston!" sighed the wood chopper "Oh, Boston, what wouldn't I give if once before I die I might take a trip to Boston and how I would like to go to Concord and Lexington and I believe that if I could stand on Bunker Hill, my happiness would be complete. I presume you walk over there every Sunday afternoon, don't you?" Mr. Lowell replied reluctantly he never went but once and then in the company of his father. The wood chopper made reply: "Things we can have for nothing and for half price are those things which we do not care for at all." I see, however, that you still care for things which you can have for nothing. I hope that we may grip with hook and steel some of the great fundamentals of this country and the principles on which it was established for we need to go back to them if we are to go forward.

Democracy does not mean, "I am as good as you," but democracy should mean, "You are as good as I." If democracy is worth all the cost of life and treasure which was so gladly poured out in its defense, then how important it is that we to-day here in America should do everything in our power to keep democracy pure, to make it mean everything that these men thought it meant when they were ready to give their lives to its defense. Our most virile American, Theodore Roosevelt, said that while we should strive constantly to make opportunity equal for all men, yet every man should be taught to understand that equality of opportunity also meant equality of responsibility. I hope the time will come for every man to enjoy the reward of his toil and labor, his industry and of his skill and genius, and that it will be possible always for a man to climb the ladder of success and that he may be permitted to take with him his children and to give them opportunities and possibilities which

may have been denied to him. But this cannot be a real democracy that is worth saving when we permit in our country men to take in their own hands the enforcement of the law or permit them to intimidate the officers of the law, or when we allow any organization or group of organizations to become bigger than the government itself. It is not a democracy when we allow men to march through the streets carrying a red flag, an emblem which means lack of respect for law and disbelief in religion. There is room for only one flag in our country and that is the one the boys carried with them into battle.

There are men who cannot read and write the English language. They can have no idea of the aspirations of the great free people of this country. We must teach them and win them over to the principles of Americanism. But there are men who can read and write English who are opposed to this government and even now are trying to undermine the institutions under which they have lived and prospered. Now the time has come for virile communities, led by virile men, to stand forth and say to those who are opposed to America, "There is no room for such as you and you can take ship to another country."

The keynote of the watch-word of the day here in America has been given by the President of the Old Home Day Association—the forward look, a look of hope and a look of faith. We all ought to be optimists. There is every reason why we should be optimists. A good definition of an optimist has been given as a man who can come home at the close of day and sit down and make lemonade out of the lemons that have been handed to him during the day.

Our good Mayor Logan of Worcester, called generally the first citizen of Worcester, a Scotchman and one who is proud of it, tells this story.

A Scotch lad went out to fight at the beginning of the war and was badly shot to pieces. He was sent home with his right arm gone at the shoulder. A nice old lady tried to console him. "My, isn't it awful the way you have been treated!" she said. "It might have been worse." "Why, how could it have been worse?" He said, "I might have had my month's pay in my right arm as it was shot away." The world is full of such optimism but is also full of pessimism. But we must brush it aside. An educated man said the other day, "America has seen her best day. I believe that the clock has struck twelve for the future of America." Let us not have this point of view. Think of what our country has endured in the past two years and think of the way the people of this country came together as one man to carry out the purposes of the government. You know the story of the lost Battalion. It was lost in the Argonne Forest. They were surrounded by Germans, for three days were without food and were cut off from any communication from the rear. The German leader put up a signal for them to surrender. The leader of the American unit, a son of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, said to the boys, "Shall we surrender?" Back came unanimously a chorus of "No!" Major Whittlesly made a reply to the German which will become historic. The Americans went forward, broke the German lines and the morale of the Germans was dimmed from that day. Who were the men who composed this lost Battalion? They were fruit venders, push cart drivers, men who had worked in sweat shops in New York and many of them were born in foreign countries. They came here for a chance to better their condition of life and they were willing to give everything they had to hand down that opportunity to their children. America was found to be sound at the core and the heart of America beats true. Yes, the people of America to-day are sound and their hearts beat true. Whenever any issue is presented to them, they can be counted upon to do the right thing. They are not self-seekers and they are not constantly seeking commercial gain. They are willing to go out to save their own souls. The world looks to America now for progress and leadership. Let us have faith in our fellowmen and faith in this country. America is the only nation which is the creditor nation of the world; it is the only nation whose great industrial machinery is intact. But let us rather go back to some of the first principles of this community and to the founders of the nation in the past. Let us offer too the prayer of the Cambridge poet:

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Where shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.

And let us be dedicated to the great principles of this country and to fulfilling the mission which was given to America to lead this country and the world to a greater and better future where there shall be more of justice, more of righteousness and where there shall be liberty eternal.

BASEBALL GAME.

At 4.30 P. M., a baseball game took place at Drake Field between the teams of Pittsfield and Penacook. The score was Penacook, 8; Pittsfield, 0. Suitably inscribed ribbons were awarded to the members of the winning team.

THE LATE WARREN BROWN

When the late Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls passed away, September 19, there ended a career of public service notable for both its length and its breadth, for the number of years it covered and for the variety of important offices that it included. Mr. Brown "died in the harness," being representative in the Legislature of 1919 from his town, the same town of which he had been chosen selectman in 1868, his span of almost continuous public service thus covering more than half a century.

Mr. Brown was born, August 11, 1836, on the farm where he died and where he always had lived. He was the only son of John B. and Sarah M. (Leavitt) Brown and was a descendant in the seventh generation from John Brown, one of the first settlers of the town of Hampton; while other New Hampshire pioneers were included among his ancestors.

He was educated in the public schools and, at Rockingham Academy in his native town and at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

In 1858, soon after Mr. Brown had attained his majority, his father died, and the young man succeeded to the management of the home farm, in whose history ancestors of Daniel Webster figure. This farm Mr. Brown enlarged and improved, and upon it, in 1879, he erected a set of buildings which made it one of the rural show places of the state for many years.

Agriculture was Mr. Brown's vocation through life and to it he devoted himself with a success in which diligence and intelligence had equally important parts. Upon many aspects of farm life he was considered an authority and he was a frequent contributor to the *Country Gentleman* and other leading agricultural papers of the country. From 1879 to 1890 he was president of the New Hamp-

shire Agricultural Society and for a quarter of a century he was treasurer of the New England Agricultural Society. For twenty-four years he served on the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, being the president of the board for four years.

Always interested in that which was for the best interests of country life, Mr. Brown was active in the promotion of electric railway building in his section of the state.

As has been said, Mr. Brown's first public office was that of selectman, to which he was elected in 1868. In the following year he was made chairman of the board. In 1872-73, in 1880, in 1882, in 1896, and, with the exception of one year, continuously since that time, he had been moderator of the town meetings.

A staunch Republican in politics, Mr. Brown was long a member of the state committee of that party and prominent and influential in its councils. In 1884 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention and in 1908 was a presidential elector.

Mr. Brown was a member of the state Senates of 1872-73 and 1873-74 being chairman of the standing Committee on Agriculture and a member of the committees on Railroads and Banks. Among his colleagues were Joshua G. Hall of Dover and Warren F. Daniell of Franklin, afterwards Congressmen, and Gen. Charles H. Burns of Wilton. Mr. Brown was the last survivor of the state senators of the decade, 1870-80.

In 1879-81 Mr. Brown was a member of Governor Natt Head's executive council, and at the time of his death was the oldest living ex-councilor in point of service—a distinction which now falls to Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball of Concord.

Reversing the usual order of procedure, Mr. Brown did not serve in

the state House of Representatives until after he had sat in the higher bodies of the Senate and Council. His first term in the House, however, was that very important session of 1887, which will never be forgotten in the political and railroad history of the state.

Hampton Falls is one of many towns in the state which make it an almost universal rule not to send any of its citizens more than once to the Legislature; but in 1918 an exception was made in the case of Mr. Brown and he was elected unanimously to the General Court of 1919, receiving both the Republican and Democratic nominations at the primary.

When the vital statistics of this Legislature were compiled it was found that Mr. Brown was its oldest member, with one exception; and this fact, together with the amount and distinction of his public service, made him a marked figure throughout the session. By vote of the House he was exempted from the lottery of seat drawing and was given a chair in "Statesmen's Row," directly in front of the Speaker's rostrum. At the close of the session he was presented by his fellow members with a gold-headed cane which he greatly prized.

Mr. Brown was appointed by Speaker Tobey upon the standing committee on Agricultural College. He was constant in his attendance upon the sessions of the House and in his attention to the proceedings. It was a source of deep regret to him in his last days that his failing health made him unable to attend the special session of the Legislature which convened in the month of his death.

Mr. Brown was a member of the Public Library Committee of his town. His lifelong interest in literary pursuits, in historical research and in his native town resulted in his authorship of one of the best works of its kind with which New Hampshire has been favored, his history of Hampton Falls, published in 1900; it is accurate, interesting and exhaustive; it

contains much that appeals to the general reader. In 1918 he brought out a second volume, containing much in church history and other matters not previously recorded.

Mr. Brown was especially interested in Masonry, in which he had attained the 32d degree. He became a member of Star in the East Lodge of Exeter, November 11, 1869. In Exeter he was also a member of St. Alban Chapter, of which he was past high priest, and of Olivet Council. He was a member of De Witt Clinton Commandery, K. T., of Portsmouth, and attended the conclave of the Grand Commandery recently held at San Francisco. In other lines of Masonry Mr. Brown belonged to the Lodge of Perfection at Portsmouth, Rose Croix Chapter at Dover and the Nashua Consistory. He was also a member of Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, Boston.

"Nature richly endowed Warren Brown," says the *Exeter News-Letter*, his "home" paper. "Cast in a large frame, he had an attractive and imposing presence and was a fine type of manly beauty. His engaging qualities were many. His judgment of men and events was sound. He was a close and shrewd observer and this lent a special value and interest to the communications with which he occasionally favored the *News-Letter*. In his passing Hampton Falls and this section have sustained no slight loss."

On January 1, 1867, Mr. Brown was happily married to Miss Sarah G. Norris, a native of Dover, but reared in Lowell. She died on January 24, 1917, a few days after the celebration of their golden wedding. Two of his four children survive Mr. Brown: Arthur W. Brown and Mrs. Roscoe F. Swain, both of Hampton Falls.

The funeral was held at the home on Sunday, September 21, with a very large attendance and a wealth of floral tributes. Rev. Edward Green of Exeter officiated, and De Witt Clinton Commandery performed its impressive service.

RASPBERRYING

By Mary E. Hough

They've been a ras-ber-ing,
I'll wager anything,
Up there near the Lanes's,—that patch called Oregon!
Did you see Sam Jones and Ned,
With a milk-pail foaming red?
They were "traipsing" home across our very lawn.
Why don't *we* go ras-ber-ing,
Now we're vacation-ing?
If you don't care for hiking so very far away,
The old home farm has places
Where we can tan our faces,
In case we don't find picking that will pay.
I'd be happy as a king
To go a ras-ber-ing,
Along the swale of cat-tails, that's next the lily-pond.
You say they're dried up there?
Well, we'd find them anywhere,
In the hog-lot and the "Mossy-Place" beyond.
We'll breakfast on the wing,
And after ras-ber-ing,
We'll eat our lunch in Long Woods,—you know the pair of bars.
The shrub you have to drink
'll give Barley Corn the blink,—
For a fan I'll take the big straw-hat of Pa's.
Oh, hurrah for ras-ber-ing!
Don't the tanagers still sing
Down in the "Slash" of briers, so full of underbrush?
Haven't sung for these ten years?
Why, what ails the little dears?
But anyhow, there's still the hermit thrush.
Yes, I know that ras-ber-ing
Was not without its sting
Of gnats and skeets,—or inch-worms by the yard;
So I'll take the citronell.
At least we'll stay "a spell,"
But I never cared 'bout working very hard.
But what's the tale you bring
'Bout the Jones' boys' ras-ber-ing?
The berries were "so scat'rin' and so skurse,"
They camouflaged their pail,
Pretty nearly to the bail?
Then you bought the rest for *me*, out of *your* purse?
But still childishly I cling
To the ghost of ras-ber-ing,
And not the *thing itself* (though that must be kept hid).
It's really just the *thought*
Of the lovely old farm-lot,
For I don't care much for "*ras-br'ys*"—never did!
Lebanon, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first nine chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson. Her engagement to Roger is followed by a few days of perfect happiness, ended by the news brought by Harry Stone that Helena's mother is seriously ill.)

X

Fifteen minutes later I left the Hutchinson's house, so stunned and dazed that I hardly realized what was happening. I came to myself in my own room with the smell of whiskey very strong about me. Clarice was bathing my head with ice-water, while Roger was kneeling beside me, kissing my hands, and Mrs. Hutchinson and Nancy, apparently unconcerned at his presence, were flinging toilet articles and clothes into my suit-case. Somehow I got to my feet.

"Never mind those," I managed to say, "the only thing that matters is to get home at once." Roger handed me my motor coat and bonnet, and lifting me in his arms, carried me straight to Harry's automobile, and put me in it.

"I'll be with you tomorrow afternoon," he said. "There must be some place in the village where I can stay—I'll find one, that's all!" He held me very close and kissed me repeatedly. "My darling—my poor little girl."

Robert began to crank the machine. "Start her up, Harry!" he said, "you're losing time. I've telephoned to Boston to have Dr. French and the best nurse he can lay his hands on start at once in his motor, and they'll

get there before you do. Don't be a baby, Helena, such reports are always exaggerated."

The cheap little automobile fairly flew that night, and as soon as I felt better, I asked Harry a few questions. But there was not much to tell. Besides, he kept choking, and rubbing the tears from his eyes with his great fists, and all this made him incoherent. At last controlling himself a little, he said,

"When that man—I don't know his name—comes tomorrow afternoon, I'll meet him at the train and take him to our house. He'll be comfortable there, at any rate, and you can see him easily the first second that you can leave your mother."

"Thank you, Harry," I said, "you're—you're awfully good."

"No, I'm not," he replied, "but I'll do what I can for you—it's precious little."

The automobile swung up sharply in front of my mother's little house. Mrs. Stone was standing in the doorway, and, with a cry, ran forward.

"Praise be you've got here, my precious lamb," she cried, "don't you fret none. I hope Harry hasn't scared you half to death. A doctor and a nurse has just got here from

Boston, and they say there's lots of hope."

* * * *

It was evening of the next day before I left my mother's room, the large peaceful room that she and I had shared so many years. She was not delirious, but lay in a stupor, her arms stretched out over the white spread. My entrance made no impression on her whatever, but Miss Houston, the nurse, said that it was possible that she might wake any minute, and ask for me, so I drew a chair beside the bed and waited. The nurse went back and forth, putting things to rights in the disordered room, with that efficiency and quiet haste which the kindest and most loving amateur can never attain; she asked very few questions, seeming to know by intuition where to look for a duster and a dry mop, and where the linen chest ought to be. In a few minutes my bed, in which Mrs. Stone had evidently been sleeping herself, was smooth and fresh, the rows of sticky bottles and tumblers had vanished, the bureau was tidy, the bathroom immaculate. Then she came to my mother and took her pulse.

"There's no change," she said, "I don't need to call the doctor just yet, he's getting a little hard-earned sleep, poor man; and do you know I think this lovely lady needs a bath, and fresh linen, and the tangles combed out of that glorious, golden hair, more than anything else just now."

I watched her jealously as she bathed my mother, changed her night gown and sheets, and brushed out her beautiful hair; her skin was like white roses, and her long lashes looked black against it, shading her half-open, dark blue eyes. When Miss Houston had finished, she stood for a minute looking at her.

"It seems impossible that she is old enough to be your mother," she said, "but you are very much alike. I think I must call the doctor now."

Dr. French was encouraging. "Your

mother is very ill," he said, "but I have seen many equally sick women recover, Miss Castle, and she has a naturally sound constitution in her favor. I must go back to Boston now, but Miss Houston can reach me by telephone at any time, and I will come down again in the course of a day or two, at all events. I do not trust your local doctor, and your ignorant, though well-meaning friends, have done a great deal of damage already and should be kept away. This room was enough, when I first saw it, to turn almost any well person into a corpse. As for you," he added kindly, putting his hand on my shoulder, "you had better go and have a good sleep, or we shall have two patients on our hands instead of one. You cannot, of course, stay here; but Miss Houston has prepared one of those pretty little spare rooms for you, and will call you at once if your mother shows signs of regaining consciousness; and you'll see things in a very different light after a good night's rest."

I went out on the piazza with him, and watched him hurry off in his motor; then realizing that the afternoon train must have arrived several hours before, I ran down to the gate and looked up and down the road, half-expecting to see Roger waiting about somewhere for a signal to come to the house. To my intense surprise it was not Roger whom I saw coming towards me, but Robert Hutchinson.

"Hello," he said, walking up leisurely and shaking hands. "Don't look so terribly disappointed. It isn't flattering to a man's vanity."

"What on earth are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well," replied Robert, in an unconcerned manner, "I always did like this part of the country—it's very attractive around here. You've never asked me to make a real visit, just to come and take Nancy home and useful little jobs like that. This time I've come to stay as long as I like."

"Where? At the Stone's?"

"No," he said with a dry laugh, "I am not. I understand that Roger is going there—it's just about what I should have expected of him, too! Do you want Harry to put out a sign: 'Free board and lodging for Helen's suitors. No distinction made between the fortunate and the rejected!?' I'm going to stay with you."

"You are not!" I cried. "I don't want you, I won't have you, I can't bear—"

"That's all right, Helena," he said easily, "nevertheless, I've come to stay. I assure you, Roger won't mind."

"Where is Roger?" I asked anxiously. "Has anything happened to him? Did he send you?"

"My dear girl," answered Robert, "will you please try to get that persistent idea that Harry and I share the same amiable qualities out of your head? If you expect me to be a sort of carrier-pigeon between you and Roger, you'll be sadly disappointed. I came here because I felt like it. I have neither seen nor heard of Roger since his stagey embrace with you in Harry's automobile before the face of the entire wondering house-party. Kindly tell me how your mother is."

With somewhat tardy gratitude, I tried to thank him, as I gave him the details, for his kindness and thoughtfulness in sending for Dr. French and Miss Houston. He cut me short.

"Any fool ought to be able to connect a doctor and a nurse with a case of typhoid fever," he said, "and I think instead of standing out here any longer, waiting for Roger, you'd better go in and take a bath and get some sleep. You look as if you needed both."

"If you see Roger," I said, turning obediently towards the door, "will you tell him to come in at once—that I want to see him?"

"I will not," replied Robert. "If he's in town, I guess he can come at once, if he wants to, without having

another man tell him to; and if he's engaged to you, but doesn't know you want to see him, he must be even a bigger idiot than I take him for."

Just then the little boy who runs all the village errands came panting up to me, and handed me a telegram. I tore it open without a word, but I saw Robert give him a shining fifty-cent piece.

"Unavoidably detained in Boston. Will try to come down tomorrow. R."

I sank down on the steps and began to cry. Roger took the telegram out of my hand, read it, and began to swear.

"His father, of course," he said at last, "probably wants him to copy a brief."

"But Roger has told him by now!" I exclaimed. "We were going to tell every one today."

"Very kind of you," said Robert sarcastically, "but hardly worth the trouble, as a good many people, without undue effort, had already succeeded in guessing that something of the sort was going on, even before they witnessed your fond farewell. Well—if he's told his father, the old man's probably overwhelming him with congratulations, and he can't escape."

"I don't believe it's that," I said. "Don't you really?" exclaimed Robert crossly, "do go in and get washed up; you're a sight. It's fortunate Roger isn't here to see you; he'd break the engagement in a minute. I don't count, but—"

"I am beginning to think," I said with the sobs rising in my voice, "that you count a good deal."

I glanced up at him, as I tried to choke back my tears, and noticed for the first time how white and tired he looked; at all events, his ill-temper seemed to have vanished, for he was smiling again.

"If that were true," he said, "I should wish you'd begun to think of it a little sooner—but it isn't. Remember what you said yourself—I am a 'great lazy, stupid, shiftless

crea—' there! I didn't mean to make you cry. If you don't mind, I think I'll spend the night in the hammock. It's lovely and cool here. Please go to bed yourself, my dear."

I obeyed; but tired as I was, I could not go to sleep. I agonized over my mother; I lashed myself into a ferment of repentance over my treatment of Robert; but these troubles were nothing compared to the new one, which seemed all the worse because it was so vague: why had Roger not come?

Long after midnight I heard Miss Houston open the front door and walk over to the hammock. I instantly realized that she must have known then that Robert would be there.

"I'm going to lie down now on the other bed beside Mrs. Castle's and get some rest," I heard her say, "if you will come and watch beside her. What a tower of strength you are—you were the most self-reliant baby, even, that I ever helped usher into the world!" She laughed a little and I knew they must be great friends. "That lovely girl—this is very hard for her."

"Yes," said Robert in a low voice.

"But then—whatever happens, she'll have you—"

There was a long silence. Then I heard Robert's voice again, dull and strained.

"Yes, whatever happens, she'll have me," he said, "but she's going to marry another man. Let's not talk about it, if you don't mind."

XI

The strain of the next few days was very great. My mother lay in a dull stupor most of the time, but often she was delirious. Her fancies nearly always took her back to her life with my father, and she lived over the worst moments with a reality that was dreadful. She thought that my father had been dismissed from his law firm and was sitting in gloomy silence before her; that she saw my

grandfather lying on the floor of his room, his pistol still clasped in his dead hand, his head in a pool of blood; that the children's coffins were being carried from the house to the dreary cemetery beyond the village. Mrs. Stone went about the kitchen with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and would not let Lucy come near the place; but Harry, who had always adored my mother, hung about, like a faithful watch dog who hopes to be of some service, however trifling.

"I can't bear it," he would say, over and over again. "If there ever was a saint on earth, she is one! and see how she's had to suffer! What brutes, what horrible brutes men are!"

"Not you, Harry," I said.

"Not most men, either," remarked Robert, cheerfully, and helping himself to a doughnut. "Go out on the piazza, Helena, where there's a little air stirring. It's stifling hot in this kitchen, and there's nothing like a close room to make us imagine evil of our fellow beings." I walked out, and found myself face to face with Roger.

It was four days since I had seen him, and at first I could do nothing but sit down beside him in the hammock and cry, with relief and joy and weariness, my head against his shoulder; finally I managed to ask,

"Why couldn't you come at once, darling? What happened?"

"Aren't you glad to see me now?"

"You know how glad!" I said, "but tell me why?"

"Some day, sweetheart, not now."

"Why not?" I persisted.

"Don't you know I would have come if it had been possible? Don't you trust me, Helena?"

I felt ashamed.

"Tell me about your mother, dear," he said quietly, "is there anything you need for her, anything I can do?"

"No," I said, "Robert seems to have done everything. But, Roger, you know we can't possibly be married for a long time."

"I know nothing of the sort," he

cried, "as soon as your mother is conscious, and can bear it, you must tell her; then we'll be married at once, in her room."

"But, Roger, I couldn't leave her; it would be inhuman."

"Of course not; you'll stay here until she has fully recovered; I'll stay too."

"But Roger," I began for the third time, "perhaps you don't realize that it's quite probable she never will recover."

"And if that should happen," asked Roger, kissing away the tears from my eyes, "to whom should you come but to me, darling?"

* * * * *

But as the days went by, the delirium lessened, the stupor seemed more and more like a natural sleep, and my mother recognized me, vaguely at first, but as if glad to have me about. In time, though very weak and ill, she was like herself again, sweet and cheerful and beautiful, lying very quiet in her white bed, her long golden hair spread back over the pillow, smiling, docile, and apparently contented, as long as I did not leave her. At last the time came when she was able to be propped up with pillows, to listen while I read aloud to her, to knit a little and talk about what we would do "when she was well again"; but the weariness never left her eyes and I could see that when she thought she was not being watched, she did not smile. One day I surprised her, and found her crying.

"Why, mother, darling!" I exclaimed putting my arms around her, "what is it? What's troubling you?"

"It's nothing," she said, controlling herself quickly, "of course I shall be well very soon now, and everything will be as usual. Only you don't know, dear, how happy it would make me, if you and Harry should get married, right here by my bed."

I took away my arms. "O Mother,

I said, "I wish I could if it would make you happy but I couldn't—I *couldn't* marry him."

"You look so frightened, dear," she said in alarm, "what has happened?"

"Nothing," I replied forcing her back on her pillows as gently as I could, "only I don't love him—you wouldn't want me to marry a man I didn't love."

"No," she said with a little sigh, "no." Then, anxiously, "Robert Hutchinson is here a great deal, Helena. Has he proposed to you again?"

"Yes," I said and blushed hotly, remembering that ghastly sail. My mother saw the quick color, and misunderstood it. She gave a little cry, almost joyful.

"Then it's he, dear! I'm sorry for Harry, but otherwise I'm glad. He'll make you happier than Harry could, and I've always liked him, better than I feared you did."

"No, mother," I said, "it isn't Robert, either. But—" I hesitated; she seemed hardly strong enough to be told the truth, and yet I did not know how, with her insistence, I could keep her in ignorance any longer. "But—there is some one else." Then, in as few words as I could, I told her about Roger, ending "I can't tell you how I love him!—I *worship* him! If you really want me to be married, if it will make you any happier, I can be, at any moment you choose. He begged me himself that it might be that way—that we might be married at once, by your bed, as soon as you were well enough to know how we felt. May I send for him to come here, and let you see him? O Mother! you're not angry—"

"Angry!" my mother interrupted me; she was half-laughing, half-crying, wholly excited. A flush of pink had come into her cheeks, and her eyes were shining. "Angry! why didn't you tell me long ago, you naughty child? You've had this lovely secret up your sleeve for weeks, and

I've been lying here, so bored, and longing for news. How long will it take you to produce your paragon?"

"About twenty minutes." I ran to the door and flung it open. "Harry"! I called, feeling perfectly sure that he was somewhere within hearing, "go quickly and tell Roger to come at once, that mother wants to see him," and Harry, who, sure enough, was on the piazza reading "Hoard's Dairyman," started off on a dead run for the farm.

Robert was on the piazza too; he pushed back his chair leisurely, and came in, his disgusting pipe in one hand, and a tiresome looking book by Kipling in the other, his finger marking the place. He smiled at my mother, and went over to the bed.

"While Helena goes upstairs and brushes her hair and puts her engagement ring on again," he said, "I may as well sit down and tell you what a darned good fellow Roger Lorraine is!"

* * * * *

I felt beforehand that mother and Roger would love each other; but I had not foreseen that the mutual conquest would be so great and so immediate. In five minutes my mother was smiling as she had not done once since her illness; in ten, she laughed outright; and in fifteen, when Miss Houston came to drive us away (Robert had already vanished), Roger leaned over and kissed her, and I saw that she was completely vanquished. We went out arm in arm, and Robert meeting us outside showered us with rice, and grinned.

"I guess," he said, "that I've explored the country around here enough for the present. I'm going to Boston on the evening train."

"Then we'll go together," said Roger. "Oh Bobby! did you ever know another girl like Helena?"

"No," said Robert, "and I never want to! What on earth are *you* going for? I should think there was—er—quite a little scenery to interest you here."

"Why, you see, dearest," said Roger, turning to me, "that as we're to be married so soon there are a number of things that I must attend to at once. You'll have some preparations to make yourself, you know you will. Please don't scold me when you know how I hate to go."

"Then don't," I said realizing perfectly well how unreasonable I was, and yet provoked with him for going.

"Helena," he said with mock gravity, "you may as well learn while there is yet time that it does absolutely no good to tease me. This is Monday; I will come back Saturday afternoon, and we will be married that evening. It is now four o'clock and I shall leave with Robert at quarter past seven. Are you going to be cross or pleasant until I go?"

"Cross," I said, smiling in spite of myself. "Roger—your family won't think this is an awfully queer wedding, will they? You know Miss Houston says that mother is so frail that it wouldn't be safe to ask even your parents to come. And yet mother has this fancy, she seems to wish so much to see me married—"

"It's a very nice fancy," said Roger, "I want to see you married myself. Of course my family will understand; but you must give me a chance to explain to them, mustn't you? Let's walk down to the minister's and ask him not to make an important engagement for Saturday night."

"Good-bye," drawled Robert, opening his book again, "by way of congratulation let me remind you of Punch's advice to those about to marry—don't."

XII

When we first went to live in our house, there were five stuffy little rooms and a shed downstairs, and two small rooms and one large one upstairs; it was close and cramped and dark, but it was the best we could afford, and we lived in it just

as it was for a good many years. After my father died, however, and my mother began to make a little money, she fixed it over, by slow degrees. First the partition between the "parlor" and "sitting"-room was knocked down, and they became one large, sunny living-room; the dining-room and "back chamber" were turned into a big bedroom for mother and me, and a bathroom was added; the kitchen became the dining-room, and the shed the kitchen; upstairs, we had done nothing; we used the two little rooms for guest chambers, and the big one for storing purposes; but we had long been planning to "fix these up too," when I got through school, and the heavy expense of my education was over. No sooner was Roger gone, then my mother, with a sort of joyful excitement, turned my attention to the big storeroom.

"You must have that fireplace unblocked," she said, "and Harry will move all the truck into the loft over the kitchen, I am sure. Then get hold of Mr. Harris (the "handy-man" about the village) to paint and paper it for you. White woodwork, and a dark green floor, and pink walls—oh, I can just see what it's going to look like!"

"There's that set of furniture up in my attic that you've always set such store by," said Mrs. Stone. She was now occasionally admitted to the sickroom, and was sitting by my mother, fanning her. "I don't admire it much myself. I think these brass bedsteads and oak bureaus they make now-a-days are a sight handsomer; but if you'd like it, you can have it, and welcome."

"Oh, Mrs. Stone," I cried, "do you really, really mean it? I oughtn't to take it—it's worth hundreds of dollars."

"Well, if it is, I don't know as it's any too good for you. I always meant you should have it." She sighed, and turned her head away, and I knew what was passing through her mind. "Harry can cart it over

as soon as Mr. Harris gets the room licked into shape."

By Friday night, the alterations were completed, and after I had shut the door, and gone away, leaving the transformed room in perfect order, I went back to it a dozen times. It fascinated me. I straightened the homespun rugs on the floor and the old-fashioned mirror over the bureau; I brushed invisible dust from the shining brass andirons, and relaid the folds of the crisp muslin curtains at the windows; I walked over to the great fourposted bed, and smoothed the snowy linen counterpane; the simple little white satin dress, which I had hurriedly made myself, and the tulle veil, which mother had insisted I should also have, lay across it. Somehow, it seemed the proper place to keep them, until it was time to put them on. I am not very religious; but suddenly I found myself on my knees, and I was praying, as I never had before, and never will again, I am afraid, that I might be worthy of Roger, and his love; that I might never disappoint him or fail him in any way; that I might be a help and not a burden to him, a guiding star and not a dragging weight. It was after midnight when I finally rose; and I turned again, even with my hand on the door, with tears rolling down my cheeks, and a wonderful, joyful fear pounding away at my heart.

"Even if the world should come to an end tomorrow," I whispered to myself, "I shall have married Roger tonight."

* * * * *

I met Roger at the train, and we ate our supper alone together, with the door open into my mother's room; then I went upstairs to dress, and Miss Houston fastened my veil, and handed me the big bunch of white roses that Roger had brought with him, and I went to mother to slip my engagement ring on to her finger, and give her one more kiss at the last moment.

"The minister is here," I said, "he is talking to Roger out on the piazza, and Roger says he has been waiting an hour and a half. Shall I tell them to come in, dear?"

A little cloud passed over my mother's face, the first I had seen since I had told her about Roger.

"Just at this last moment," she said, "I've another foolish fancy. I want you to send Roger in here alone for a minute. *You* can go and talk to Mr. Trent. I promise it won't be long."

I kissed her and went out. "Roger," I said gaily, "Mother wants to see you alone for a minute. I think she's going to tell you that I'm not half good enough for you."

Roger laughed, but I could see that he looked surprised, as he rose, and went quickly into the house, closing the door behind him. I tried to talk to Mr. Trent, but I could not help wondering what was passing in my mother's room. At first there was merely a steady low murmur of voices; then I could hear my mother evidently asking questions, and on Roger's part dead silence followed, after what seemed an eternity, by a quick storm of protest, entreaty, interruption; finally my mother's voice rang out, loud and clear, and laden with terror and anguish.

"Helena," she cried, "come here, come here at once!"

I ran to the door, flung it open, and rushed in; she was sitting up in bed, her eyes so wide and dark in her white face that for an instant I thought she had become delirious again.

"Oh," she moaned, "I've been so ill, it's robbed me of my senses! All I could think of has been that I must see you safe with some one who would love and care for you! And what have I done! Thank Heaven it isn't too late! While you were upstairs dressing, it suddenly came over me that something was wrong; that you had never once spoken of a letter or a gift from Mrs. Lorraine; that Roger's parents knew nothing of the girl he

intended to make his wife. O my darling child, my precious little girl! In ten minutes you would have married him!"

"What do you mean?" I said hoarsely. "In ten minutes I shall have married him! What do I care for Mrs. Lorraine, and for presents and letters? I have not even thought of her!"

"You have not even thought of her!" shrieked my mother. "Have you thought of your own childhood? Have you thought of your *father*? Do *you* wish to marry a man who has sacrificed everything to get you, and be reminded of it every hour until you die, or he does? Not in words, perhaps, if your husband should prove kinder than mine was, but by poverty and lonesomeness and the hatred of those who should love you dearly? Do you want to know why Roger did not join you at once when you came to me? You have not thought, I suppose! Well, I have thought, and I will tell you! It was because he had told his parents whose child you were, and they refused for a single instant to hear of such a marriage. He stayed, hoping to find some means of softening them, and of bringing you some message from them when he did come—and he stayed in vain. Do you know what he has been doing this last week? He has been telling them that your mother is dying, that there is no one you can go to but himself, and this is the result: he comes to you disinherited and disowned. You have been condemned without a hearing; no effort has been made to discover what you yourself are, even though your parents and grandparents were as bad as the Lorraines believe! If there is no pity at a time like this, do you imagine that there ever will be?"

"If Roger has given up all this for me," I said passionately, "the least return that I can make for so much love is to give him myself."

"To give him yourself!" she panted, "to marry him, and take him away

from everything and everybody in the world that is dear to him! To bring into the world children for whom you will have no food and clothing! To feel yourself, when the first heat of passion is over, a very curse to the man you love!"

She sank back, exhausted, but quickly raised herself again.

"You promised," she said, "when you were a little child I made you promise that this thing should never happen. Listen, Helena! I am dying—I have known it all along. If no word of yours can bind you, if you are so dazzled with what you call love that it blinds you to the memory of your own childhood, will you refuse the last request that your mother will ever make?"

There was a moment of terrible silence; she seized my arms and dragged me closer to her, so that I could not look at Roger's agonized face.

"Tell me," she commanded.

"I promise you again," I said, "I will not marry Roger Lorraine."

She gave a little gasp, and fell back on her pillows; her hands relaxed their hold, and fell, limply at her sides.

"Mother!" I cried in alarm.

My mother did not answer me. She was dead.

XIII

It was mid-August when my mother died; and when the glorious days of Indian summer came, late in October, Harry, scorning Miss Houston's help, began to carry me out to the old string-hammock underneath the maples.

There was a long period of time of which I have no coherent memory. I know that I lay in a darkened room, that the bed seemed to have no bottom to it, that there were sharp shooting pains in my head, and a queer, quivering ache that came and went in my back. I never seemed to go to sleep and I never seemed to wake up. Part of the time I was in pain, and part of the time I did not

suffer, or feel anything at all. I merely existed.

At last I realized, without feeling enough interest in the matter to wonder why I should be there, that I was in the "spare chamber" at the Stones' house. It has a "painted bedroom set," dull brown with bright blue roses, and on the walls, papered in a gloomy yellow relieved by splotches of gold, hung pictures in black oval frames, of all the dead members of the Stone family. There are also some wax wreathes, and some mottoes done on canvas in cross-stitch: "Home, Sweet Home" (which has always struck me as being singularly appropriate for such a guest room), "The Lord Will Provide," etc. The fireplace has been blocked up and an air-tight stove reigns in its stead, but the mantel still remains, fringed with red worsted, and adorned with two white vases, two little simpering shepherdesses, and a china dog. The toilet set is bordered with heavy blue, and has a design of sea-shells; gradually so many varied charms began to pall on me.

"Just why am I here?" I asked, turning from the contemplation of a little girl in a very low frock and frilled pantalettes, a work of art that hung directly opposite my bed.

Miss Houston laughed. "That's the first question you've asked," she said, "I thought the glories of your room might rouse you to curiosity in time. Mrs. Stone felt she could not remain away from home any longer, and so we brought you here almost immediately after you were taken ill."

"Would you mind telling me how long it is since I was taken ill?"

"It is nearly two months."

"So it is now about the—?"

"It is the twelfth of October," she said.

I knew then that I must have fallen sick very soon after my mother's death. The funeral was vivid enough; my mother was buried in my wedding gown, with my bridal flowers in her hands; the little house was filled

with the village people who had loved my mother, and who mourned her from the bottom of their hearts; but there were very few—almost none—among them who came to me with help or comfort. Ever since I first went away to school, I had withdrawn more and more from my neighbors; each year I had found, or fancied that I found, them more dull, narrow and uncongenial. The Leightons had gone to California; and all the Hutchinsons, except Bobby (who had gone off camping alone in the Maine woods the day after he and Roger went to Boston together) were in Europe. Miss Houston, who had been a complete stranger to me a few weeks before, and Mrs. Stone, who for a long time I had only condescended to tolerate, were the only women to whom I could turn; and when, on the way back from the cemetery, Roger, with whom I rode alone, turned away from home instead of going towards it, I knew that the questions which must be settled between us sooner or later were coming then.

"My darling—is there anything on earth that I can do for you?"

"What is there that any one can do?" I asked dully. "I must have a little time to think—to adjust myself to conditions as they are now."

"Will it be easier for you if I stay with you—or if I go?"

"I really think"—my lips trembling so that they barely formed the words—"that it will be easier if you go."

"I think so too," he said gravely, "but there are a few things that I must say to you before I do. First, I must ask you to believe that I never meant to deceive you; remember that I knew nothing of your promise to your mother. I only felt that there were certain things that would cause you pain when you knew them, and that it would be easier for you to hear them after we were married—after you were my wife—than before. Then there is something else. I told you once that no power on earth or in

heaven or in hell could keep me from marrying you—I mean it still. No—I'm not going to try to make you break your promise; but that promise holds good only under certain conditions. I must change those conditions. I haven't a cent in the world now, and I don't know just how I'm going to work to get any. But as soon as I can get a job somewhere, I'll write you, so you'll know my address; and as soon as I can earn two thousand dollars a year—"

"But, Roger, it isn't just the money; I couldn't—"

"Of course it isn't just the money; but by the time I can earn that, I can take care of the other complications, too. Remember that your case is a sequel to your mother's, not a replica of it. It'll all come right in the end somehow; *it has got to.*"

That was all. Not a single word of reproach for his father and mother, though they had done their best to ruin his life; not the slightest attempt to make me break my promise, though I knew he would have given his very soul to marry me. The realization of what I was losing was too much for me; I found that I simply could not bear it. We had reached the woods by this time—those same quiet, fragrant woods where I had first made my promise—and we were entirely alone. "Let us get out for a few minutes," I said.

He stopped the little patient, tired horse, tied him to a tree, and lifted me out. "What is it, dear?" he asked.

"O Roger," I cried flinging myself into his arms, "I can't give you up—I can't, I can't! I shall die without you—you're all I have left in this world—there's not another human being to whom I can turn. Don't—don't make me leave you."

"What do you mean?" he said, white to the lips.

"We can't get married, but won't you take me with you, just the same? Then if it's too hard—if I am a drag and a hindrance—there'll be nothing to bind me to you, don't you see?"

"Oh, you poor child!" he groaned, "you don't know what you're saying! Don't you suppose I've been wicked enough to think of that myself? What man who was half-human wouldn't? You don't realize what these days and—and—nights have been to me—alone. But if we—did—this—now—nothing could ever make it right; it would be worse, a thousand times worse, in the end, than your mother's case; though now, for a little while—"

He stopped abruptly, and taking my face in his hands turned it up to his own, speaking very gently and looking straight into my eyes.

"I shan't offer to release you from your engagement," he said, "you're mine, my very own, and some day I'm coming back for you. Wear your ring, in the face of the world, and tell every one that I gave it to you. Put your pearls around your neck. If we're brave, and hopeful, and *sure* that everything is coming out all right, it *will*!"

* * * * *

When Miss Houston, utterly exhausted, had gone to bed, and Mrs. Stone had returned to the farm, and the little house, still and dark, was in perfect order again, I crept back to the living-room, wrapped in my new black dressing gown and lighted the fire. It was a sultry, cloudy night, hot and close, and I was not tired or even sleepy, but so cold that it seemed as if I never should be warm again. I piled the wood until the blaze crackled and roared, and then I took all the funeral flowers which were left about the room, and flung them on the fire. I thought, perhaps, if they were out of sight, I might feel warmer; and while I was doing it the door opened, and Bobby came in, and stood with his back against it, looking at me.

I dropped the armful that I was carrying, a great sheaf of white roses, and ran to him.

"I'm so cold," I said, my teeth

chattering, "and these flowers seem cold, too—they ought to have been put on the grave with the others; but, as they weren't, I'm burning them; maybe they'll get warm in the fire. Do you think I can get near enough to it to get warm, Bobby?"

"I think so," he said quietly, "I'll help you finish what you're doing, and then we'll see."

Afterwards I think he told me that Roger's telegram had been delayed in reaching him, and that when he finally heard of my mother's death, he hired a motor and drove straight through from Bangor without stopping; also that as he was passing the Stones', he saw Harry, who told him that Roger had gone and why; but he did not ask me any questions, and his own explanations did not come until he had brought me something hot to drink and wrapped his overcoat around me, and we were sitting on the hearth together, while he chafed my hands and I tried to stop shivering.

"I wouldn't mind being cold," I said, "if I could help thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"What sort of girl I am; how blind, and—stupid. That's the worst of all—I've been so stupid—just what you called me—'a pretty, selfish, little fool; fond of dresses and candy and flowers, pretty speeches and split dances, sunshine and moonlight and rhapsodies!' Well, I've had them 'all I wanted' as you said you hoped I would; I've despised the people who would have been my best friends if I would have let them; I've played fast and loose with you and Harry; I've ruined Roger's career; and—I've killed my mother."

Robert put his arm around me and drew me up close against his big shoulder and rough Norfolk jacket.

"Do you feel as if you could cry?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I only feel cold; but not so cold as before you came. You're not going right away again, are you, Bobby?"

"I wish to Heaven I'd never gone,"

he said. "No, indeed, I'm not—until you're all well again."

"All well again?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes, I'm afraid, dear, you're going to be sick. You don't feel first rate, do you?"

"I tell you I don't feel at all, except that I'm cold, and it's hard for me to think and yet I can't help thinking—and there's a queer lump where my heads joins on to my spine—what do you think it all means?"

"I think that poor little butterfly, Psyche, has found her soul at last, and that just at present it's too big for her body; but I think, if she goes to sleep, that Cupid will come again, in time."

I fancied that he said this more to himself than to me, and the words did not seem to have much sense; but perhaps that was because I was getting drowsy.

I was in the big spare room at Mrs. Stone's when I really waked up again, and that, as I have said, was many weeks later.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked, when the date and my whereabouts were both clear to me—which was not for some time.

"You've had brain fever—it's not to be wondered at."

"Where is Bobby?"

Miss Houston smiled. "He wasn't far off for a long while, I can tell you," she said, "but as soon as you were really out of danger, he went back to

Boston and entered the Harvard Medical School. He's decided to be a doctor, and if he doesn't make a good one I certainly shall never prophesy again. We can reach him at any time that you need him. In any case, he'll be down to see you again before long, probably just when you want him very much. He has a happy faculty of turning up at the right minute."

"If you will bring me something to eat," I said, trying to sit up in bed and falling back again, "I think I should like it; I really feel quite hungry. And do take off this hideous nightgown, which looks as if it belonged to Mrs. Stone, and bring me one of my own, low-necked, with lace and ribbons."

A few days later I was propped up in bed, reading, and eating Mrs. Stone's good angel-cake; by the twentieth of October I was lying on the lounge, knitting, and feeling quite dressed in my kimono and suede slippers; and it was on the twenty-fifth that Harry began to carry me down to the old string-hammock underneath the maples. It was very pleasant to be out again, away from the kaleidoscopic glories of the spare room, to feel the wind blowing through my hair and see the sun glitter on the great jewels of my ring. I slept a great deal, and when I was awake a sense of peacefulness possessed me. I was getting well.

(To be concluded.)

AUTUMN IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

By Arthur W. Anderson

Today I climbed the hill alone,
And stood beside the arch of stone.

The landscape smiled beneath the sun;
The strong wind waved the ripened corn.

And silently went sailing by
The fleecy navies of the sky.

I saw their changeful shadows play
Upon the mountains far away;

Each shape fantastic giving place
To others, in the onward race.

Beneath me lay the peaceful homes,
And churches raised their lofty domes

The sunshine glorified the trees,
And roused to life the drowsy bees.

Across the intervening vale,
I saw the tower on the hill;

Upraising high its massy eaves,
Above the tapestry of leaves;

Confining in its oaken cell,
Its giant clock, the sweet-toned bell.

The river flowed the hills between,
The birches o'er its banks did lean;

And strewed their leaves, no longer green—
Upon the water's silver sheen.

Far down the valley's winding course,
I heard the heron's challenge hoarse;

And from a distant farm there came
The sound of children at a game.

And cattle, lowing at the gates;
And horses, neighing for their mates.

Adown the waves of ether bright,
Came notes of wild fowl in their flight;

And sweet on the September air
Came odors from the pines afar.

The blue jay's thrilling cry I heard,
And saw him coming from the wood;

In all his gay habiliments,
To take the gardens' increments.

The wild grapes hung, of sweetness full,
In glowing clusters on the wall.

And orchards, from the hills sent down
Their fragrance—on the quiet town.

The frost had killed the pumpkin vines;
And passing through the garden lanes

Had touched each plant with hand austere;
And left it standing, brown and sere.

But beautiful the fruit they bore;
The crowning glory of the year.

Around the country school-house rude,
The red leaves of the sumac showed.

While 'long the peaceful road arrayed,
The elm trees stood—a tall brigade.

The flaming leaves of beech and oak
Were mingled with the fir trees dark.

And near the maples' scarlet hood
The yellow-mantled poplars stood.

The alders bent above the brook,
And tints from nature's spectrum took.

Where farmer boys, with line and hook,
Their quarry caught in shady nook.

Thus lay the land; in verdure fair—
And nature's music filled the air.

EARLY TOWN BOUNDARIES IN WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By George B. Upham

The history of town boundaries as they were formerly and as they now exist in southwestern New Hampshire is complicated to a degree perhaps unparalleled elsewhere in the United States. These complications have arisen from the various and conflicting bounds of Massachusetts Grants prior to 1740 when that province claimed the territory, from Mason Grants and the resultant litigation, from New Hampshire Grants, forfeitures, renewals, regrants, etc., and to some extent from subsequent changes by New Hampshire legislation.

The forfeitures were mostly occasioned by failure on the part of the grantees to cultivate the required acreage within the usual five-year limit, although if a really earnest effort had been made to settle and cultivate, the charter was usually renewed to the original grantees.

New Hampshire town histories, so many of which were published in the closing years of the last century, pay little attention to this phase of local history. Those of the Sullivan County towns make no reference to the facts herein recited. Examination of other town histories discloses many instances of the same neglect to mention forfeited grants and early boundary changes. The easy method of research, hereinafter described, pursued in finding the boundary lines of the vanished townships of Buckingham and Greenville, might be followed in many other localities in western New Hampshire, thereby disclosing similar forgotten facts of local history. The writer saw the names of these townships on the maps, parts of which are reproduced herewith. In the New Hampshire State Papers he quickly found their charters, and

plans with the courses and distances thereon. Then with a two-foot rule, a carpenter's square, a protractor and Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860, a few minutes sufficed to determine the facts herein related. It must, however, be admitted that locating the boundaries of Buckingham and Greenville presents a very simple problem compared with that of determining the former boundary lines in places further south and east where there were Massachusetts and Mason Grants as well as New Hampshire Grants. But it is believed that a careful study of the old maps by anyone possessing the sense of locality, some slight knowledge of surveying or navigation, much persistence and considerable patience might result in determining, approximately at least, many of these old and at present undetermined boundary lines.

Many valuable early maps may be found in the collection of the New Hampshire Historical Society. The Boston Public Library possesses a collection second only, in this country, to that of the Congressional Library at Washington. Holland's and Carigan's early maps of New Hampshire were republished, on a reduced scale, in 1878, in the Atlas accompanying Hitchcock's Geology of the State, and were also reproduced in four sections, at nearly half the scale of the original, in Volume xxiv of the New Hampshire State Papers. (See pocket in the cover.)

After careful study of the old maps the investigator should turn to Volumes xxiv to xxix inclusive, of the New Hampshire State Papers—to be found in every public library—which give the words of the charters and plans of nearly all the townships with

courses and distances. These plans should be enlarged, preferably on tracing paper, to the scale of the modern county map.—H. F. Walling, in 1860, published maps of all the counties in the state—then a definite starting point must be found, which having been determined, the rest is easy.

* * * * *

Buckingham? This distinctively English name recalls boating days on the Thames, the old villages, Eton and Marlow, Eton College and a finished, well-groomed landscape, all in that ancient county of England called Buckingham or "Bucks" for short. Nothing in the name reminds us of Claremont or of anything in its vicinity. Yet there was a time when about one fifth of the present area of Claremont was regularly and authoritatively incorporated as a part of the township of Buckingham. And this by no less authority than "George the Second by Grace of God of Great Britain France & Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c., on the first Day of January in the Year of Our Lord Christ 1753 and the 26th year of our reign."

This township first appears on the "Blanchard and Langdon Map" of 1761 as the most northerly in the Connecticut River Valley, and Thirteen years later on "A Map of the Inhabited Portions of New England" prepared by Thomas Jeffreys, Geographer to the King, published in London in 1774, which shows immediately north of Charlestown, Number Four, clearly outlined the township of Buckingham. It is placed on the Connecticut River, bounded on the east by Greenville and on the north by an unnamed township through which flows an unnamed river rising in "Sunipee Pond" and emptying into the Connecticut. If any doubt remains respecting the identity of the unnamed township it will be removed upon observing that on the map it is bounded on the north and east by

townships plainly marked "Cornish" and "Newport."

Any resentment one may feel toward the "Geographer to the King," for failing to engrave the name Claremont where it properly belonged may be mitigated in some degree upon learning that Jeffreys, accomplished and learned geographer as he was, made a general mess of the geography in the vicinity of Claremont, and especially of Buckingham, which never was on the Connecticut River, never was north of Charlestown, and whose charter had been forfeited ten years before the publication of this map.

But if Buckingham was not on the Connecticut River and north of Charlestown where was it? Searching in the New Hampshire State Papers, in Volume xxv, page 583, we find the charter and a plan of Buckingham showing that its southwesterly corner was at the northwesterly corner of Burnet. If we can find where that was we can easily make an accurate map of Buckingham in its proper relation to other townships, for beginning at that point the charter and accompanying plan give us the boundaries by compass courses and distances to various "Stakes and Stones" and finally back to the northwesterly corner of Burnet, the point of beginning. Burnet is shown on the Blanchard and Langdon map, bounded on the north by Buckingham, on the west by Charlestown, on the east by Dupplin, and occupying the space occupied by "No. 9, Lempster" on the Jeffreys map. This aids us somewhat, but is wholly insufficient for the accurate placing of Buckingham, for there is a manifest error on one or both of the maps.

Referring again to the New Hampshire State Papers, Volume xxiv, pages 371-388, we find that Burnet—probably Number Three of the Massachusetts Grants of 1735-36—became, on December 30, 1752, a chartered predecessor of Acworth, and with precisely the same boundary lines as those of the Acworth of today.

The Blanchard and Langdon map is the earliest known map of New Hampshire, giving town boundaries from the Connecticut River to the sea, prepared for publication in 1761. This is the Col. Joseph Blanchard who surveyed on the Connecticut River in the winter of 1760. A copy of this map from the original engraved plate is in the State Library at Concord. It is reproduced, without title or explanation, in Volumes xxiv and xxvi, of the New Hampshire State Papers. The original is inscribed as follows:

"An Accurate Map of His Majestys Province of New Hampshire in New England, taken from Actual Surveys of all the inhabited Part, and from the best information of what is uninhabited together with the adjacent Countries, which exhibits the Theatre of this War in That Part of the World, by Col. Blanchard, and the Revd Mr. Langdon. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to His Majesty—"

"To the Right Honorable Charles Townshend, His Majesty's Secretary at War, & One of His Majestys most Honorable Privy Council, &c. This Map of the Province of New Hampshire Is Humbly Inscribed, by His most Obliged and most Obedt Servts

Portsmouth
New Hampshire
21 Octr 1761."

JOSEPH BLANCHARD
SAMUEL LANGDON

The Jeffreys map is a part of a "Map of the Inhabited Portions of New England" published by Thomas Jeffreys, Geographer to the King, in London 1774. An engraving of the original is now in the Boston Public Library. This is reproduced in full on a reduced scale in Volume v of Palfrey's History of New England, and that part of it including New Hampshire, in Volume xxiv, New Hampshire State Papers. (See pocket in the cover.)

Drawing on tracing paper an enlargement of the original plan of Buckingham, to the scale of Walling's map of Sullivan County, 1860, and superposing it on the latter, with its southwest corner on the northwest corner of Acworth, we find that a small part of Charlestown, about two thirds of Unity, about one eighth of Newport and about one fifth of Claremont were within the township of Buckingham.

That part of Claremont which was so included may be described as follows: All that part lying south of a straight line drawn from a point about forty rods southwesterly from the south end of Broad street to the Newport line at a point on Green Mountain a quarter of a mile north of the state road, and lying easterly of a straight line drawn from the first mentioned point in a southerly direction a few

rods east of the Bible Hill road to Charlestown.

Within two or three years after the Buckingham charter was granted to John Bissell and seventy others, ten attacks were made by Indians on Charlestown, Number Four. This disturbing activity doubtless accounts for the fact that Bissell and his associates never came to settle on the lands granted to them, and for the fact that a considerable part of Claremont is not now within the township of Buckingham.

The neglect of the grantees to settle on and cultivate a designated acreage of the land within the usual five-year limit was cause for forfeiture. This was apparently not enforced until July 13, 1764, when a charter was granted for Unity comprising therein the greater part of the land previously granted as Buckingham. Not one of the names recorded among the grantees of Buckingham appears as a grantee of Unity, excepting those of the governor himself and his secretary, Theodore Atkinson, who were grantees or beneficiaries in nearly all the Benning Wentworth grants.

The name Unity is said to have been adopted "from the happy termination of a dispute which had long subsisted between rival claimants under two different grants." Some might wish that the fine old English name Buckingham had been retained. The first settlement in Unity was made in 1769.

On the same Blanchard and Langdon map, also on the Jeffreys map, we find a township of Greenville between Buckingham and "Sunippee Pond." In Volume xxv, page 376, of New Hampshire State Papers, is a plan of Greenville which was chartered on the same day with Buckingham; enlarging and superposing this plan, in a similar way to that above described, we find within the boun-

daries of Greenville all of the eastern part of Unity, a little more than a quarter part of Goshen, including Mill Village, a very small triangle in the southwest corner of Sunapee and about half of Newport including Newport Village and Kellyville. Of the sixty odd grantees of Greenville the name of only one appears among those of the sixty grantees of Newport. The charter of Greenville was forfeited; that of Newport was saved by an extension for four years from February 2, 1769. In the extending document of that date it is stated that fifteen families were then settled in the town.

The grantees or proprietors, as they were commonly called, never came to settle in Buckingham or Greenville; but they must have met to organize and later, at sundry times, to make plans for settlement. These meetings were held, as was the custom, in some country tavern, probably in Massachusetts or southern New Hampshire. We can see them gathered around the big table, the flaring, dripping tallow candles, the shadows on the wall, the mugs of flip and the roaring fire in the great fireplace. Important business it was with the Justice of the Peace, seated in the place of honor, having the final word in all procedure. They discuss surveys, plans for settlement in the coming spring, the drawing of the fifty-acre lots, and especially recent reports of Indian attacks on the frontier fort at Number Four. Their records have long since been lost, their boundary markers have disappeared, the "Stakes" decayed, the "Stones" sunken beneath the leaf mould. Somewhere in wayside graveyards leaning, moss-grown tombstones mark the last resting places of the proprietors, but not in those vanished townships, Buckingham and Greenville.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S NEW SCHOOL LAW

OPENING STATEMENT BY FRANK S. STREETER, CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION, AT THE JOINT CONFERENCE OF LOCAL SCHOOL BOARDS AND SUPERINTENDENTS WITH THE STATE BOARD AT REPRESENTATIVES' HALL, STATE HOUSE, OCTOBER 16, 1919

Gentlemen of the Conference:

This conference is made up of the three groups of educational officials upon which the Legislature of 1919 imposed the duty of administering the entire public school system of the state, namely: (1) the State Board of Education; (2) the 64 superintendents with 5 assistants; and (3) the representatives of the 256 local school boards.

Purposes of Conference.—The specific purpose of the conference is clearly indicated by the call issued by the State Board. It is to discuss, consider and adopt such methods of uniting the efforts of these three groups of officials as shall definitely improve the schools in every town in the state and will result in putting our public school system among those of the highest practical efficiency in the country.

We shall not try to consider here what are the most approved principles of pedagogy, nor the application of scientific methods to the problem of what constitutes the best and most practical education for our New Hampshire school children. Those are questions for expert advice. The law has provided such an expert for us in the Commissioner of Education, on whom the board and all of us will largely rely.

Responsibilities of Commissioner.—Under the present organization the broadened duties and responsibilities of the commissioner as our expert educational adviser are shown by the following rule adopted by the State Board on September 5, viz.:

"The Commissioner of Education, as the board's chief executive officer and advisor, shall, for and on behalf of the board, keep

himself fully informed of the educational needs of the various grades of schools in the state; shall follow closely the current events relating to educational processes and examine all efforts to advance educational efficiency in school departments outside the state and carefully consider their applicability to our school conditions in this state, and, upon his own initiative as well as upon request, confer with and advise the board upon all the foregoing and any other school matters; and, in general, shall faithfully aid and advise the board in all matters looking to the efficient and successful administration of our school laws, whether with regard to any peculiar needs of our own state or as a basis of comparative efficiency with other states."

We have confidence in the commissioner's ability and competency wisely and successfully to inform and advise on these questions.

With the understanding that the strictly technical side of our educational problems is thus being cared for, this conference is to consider the other question that immediately confronts us: How can the law be most effectively administered by the three official groups on whom that duty is imposed?

Problem of Joint Administration.—Our wise solution of this problem of joint administration by the three official groups—State Board, superintendents and local school boards—may be the turning point on which the success of the law will depend. Experience has taught the world that a bad law wisely and competently administered, with a liberal use of common sense, produces far better practical results than a good law unwisely and incompetently administered.

Our law has been hailed by the educational world generally as the best and most progressive educational legislation that has so far been incor-

FRANK S. STREETER
Chairman of the New Hampshire Board of Education}

porated in the statutes of any state, and the solemn question which now confronts the three official groups in this conference is whether we severally and jointly can muster sufficient ability and common sense so to administer the law as to realize the hopes of its promoters.

ANALYSIS OF THE LAW

Let us first make a brief survey and analysis of some of the fundamentals of the law itself relating to administration, which must be examined in connection with the House Educational Committee's report on which the law was based.

School System a Business.—We first note that the State Board, made up of business men and not technical educators, "will be expected to study and administer the educational needs of the state as a business proposition," and that "it will be their duty to see that the entire school system of the state shall be operated on principles of business efficiency."

For the time being at least, the state has definitely determined as its educational policy that its public school system shall be carried on as a "business proposition" and operated on principles of "business efficiency," so far as that result can be reached.

Organization.—To carry out this business policy the organization created by the Legislature for the administration of the law is in a general way analogous to that of a railroad or other corporation operating in state-wide territory, the management of which is entrusted to three separate but intimately related and interdependent groups of executive officers and agents.

The State Board.—The general management, supervision and direction over all the public schools in the state was vested in the State Board of Education, with the Commissioner of Education, deputy Commissioners, and department staff as executive officials, the commissioner being the educational adviser and chief execu-

tive officer of the board—the board to have the same powers as the directors of an ordinary business corporation have over the business of the corporation. These functions and powers closely correspond to those of the board of directors and executive officers of a corporation operating in a state-wide territory.

The Superintendents.—In the 64 superintendents, with 5 assistants, as the numbers are now fixed, the Legislature provided for a second group of executive officers whose important duties, as established by the act itself, were to "direct and supervise the work" of the 3,000 teachers, and generally to act as responsible agents in putting into effect the general business and educational policies of the board acting under the advice of the Commissioner of Education. Their position is closely analogous to those of division superintendents of railroads, but differs in one fundamental respect, in that our superintendents are chosen and receive their appointment not upon the selection of the board of directors, as in the case of corporations, nor upon the selection of the State Board in this organization, but solely upon the decision of the local school boards in their supervisory districts. The only limitation of the power of school boards to choose their own superintendents is that their choice must be of one who has a certificate of "competency and suitability."

The Local School Boards.—The third group of educational officials is the 256 local school boards, the extent of whose powers, duties and responsibilities seems not to be fully understood or appreciated.

While the work of the teachers is subject to the supervision and direction of the superintendents, the management of all school business in the 256 districts is vested in the local school boards, subject only to the general rules and regulations of the State Board—a matter to which I shall again refer.

In certain respects their position is closely analogous to that of the local managers and agents of a state-wide railroad corporation, in that they are charged with the duty of carrying on the corporate business in the local communities, and on their competency and ability to secure and retain the confidence of the citizens in their locality the prosperity and success of the corporate business in their territory must largely depend.

At this point the analogy breaks, for the local school boards are not appointed as are the local managers and agents of a railroad by the directors, nor by the State Board in this organization, but are elected by the voters, including the fathers and mothers of the school children in each school district, and are practically responsible to them for their wise and efficient management of the business of the local schools.

But the local boards have far greater powers than the local managers and agents of corporations, in that they not only select every one of the 69 superintendents, including assistants, every one of the 3,000 school teachers, and every person employed in connection with the public school system of the State except the State Board and its organization staff; but with that exception the local boards have full power to determine, and do determine, the amount of public money that shall be paid in salaries and wages to every superintendent, teacher, and every employee in any way connected with the work of the public schools.

We are all more or less acquainted with the set up of the business organization of railroad corporations. If you can visualize such an organization so changed from the usual form that no division superintendent could be employed unless selected and his salary fixed by vote of the local agents in the towns and cities on the line of the road; and that every employee of the road outside the directors' office in Boston should be hired and his wages determined by the same local agents,

you will perhaps get a clearer conception of the powers of the local school boards in our state school organization.

Do not misunderstand me,—the fundamentals of our organization are purely democratic and are set up on absolutely sound principles. I am calling attention to the powers of the local boards under the law to the end that the local boards themselves may recognize the propriety of the emphasis we put on their duties and responsibilities which go with the powers granted to them, and the absolute necessity of their warmest coöperation with the State Board and superintendents if our educational bill is to be successfully operated.

The foregoing is intended to be an accurate analysis of the powers, duties and responsibilities imposed by the Legislature of 1919 upon each of the three groups of educational officials to whom is entrusted the administration of the new educational system,—the State Board, superintendents and the local school boards.

If I have made any error in this statement, the superintendents and representatives of the local school boards, in the discussion which we shall have here today, will have opportunity to make proper correction, and we shall be glad to have them do it.

GENERAL ADMINISTRATIVE POLICY OF THE STATE BOARD

An intimate knowledge by all concerned of the general administrative policies of the State Board is essential, and, so far as they have been thought out and formulated, we desire to state them.

While the general powers vested in the State Board are large and comprehensive in giving the board the same control and direction over the business of the public school system as the directors of a business corporation have to control and direct the business of the corporation, this board believes that the highest value and

usefulness of the granted powers rests on the fact that they will enable the board, with the commissioner, deputies and the rest of its official organization, including the superintendents, effectively to aid the local school boards to create better schools in every school district in the state.

The State Board as now constituted will act in accordance with that belief. Their powers will not be used as a basis for issuing arbitrary decrees, but will be used solely for helpful coöperation with superintendents and local school boards for the general betterment of our public school system, which the educational bill was designed to accomplish.

The State Board is given power to make rules and regulations on all branches of public school business, and of course such rules and regulations will be made—but never without the fullest consideration of all the information we can obtain as to their usefulness and practicability. Such information must largely come from our official staff, the superintendents and the local school boards, and we must rely upon them to keep the State Board fully informed.

If unwittingly we shall adopt any general regulation which turns out to be undesirable or impracticable of execution, we shall, of course, quickly hear from you or others about it; and if, upon review, we become satisfied that a mistake has been made we shall not hesitate frankly to admit it and make correction.

One great virtue of the law is its workable elasticity, which does not confine the State Board to any fore-ordained or legally established course of procedure, but enables it to supervise, control and direct the business of the public school system with the same sort of common and business sense which you and other successful citizens use in dealing with your important business affairs.

We want the most intimate business relations with the superintendents and the local boards; we want

every superintendent and member of local school boards to feel that he is an indispensable wheel in this educational machine and to feel that the office of the board in Concord, in a general way, is his office, and he has the right to all the information relating to his school business that the office can give him.

We want every superintendent and member of local school board, so far as possible, to know personally the commissioner and the deputies, and fully discuss with them their local problems and how they can best be met.

The commissioner, as the chief executive officer of the State Board, will have general oversight of the entire educational field. The deputy commissioners will have special charge of separate departments or divisions of the work. Through the commissioner, the deputies and otherwise, the members of the State Board will be kept closely in touch with the educational work in all sections of the state, and will be ready to act promptly on questions as they may arise.

The board, as now constituted, will not content itself by acting as the mere figure-heads of a "business" (so-called) department of the state, but intends to keep itself fully informed as to the conduct of the "business" and take such active part in the "management, supervision and direction over the public schools" as will satisfy the requirements of Section 5 of the act and the intent of the Legislature in adopting them. They will have regular meetings at least once in two months, and will hold special meetings as often as occasion may require. So far as practicable, they desire to know personally the superintendents and local boards, and will welcome any well considered suggestions looking to the betterment of the schools.

In other words, the State Board, to the best of its ability, intends faithfully to contribute to the success of the joint administration of our new

Educational Law by the three official groups named, a common sense exercise of all the powers vested in it by the state and all the personal influence it may possess by virtue of those powers or otherwise. We feel that we can confidently rely upon a like contribution from the local boards and superintendents and that such unified administration cannot fail of success.

This statement of the general policies and purposes of the State Board is made for the information not only of the superintendents and local boards, but of all our people who are interested in the educational development of the State and in practical business administration of the law.

Further Coöperation of Teachers and Parents.—Let us depart from the main question for a moment to say that this board will not be content with its educational work until, in addition to the unified coöperation of the three official groups, there shall be added the organized, sympathetic coöperation of two additional groups, viz.: the 3,000 teachers and the fathers, mothers and guardians of the 62,000 children attending the public schools.

(In using these figures I do not overlook the 18 or 19,000 additional children attending the parochial and other private schools, in whose educational development the State has the same interest as in those attending the public schools.)

If and when these five groups,—State Board, superintendents, local boards, teachers and parents,—shall fully realize their individual responsibility and, inspired by a common purpose, unite their efforts, they will constitute an irresistible force for our educational betterment.

We are told that this is a vision or a dream impossible to realize; we do not believe it. To accomplish this result may require years—many more years than are left to some of us—but it can ultimately be realized. And is it not worth trying for? Pray pardon this digression. We must not lose sight of the problems that immedi-

ately press us; they are many and important.

THE EDUCATIONAL PLANT

It may give us a sobering sense of our joint responsibilities as joint managers of our public school system if we take a brief look at figures showing the extent of our educational plant and the materials we are to use.

The last biennial report of the Department of Education shows as follows:

Public Schools.....	2,075
High Schools.....	95
Teachers.....	3,121
All Scholars (between 5 and 16).....	80,775
(Attending Parochial Schools)...	19,647
School Houses (of all kinds).....	1,575
Estimated cost including equipment.....	\$7,244,229
Outstanding debt against school property.....	1,019,000
Total expenditures account.....	
schools (1918).....	\$3,248,708

We must not forget that the management and operation of a business of the size shown by the foregoing figures has been entrusted by the people of New Hampshire to the three official groups now gathered in this hall, and that there are practical questions to be seriously considered and that they cannot be solved by either group of officials acting alone but only by the joint, combined efforts of all of us.

TEACHER AND OTHER PROBLEMS

Competent Teachers.—The question of providing a continuing supply of more than 2,700 competent teachers now actually employed is perhaps the most immediately important of any now confronting us.

We do not have to suggest to an intelligent body of local school board men in New Hampshire that competent teaching is the foundation on which the entire structure of the public school system rests, nor that without a continuing supply of competent teachers we may as well liquidate the public school business and

go into voluntary bankruptcy. The responsibility for providing such a supply rests primarily on the local school boards and the superintendents—for the boards elect every teacher on the nomination of superintendents also selected by themselves. But in a broad way the responsibility also rests heavily on the state board as general executive managers of the entire school business. In other words, this responsibility for providing competent teachers is joint and not several, and the practical business question for the state board and local boards is: How can we practically combine our efforts most effectively to insure a continuing supply of competent teachers for the next five or ten years at least?

We shall ask the commissioner to review some of the details of this problem, but let us make in advance some general observations.

We have a large number of highly competent teachers, many of whom have devoted their lives to this work and are now continuing their work at a large financial sacrifice. We have a much smaller number of teachers without teaching experience and without professional training in our normal schools or otherwise.

MUST KEEP UP STANDARD

The commissioner estimates that nearly if not quite 1,000 of our 2,700 teachers in their education, training and general competency fall below that reasonable standard of efficiency which must be required if the state persists in its purpose to carry its school system into the highest rank.

Such conditions demand the most careful consideration on the part of all concerned: viz., the state board, the superintendents, the local boards, the teachers themselves, the parents and guardians of our school children, and the other voters at school district meetings.

The data for an accurate, intelligent and complete survey of the teaching forces in our schools is being

gathered and is in progress of being so analyzed and arranged that we shall have a definite inventory of the teaching power of the state and its qualifications for the work. To us as business managers of the school system, two facts are plainly obvious:

1. That if the state is to build up and maintain our school system at a high degree of practical efficiency a continuing supply of competent teachers is an absolute necessity.

2. That, in such case, the compensation and general living conditions must be made sufficiently attractive to retain in service our present body of competent teachers, and to encourage a sufficient number of others to enter upon the work.

Because we want to arrest and hold attention on this matter of vital importance we shall not overload this statement with statistics. The following facts will suffice to compel our reflection upon a serious situation which must be provided against without delay.

WAGES TOO LOW

From reports returned to our office within the last ten days with reference to the wages paid to 788 teachers in elementary mixed schools in 203 school districts, we find that

In 7 districts the average wage of 21 teachers is less than \$400.	
In 46 districts the average wage of 195 teachers is less than \$500.	
In 119 districts the average wage of 468 teachers is less than \$600.	
In 31 districts the average wage of 104 teachers is between \$600 and \$833.50.	
216 teachers are receiving less than \$500.	
684 teachers are receiving less than \$600.	
The maximum annual wage to one teacher of an elementary mixed school is	\$833.50
The minimum annual wage to two teachers is	288.00
The average wages of these 788 teachers for this present year is	532.40

* These wages are for the school year of 1919-20, not for the year 1913-14.

Compare the foregoing annual wages paid to the women to whom

we entrust the care and development of the minds of our children during their tenderest years of educational growth, with the average annual wages paid to women employees in the ordinary work of the largest cotton mill in this state for the years 1913 and 1919, furnished at the request of the board by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Keeping the fact in mind that these wages were paid in 1913 on a 58 hour week and in 1919 on a 48 hour week.

	Avg. Wage 1913, 58 hrs.	Avg. Wage 1919, 48 hrs.
Spinners (cotton)	\$440.34	\$863.62
Drawing-in	503.67	948.48
Weavers	557.96	1,045.62

You will note that the annual wage of the women mill workers has advanced almost 100 per cent in the last 5 or 6 years. You will also note that they are now earning and receiving almost twice as much as more than 1-3 of our entire body of elementary school teachers.

Again compare the wages today being paid for domestic service. Ten and twelve dollars a week is a common wage for cooks and house maids. The room and board can at the very least be estimated at five dollars a week. The annual wage then, for these employees can be reckoned as from \$760 to \$884.

As sound business men you can judge whether a sufficient number of well-trained, competent teachers for the training of our children can be procured on the present basis of wages as against the wages now being paid to women for making our sheets, pillow cases and other cloths, and in domestic employment.

MAKING ANALYTICAL SURVEY

This subject seems to demand serious consideration not only by you and ourselves but by every citizen interested in the building up and maintenance of an efficient public school system.

As soon as our analytical survey of the teaching force in the state is

completed from data now being compiled, the results will be furnished to you. Then we shall accurately see the character and size of this problem and can intelligently unite in planning a solution.

We do not hesitate to say that the unanimously settled policy of this State Board as now constituted will be to furnish all the assistance within our power to the local boards and superintendents for providing a sufficient number of suitably educated, well trained and competent teachers, and to encourage the payment of such compensation and the establishment of such other conditions relating to their professional work as will attract an adequate supply of that kind of teachers to our public school service.

We hope for a general understanding that this state intends to have 2,700 teachers all well equipped, well trained and competent to take charge of every school in accordance with its grade and location; that it will pay reasonable compensation for teachers of the class described, and further, that the employment of poorly educated, untrained and incompetent teachers will not be unnecessarily encouraged.

We would also like to have those who desire to equip themselves for teaching in this state understand that the local and state boards will use all practicable ways to give public recognition for meritorious and successful work.

Having a full body of competent, well trained teachers, the Board with the Commissioner will consider and try to work out some plan for giving the teachers a voice in the management of the local school business. This can probably be done if and when the teachers of the state acquire a larger feeling of personal responsibility for the successful operation of the schools as a whole.

There are other questions which require the close coöperation of the local and state boards.

SCHOOL HOUSES

There are under our joint control 1,575 school houses. Many of them, especially in the cities and large towns, are of the highest class, well fitted for their uses, sanitary and in a wholesome environment. Some, mainly in rural districts, are unsuitable, unsanitary and must be looked after.

From data now being gathered we shall soon accurately know the exact condition of every one of the 1,575 school houses in the state, and shall be able to advise with the local board in each district what should be done to make every school house "suitable and sanitary" and having due regard for the care of the health and physical welfare of all pupils within the meaning of the new law.

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL WELFARE

Section 27 of the Act requires "suitable provisions for the care of the health and physical welfare of all pupils." To put this provision of the law into practical operation we have appointed Miss Elizabeth Murphy Supervisor of Health. She has actively entered upon her duties, which we have reason to believe she will most competently perform.

These two matters, School Houses and Health and Physical Welfare, are under the special supervision of Deputy Commissioner Pringle. We shall ask him to discuss with you these questions so far as our time today will permit.

AMERICANIZATION

One provision of the law which has attracted the attention of the educational world outside the state is the state's declaration of public educational policy in these words:

"To secure the efficient administration of the public schools and the work of Americanization in teaching English to non-English speaking adults and in furnishing instruction in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of citizenship which is hereby declared

to be an essential part of public school education."

Every one of our citizens may be justly proud that his state was the first American commonwealth to put upon its statute books such a declaration of its educational public policy.

This declaration imposes upon all the administrators of the law the gravest responsibility. These provisions must be executed. Non-English speaking adults must be taught to speak, and, so far as possible, taught to think in our national tongue.

The school children must learn as much as possible the privileges, duties and responsibilities of their coming citizenship; and we must have teachers competent for such instruction.

The Commissioner is examining and advising the Board as to the most practical methods of teaching citizenship. The Board will omit no effort to carry out these provisions.

The work of teaching English to non-English speaking adults is under the special supervision of Deputy Commissioner Brooks and his assistant, Mr. Clark. We will ask Mr. Brooks to explain the steps now being taken, and will, we are confident, receive your sympathetic coöperation in this great work.

CONSOLIDATION OF SCHOOLS

There is another important question pressing for consideration in many of our towns,—the question of consolidating all or some of the schools in town districts. We shall not here review the arguments for or against the proposition. In fact we do not believe any general rule can be adopted which will be universally applicable. Whether and to what extent consolidation should be adopted by a town must largely depend upon the geography, location of existing school houses, and routes of travel in that town.

Wherever a consolidation of schools is practicable and sensible the State Board will encourage it—otherwise not.

The Commissioner has made extended examinations of the subject as it relates to many of the towns. He is prepared to take up the question with the school boards of the individual towns and help work out a common sense solution for each town. We advise that such course be adopted.

The main purpose of this official statement by the State Board is to convince you all that our duties under the Educational Law are joint and not several, and that we must sympathetically coöperate in the performance of our joint duties if the operation of the law is to be successful.

The superintendents are the liaison officers between the State and local boards. It may be that no special organization of the local boards is necessary. It has been suggested, however, that our joint purposes might be advanced if the members of the local boards in each county should make an organization by the election of one of their most competent and interested members as chairman, hold meetings occasionally and consider the school situation in the county, and through their chairman be in closer touch with the State Board.

Whether you will take this course or will maintain your close relations with the State Board through your superintendents alone, is for you to decide. All that the State Board desires is successful results.

If any of you hesitate to devote yourselves to this public work, let us remind him that in twenty years the 80,000 school children of today will be the controlling factors in the civil life of the State.

Three or four years ago we were all aroused to prepare against the dangers then threatening us. Thoughtful men and women believe that the dangers now confronting our country and our form of government and the welfare of our children constitute a still greater menace.

Let me quote the final paragraph of the report of the Committee on Education to the House of Representatives last February. It is still more impressive today than it was when written nine months ago.

This bill "builds for us bulwarks behind which we may face, with reasonable confidence, the menace of the future. That this menace is real, no thoughtful man will deny. Half the world, crazed by the horrors of war, is turning to anarchy. The contagion of the world-madness is already felt in our own land. If we in New Hampshire escape its destructive effects, it will be through the common sense and education of the everyday citizen. It is our duty to make sure that the men and women of tomorrow are equal to the strain that tomorrow will bring. The children of the state must be trained to know good from evil, truth from falsehood. They cannot universally receive this training without the help of the state. If we set any value on our free institutions or on a government of law and order, we must accept the responsibility which this bill imposes."

We have accepted the responsibilities imposed by that bill. It is our duty to the state and to all our people, our children and ourselves, to see that that duty is well performed.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 9

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

NOVEMBER, THE AUTUMN-WINTER SEASON

Our calendar division into four seasons is not correct; for the year does not jump from fall to winter; we have a season of six weeks (all of November and two weeks in December) which is neither fall nor winter. I call it "autumn-winter," and November the "autumn-winter month."

THE RARE GRAY DAYS

Most people speak an ill-word for November; they think of it as drear, a type of death, yet there are many fine things about the month. First let us think of the charms of the November sky. The blue of October is now changed to gray, and there is something wonderfully rare in the gray sky of November; it gives a sobered effect to everything; it is as though God in painting the picture of today wanted to impress us with soberness, seriousness, reflection. And so November is the season for restful and contented reflection; it's the time to think, to review the world, sum up the year's work, take an account of stock. Again let us think of the many rare days we get in the month—days neither too hot or too cold. Again what a beauty we get in the evenings as we go out and see the frosted earth in the light of the big November moon. Still again there is a healthy snap in the snappy air. As the older poet says:

"Nature always is in tune,
Nature always hath a rune,
Let it be a day in May—
Let it be an autumn day."

All seasons are good; each month has its place; we should not despise or shrink from November.

THANKSGIVING DAYS

In later November when the leaves are all down, when the puffs of wind

have swept the last leaves from the branches and sent them scurrying away, then we come to Thanksgiving season. Now we face winter, but we face it cheerfully, for it comes with months of plenty and the comfort and cheer of warm homes. Even to the latest days we often find the sun in mid-day delightfully warm, and as its warming rays fall upon the earth we know we are assured of another summer, another "seed-time and harvest"; so we think of the winter spell as a time of rest and repose before we plant again. So it's not the time to be wistful and sad but the time to be planning quietly for another year. No man enjoys the summer more than I, but as I skuff today through the rustling leaves, look upon the shrubbage and grass beaten down by the frosts, watch the jay, as growing tame from scanty supply of food he becomes a neighbor, I do not allow myself to be mournful and sad thinking of the past summer, but I make myself eager and glad, looking forward to the next summer. But let me express my mood in verse:

Gone the golden days of fall,
Thru woodlands bare
Comes with sweeping, buoyant breeze,
Brisk wintry air.

The harvest all was gathered in
Some weeks ago,
And now the seared brown earth
Awaits the snow.

Here 'mid the scenes of summer days,
In pleasant mood,
Around the wood I walk alone,
Or sit and brood.

No sickly mourner I, for days
Now past and gone,
But eager, plan the summer-time
That shall be born.

THE PRICE OF A DAY

By Clark B. Cochrane

If fortune gave me largess of her gold
And filled my lap with jewels like the sun,
With pomp and circumstance of wealth untold,
And lofty place and pride in victory won,
What would I crave and cast all these away?
Another day with thee—another day.

Another day of beauty and of youth
Wherein to count what we have gained and lost
What we have gathered from the fields of truth
That in the judgment may be worth its cost,
What marks of high endeavor that endure,
What love to carry where all love is pure.

Honors and gold we may not carry far,
Death writes no titles on the final scroll;
The gems of earth would pale on that bright star
Where life's stern record dooms the naked soul;
And I would buy, dear heart, another day
To wash the stains from that long scroll away.

Another day? With dead days we are dead:
Which way we turn old days are out of range;
Youth comes no more whatever prayers be said—
Fate, time's recording dial will not change,
Nor Heaven's sweet mercy stay the moving hand.—
Life fades like water dropping in the sand.

Life fades away like water in the sand,
But water is not lost forevermore;
The winds return it to the thirsty land
From the far ocean and the nameless shore;
So love that fails from some high place may yearn
To its beloved, and, like the rain return.

Then breathe, O Spirit winds, in some sweet hour
Across the long divide with message fine,
That were a guerdon with an angel's dower
To me who lingers by the sage and pine;
And one that sees with psychic vision clear
Will speak the words I waited long to hear.

Aye, one will know I was a friend to close
Protecting arms around her, holding fast,
Though wayward as the fretful wind that blows
From the four quarters—blowing fair at last,
I could not measure to the standard set
By one of old, the Lord of Olivet.

By one unique in all the lists of time,
The marvel of the ages set on high,
Upon whose hands there was no stain or grim,
Nor on his lips the shadow of a lie.
One followed Him with banner and a creed,—
I stand afar and His compassion plead.

Antrim, N. H.

THE 1919 THRIFT MOVEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Marguerite W. Stoddard, Publicity Manager for the N. H. War Savings Society

During the war we solemnly spoke of the problems of reconstruction; in the spirit of those times we dedicated ourselves "to the unfinished work which those who fought had so nobly begun." Then came the Armistice, and with it a tragic "settling back" on the part of the American people. We went our several ways in the sublime belief that economic conditions would overnight settle down to where they were in the spring of 1914. Today it begins to dawn on us that a stricken, wounded world must go through a period of convalescence, trying, and uncertain in its outcome.

As President Wilson said in a recent message to Congress: "We cannot hastily or overnight revolutionize all the processes of our economic life. We shall not attempt to do so. What we must attempt is, by wise and constructive action, to bring about the return of normal conditions, not forgetting that the process must be slow. Fifteen years passed after the Civil War before financial conditions were normal, and an even longer period elapsed after the Napoleonic Wars before European affairs became settled."

The reaction from the careful use of money during the war is widespread and alarming, and it is largely for this reason that the Savings Division of the Treasury Department of the United States is maintaining War Savings Organizations all over the country. Their work is not alone, as many people erroneously imagine, to sell Thrift and War Savings Stamps. Their duty is to perpetuate, among the people of these United States, the habits of *Thrift* and *Systematic Saving* which were inculcated during the war.

The financial needs of the Government might more easily be met by placing Government securities through financial institutions, but the need of every citizen for a medium through which he may be helped to help himself could not so be met. This is an organized effort to ameliorate the financial condition of every man, woman and child in America.

When one thinks it over, there really is no argument at all about thrift. It is a one hundred per cent one-sided proposition, and in convincing the body politic of that fact, lies our only hope.

The War Savings Organization (or the Thrift Organization, as we prefer to call ourselves) of New Hampshire talks *thrift* from these four viewpoints,—that it will help finance the War Budget, found a sturdier citizenship, enlarge the nation's resources, and make America invincible. They are not attempting to stimulate parsimoniousness, but they are waging a war against the spirit of unbounded prodigality which today holds sway throughout our nation. They are preaching Stevenson's creed, "Happiness consists in earning a little and spending a little less;" and Dickens's words, "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, six,—result, happiness; annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six,—result, misery;" and the theory of Charles M. Schwab—"Everyone achieves successful accomplishment who spends his income to advantage, who gets the most possible for his money."

Thrift has four elements—steady earning, wise spending, careful saving and judicious investment. In con-

nection with the last named, the Treasury Department offers Thrift and War Savings Stamps because they are a security on which the government pays a higher rate of interest than on any other, and one which is issued in a small denomination. Furthermore, it is an investment which can be made absolutely safe by having the stamps registered; and it means that each and every person who buys even one stamp of only twenty-five cents value, is a shareholder in Uncle Sam's great company. This works for better citizenship and acts also as a stabilizer of labor.

The Thrift Organization functions through all possible avenues of approach—the home, which is the basic unit in society; the church, the club, the labor union, and the schools.

When we realize that in New York in one year, over 80 per cent of those who died left no estate whatever; that more than one million people in the United States are never three days from the bread lines; that there are 1,250,000 dependent wage earners in this country because they could not, or would not, save during their working days, and that the support of these people costs \$220,000,000 a year, it seems as if it was high time that some thought and action were put on making a success of *the business of living!*

Against the above arguments, we have these possibilities: If one of the Pilgrim Fathers had invested \$100 at 4 per cent compound-interest, it would now amount to over \$13,000,000. Money drawing interest at 4 per cent compounded semi-annually, doubles in seventeen and one-half years, quadruples in thirty-five years and grows eightfold in fifty-two and one-half years.

If Columbus had invested in a United States War Savings Certifi-

cate, it would now be worth \$2,000,000,000 to him.

Here in New Hampshire, we have many citizens of prominence who have substantiated their approval of the 1919 Thrift Movement by becoming members of the Limit Club. That means that they have purchased as many War Saving Certificates as the Government will allow them to hold,—a total valuation of \$1000. Among them are Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester; Allen Hollis of Concord; Charles B. Henry, Miss Katherine S. Henry, and Miss Katherine E. K. Henry of Lincoln; Dr. H. A. Cheney of Campton; Henry Clow, Isaac Sakansky, the H. H. Wood Company, Charles Pitman, and Arthur D. O'Shea of Laconia; the Amoskeag Textile Club and the Fireman's Relief Association of Manchester; both the National and the Savings Banks of Pittsfield.

Governor Bartlett and the members of both his staff and council have been generous purchasers also.

It looks as if the people of New Hampshire were beginning to realize that the practise of peace-time thrift in America is the only safe basis for building up individual success and national strength. A nation rises or falls with the practises of the individuals composing it. Carlyle years ago wrote the first theory on which we must act if we are to rise out of the present state of chaos and disaster: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then!" And to this we must add the more recent but equally urgent words of S. W. Straus: "Thrift finds concrete expression in savings. Through thrift and thrift alone can the rebuilding come—the rebuilding of America—the rebuilding of the world."

EDITORIAL

The State of New Hampshire made a very interesting and informing exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Mass., this fall, and afterwards transferred as much of it as possible to our own fine fair at Rochester. In both places it attracted much attention and amply justified the comparatively small cost in money which it represented. That it was possible to do so much, especially in these times, with so limited an appropriation, was due to the great amount of hard work, intelligently directed, which was put into it by various state officials, who had the cordial coöperation of such private interests as were called upon for assistance. Within necessarily restricted space limits, a remarkably comprehensive and coördinated display of New Hampshire life was made; and the industries, the resources, the attractions and the progress of our Granite State, were strikingly and yet truthfully illustrated. Thus was secured for New Hampshire a large amount of profitable and creditable publicity; and from the number of inquiries made of those in charge of the exhibit, especially at Springfield, it was evident that real interest had been awakened in the possibilities of pleasure and profit inherent in life in our state. But all the benefit to New Hampshire from this exhibit will not take the form of increased immigration for all the year or summer time only residence; nor will its chief value, perhaps, come from the new markets which it may develop for New Hampshire products. Of equal importance, at least, will be the increased appreciation by New Hampshire people themselves of what New Hampshire is and can be, as well as of what she has been. It is to be regretted that all of the people in our state could not have seen the entire exhibit which New

Hampshire made at Springfield. It would have educated us and encouraged us; and there can be no more important factors in the future progress of our state than knowledge by her own people of her possibilities and courage on their part to undertake their development and utilization. Such has been the success of New Hampshire's participation in the Eastern States Exposition that it is likely to be continued in 1920 on a larger and more inclusive scale. It is to be hoped that this may be done. It is possible that it may be desirable for our state to send exhibits to other fairs without the state and to take a greater part in the fairs within the state. Both would be good advertising. And equally good, in our opinion, would be the location, somewhere at the state capital, of a permanent exhibit of New Hampshire products, as skilfully and attractively arranged as that which we sent to Springfield and so designed and situated as to be capable of such expansion as would keep step with state progress. Meanwhile, those of us who attended this year's Merrimack County fair at Contoocook and rejoiced in its success, as that of a genuine "farmers' fair," were inspired by it, in connection with other signs and portents of the times, to believe that the new era in New Hampshire agriculture not only has dawned, but has risen to a point of clear visibility above the horizon. The farmers and their wives, and, especially, their boys and girls, whom one met at this fair, and at others in the state; the automobiles in which they came to the fair; the stock and the farm and orchard and garden products which they showed at the fair, all gave evidence sufficient to convince any court that the verdict upon New Hampshire agriculture today must be in every respect a favorable one.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD.

By Joseph Hamblen Sears. With frontispiece portrait. Pp. 273. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This up-to-date, thoroughly appreciative and highly interesting sketch of one of the principal figures in our national life today records the fact that its subject was born in Winchester, N. H., October 9, 1860, and was transferred at the age of three months to Massachusetts. That is all the attention which the present biographer of General Leonard Wood gives to the place of his nativity, but in view of the method and plan of the book nothing more could be expected. Mr. Sears touches only the high spots of General Wood's life and activities, but he illuminates those spots so well that in the end we feel that we have been given an excellent bird's eye view of a great career; and we are not disposed to cavil in the least at the omission of a mass of detail, which will be interesting enough in some future, more extended biography, but is not necessary to the success of what this present author has undertaken.

Mr. Sears shows us General Wood as "administrator, organizer, patriot, statesman, soldier and American." We see him a medical student at Harvard; a contract surgeon with the American army on the border, seeking eagerly for active service as an Indian fighter and finding it in overflowing measure; the personal physician of Presidents Cleveland and McKinley; the Colonel of the Rough Riders; the man who cleaned up, civilized and made prosperous, first the city of Santiago, and then the whole of Cuba; the man who pacified the Philippines and made men out of Moros; the man who was the prophet of Preparedness and preached it day and night through a nation-wide wilderness of indifference, doubt and denial;

the man finally who did his duty as a soldier in the recent war and in the doing proved anew his ability as an organizer, administrator and executive, even while he was suffering in silence under as cruel a blow as ever was dealt to the professional pride, proved merit and worthy aspirations of a great leader.

Mr. Sears says of his book that it is "a frank attempt to express, as at least one person sees it, the character, the accomplishments and the service rendered by one man to his country throughout a life which seems to have been singularly sturdy, honest, normal and consistent, and which, therefore, is an example to his countrymen that may in these somewhat hectic times well be considered and perhaps even emulated."

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT.

By Ben Ames Williams. Pp., 204. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE SEA BRIDE. By Ben Ames Williams. Pp., 305. Cloth, \$1.75.

New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the long and honorable roll of Dartmouth College alumni there are not to be found many names of famous writers of fiction. Richard B. Kimball, of the class of 1834, wrote the best sellers of his day, but they were forgotten even before their author's life was ended. He was a native of Plainfield, N. H., though most of his life was spent in New York City. Gordon Hall Gerould, born in Goffstown, graduated from Hanover in 1899, and for some time a teacher of English in Princeton University, writes some of our best short stories, yet is fated to be known, principally, not as their author, but as the husband of another writer, Katherine Fullerton.

But within the past few years a

Dartmouth alumnus of the class of 1910 has been attracting the attention of the critics and the favor of the people. Ben Ames Williams, born in Macon, Miss., came a good ways to school in the New Hampshire back country, and his stories are the best evidence that his thirty years of life have covered a wide range of country and of experience. He writes of all sorts of men and women, under all sorts of conditions, in all sorts of places, and no one, reading, can doubt that he knows that of which he writes. He is not a finished craftsman yet, but he has within himself the spirit and the fire and the raw material out of which—who knows?—the long-awaited "great American novel" some day may be created.

His two books now at hand are stories of the sea, the strenuous, tumultuous, soul-stirring sea of other days when ships were of wood and sailors of steel, instead of the other way about. It is a great compliment, justly paid, to Mr. Williams, to say that he reminds one immediately and constantly of Jack London; but there is no imitation in his work. Cap'n Noll Wing, who took the *Sea Bride* upon a whaling voyage is no copy of London's "Sea Wolf." If anything, the living author's type of brutal skipper is superior in its character drawing and analysis and not inferior in strength and verisimilitude.

"The *Sea Bride*" is a more ambitious work than its predecessor, "All the Brothers Were Valiant," but not in all respects a greater accomplishment. Each, however, is a fine tale of adventure, worthy of praise in itself and full of promise for the author's future.

OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS. By Albert G. Robinson. Illustrated. \$3 net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is no more delightful diversion in the world than "collecting" and the number of those who pursue

it is legion. Thus its scope becomes wellnigh universal and its manifestations take a myriad forms. One of the most interesting of them all has some of its results embodied in the handsome volume titled above, in which the author publishes 67 full page prints from his unique collection of photographs of old-time New England houses and doorways. In an all too brief introductory chapter he writes of early architecture in this corner of the Colonies, explains the whys and the wherefores of the different types of doorways and initiates us into the delight of searching for them. "Salem is probably the most widely known and best advertised field for hunters of Old New England doorways," he tells us, "but Portsmouth is quite inclined to regard itself as, at least, a rival claimant for the honor of presenting the most and the best." And he himself chooses no less than seven doorways in our city by the sea for picturing in his beautiful pages. Mr. Robinson's hunting grounds seem to have been along the coast and in the lower Connecticut Valley. Farther up that valley, in both Vermont and New Hampshire, and in some of the older inland towns of the latter state we have seen doorways preserved in fine old houses in every way worthy of being included in even the choicest section of his collection. And doubtless he will deem one of his purposes of publication achieved if many are aroused to rivalry in the pictured preservation of this variety of the charms of old New England.

ROSEMARY GREENAWAY. By Joslyn Gray. Illustrated. Pp. 255. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This year's story for girls by Miss Joslyn Gray of Hinsdale, now an established favorite as a writer for juveniles, with an assured and eager clientele, is Rosemary Greenaway. Like all of Miss Gray's books, it tells

an interesting story with clearly defined characters and a "lesson" in it, not too much insisted upon, but inescapable nevertheless. By a variation from a familiar formula, Rosemary has a stepfather, instead of the usual stepmother, whom she does not appreciate until the end of the tale;

in fact why she did not like him, and what he did for her, and hers, and how she came to know about it, make up the story. As is very fitting for a New Hampshire author, Miss Gray introduces an Old Home Day celebration as the setting for the final curtain of her pleasant play.

MOOSILAUKE

By Elizabeth T. McGaw

Serene, majestic—Moosilauke, thou stand'st,
A lofty sentinel at the approach
To that fair land, that beauteous wide expanse
Of meadow, stream, and rising mountain peak;
The summer home of Nature's sweetest smiles,
The winter place of ice and chilling wind—
That region, called by those who know it well
And love it far beyond the power to speak
Its hidden meaning in their simple lives,
Those, who with pride and deepest joy can claim
Their home among its hills—The "North Country."
To the returning traveller, as he wends
His northward way, and seeks with eager gaze
Remembered hills and yet far distant peaks,
Thou seem'st the familiar guardian of the place;
And seeing thee and knowing that once more
He stands in his own land, he blesses thee.

Woodsville, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

The late Hon. A. F. Howard

Alfred Franklin Howard, one of the best known and most influential men in the business and political circles of New Hampshire, died at his home on Middle street, in Portsmouth, late in the afternoon of September 24. He was born in Marlow, February 16, 1842, the son of Erwin and Philinda (Simmons) Howard, and was educated at Marlow Academy and the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. He then studied law at Newport with Hon. W. H. H. Allen and Hon. Shepard L. Bowers and was admitted to the bar, September 6, 1868. For the practice of his profession he located at Portsmouth, where he has since resided.

He was city solicitor, 1869-1871; deputy collector of United States customs, 1870-1871, and collector for 12 years; police commissioner for 12 years; and delegate to the state constitutional conventions of 1876, 1902 and 1918. A Republican in politics, he did not seek preferment for himself, but took a sincere

and potent interest in the policies and candidates of his party.

When the Granite State Fire Insurance Company was formed in 1885, Mr. Howard became its secretary and one of its directors and served in those positions until his death, rendering service whose value was seen in the growth of the company's business through the years and its present splendid standing. He was also a director of the New Hampshire National Bank of Portsmouth, a trustee of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company and Piscataqua Savings Bank, a director of the Portsmouth Fire Association and Piscataqua Fire Insurance Company, and a trustee of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

His ability as a business man was of a high order and had won wide recognition. In his death, city and state lost one of their most valuable citizens.

Mr. Howard was a member of the Warwick Club at Portsmouth and of the Masonic

bodies of that city, St. Andrew's Lodge, Washington Chapter and De Witt Clinton Commandery.

He married, October, 1869, Eliza Fiske of Marlow, who died in August, 1877; and in April, 1880, Mabel Young Smith, by whom he is survived, with their son, Arthur Fiske Howard, born June 1874.

REV. JESSE M. DURRELL, D. D.

Rev. Jesse Murton Durrell, D. D., clergyman and educator, was born in Boston, Mass.,

Tilton he preached as supply for the Methodist churches in Tilton and Rumney, and while a student in Boston for the Allen Street Church in New Bedford, Mass. He was ordained deacon in 1871 and elder in 1873, spending the following year in study and travel in Europe, which he supplemented in 1882 by a similar trip. Beginning in 1874, Doctor Durrell held pastorates in Bristol, Haverhill, Mass., Rochester, Dover, Lawrence, Mass., Manchester, Nashua and Keene. For two years he was superintendent of the Dover district of the New Hampshire

The late Rev. Jesse M. Durrell, D. D.

June 26, 1843, the son of William Henry and Sarah (Averill) Durrell, and died at Tilton, October 8. He was a descendant of Philip Durrell, who emigrated from the island of Guernsey and settled in the Piscataqua region previous to 1679, and of his son, Major Benjamin Durrell of Revolutionary fame. He attended the Eliot School and Boston Latin School and studied and practiced dentistry for a few years. He then felt a call to the ministry and, giving up his business, entered Tilton Seminary, graduating in 1869 and studied at the Boston University School of Theology, graduating in 1873. While at

Methodist conference. For four years he was president of Tilton Seminary, of which since 1905 he had been field agent. In 1918 he started to raise a fund of \$150,000 for the institution and in the end went \$30,000 above that total. Doctor Durrell was a 32nd degree Mason and grand chaplain of the Grand Commandery and Grand Council. He also belonged to the Society of the Colonial Wars. He was a Republican in politics, but never had held public office, except upon the Nashua School Board during his pastorate in that city. July 23, 1878, he married Irene Sarah Clark of Plymouth, who died November 9, 1914.

PROF. JOHN V. HAZEN

John Vose Hazen, Woodman professor of engineering and graphics at Dartmouth College and second in seniority on its faculty, died at his home in Hanover, October 2. He was born at Ralston, Mass., November 22, 1850, and graduated from the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth in 1875, with the degree of B. S., receiving that of C. E. from the Thayer School the following year. Two years later his connection with the faculty began. Professor Hazen was a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity and of the American Society of Civil Engineers and other professional bodies. In 1881, Professor Hazen married Miss Harriett A. Hurlbutt of Hanover, who survives him.

JOHN T. WELCH

Hon. John Tapley Welch, treasurer of the city of Dover, died there, September 22. He was born in Dover, December 15, 1856, the son of Joseph Williams and Mary Eliza-

for party success and for many years a member of the state committee. Among the public offices which he held were clerk of the Dover police court, member of the school board, trustee of the public library, register of probate of Strafford county, member of the House of Representatives, State Senator, chief time clerk in the government printing office at Washington, postmaster of Dover from 1898 to 1915 and city treasurer from the latter date until his death. Mr. Welch was a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Sons of the American Revolution, New Hampshire Historical Society, New Hampshire Genealogical Society and the Bellamy Club of Dover. He married, December 1, 1884, Elizabeth A. McDaniel, who survived him, with his two brothers, Robert W. Welch of the *New York Times* and George W. Welch of Dover, register of deeds of Strafford County.

DR. JOHN M. CURRIER

Dr. John McNab Currier, born in Bath, August 4, 1832, died at the home of his son, Linn P. Currier, in Claremont, July 14. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical College in 1858 and during his active life practised his profession at Newport, Vt. He served as surgeon-general on the staff of Governor Converse of Vermont, 1872-74. Doctor Currier was a Knight Templar and 32nd degree Mason and a member of many historical, medical and scientific societies. He contributed frequently in past years to the *GRANITE MONTHLY* and other magazines and was one of the compilers of the *Currier Genealogy*, published in 1910.

ROBERT H. FLETCHER

Prof. Robert Huntington Fletcher was buried in the village cemetery at Hanover June 28. He was born in Hanover, February 18, 1875, the son of Prof. Robert Fletcher, head of the Thayer School, and was valedictorian of the class of 1896 in Dartmouth College. After graduation he studied at Harvard, where he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1901, and abroad under a travelling fellowship from Harvard. After his return to this country he was professor of English Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Butler College, Indianapolis, and Grinnell (Iowa) College, being located at the last named institution when his health first gave way in 1915. He had written and edited a number of works in the field of English literature.

The late Hon. John T. Welch

beth (Tapley) Welch. He was educated in the public schools and at Dartmouth College and for a number of years was engaged in journalism in the West and at Dover. A Republican in politics, he was an active worker

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DECEMBER, 1919

Number 12

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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
Born at Winchester, New Hampshire, October 9, 1860

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 12

SURRY ANNIVERSARY

1769-1919

By Frank B. Kingsbury and Mrs. James E. Harvey

Surry, one of the smallest towns in Cheshire County, celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town in connection with the usual observance of Old Home Day, August 20, 1919. Surry has always observed Old Home Day since the movement was first inaugurated by Governor Rollins twenty years ago, until last year, when so many demands for war work were made that it was decided to pass it by, and to doubly celebrate the following year, which would be the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

At the town meeting in March, a sum of money was raised to defray expenses, and at the annual meeting of the Old Home Day Association the following officers and committees were chosen to make arrangements and carry out the affair:

President, George A. Hall; vice-president, Hollis W. Harvey; secretary, Mrs. Harrie E. Scripture; treasurer, Sidney J. Wilder; executive committee, Sidney J. Wilder, George B. Conley, Harrie E. Scripture; program committee, Mrs. James E. Harvey, Mrs. J. Vinton Stillings, Samuel Ball; decorating committee, George W. Ray, Miss Lois M. Ball, Arthur D. Britton; reception committee, Mrs. Sidney J. Wilder, Mrs. Hiram F. Newell, Miss Kate H. Porter. Mr. Frank B. Kingsbury, who is at present engaged in writing the history of Surry, was chosen to give a historical sketch of the town.

Later the several committees met and developed their plans for the celebration. The exercises began at the Town Hall in the forenoon at ten o'clock, with the opening of the loan exhibit in charge of the program committee. The people in town had heartily responded to the call of the committee for articles for this exhibit; and from attic and treasure closet brought forth many interesting things used in bygone days.

It would be quite impossible to give a complete list of the things on exhibition, and space will allow mention of but a few of the many interesting things that were arranged in cases and filled one side of the hall. Among them, and of more than usual interest, was the communion service and hand woven linen cloth used when the Town Hall was a church; books from the library of Rev. Perley Howe, who was the pastor for forty-five years, his diploma from Dartmouth, dated 1741, and his sermon case; china and spoons that belonged to Mrs. Howe, china and spoons that belonged to their daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Harvey, Jr.; china that has been in the Joslin family one hundred and thirty-five years; a black dress made for John Kidder Joslin by Miss Lucy Abbott when he was two years old, to wear to his grandfather's funeral; a shawl worn by Mrs. Betsey Smith; a cap worn by Mrs. Simon Baxter, Jr.; a bedspread knit by Mrs. Susan Field over

one hundred years ago; a silk autograph quilt made by Miss Lucia Field; a coverlid spun and woven by Mrs. Vine Porter, Sr.; a quilt made by Mrs. Eliza Reed; hand woven blankets, wool spun by Mrs. George B. Britton when she was fourteen years old; a rug made by Mrs. Chandler Wilbur; the gun used by Peter Hayward, the first settler in Surry; a bass viol over two hundred and fifty years old; a corn popper two hundred and eighteen years old; the slippers worn by Nancy (Harvey) Reed when she married Capt. Asa

Wilcox and wife, Bradley Britton and wife, Peter Hayward, grandson of the first Peter, and his son, Peter Baxter Hayward, and wife, Joshua D. Blake and wife, Benjamin Hills, Augustus Johnson, Eliphaz Field and wife, etc.; also an oil painting of the Joshua Fuller buildings. Another feature was a collection of old documents, among them a check-list for the year 1800, and the original deed of the Perkins' farm.

At eleven o'clock the vice-president introduced Mr. Kingsbury who gave the following historical address:

Surry Village—Looking North

Wilcox, Jr.; carved wooden bracelets worn by Mrs. Joseph Allen; a plate and some spoons that belonged to Mrs. Gaylord Wilcox; a boot-jack made by Capt. Thomas Harvey who settled in town in 1766; Dr. Samuel Thompson's book on the "Thompsonian Practice of Medicine"; the Sun Tavern sign of Dr. Philip Munro, 1799, and the ale muller used by Capt. Francis Holbrook in the bar-room of his tavern.

One feature of the exhibit was the portraits of many of the old residents and pictures of buildings now gone. Among the former were the pictures of Capt. Asa Wilcox, Jr., Hollis

Mr. Chairman, Sons and Daughters of Surry, and Friends:

We are assembled here today under conditions of peculiar interest; under circumstances which we cherish and revere. We have met under one common bond of kinship and friendship to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of the civil life of this town; the place of our nativity and childhood; the old home of our parents; to commemorate the deeds of valor of our forefathers and to perpetuate their memory.

By an act of the New Hampshire Legislature, Surry was incorporated

as a town on Thursday, March 9, 1769, just one hundred and fifty years ago last March, deriving its name from Surrey, a county in the southern part of England said to have been the Old Country Home of some of our pre-Surry ancestors. We have, however, been content to drop the letter "e" in spelling our town, instead of Surrey as is used in England.

This town has less territory and is from five to twenty years younger than most others in this vicinity. It

"unwritten history," which deals directly with the very life and character of those early pioneers, and now, in only a general way can we span those years or bridge the chasm.

The honor which your committee has at this time conferred upon me should have been given to a native, or at least one who was reared in this town, neither of which I can claim. In preparing this paper, I confess I am not egotistical over the results, nor unconscious of what you may desire and your final disappointment.

In order that we may more fully understand the conditions which led up to the incorporation of this town, it will be necessary to review briefly a somewhat earlier period of history in this vicinity. It is said that during the glacial period, not only this town, but this whole region was entirely covered with a vast field of drifting ice, slowly moving in a southerly course. Imbedded in this ice were rocks from the size of a fist to those weighing 600 to 800 tons. By the melting of this ice they were deposited over nearly all this part of New England. Surry has been especially well supplied with those rocks and boulders, except in Ashuelot valley west of the mountain. The action of this "drift," as it was called, can still be found on top of Bald Hill, also on a large ledge which comes to the surface in the northwest part of the town, and doubtless in other places.

At a later period a lake several miles in length extended southward from the upper part of Surry. The land on which this village is built, also the City of Keene, was entirely submerged.

Now coming down to the race of mankind, the first people to inhabit these parts were the American Indians, found here by our forefathers during the seventeenth century.

For a long term of years this part of Cheshire County was disputed territory; being claimed by both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The former state through her charter

Frank B. Kingsbury

Who Delivered the Historical Address

was carved out of two older towns; Westmoreland Leg, as it was called, and that part of Gilsum west from the top of Surry Mountain.

It is our keen regret that the work of writing a history of this town could not have been taken up forty or fifty years ago, when those then living could have rendered so much valuable assistance. Some years ago Mr. F. F. Field, one of your citizens, gathered some material which has been very acceptable and used to good advantage, but it is now too late to obtain more than a few fragments of the

claimed as far north as a line running east and west from near the town of Lebanon,* while our charter placed the line between the two states, as running east and west through the north part of Chesterfield, and not until 1741 was the boundary between the two states finally established, practically where it is at the present.

Moreover, for some years prior to the final settlement of this dispute the Massachusetts authorities in order to protect certain of their frontier

chartered as No. 1; Westmoreland as No. 2; Walpole as No. 3 and Charlestown as No. 4. All the above with other towns in this vicinity received their present names under a New Hampshire charter, at which time Benning Wentworth was governor of the state. The settlement of these towns, however, was retarded and prolonged owing to the French and Indian War which broke out in all its fury in 1744; a trouble which was not finally settled for over sixteen years.

Surry Mountain, East of the Village

Our fathers viewed with delight and contentment "the everlasting hills" and searched their craggy slopes for hidden treasures. The sag on yonder mountain has formed our Lily Pond.

towns from the Indians, or feeling their claim to this land was in jeopardy, proceeded to grant several new townships in this immediate vicinity, trusting thereby, in a measure, to stay the tide.

It was the custom in laying out new townships that each should be made six miles square and to contain thirty-six square miles.

In the year 1733 surveyors from Massachusetts came up and laid out Upper Ashuelot (now Keene) and Lower Ashuelot (now Swanzey). A few years later Chesterfield was

In rechartering the towns Governor Wentworth required that each should be resurveyed and the boundary lines reestablished. It may not be very generally known, but in the light of history it would appear that the very life and existence of this town is almost wholly due to the changing of the original lines of Walpole and Westmoreland, at which time about eight square miles of some of the choicest meadow land was severed from the north side of the latter town and annexed to the south part of Walpole, in the Connecticut River Valley.

*Or, on a line from "Endicott Rock" in Lake Winnepesaukee, at The Wears.

From what few facts can now be gathered, it appears that when Col. Benjamin Bellows or his agents were resurveying the town of Walpole they changed the original south line of that town and moved it about two miles farther down the Connecticut River into Westmoreland, thereby making his town nine miles long up and down the river; three miles wide at the north end and four wide at the south end. In order to make up for lost territory Westmoreland was given the "barron and rocky hills" from the north part of Chesterfield, also Westmoreland Leg was annexed on

what is now Alstead and Gilsum were surveyed, and that extra land fell to Bayle—now Gilsum.

Owing to the topographical conditions, Westmoreland cherished no desire for this valley nor Gilsum as far as known.

In 1760 two men living in Connecticut hearing that the town of Boyle—Gilsum—lying in a wilderness in New Hampshire was for sale, sent men here to look over the land. According to history and tradition, those men were taken in hand by Colonel Bellows, or his agents, during a dull and cloudy season to show up

Samuel L. Newton Farm

Peter Hayward settled here and about 1770 built the present house, the oldest dwelling in town.

the extreme east, thereby extending the town line over Ashuelot River in what is now the south part of Surry. When the citizens of Westmoreland discovered the true conditions they were bitterly opposed to their allotment and soon after sent a petition to the governor to have its former lines reestablished, but without avail, doubtless owing in some measure to the friendship which existed between the colonel and the governor at that time.

By extending the latter town into this valley we find a "Leg," as it was called, had been formed, thereby causing a similar tract of land farther north to be taken up by some later town. A few months afterward

the land, and they traveled for a day or two in a dense forest up and down and around on Surry meadows. Finally, being convinced they had been taken over "a large tract of country," they returned to Connecticut and reported that it was a very level town, "without a stone large enough to throw at a bird." The colonel soon after purchased 18,000 acres of that "level" land in Boyle, most of which he conveyed a few months later to citizens in Connecticut, who with others became the "proprietors" of the new town. The town of Boyle was rechartered July 13, 1763, and by taking the first syllable in the surname of two of the leading proprietors, Gilbert and Sumner, we have the

coinage of a new and unique name for the new town, viz., Gil—Sum.

Westmoreland had at this time already been chartered for eleven years.

The decade from 1760 to 1770 saw a large number emigrate hither from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Those hardy pioneers found their land not all "level," but much more too hilly, rocky and mountainous for tillage, covered with a dense forest of massive trees and infested with wild beasts. The men usually came first and cleared a small plot of land and erected a rude log cabin and their families came the early spring following.

To supply food for the hungry and shelter from the storm, a saw- and gristmill was built beside the river in the north part of the town.

The foot-path was followed by the bridle-path; then came the layout of a road, though rough and rocky; the streams were bridged and finally the farms and roads were walled-in.

With a mountain on the east and high hills to the north and west, we can readily see those early settlers in both towns soon felt their isolation. Moreover, they were shut in from without and shut out from within, and scarcely a year passed after Gilsun received her charter that some mention was not made in town meeting about setting off that part of the town west of the mountain. The settlers living in what was "Westmoreland Leg" were as anxious as any for the formation of a new town in this valley.

On July 4, 1768, a petition for a separate township was signed by twenty-one citizens living in this district as follows:

Obadiah Willcox	Joseph Mack
Samuel Hall	Jonathan Pareish
Job Gleason	Peter Hayward
Joseph Spencer	William Barns—Barron
Moses D. Field	Thomas Smith
Ichabod Smith	Charles Rice
Eliphalet Dart	Nathaniel Dart
John Marvin	Jonathan Smith
Abel Allen	Jonathan Smith, Jr.
Benjamin Whitney	Woolston Brockway
Joshua Fuller	

This petition, as previously stated, was granted in the month of March following. Thomas Harvey was at that time living in town, as were probably some others, but for some reason did not sign the petition. It is doubtful if there is another town in this vicinity, incorporated during that period, which received its charter more freely and willingly by all parties interested.

It may be well to dwell for a few moments upon the layout of the land which was taken in the formation of Surry. That part taken from Westmoreland had previously been laid out in lots and ranges and was in the second division. Running northward from Keene line there were twenty-nine "10-acre meadow lots" lying near Ashuelot River. Except a few "wedge-lots" which adjoined Keene line, all others appear to have been "100-acre lots." The exact form of the latter lots has not thus far been determined, but they were probably about square, or possibly a little diamond-shaped. The major part of Gilsun taken by Surry had previously been laid out in "50-acre lots" and they were nearly square in form. One tier of 100-acre lots on top of the mountain ran the whole length of this town from north to south and there were also several of the "Gilsun-wedge-lots" which adjoined Westmoreland on the south.

The dwelling houses now occupied by George A. Hall, William H. Rollins, Edward H. Wright and Francis F. Field stand on the old Gilsun-wedge-lots, and all those now standing in Surry northward of the above are on the original, "50-acre lots."

Our Indian history is meagre and somewhat traditional. It is known, however, that a tribe of the Red Men lived near the mouth of the Ashuelot River in Hinsdale in early times; that upon their fishing and hunting expeditions they traveled up this river to its source in Washington. At a point of land seventy or eighty rods east of the village cemetery,

where the "plane" suddenly drops down to the river bank, is a place known prior to 1781 as "Whoppanock" and is said to have been a "camping-place" for the Indians while in this vicinity.

Early in the morning of April 23, 1746, a large band of Indians suddenly fell upon what is now Keene and after killing two people, Nathan Blake was taken prisoner to Canada.

According to Keene history his captor took a drink of water from a

About 1775 three or four peaceable Indians in traveling through town were discovered early one morning, they having spent the night on the hay-loft in Capt. Thomas Harvey's barn; a building still in use by its owner, Edward H. Joslin. It is stated that soon after the Revolutionary War an Indian from some tribe in New York state was seen lurking around town in search for Col. Jonathan Smith, Jr., who was at that time living on the farm now occupied

The Lily Pond on Top of Surry Mountain

Covers a few acres, and from its altitude is looked upon as a natural curiosity.

spring in the bank about forty rods east of Harry F. Knight's house in the north part of Keene, then passing up through this valley and over the hills to the Connecticut River.

During another murderous raid on Keene in June, 1755, they captured Benjamin Twitchell and he too passed through what is now Surry on his way to Canada. It appears that this prisoner probably spent his first night in captivity lashed to four stakes driven in the ground on the meadow land now owned by Mr. Henry L. Phillips and son in the south part of this town.

by M. D. Carpenter. Now the colonel having still further use for his "scalp" also lay in wait for his treacherous foe, which resulted, according to tradition, that the rascal was soon after buried near the brook a few rods north of the buildings on that farm.

In early times the bear, wolf, wild-cat and deer were numerous on the mountain and hills in the edge of Alstead, and were often savage and dangerous to encounter. The bears were fond of visiting cornfields in the fall, and occasionally the farm yard in search of fresh pork.

Deacon Moses D. Field frequently feasted on fresh bear steak, and Capt. David Fuller and old Jesse Dart succeeded in killing eight one fall. One day, Henry Scovell hearing the squeal of his shote, took up the trail; the pig was released, but Mr. Scovell soon found a tree as his only place of safety, and where he was kept prisoner for several hours.

While John Thompson was living on the late Charles W. Reed farm in the edge of Alstead, his daughter,

Wild pigeons were numerous as late as 1845, flocks could be heard when in flight several seconds before being seen, and now as far as is known not one remains in the United States—a most regrettable fact.

The men who fought for liberty and justice during the struggle of '76, we all respect, yes, we honor those old heroes. Of the exceptionally large number of men who served from this town "in the days that tried men's souls," I feel we may justly be proud.

Edward H. Joslin House

Capt. Thomas Harvey settled here in 1766 and built this house about the time of the Revolutionary War—said to have been the second two-story house erected in Surry, that it was built for a tavern, but never used as such.

Lucy, returning from a neighbor's early one evening, was followed by a wolf, but by jumping, flapping her skirts, shrieking and nimble feet she reached her home in safety. While Benjamin Carpenter, Sr., was living on the late Stephen H. Clement farm his daughter discovered and shot a wildcat from off the barn. About sixty-five years ago William Kingsbury, the old fox hunter, shot a large Canadian lynx while hunting on Surry Mountain.

Venison was quite a common food for the early inhabitants, but protected by law, as in recent years.

From the records it appears this town did her full share in that struggle, and held an honor which some towns cannot claim; every man signed the Association Test. They were as follows:

Woolston Brockway	John Marvin
Joshua Darte	Delevan Delance
Samuel Smith	Abel Allen
Nathan Hayward	Eliphalet Darte
Jonathan Carpenter	Ebenezer Daniels
Jonathan Smith	Moses D. Field
Abia Crane	Obadiah Wilcox, Jr.
Jonathan Smith, Jr.	Thomas Redding
Samuel McCurdy	Trusty Chapins
John McCurdy	Job Gleason
William Hayward	Job Gleason, Jr.
Joseph Whitney	Abner Skinner
Joshua Darte, Jr.	Aaron Chapin

Nathaniel Dart	Hiram Chapin
Thomas Smith	Cornelius Smith
Peter Hayward	Thomas Harvey
Ichabod Smith	Joshua Fuller, Jr.
Obadiah Wilcox	Nathan Carpenter
Thomas Dart	Benjamin Carpenter
Joshua Fuller	Charles Rice
William Barron	Total, 42
Moses Ware	

The above test was taken by Obadiah Wilcox, Thomas Harvey and Thomas Dart, selectmen of Surry, on May 31, 1776.

A "war census" of Surry was taken on "Sept. y^e 13, a.d. 1775" with results as follows:

Males under 16	59
Males from 16 years old to 50	37
Males above 50 years old	8
Persons gone to the army	7
All females	104
Total	215

Now for a few facts: The population of Surry in 1910, your last census, was 213 people. The population in 1775 was 215 people. Nearly eighty men from this town served for a longer or shorter period during the Revolutionary War. No complete list of all the men who served has thus far been compiled, nor perhaps ever will be, as the State Papers do not give a full and complete list.

We have compiled to the present a list of over one hundred soldiers who lived in Surry, prior to, during or after the Revolutionary War, together with a few men living elsewhere, but whose services were credited to this town.

The following is that list:

Adams, Peter	Carpenter, David
" Thomas	" Jonathan
Allen, Abel	" Nathan
" Daniel	" Stephen
Barron, William	Chapin, Hiram
" William, Jr.	" Justus
Baxter, Simon, Jr.	" Sewall
Benton, Abijah	Church, Joshua
" Adoniram	Cole, Ebenezer
" Elijah	Conant, Roger
Bonney, Jacob	Crane, Abiah
Bundy, Elias	Dart, Eliphalet
Carey, Arthur	" Jesse
Carpenter, Benjamin	" Joshua
" Benjamin,	" Josiah
Jr.	" Justus

Dart, Nathaniel	Mack, Nathan
" Roger	Marvin, Giles
" Thomas	McCurdy, John
" Thomas, Jr.	" Samuel
" Thomas, 3rd	Nourse, Daniel
Dassance, Jesse	Page, Lemuel
Delance, Delevan	Perry, Silas
Dodge, Thomas	Reed, David
Durant, Joshua	Russell, William
Field, Moses D.	Rice, Charles
" Thomas	Ritter, William
Fitzgerald, Michael	Robinson, Jonathan
Foster, Joseph	Silsby, Samuel
Fowler, Joshua Cheever	Skinner, Abner
Fuller, Joshua	Smeed, Darius
" Joshua, Jr.	Smith, Ichabod
" David	" Jonathan
" Levi	" Jonathan, Jr.
" Samuel	" Samuel
Gilman, Anthony	" Thomas
Gleason, Job	Spencer, Joseph
Hall, Samuel	Still, John
Hancock, Levi	Streeter, Zebulon
Harvey, Thomas	Watts, John
Hayward, Nathan	Wetherbee, Abijah
" Peter	Wheelock, Phinehas
" Sylvester	Whitcomb, Enoch
" William	Whitney, Benjamin
Heaton, Jonathan	" Joseph
Hill, John	Wilcox, Asa
" Moses	" John
Hills, Benjamin	" Obadiah
Holmes, Lemuel	Willard, Josiah
Isham, Benjamin	Willey, Barnabas
Kilburn, Joel	Wright, Moses
King, John	" Oliver
Knight, Elijah	
Liscomb, Samuel	

Joshua Fuller, Jr., killed at the battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, was the only man from this town, so far as known, who was killed in battle.

A few men from this town enlisted in the War of 1812, but none so far as known saw any service, except guard duty.

About eighteen or twenty men enlisted from Surry in the Civil War, and so far as known, all have been "mustered out" except one—the father of the speaker.

During that war ten or twelve men were drafted, but all hired substitutes.

There were eight or more young men connected with this town who served in the recent World War—some of whom enlisted from other places: Maj. Ralph H. Keller, Clarence E. Perkins. Frank C. Britton, Lewis A. Durant, Capt. Lee C. Stil-

lings, Robert M. Crain, William N. Durant and Lewis E. Jackson.

The four former men were engaged in active service "overseas."

Now taking up the town as it appeared in 1769 and during a few years which immediately followed. A road had already been laid out up through this valley, farms established and probably fifteen or twenty log cabins and dwelling houses erected, and there were two burying yards—the Lower and the Upper. Nothing

as 1773 and this was the first tavern in town of which we find any record. Here were held several of the early proprietors' meetings, and also the first "town meeting of Surry," on April 10, 1769, at which time Peter Hayward was moderator and Obadiah Wilcox, Sr., was chosen town clerk.

The third town meeting was held at Mr. Smith's house on October 4, 1769, when it was voted to "Build a House Sufficient to hold all public meetings in and for a Schoole House" and to

The Village Hotel

Built by Capt. Jonathan Robinson, who opened a tavern here in 1793. Destroyed by fire in 1907.

else whatever marked this village, except the latter burying yard and the periodical farm buildings. John Marvin, Sr., lived on or near where George B. Britton now lives. His farm extended from the fence by Francis F. Field's house, northward to near the "Joslin road." On the east side of the road and directly opposite Mr. Marvin's farm was the home farm of Jonathan Smith, Sr., who lived in a dwelling which stood then, or at a later date, in the garden-lot about seventy-five feet south of Samuel Ball's present house. Mr. Smith was "innholder" here as early

build said house 22 feet long, 18 feet wide and to place it "on the East Side of the highway against the Buring Yard Bars." We, therefore, can fix the location of the first public building in Surry as having stood about four rods north of Mrs. Hattie R. Emmons' new cottage house. It may be said without apology—the village grew around the Upper burying yard.

The new building, however, soon proved inadequate, from the action taken in a town meeting held December 13, 1770, when it was voted to build a meetinghouse 45 by 35 feet and 20 foot posts. This was the first

action taken toward the erection of this building in which we are here met.

They immediately set about gathering timber, boards, shingle, glass, etc., and at a subsequent town meeting it was voted to enlarge the building "if the timber would permit." Thomas Harvey, Peter Hayward and Jonathan Smith were chosen the "building committee." At this period each man was taxed according to his property for the erection and maintenance of the meetinghouse, which was used not only for religious purposes, but also for town meetings, and in fact, all public gatherings.

Although in an unfinished condition, the first town meeting was held within its walls on July 13, 1772. Early in the year following the question of "separation of church and state" began to take root in town. A very few refused to assist in completing the building, but were quite ready and willing to come here to vote. Discord and enmity became apparent, soon after the Revolutionary War broke out, and here, a plain two-story building stood, boarded-in, shingled, under-floor laid, with some of the windows in place, for nearly a score of years.

Finally in 1788 it was voted to finish the building and that it shall be as "Near Like Keen Meeting House as the Bigness of said house will admit." A porch was built at each end of the building and at a town meeting May 23, 1792, it was voted to "accept the Porches as they now stand and to raise money to finish the same." This meetinghouse, after an elapse of over twenty-one years was now practically finished. The auditorium was entered by three doors; one through a porch at either end and one in the south side still in use. The gallery, which was entered by a flight of stairs in the east porch, extended around three sides of the room. There were thirty-five box pews on the ground floor and eighteen in the gallery, not including the singers' seats. The pulpit on the

north side and in center of the room was reached by a flight of eight or ten steps, back of which was a window with a circular top. Suspended by a rod from the ceiling was a bell shape, octagonal sounding board about four feet in diameter, and below and in front of the pulpit were the "deacon's seats." There was also a large conical shape wooden chandelier in which were many wooden candlesticks all of which were raised and lowered by a rope to light and refill.

No very marked change took place in this building, except in the porches and the erection of a belfry and steeple, until 1858 when the whole interior was remodeled and made into the present Town Hall. A very good duplicate of this building as it appeared when first finished is the Old Town Meeting House at Rockingham, Vt., which has in recent years been restored to its original state.

On June 12, 1769, a Congregational Church was formed here with fifteen members as follows:

<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>
Jonathan Smith	Deborah Darte
Joshua Darte	Experience Smith
Peter Hayward	Esther Hayward
Joseph Spencer	Anna Darte
Eliphalet Darte	Lucy Spencer
Thomas Smith	Deborah Darte 2nd
Moses D. Field	Lydia Smith
Samuel Hall	

Religious services were held in town from 1769 and until 1773 by ministers from adjoining towns.

Rev. James Treadway came here as early as the summer of 1773, and as far as known, was the first to live in town. He was followed by Rev. George Gilmore and Rev. David Goodell. Rev. David Darling was ordained and settled over this church as its "first pastor," on January 18, 1781. In 1794 Rev. Perley Howe became pastor and remained for a period of over forty years; he is buried in the village cemetery.

There were six school districts in town one hundred and ten years ago, namely: the North, Middle, South, Southwest, West and Northwest, at

which time there were five school-houses. Pupils from Westmoreland and Walpole attended the Southwest school, while those in the Northwest district attended school in Walpole. In 1820 about one hundred and forty-five pupils between five and twenty years of age were instructed in "the little red schoolhouse" and in 1850 there were four schools with about one hundred and fifty pupils. As a comparison, there were three schools in 1918 with a total of forty-seven pupils.

sufficient force to do much damage. Capt. Francis Holbrook, innkeeper, had two barns and a shed, under which were several loaded teams, thrown down. His ox-cart standing in the yard was caught up, taken across the road and brook, where the pole was driven into the bank with such force that a yoke of cattle were required to extract it.

A thunder and hail-storm passed over this and several other towns doing much damage, on August 9,

Capt. Simon Baxter's Tavern

Capt. Simon Baxter, Jr., son of the "Tory," settled here and in 1796 opened a tavern. Later David Shaw, the County Sheriff, lived on the place—known for many years as "Shaw's Corner." Destroyed by fire 1902.

Time is too limited to give an account of many things of interest which have taken place, yet some mention of a tornado which crossed this town should not be overlooked. On Sunday afternoon, August 4, 1822, a whirlwind took up its flight on the highland in the east part of Walpole, then taking a northeasterly course, crossed the north part of Surry, part of Alstead and into the edge of Gilsum. Shade trees were twisted entirely off, stone walls laid low, several barns demolished and orchards destroyed. It seems almost impossible that a tornado could cross the narrow valley in the north part of this town with

1813. Eighty lights of glass were broken in one house in town and ninety in this old Town Hall.

Surry is so situated that two noted Turnpike roads crossed the town in the early part of the last century. It is doubtful if there is another town in the state of similar age, area and population in which so many taverns and blacksmith shops have existed. No less than fifteen of each have been established and thrived prior to 1900, but both have now become extinct.

All here assembled may be a little interested to learn something of the old landmarks, the places where our forefathers formerly lived and

points of interest about town, from what has been gleaned after several months of labor and research. I therefore invite you to take a free passage upon a speedy, old-time stage-coach. From Keene line we will go up through the valley to Alstead line, then up the Gilsum road; returning we will take in the northwest part of the town, then the west and finally the southwest section, along with a few short side trips. As a rule we will deal with people and

large old colonial house built about 1770 by Peter Hayward. This dwelling is 38 feet square on the ground, with a massive chimney in the center, in which there are seven old time fireplaces. Capt. Calvin Hayward opened tavern here in 1804. Near the river is the "Austin road" which runs to the top of Surry Mountain where Thomas and Robert Austin built and settled over one hundred years ago. We have no knowledge when the first bridge was built over

Captain Holbrook's Tavern

In 1796 James Kingsbury opened a tavern here, followed by Ensign Asa Wilcox. In 1811 Capt. Francis Holbrook came and built on the two-story front portion and this became a famous hostelry, known by freight teamsters from Boston to Montpelier and Burlington. The Captain usually kept an extra yoke of oxen to help heavy teams up the Alstead hills.

conditions as they appear prior to 1850, with modern terms to bring the same within our reach; trusting no one will feel he has been slighted, in case he is not mentioned.

Again—this journey must be swift—the mind must revert over a period of one hundred and fifty years—for a brief time, we nullify and obliterate three or four generations of mankind and even defy "Old Father Time."

We will start on the "Great road" through town, on east side of the river: Samuel L. Newton lives in the

the river, but in 1771 it was voted to build a "new bridge" near the "old one." The Lower burying yard was in use before 1768. William Hayward probably built Frank E. Ellis' house as early as 1780 at which time the front door was on the north side of the house facing the "Great road." In 1789 William's widow and son, Sarel, owned a sawmill that stood where the John H. Rogers' mill now stands. Not until 1806 was the road built through "Nigger hollow"; prior to that time the road ran just west

of George D. Gillis' house, then northward into Surry passing in the meantime an old toll gate which was hung to a large rock. The first schoolhouse in this district was built about 1796 and stood near a large rock north of Mr. Ellis' barn.

In 1772 Samuel McCurdy settled where Mr. H. L. Phillips now lives; he was succeeded by his son, John, who opened a tavern here before 1793, and a store and blacksmith shop soon after. That was the first two story dwelling built in town and stood twenty-five or thirty feet west of the present house, near where the road ran at that time. Edmund Woodward lived here for many years. On the north side of the Wilbur road, nearly one-half mile west of the above place, is the site of the Hayward log-house where old Dinah Armstrong lived prior to her death. "Dinah's Rock" has been named for her.

In 1762 William Barron, Sr., settled where Mr. Jasper N. Keller now lives. In April, 1775, Mr. Barron was at work building a wall on the west side of the road opposite his house when the "Paul Revere" of Surry, bearing a red flag and spreading the alarm of the Concord fight rode past. Mr. Barron upon hearing of that dastardly act immediately unyoked his oxen and started early the next morning with the Keene company for the seat of action. In the lot north of this place is where Willard Smith formerly lived; the house was taken down and rebuilt in the village about 1841—now the house of F. F. Field.

On the west side of the road near the foot of the hill below "Dinah's Rock" was where Benjamin Whitney's blacksmith shop stood in 1772, and the first shop, so far as known, in town. About 1800, a house was standing on the west side of the road about midway between the late Cyrus Kingsbury house and the small trout pond.

The "Bachelder Farm," so-called, was where Rev. David Darling lived in 1781. Dr. Philip Monroe purchased the farm a few years later

and in 1799 opened a tavern here. This was his home till death and at the funeral it became necessary to remove the door-casing in order to remove the coffin from his house, owing to its great size. Josiah Kingsbury lived here for nearly thirty years, prior to 1866. On June 6, 1915, a fire destroyed all the buildings on this farm. April 22, 1760, Charles Rice settled on the farm recently owned by Hiram F. Newell and in 1773 he sold to Col. Jonathan Smith, Jr., who opened a tavern here in 1800. The old house stood in front of the present dwelling and quite near the road. On the east side of the road near the foot of Sand Hill was a house where David Stone lived in his old age and where he died; this house has been gone for over sixty years.

About 1835 Elijah Norris lived at the "Cones"; his blacksmith shop stood in the corner of the lot above the house and near the highway.

Sylvanus Hayward was living on the John W. Conley farm in 1784. All the buildings here were destroyed by fire in 1878. Where the widow Carter now lives was formerly the Capt. Almond Stevens store and stood in the village. Mr. Oscar B. Dean's place was owned by Joshua Dart in 1781 at which time a "mansion house and barn" was standing on this farm.

Frederick Reed, son of General James Reed of Fitzwilliam, lived here, then Maj. Nathan Hayward, the pound-keeper, and his "cow-yard" was used as the town pound for some years. About fourteen rods above this set of buildings is the old town line between Westmoreland Leg and Gilsom, now marked by a stone wall running westerly from the road.

Woolston Brockway, one of the proprietors, settled before 1768 where George A. Hall now lives. Formerly a "pent road" ran easterly from near this house to a house near the foot of the mountain where John Still lived about 1770. The old whipping-post—where justice was dealt out on the naked back—stood by the road

as you enter the lane to late Lewis F. Blake's house. Nathaniel Dart settled at the latter place as early as 1766. It is said the first road laid out up this valley left the present highway near Dinah's Rock, then taking a northwesterly course, passing near the foot of Bear Den Hill, then

lives was formerly part of the Jonathan Smith, Sr., original farm. Otis Daggett lived here and had his blacksmith shop just north of the house. In 1838 Samuel Robinson sold the farm to Amos Adams.

Otis Daggett later lived on the old John Marvin farm where George B.

Mason A. Carpenter

A great-grandson of Jedediah Carpenter, who came to Surry during the Revolutionary War and settled on "Carpenter Hill," where Mason A. was born. During the past 40 years he has served the town as Constable, Justice of Peace, Moderator, Selectman, Treasurer, State Representative and a member of the Constitutional Convention.

passing this house, and finally entered the village street not far from George B. Britton's house.

Where Edward H. Wright lives was the northwest part of Woolston Brockway's home farm and which he sold in 1783 to his "loving son," John, at which time there was "a mansion house" standing on the same. The farm where the widow Martin now

Britton now lives and had his shop in the yard. Cushman Smith lived on the Britton place in 1802 and opened a store here in 1806. Not long after he became involved in financial difficulty and soon after left town. The present parsonage was the home of John May in 1822.

Joseph and Hannah Allen were living on the late Otis W. Kingsbury's

place before 1850. Jonathan Robinson, Sr., settled on the village hotel property about 1791 and opened a tavern here in 1793. It is supposed he built the first house here about that time, and which stood with some additions, until 1907, when destroyed by fire. Mr. Robinson was succeeded in business by his son Samuel, then Elijah Holbrook became proprietor.

On July 5, 1839, Ichabod Crane bought a plot of land 142 feet long by 70 feet deep on which was built the present Congregational Church, long known as "The Crane Church." The town of Surry bought a lot of land 40 feet square just north of the Crane Church, May 5, 1830, on which the present village schoolhouse was built. The southeast corner of this school lot was "30 feet north of an elm tree," still standing.

For many years those living at a distance who came to attend worship in the old meetinghouse had no suitable place for their teams, therefore, on November 12, 1831, a lot of land 18½ feet by 90 feet was purchased for the sum of \$10 the same to be used for "horse-sheds and for no other purpose." This included land between the old meetinghouse and the school lot. The land was purchased and the present horse-sheds erected, by the following ten men:

Eliphaz Field	Jonathan Robinson
Eliphalet Dort	Jonathan Harvey, Jr.
Peter Hayward	Nathan D. Reed
George Wilcox	George Crehore
Hollis Wilcox	Horace B. Shaw

It appears an effort was made on "June y^e 28, 1797," for the erection of suitable horse-stalls, under certain specified conditions, on a lot, "10 feet back from the fence and 138 feet to the south of the burying yard," but no action appears to have taken place. This was before carriages were in use in the town.

A word in addition to what has already been given in regard to the present Town Hall. The bell was presented to the town by Dr. John Thompson, a native of Surry and

dedicated July 4, 1836, at which time Jonathan Robinson, Jr., delivered an address. The belfry not being completed for this occasion, a frame was erected on the "common" on which the bell was hung. The belfry was constructed by extending the old "east porch" several feet above the ridge-pole of the meetinghouse and this was surmounted by a "four point" steeple, the same as the present Congregational Church. When the meetinghouse was remodeled into the Town Hall, the steeple was changed to its present appearance.

Joseph Mack's farm in 1766 ran northward from near the Joslin road, and Edward M. Britton's house now stands on the corner of that land. In 1792, Adonijah Marvin, a shoemaker, purchased this place. Samuel Allen lived here later; Ichabod Ballou, a "house-wright," before 1840, built on a second story. Formerly there were two dwellings which stood on the Mack land, north of the Joslin road and south of Harvey brook near Mr. Nesmith's.

Jonathan Smith, Sr., one of the proprietors, settled in 1763 near the foot of the hill on Samuel Ball's farm. Here were held many meetings, both by the proprietors and by the town. This was, as far as known, the first tavern in town; near by a "Sine-post" had been set up as early as 1770.

Capt. Samuel Allen lived here after the death of his father. Stephen Chase of Keene owned this farm in 1828, and in 1845 Levi Durrell came here and in 1857, he built the present house. It is probable the original Smith dwelling was built of logs and stood on or near the site of the second house, which was removed by Mr. Durrell. The second building stood in Mr. Ball's garden south of his house and was a low medium-size, frame dwelling, standing side to the road with the front door in the center.

The present Crosby house is said to have been the old schoolhouse in the village. Phinehas Wheelock, a shoemaker, was living here in 1835,

being followed by George Brown and family, and the widow Converse.

Abel Allen settled where Frank E. Nesmith now lives about 1762 and was one of the proprietors. Thomas Humphrey, an old salt sea captain, opened a tavern here in 1827. In the second story of the ell part of this house can still be seen the old tavern "dance hall," whose walls vibrated from the old time fiddle, or to the "do's and ra's," of the "singing school."

This hall formerly ran north and south and stood cornering onto the southeast part of the house. Across the yard south of the house was a long driveway, open at the north and south ends, through which stage teams could pass. A fire nearly destroyed this house about 1848.

after that date, Harry D. Randall, a shoemaker, came here. He moved, built on and changed the buildings as they have remained to the present. The old Allen house stood side to the road and is the ell part of the present dwelling. Dr. W. H. Porter lived and died here.

Rev. Perley Howe built the James E. Harvey house about 1835. Jonathan Harvey, Jr., lived here many years. Joshua Fuller, Sr., settled about 1765 on the Hollis W. Harvey place. In 1783 he sold to his son, Levi, who opened a tavern in the old house in 1811, and a store a year later which stood across the field north of the house, by the corner of the wall. A small dwelling formerly stood east of the Harvey house where the ice house now stands. Justus Chapin lived here in 1777; Elijah Norris, the blacksmith, in 1821. His shop stood in the bank south of his house and near the road.

Elijah Fuller was living in 1814 on Myron H. Porter's farm. John Johnson lived here and lost his house by fire in 1870. Another of those old time taverns is where George Malcolm now lives. Jonathan Harvey, Sr., kept "open house" here in 1817, and Isaiah Robbins in 1830. Willard Marsfield lived and died here in 1855—very suddenly, while in his barn.

The house where James V. Stillings now lives, is said to have been built for a tavern, at which time the road ran near the west end of this house, then north through the field, passing on the east side of the house on the "Holly farm" then up the hill and entered the present highway near Mr. Green's house. Rev. Joseph Allen and George Blake were here before 1850. Mr. Lamminen now lives on the old Dort farm. Obadiah Wilcox, the first town clerk, settled about 1764 on the "Holly farm"; this old homestead has ever since remained in the Wilcox family. Mr. Nason's place was owned by Gaylord Wilcox at the time of his death in 1815. Asa Wilcox, Jr., purchased this property

Dr. William H. Porter

Born in Morristown, Vt., May 10, 1830; died Jan. 2, 1894. He settled in Surry soon after his marriage in 1854 and here during the remainder of his life attended to the physical wants of the people, as well as serving as Town Clerk 24 years, Town Treasurer 10 years, Representative to the Legislature 1868-69 and Postmaster over 16 years.

In 1852 Rachel Allen, the widow of Phinehas, lived and died where Miss Kate H. Porter now lives. Soon

soon after, at which time there was a dwelling, and a malt-house for making cider-brandy. The latter stood by an excellent spring just north of the present buildings. Levi Brooks came here in 1828 and owned this place until his death.

The famous old toll-gate of the Cheshire Turnpike road is now marked by a few rocks and a sag in the ground—nearly obliterated and fast passing into oblivion. Here toll was extracted from both the rich and

Davis and Sumner and Daniel Wilder were here in later years.

Samuel Sawyer, a goldsmith from Alstead, was living at the time of his death in 1812 on the Widow Perkins' farm. John Haile, the father of the Hon. William Haile, governor of New Hampshire, 1857-58, came here in 1824.

Lewis L. Cotton was living 1848 on Newton Reed's farm and he moved and made repairs on the buildings. Several rods northeast of Mr. Reed's

The Toll-Gate Building—Looking North

For over 35 years prior to 1844 Cheshire Turnpike was a toll road and toll-gates were placed every 20 miles, or so, along the route. Nearly two miles north of Surry Village was this house, built and used for a toll-gate. The building formerly extended over the road where the gate was hung, and at one time there was a store in the east end of the building. Until about 25 years ago the above house was used as a dwelling, but has since been torn down.

poor for nearly forty years. In those days the gate was hung in a building which extended over the highway. The keeper's house and barn were on the west side of the road, and a store, shoe-shop and wheelwright shop were opposite, on the east side.

Moses D. Field settled on the Allen L. Green farm about 1766. In 1809 a tavern was opened here by his son, Isaac Field. Jonathan Robinson, Sr. and Jr., lived here later. The old buildings were all destroyed by fire in 1900.

In 1812 Asa Wilcox, Jr., purchased land and built buildings on the Kampe place. Dr. Jonathan E.

buildings is where a house stood until about 1855. Aaron Chapin or his sons probably built here about 1771, at which time they erected a saw- and gristmill where Mr. H. N. Scripture's mill now stands. The present mill is at least the third, if not the fourth mill on this site and fifteen or twenty men have at various times conducted business at this stand. The North schoolhouse was erected as early as 1795; it stood very near the present building until 1853, when it was sold and moved to the village and is now the west end of Mason A. Carpenter's dwelling house.

Capt. Simon Baxter, Jr., son of Simon of Alstead, the "tory," lived at "Shaw's Corner" and opened a tavern here in 1796. Later, Esq. David Shaw, the county sheriff, who could arrest a man for a debt of \$5, lived and died here. This house and barn was destroyed by fire November 9, 1902.

Not far from one hundred years ago a Mr. Butler was living in a house on the west side of the road opposite the Large Rock, formerly called "Butler's Rock," although in more recent years, "Ascutney boulder." In 1831 George Wilcox built his house which remained in the family until within fifteen years. Nearly opposite his house is the building in which he carried on business for many years as a wheelwright. Calvin Holmes, a clothier, came to town and built this building in 1791 as a fulling mill, and for a period of over thirty-five years some of the choicest cashmere in this part of New England came from this mill, under the management of several proprietors.

Mr. Wilcox lived in the top story of this mill while erecting his new house, noted above. On the east side of the road, between the fulling mill* and the bridge there have been four dwelling houses, a malthouse and brick blacksmith shop, but all have disappeared, save one, the old home of the late C. Wharton Wilcox. In 1799 Asa Wilcox, Sr., erected a malthouse on the bank of the brook below the bridge. To supply power to grind the malt he built a dam across the brook and put in a waterwheel, but the project was a failure.

Eliza Hatch, a five-year old child of James Hatch, who lived near this pond, went out one Sunday morning in 1830 to its edge to pick some raspberries when she accidentally fell in and was drowned, and when found, was still clutching the cup in her hand.

Capt. Francis Holbrook's tavern is now owned by Mr. M. C. Lewis. In 1796 James Kingsbury opened tavern here; being succeeded by

Ensign Asa Wilcox and his son, Asa, Jr. Capt. Francis Holbrook came here in 1811 and owing to his business ability and social qualities he did an excellent business for many years. Samuel Hills was living in 1822 on the Charles H. Hodskins place and carried on the tanning business. A girl living here many years ago, while picking chips in the dooryard, discovered a young wildcat.

The late Charles W. Reed place was the old home farm of John Thompson and his son, Dr. Samuel Thompson, the founder of the Thompsonian System of Medicine. Judge Elijah Knight of Bellows Falls came here and opened a tavern in 1820 and the year following he became the first postmaster and established the first post-office in town in this house.

The Judge in building the upright to his house in 1820 placed it squarely on the Surry-Alstead town line, which at that time ran directly through the center of the front door.

Where formerly there were eight farms in the northeast part of Surry, one only now remains on which there are buildings,—the Jackson Reed farm. The following men have at some time occupied those abandoned places: Jonathan Harvey, Sr., Lemuel Holmes, John Cannon, John Dustin, a descendant of Hannah Dustin of Indian fame, David Reed, Jr., James Kingsbury, Jonathan Robinson, Jr., Nathan D. Reed, Asa Wilcox, Sr., and "Bill" Baxter, the tory.

In the northwest section of the town there were ten or eleven farms in former days, but none have been occupied for over thirty years, except possibly by a few wood choppers. Some of those who have lived in that section were: Henry Scovell, Zebulon, Jesse, Daniel and Willard Streeter, Elkanah Hixon, Delevan Delancey, John Marvin and the Perkins family, Sylvester Smith, Benjamin and Timothy Isham, Charles, Warren, Aaron, Jedediah, Ezra and William Carpenter.

* This mill was removed in September, 1919.

In taking in the west part of the town, the first dwelling on the Joslin road, where Mr. Wilkins of Keene now lives, was owned in 1815 by Samuel Hawes, a shoemaker. Stephen and Mary Withington and B. Franklin Horton have also lived here. At the top of the first long steep hill were two houses, occupied a little over one hundred years ago by the Harvey brothers.

Asahel, an excellent penman and town clerk for many years, lived on

which time he expected to open a tavern here. It is a well established fact that 3,000 Revolutionary soldiers marched over the Joslin road in August, 1777, on their way to the battle of Bennington. The West schoolhouse which stood a few years, prior to 1811, was on the north side of the road, west of Mr. Joslin's house and near the cross road. At the corner of these two roads is a field, long known as the "Whackie lot." John Stiles was living here in 1805

The Charles W. Reed Farm

Dr Samuel Thompson, founder of the Thompsonian System of Medicine, was born here in 1769. Formerly the house stood over the town line a few rods in the edge of Alstead. Judge Elijah Knight came here in 1819, built on the present two-story front portion and opened a tavern the year following. In 1821 he became the first Postmaster in town and established a Post-Office in his house.

the south side of the road. His saw- and gristmills stood down the hill a few rods from his house. Jonathan Harvey, Sr., settled on the opposite side of the road. George Joslin lived here many years and finally lost his barns by fire.

Capt. Thomas Harvey settled on the Edward H. Joslin farm in 1766. His first dwelling was a cabin, without a floor, except "mother earth," and which stood across the road south of the present house. The captain built the present house, "the second two-story building" erected in town, at

and had a good house and barn and a "hop-yard." David Stone came here about that year. The buildings have all been gone for over seventy years.

David Cushing lived at the foot of the hill near Harvey brook in 1854, in a house built by Dea. Ichabod Ballou in 1821 or 1822. Philip Thomas of Rindge settled where Everett E. Wilbur has lived for over forty years. North of this set of buildings is a large tract of pasture and wood land known as the "Hartwell lot." It is an old, but well

founded tradition, that men were at work reaping rye on this lot on August 16, 1777, and that they could distinctly hear the boom of the cannons at the battle of Bennington.

Where Alonzo F. Wilbur has lived for many years was an old time tavern, being on the line of a turnpike which ran from Keene to Walpole, and as early as 1835 this was called the "half-way house." Joshua Cheever Fowler came here prior to 1800. Jonas Pollard who built the "Pollard

district stood on the north side of the East Westmoreland road, fifty rods or so westerly from the junction of the roads, north of the cemetery.

Otis Hancock died in 1792, and so far as known was the first to be buried in the Southwest cemetery. The second schoolhouse in this district stood northerly of Walter H. Britton's barn, near the pasture wall, and on the line of the old stage road. A fire destroyed this house December 9, 1835.

Scripture's Mill, built 1800

The first saw- and gristmill erected in the township was built here by Aaron Chapin & Sons in 1771. Was known for many years as Baxter's Mill.

road" lived here and opened a tavern in 1825. Southwesterly from Mr. Wilbur's there were formerly six farms within this town, but all have been vacated and the buildings removed for over a score of years. The following have occupied those various places in former years: Levi Hancock, Freeman Wilbur, Tyler Bissell, Ebenezer Crane, Jr., Daniel Allen, Chauncey M. Kenney, Philip Thomas Jr., Daniel W. Aldrich, Daniel Abbott, Charles B. Hall and William Wright who lived on the town farm before 1850. The first schoolhouse erected in the Southwest

The third schoolhouse in this district was erected in 1836 in the southwest corner of the pasture, north of Mr. Britton's house. Daniel Allen, Calvin Wright, Benjamin M., and Hiram Britton have lived on W. H. Britton's place, though not all in the present house.

Where Mrs. George L. Britton now lives, was the Benjamin Merri-field farm prior to his death in 1825. This place has been in the Britton family for about ninety years.

At the foot of the long hill is where John Cole (the grandfather of Daniel R. Cole of Keene) lived; had a store

and died in 1807. Stephen Stimpson, Elijah Mason and others lived here prior to 1832.

In 1835 Mr. Mason purchased of Royal Watkins the farm which has since been in the hands of that family.

On the Wilbur road, east of the last mentioned farm, was where Hercules Hayward settled as early as 1799. Moses Wright, Amasa, Barney, Chandler Wilbur and others have lived here prior to 1860.

Benjamin Carpenter, Sr., purchased the S. H. Clement farm in 1784 and it remained in that family until Benjamin F. Clement came here in 1866. Mr. Carpenter opened a tavern on this farm as early as 1793.

Frederick R. Crain's farm was formerly a part of Benjamin Carpenter's original land. Seth Carpenter purchased the farm in 1830 at which time the dwelling house stood in the pasture, about forty rods east of the present buildings. Leander Crain, Sally Wilbur, Peter Mason and others have lived here.

In 1786 Ebenezer Gilbert settled on the Luman Pond farm—so-called. His house which stood on the knoll, some ten rods south of the present "Pond house," was taken down about 1855. Mr. Gilbert, David Allen and John S. Britton lived here. This road was known as the "Gilbert road" in early times, then as the "Pond road," and quite recently as "Cottage street."

Benjamin M. Britton built the present Pond house about 1831—though now in a dilapidated condition—and here he lived a few years. About 1847 Luman Pond came, lived and died here. He had some odd ideas and outspoken in his opinion; one was that, "the world was flat and he knew it."

We have now been over a larger part of the town, usually stopping for only a moment at the places of interest and old landmarks. So much more might be given—so much of interest not only to the living, but

to those who may follow along the path of life in the years to come—but I must refrain as the time has expired.

In 1969—fifty years hence—we trust another gathering of citizens and friends of Surry will meet to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of this town. Doubtless a few of the younger generation here will be present on that occasion, though white with the frosts of many a winter. Such a one will, with pleasure, recall this day.

May we kindle anew, and ever keep burning the fires of patriotism, in loving remembrance of our forefathers, that their memory may not perish.

Our mind has been traveling in days of old,
When patriots and heroes were zealous and bold,
And our mothers did well their part too,
They were brave and noble, humble and true.

A basket-picnic and band concert at the Wright Grove filled in the program until the afternoon exercises at two o'clock. These were held at the grove. The opening prayer by Rev. G. E. Condon was followed by the address of welcome by President Hall, speaking and music by local talent, and several selections by a male quartet from Keene. A souvenir booklet had been prepared and placed on sale at the Town Hall and the grove, which contained, in addition to a brief historical summary of the town, many interesting pictures of old homesteads and points of interest in the town.

Never before have so many old residents and friends of the town been gathered within its borders; and never before have they been made more royally welcome. The historian, the officers of the Old Home Week Association, and the various committees, all gave of their time freely, and in spite of the limited resources of a small town, they made it a day long to be remembered.

NIGHTTIME

By Frances Mary Pray

Come heah to yo' mammy now,
Honey chile, Honey chile.
Soon de big ole Boogy Man
Be erlong dis way.
He tak all de naughty chiles
What stays ow' doors at nighttime.
Come now, min' yo' mammy, boy,
It's time yo' quit yo' play.

Come heah to de fiah now,
Honey chile, Honey chile.
See de shadder folkses dar
A-walkin' cross de wall.
Pappy'l mak som' mo' fo' yo'
If you'll come to yo' mammy, boy.
Look, dar Brer Rabbit go,
Yo' laks him bes' of all.

Brer Duck a-comin' nex'
Honey chile, Honey chile.
Come up heah in mammy's lap,
Lay yo' haid back, so.
Sho: I knows yo' wide awake,
Both dose eyes a-shinin' bright.
Yo' ain' nevah tiad, boy,
San' man mighty slow.

Lil' feet feels mighty cole,
Honey chile, Honey chile.
Hol' 'em out an' get 'em warm
While de red coals glow.
Cayn't yo' see dat house in dar?
Sho', I spec' it made fer yo'.
Haid's a-gettin' heavy now.
Guess ole mammy know.

Concord, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first thirteen chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson. Her engagement to Roger is followed by a few days of perfect happiness, ended by the news brought by Harry Stone that Helena's mother is seriously ill. Mrs. Castle improves and Helena and Roger are about to be married when Mrs. Castle discovers the opposition of his parents and refuses her consent. Soon after she dies and Helena herself is prostrated for months but finally recovers.)

XIV

The first of November came on a Sunday, a day as warm and glorious as June. Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Lucy went to church, Mr. and Mrs. Stone together in the automobile, and Lucy in a gorgeous new runabout buggy, with rubber tires and much red paint. Jim Powell took her. Jim has come to live at the farm, as an extra man was needed, and he and Lucy are "keeping company." This means that after going to church and "prayer-meeting," and "buggy riding" in the evening and dancing the first dance together at all the village "balls" for five or six years, they will get married, without any real proposal or engagement. The thing will simply take place. Then they will settle down in some house very near the Stones (if they do not actually live with them) and Lucy will do her own work, washing and all, and Jim will be a sort of "hired man" to his father-in-law, just as Mr. Stone was before him. They will never go away from home, unless it is to Boston twice a year for the "best shopping"; they will never have any company for ten years or so, and then Lucy will give a "tea-party" twice a year. There will be the most loyal

kind of affection between them, perhaps even a real devotion; but there will be no demonstration, and, above all, no ardor. They will get a great deal of solid contentment out of life, but very little actual happiness, and they will be no farther ahead in mind, body, or soul when they die than when they were married. Yet every year they will be putting sums of money into the bank, and buying farm implements or thoroughbred cattle with them, which spent in another way, would enable them to live in actual luxury, to travel, to give their children a good education in every sense of the word, and, above all, to find leisure to love and enjoy each other. But this will never occur to them.

I was thinking of all this, lying in my hammock under the maples, and wondering if it were not better to have all the beautiful things of life for a little while, and lose them than to maintain such a sodden existence as I foresaw for Lucy, when Harry appeared at the barn-door, waved his hand, and came rapidly towards me. He was dressed in a red flannel shirt, considerably the worse for several weeks of steady wear, turned open at a V in the neck and thus displaying a grey undershirt, faded blue overalls

and dirty boots; he had a dingy cap on the back of his head, and he was chewing tobacco, though he considerably spat that out just before he reached the hammock. He leaned over me with that kind of smile that is meant to be so cheering, and stroked my brow.

"Your head isn't a bit hot any more," he said, "you'll soon be quite yourself again."

I jerked away from him; theoretically, I was sorry for Harry, and meant to be gentle and kind to him; but every time he came near me he did or said something that filled me with such aversion that my good intentions vanished into thin air.

"Harry," I said, "I do wish you would learn not to paw me over—you know I hate it, and if you will excuse me for saying so—you're awfully—barny. Why didn't you go to church with the rest?"

"One of the best cows was sick," he said, "so I stayed to look after her. She's better now, so I thought I could come and talk to you for a little while." He looked hurt, and also a little apologetic. He was hurt because I had not welcomed him with open arms; but he was apologetic because he had been helping a sick animal on Sunday. In the eyes of the Stones, it seems to be considered more pleasing to the Lord to go to a stuffy little church, listen to a stuffy little sermon, and pray a few hypocritical prayers, than it is to relieve an animal who is sick, or water the garden if there has been a drought, or clean up the broken limbs after there has been a storm. This point of view irritated me afresh.

"It was inconsiderate of the cow to be sick on Sunday," I said, "I should think after living in this righteous Congregational family she would know better. Or is she a recent acquisition? If so you should teach her better. I do not feel a bit like talking, so, if I were you, I would go and read the Ten Commandments to that cow."

Harry blushed. "I wish you wouldn't be so sacrilegious, Helena," he said, "of course I know you don't really mean it, but sometimes you sound very irreverent."

"I don't mean to be irreverent," I replied, "did you ever read the parable Christ preached to the Pharisees about the Sabbath day?" I closed my eyes, and turned over; my hair fell over my face, and I put up my hand to push it back. As I did so, I suppose he noticed my ring; for he said, abruptly, and rather peevishly,

"What have you got that wound with string for, Helena?"

"To keep it on," I answered, "my fingers have grown so thin that it kept slipping off and Miss Houston suggested this plan. It works finely."

"I don't see what you want to keep it on for," said Harry shortly, "let it drop off, the sooner the better. Your fingers will keep on getting thin until you stop brooding and put this whole business behind you."

I sat bolt upright with anger and opened my lips to reply, but Harry held up his hand.

"You may as well listen to me now as any time," he commanded, stubbornly, "it's time some one talked a little sense to you. I don't think much of that Miss Houston anyway. I never saw a nurse around here like her, or a doctor like that cross French man. Why, she admits that she doesn't give you a particle of medicine and seems to think that by feeding you on egg-nog—with sherry in it, too!—and keeping all the windows open, and giving you a bath with alcohol in it every single day and coddling and cuddling you she's going to make you well. What you really need is some good strong dosing, and a little sound advice."

Harry paused for breath, but I did not interrupt him. I knew that what he said was true—that if he had made up his mind to talk to me, he might as well do it then as any time. He went on again almost directly.

"You've promised your mother not to marry Lorraine, and I guess you're not the kind that breaks promises, and I heard Robert Hutchinson say that he wouldn't marry you for anything, which shows that he didn't really care much for you after all. He's so clever he could easily persuade any girl into doing it if he wanted to. He said—but I won't tell you what he said. Of course he didn't mention your name, but it was plain enough who he meant. He didn't say it to me, either; he's the most close-mouthed chap! I overheard him talking to Miss Houston one night. If you want to know why I won't tell you what he said it's because I don't think it's suitable for any nice girl to hear."

"I certainly don't wish to hear anything that I wasn't intended to," I said hotly, "I'm not in the habit of eaves-dropping. But if you're trying to make me think that Robert Hutchinson ever said or even thought a coarse thing in his life, you won't succeed. If you're insinuating that he has a little red blood in his veins, I knew that long ago."

"I didn't exactly mean anything against him, Helena," said Harry apologetically, "only he was so—well, frank, it did sound queer—I never should say such things myself."

"You never would feel that way."

"Helena, if you'll excuse me, you make the strangest speeches yourself for an innocent young girl—"

"Oh Harry," I cried, "do go on, and be done with it."

"I will. What I was coming to is this: you've got three men in love with you—one of them you can't marry; one of them won't marry you. You're only eighteen years old. You've not the kind of education that fits you for any useful work, and even if you could teach, you wouldn't be strong enough for months. You haven't a relation in the world except your father's people, and I guess you wouldn't turn to them in a hurry. You haven't a dollar to your name.

There's only one thing in the world that you can do."

"What is it?" I managed to ask. My sense of peacefulness and contentment was gone; and that of helplessness and lonesomeness and poverty had taken its place. Before this, I had not realized my destitute condition; and yet, it was not so much with despair as with anger that I answered him.

"Why, to marry me, of course. Listen, Helena. It's time to have done with—er—hysterics—and come down to every day life. I love you; my family loves you; we have plenty of money. You can have absolute freedom. You can fix up this old farmhouse any way you like; you can have a bathroom and steam heat and electric lights; you can have a veranda and a cement walk and a flower-garden. You can ask your swell friends here all you want to. You can have all you need to spend on clothes and things, and I'd never ask you to account for a cent of it, even if you should go as high as three hundred dollars a year. If it's that trip to Europe that you're so set on, we can go there even. Not that I'd care for it much. I'd a good deal rather see a good neat barn, and some first class cows than all the ruins and picture-galleries there are in the world. But if it'll make you feel any better, we'll go. I'll take you to all the places Lorraine would have, if you'll tell me their outlandish names; I never can remember them from one day to another."

It seemed as if I could not bear another word. But Harry did not stop.

"Of course I know you're in love with him, or think you are, and don't particularly care for me. That's all right. I can wait. I certainly have waited a good while already. I told you once before that if anything of this sort happened, I'd be thankful enough to marry you afterwards. I don't feel the same way Robert Hutchinson does. I want to marry

you on any terms; and that, of course, means your own terms." He stopped, stammered, and blushed. He was trying to finger a delicate situation with gloves, instead of taking it quietly in clean hands. "You couldn't, of course, really be my wife—yet; but it would come. Girls always love their husbands in time if the men are—considerate. In the meantime, you'd be your own mistress."

"And in the end," I blazed, fairly aflame with anger, "I should be Roger's!"

Harry turned from red to deep purple, and called my name in accents that were deep with horror. I slipped from my hammock, and for the first time, stood bolt upright on my feet.

"Harry Stone," I said, "if you ever ask me to marry you again, I will kill you. If you ever hint again at my dependency and lonesomeness, I'll leave this house. I'd go today (I don't know where, I'm sure, but *somewhere*) if it weren't for hurting your mother's feelings—she's been an angel to me, Heaven knows! I didn't realize before how—how poor I was; but I don't mind telling you that I'll—I'll beg in the streets before I'd do what you propose!"

"Helena, Helena!" cried Harry, "I only meant to be kind! Do lie down, darling, and try to be calm. I wouldn't hurt you for the world; for years and years I've loved you dearly, and only succeeded in making you hate me like this!" He tried to put me back into the hammock, and I struck him, with all my might, in the face; he caught at my hands, and I could see that, as once in June, his eyes were full of tears. "If you will let me lift you into the hammock," he said, "I give you my word of honor that I will never touch you again as long as I live!"

"No, no, no," I cried, "won't you go away? Haven't you done enough mischief for one day already?" And so, utterly cowed, Harry left me. I watched him out of sight; then, too weak to stand another instant, sank

to the ground and burst into a torrent of tears so violent that it seemed as if it would never pass.

XV

"Why, my dear Lady Delight, whatever in the world is the matter with you?"

I could hardly believe my ears. "Lady Delight" was a pet name that Mr. Hutchinson had given me when I was a little girl, and that had been used by that family ever since. The next instant I had my arms around Bobby's neck, and was laughing and crying together against his old Norfolk jacket.

"Here, let me help you climb back into that hammock," he said, disentangling himself, "not that I blame you for getting out, and crying about it. It looks about as comfortable as a rack. However, as there doesn't seem to be anything else handy, I'm afraid you'll have to use it until I can send you down a good one from town."

"Oh, Robert," I said, settling myself, "I never was so glad to see anyone in all my life. Where did you come from, and how?"

"Here's a handkerchief," he said, producing a dirty piece of linen, "if that is what you're burrowing around in vain for. I've dusted the seats with it twice, but it's better than nothing. I came from Boston in my automobile. Is there anything extraordinary about that? If you will take the trouble to glance as far as the road you will perceive my trusty steed waiting there. By the way, I have brought you something pretty, straight from Paris. Mother and Nancy docked Friday, bearing much war paint, and spent the day trying to make the Customs officials believe that eight trunks, two hat boxes, five suit cases, two catch-alls and four bags contained nothing but some postage stamps and their tooth brushes. They were not successful. They sent you lots of love, and the assurance that you must come straight to them as soon as you were strong

enough to be moved; they're pretty well used up by the harsh treatment of their government, or I'm afraid at least one of them would have wanted to come with me today. I preferred to come alone, and I do hate to be obliged to use violence. Well—Mother sent you this," he ended, laughing, and shaking a lovely white silk tea-gown out of a big box, "and as there's not a soul in sight, do get into it while I go and see if the radiator's all right. I hope you'll burn that garment you have on."

"It belongs to Mrs. Stone," I said laughing, too. Then, when he came back, "Is that better, Bobby?"

"Much better. In fact if you will take your hair out of those hideous pig-tails and pile it on top of your head—like that—and fasten on this bunch of violets—like that—you will make quite a good looking girl. Now open this box of marrons-glacé, and while you devour its contents, tell me what you were grovelling in the earth and waiting for when I arrived."

I could not have told anyone else on earth, not even Roger (perhaps Roger least of all) what had just passed between Harry and me. But though I did not eat the candy while I did it, I managed to tell Robert. When I finished, breaking down completely again, he stood and swore for some minutes without taking breath.

"It's a damned shame," he said at length, "and I'm strongly tempted to lay violent hands on the bovine Harry myself! Steam heat! Three hundred a year! Platonic friendship! Drivelling idiot!"

"Oh, Robert," I said, "you're awfully profane, but you sound like the angel Gabriel himself to me!"

"Just the same," Robert said gravely, "you ought not to have slapped Harry's face. Harry's an idiot, but he's a good idiot. You're—almost too fond of that particular form of chastisement, Helena."

"I never did it before—" I began.

"My dear girl, it isn't necessary to do it literally."

"It isn't necessary to do it at all," I said contritely. "Bobby dear, if I could ever make up to you what I said that day—?"

"Will you beg Harry's pardon?"

"No," I replied promptly.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said, speaking more gravely than I had ever heard him do before, "if you think things over a little. You ought not to marry him, and Harry ought not to try to make you, but the reason is the same that would make it wrong for you to marry me—simply because you don't love either of us. It has nothing whatever to do with his being a farmer. Haven't you discovered yet all the good stuff inside that red flannel shirt of Harry's? Have you forgotten that he was the man that your mother always hoped you'd take? She had lots of good reasons for hoping so, too. Harry's as honest as daylight, and as clean as a whistle, and what's more, he's absolutely unselfish in the way he cares for you. That's a kind of love I don't believe many girls get, Helena, the kind your mother knew she'd missed, and the kind you won't get either, from—anyone else. And as far as material things go—why, he could buy and sell Roger four times over, if it comes to that! It's been the fashion, I know, lately, to laugh at 'hayseeds,' but I guess you'll find, ten years from now, that's as *out* of fashion as the dresses you're wearing now will be. You just stop and turn over in your mind some day when you haven't anything better to do, what would become of all the rest of us if the farmers should suddenly quit? For instance, to make a personal matter out of it, if Roger and I dropped out, how much difference do you suppose it would make, economically?"

"None at all, I suppose," I said, rather weakly and reluctantly.

"Right you are. But if Harry dropped out—and some more fellows like him—how long do you think Roger and I could go on living on Commonwealth Avenue? Where'd we

get our butter and our eggs and our milk? Where'd we get the grain to feed the animals that we, in turn, eat? Where'd we get our sugar, and the cotton and wool for our clothes? Farmers aren't confined to New England, you know, Lady Delight! We'd soon be starving to death in an—er—awfully unclad and chilly state! Why, bless you, if you take Roger, you'll be marrying a farmer as it is—but I'm getting ahead of my story! You went to Harry's graduation, and entertained a dinner-party making fun of it afterwards. Did you ever think of what Harry had to learn those four years at the Agricultural College before he *could* graduate? Of course not! Well, you wouldn't have found anything to laugh at in that! And you went to my graduation and had 'a gorgeous time.' But what I learned—or was supposed to learn—at college would be a pretty big joke if I tried to earn my living on the strength of it alone, let alone helping anyone else to live! But you enjoyed yourself because, as your mother said, you preferred puff-paste to doughnuts. And believe me, doughnuts stay by a darned sight better than puff-paste if you've got a hard day's work to do."

He stopped and laughed. "Don't they?" he drawled.

"Oh, yes, of course they so," I said, desperately.

"Well, will you beg Harry's pardon?"

I took a long breath, and met his eyes, "Yes," I said.

"I knew you would. Well, we'll call it quits now. This is Sunday. Thursday afternoon I shall be down again and transport you, bag and baggage, to Commonwealth Avenue. In the meantime, I should like to correct a few of Harry's extremely incorrect statements."

He settled his back comfortably against a tree and took out his pipe. "I believe," he said, "that you've passed all your examinations for

Bryn Mawr? Got a scholarship, too, didn't you?"

"A second one. But—"

"And before you and Roger mutually came, saw and conquered, your plan was to divide your winter between Nancy in Boston and Eleanor in Philadelphia 'coming out' for all you were worth, go abroad with us again next summer and then enter college a year from this fall?"

"Yes," I said, "it was a very selfish plan and—"

"It was a selfish plan. But some people have such a passion for self-sacrifice that they make every one with whom they come in contact selfish. Your mother was one of those people."

"Why, Bobby, she was a saint on earth."

"She was. She was. I'd be the last to deny it, but she gave up too much—first to your father, and then to you; you all would have been not only much happier, but much better, if she hadn't."

"Don't condemn yourself too much, Helena," he said after a moment's pause, so gently that I was amazed that any man could speak in such a voice, "don't ever even think again of—of what you said the night of your mother's funeral. If you have been a 'selfish pretty little fool,' which I never would have called you, as you know perfectly well unless you had—er—slapped my face—first, you're not one any longer. You're as brave and as true and as strong a girl as there is living in this world today. And though I confess I didn't like the—the slapping, it was what I needed, perhaps. I can't speak for Harry of course; but you haven't played fast and loose with me; you've made a man of me. You haven't 'ruined Roger's career'—you've given him one, and he never would have had one without you, I can tell you that—but I'll tell you about that later. And you didn't kill your mother, she killed herself."

"Bobby," I said putting out my hand, "do you know that if *you* asked me to marry you today, I should say yes?"

"Sure I know it," he said, quite cheerfully again, "and then there'd be hell to pay, I can tell you, for Harry and I are made of almighty different clay, and as soon as you got strong enough to come to your senses, and realize that you'd married me because I comforted you, and that I'd married you for something quite different—Lord, how we'd fight! You better be thankful that I've sense enough not to ask you."

I laughed, with the tears still in my eyes.

"Now I am proposing," he said, puffing away at his pipe, "that you should carry out your plan as if nothing had happened. Cut out the parties, of course, until you feel like going to them again. But do all the rest."

"But you forget, Robert, I haven't a cent to my name. I can't afford—"

"I don't forget it; mainly, because it isn't true. You haven't been strong enough to talk business, or Father would have been down to see you before this. He's executor of your mother's will. She had about ten thousand dollars left from the wreck of your grandfather's immense fortune; that didn't go far with a family, but for you alone, it's quite a different matter. Besides, she'd managed—Lord knows how—to carry a little life insurance. You'll get another five thousand from that. I've a notion, too, that Mr. Stone wants to buy your house for Lucy; and you've got that scholarship. Of course, you've got some awfully heavy bills to pay off—doctors and nurses do cost like the deuce; but even after those are all settled, living the way you will, I think you can be pretty comfortable for the next five years."

"Comfortable!" I exclaimed, "why I feel like a multi-millionaire! This isn't much like Harry's story! But,

Bobby, at the end of five years—what then?"

"At the end of five years," he said, "you will be possessed of good health, a good education and considerably more good looks than you really need. You will be twenty-three years old, and you'll have an independent income of about seven hundred dollars a year. As far as I can see, you can enter upon any career you choose. You will probably choose that of matrimony."

"With you?"

"Helena, will you please stop throwing yourself at my head? How many times have I got to tell you that I *won't have you!* No; with Roger, of course."

Robert got up, stretched himself, and came and sat down nearer the hammock.

"Listen to me, my dear Lady Delight," he said, "your mother did the wisest thing in all her wonderful life when she made you promise not to marry Roger. If you had, it would have ruined you both. First there'd have been the financial straitness, which would have been awfully hard, though you both would have made the best of it. There's been a good deal said lately about the simple life and love in a cottage and going back to nature. Some of it's good sense, and some of it's sentimental tommy-rot. It's very pleasant to see a girl who's capable and gritty enough to do her own housework, especially if she hasn't been used to it before she was married. It is very praiseworthy for a fellow to work hard enough with his hands, or his brains, or both, to pay the rent on a little flat and still not get into debt to his butcher. There's something pretty fine and wholesome about it. But there's another side to all this. It's almighty hard for a girl twenty years old to get up in the morning and cook three meals a day, and keep the house clean, and make her own clothes after she's been up all night with a colicky baby. There's some-

thing more to do for infants than sprinkle 'em with talcum powder and teach 'em to patti-cake—magazine covers to the contrary! and by the time there are three or four of them, instead of one, if their mother's still doing the household act, she's apt to be pretty nervous and faded, and perhaps a little irritable—not at all the peaceful rosy little creature that her husband wants to see smiling over the soup at him when he gets home at night. As for him, if he's any backbone, he likes the hard work, and if he really loves his wife, he loves her through everything, I guess. But it's tough on him, too, if he's worked just as hard as he can, to see his wife struggling about when she ought to be in bed because she hasn't any maid, and hesitates to call the doctor because there isn't a cent in the bank to pay him with."

"Bobby," I said in astonishment, "how did you find out all this? Every word you've said sounds sensible and—and true, and yet I never thought of any of it."

"Well, do," he said a little grimly, "it'll bear thinking of. And aside from the financial side of the question, there'd have been something worse: a lot of hard feeling, inevitable bitterness, scandal even—if Roger had broken with his family he would have done wrong—oh, I know you don't see it that way, but a mother's a mother whatever she does; and if he hadn't, you'd have felt all the time that he didn't love you quite enough—that if he'd made a greater effort to secure your rightful position for you, things might have been different. Now, five years from now the financial conditions ought to take care of themselves. You've got a little money of your own, and Roger ought to be earning at least twice as much more. You'll be able to own a little house, and hire one maid if you want her, and a trained nurse if you're sick; you'll be able to have a few pretty clothes, and get off with your husband for a little fun once in a while. Well,

I believe the other side of the question will take care of itself, too. Conditions won't be ideal; I don't suppose you'll ever be angelic enough to forgive the Lorraines this extremely disagreeable episode. However, as Roger said himself, your situation is a sequel to your mother's, not a replica of it. Your mother's parents—forgive me, dear Lady Delight—were kind-hearted and affectionate, but they were ignorant and vulgar, and they splurged a good deal with some money which had been newly acquired and in a very questionable way, at that; your mother was even younger than you, badly-educated, very beautiful and very impulsive. Appearances were certainly against her. I think you must admit that the Castles had something on their side. Of course, it was unfortunate that they were not able to discover later on that they had misjudged your mother, but, believe me, it was a good deal more their loss than hers—a more stupid, bigoted, half-baked, blue-blood-dried-out-to-nothing tribe than the entire Castle family in all its branches I never hope to see! Then, when they had quarrelled with your father, they had several other children left. And as for him, he didn't half stand by your mother—why, you know yourself that his life was just one perpetual mistake.

"Now, in the first place, the Lorraines are almighty different from the Castles. I don't know them very well, for they consider mere Hutchinsons as quite beneath their notice, of course; but I know that much—They're awfully proud, and I guess it touches them in the raw to have this old story raked up in connection with their only son. Roger's all they've got in the world; he hasn't so much as an own cousin. They'll see you before long; they won't be able to help it; and they won't see you many times, Helena, before they'll realize the error of their ways. They won't come around in a month or a year, even; but they'll have to in time.

For even if you weren't all that you are, Roger has been so darned clever!"

Bobby met my eye, and broke into his funny grin.

"I suppose you think there's nothing to the good that I can tell you about Roger," he laughed, "but you're in love with him and I'm not, so I know more about him than you do. You've done mighty well not to interrupt me with a lot of questions, and you'll get your reward now. I don't mind telling you that though I've always liked Roger pretty well, I thought there was a good deal of the *matinée* idol about him. There *was*, too. But that idol's smashed for good and all. There's nothing stagey about him any longer. He had a little money of his own, and when he left you, he went up to town, settled his debts, and waited round until he got an answer to a letter he'd written to a classmate of his who owns a fruit ranch out in California, asking for a job. Meanwhile he made known his engagement, quietly, but perfectly conclusively, saying that as your mother had just died, and you were far from strong, no time had been set for the marriage, and that none would be, until he was settled in business. Finally the letter came from Jones, the fruit grower, saying that he didn't have any easy office work lying around loose for favorite sons—or words to that effect—but that if Roger wanted to come out and dig weeds for twenty-five dollars a month and his board with a chance to rise as soon as he was worth more, he might. Roger showed the letter to his father, told him he was quite convinced that Boston wasn't the place, or law the work for him, and took the next train."

"You don't mean to say that Roger is out in California—*gardening*!" I gasped.

"Exactly; wearing overalls and eating pork for dinner probably. Best thing that could have happened to him, too. There's his address; if you feel inclined to write to him, once in a while, I should."

"Bobby," I said, taking the little slip of paper, "you are a messenger of hope."

"I am a student at the Harvard Medical School," he said, "and of course, one of its shining lights. I might practise a little on you. Have you been vaccinated lately?"

"You put everything in such a different light," I said, "that I don't see how I ever was discouraged. But—five years is an eternity, and then—supposing at the end of that time things shouldn't come out as you say? Supposing I couldn't marry Roger, even then, without breaking my promise to my mother? Supposing—oh, Bobby, supposing he should die before then?"

"Supposing Hell should freeze," drawled Robert, "and the North Pole thaw out. Don't talk rubbish. But even supposing the worst *did* come to the worst, that everything you say should happen, haven't you grit and pride and common sense enough to go on just the same? Can't you find anything else on earth worth doing except getting married? Have you got to sit around in a chair and moan because you think you didn't have a square deal, when you can sit up and see that someone else gets one?" He paused, turned and looked away, then broke out, his face white, "Haven't you any memory? You had a week, didn't you, a solid week of perfect happiness? Supposing—if you're bent on supposing disagreeable things—supposing you had never even had that?"

"Bobby," I said, stretching out my arms, "come here."

"I won't come," he said savagely, "I don't want to come. I wouldn't touch you with a five-foot pole. I wanted you for years before Roger Lorraine ever set eyes on you, and I thought, like a fool, that I was going to get you, too; but I don't want you now. That is—" he stopped suddenly. "Oh, Helena!" he cried, passionately, "for Heaven's sake

don't say 'come here' like that to me again! Because, if you did, I might, and then, God help us both!"

Robert flung open the gate, and walked out to the automobile. For some time he busied himself about it examining the supply of gasoline, inflating the tires, dusting the seats, and even tooting the horn noisily several times. Then he came leisurely back again, grinning peacefully, and holding between his thumb and finger a tiny package.

"Here's one more thing I'd forgotten to give you," he said, "It occurred to me that you might grow pretty thin and I see you have, so I'm glad I bought it. It's jewelry, but I'm sure it's perfectly proper for me to give it to you just the same. I've wrapped it up in a 'pome'; you know I'm not very keen on 'pomes' as a rule, except the 'Barrack Room Ballads' and so on, but this struck me as rather suitable for you. Now I'm off; but remember I'll be down

on Thursday to bear you away from here for the present."

I watched him disappear in a cloud of smelly dust, and then I opened my box. It contained a tiny guard ring of twisted gold. I undid the hideous string, and put the ring securely over my lovely jewels. Bobby was helping to keep them on, in more ways than one.

Then I read the poem—Shakespeare's immortal sonnet:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; that is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although its height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But hears it out even to the edge of doom—
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

THE WAY OF LIFE

By L. Adelaide Sherman

Sunshine and rain and sunshine,
With the light in a golden drift;
And a clean-washed dome of azure
When the clouds in the west uplift.
Rain and the clearing spaces—
Sun and a spangle of rain,
With a bow of holy promise
'Ere the sky be blue again.

Grief like a sentinel stalking,
Joy on the outpost gay;
Fear in the gloom of nighttime,
Faith in the glow of day.
Glory of life eternal,
Love in her armor bright;
Terror and death but shadows
Lost and dissolved in light.

Contoocook, N. H.

THE AMERICAN LEGION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Paul F. Stacy

Victory is ours!

The spirit of democracy, mothered wisely through one hundred and thirty-three years of travail, years of anxious nursing, years of proud, virile development, was thrown in the balance and the champions of might over right crumpled before it—their armies, their despicable snakes of the sea and their vicious philosophy “shot full of holes.”

Hundreds, thousands of fervid addresses, with lung-testing sincerity and much waving of eloquent arms, have been delivered already on this gloriously truthful topic. They are but the beginning. Down through the ages, the test of American stamina abroad in the trench, on the sea and in the air will serve as subject matter for budding or decaying orators in every hamlet in the land, for graduation essays in the country's every school.

Very few, if any, of these speeches have come from the lips of men—or women—who served in uniform. Countless scores of valiant people served necessarily at home and it is these who, in the wholesome earnestness of their joy in seeing son, brother, or friend home again, safe and sound, forget all the work done back of the lines in the home area and generously credit every vet in olive drab, blues or greens with full responsibility for turning the tide.

I'll wager that there isn't a man who has swapped a uniform for “Cits” recently who has not been embarrassed by being called a hero; whose composure, perfect under the hell of shell-fire or in that tense moment when a periscope has been sighted, has not gone all “blooey,” completely befuddled in the home town when he

was fêted; hailed as the conqueror and savior of all that is dear to our land and flag, and, after having been elevated upon a dizzy pedestal, asked to deign to “tell in his own words” to the eager folks gathered below him “how it feels to be a hero.”

It has seemed to him, after these warm home-comings, that the job is done, that all for which he donned a uniform has been accomplished and that, at last, he is free to return to life as he lived it before April, 1917.

However, only a few weeks as a civilian have been needed to rob him of this cherished illusion. Delusion is better. He finds life far different from that of pre-war days. Rendered keen and alert by one, two, three gold stripes' worth of service, he sooner or later becomes conscious of a great unrest abroad in the land for which he risked his life, the land he is reputed with having saved. And this discovery quickly develops a curious mixture of wonder and alarm.

“Was it all worth while,” he wonders, “the buddies we left over there, the suffering and horror? Let's get this straight. We licked the Boche over there all right, all right, but—, hang it all, is there or isn't there somebody trying to lick us over here? A lot of this hero talk doesn't ring true somehow. Going over to save the world for democracy, did we lose some of it somewhere on the way back? Am I seeing—or hearing—straight or are there some people in this U. S. A. who have forgotten why we did it all? Having settled up the argument overseas, must we remind some folks here what prompted our part in it? Is every element of this country putting into men the stuff that makes fighters for

an ideal? Must we remain in the ranks, facing enemies of democracy, now that we are home?"

Empty victory, indeed, Mr. Orator, were the suspicions of the returned service man borne out by facts. Hollow mockery were the rows of wooden crosses gleaming under a foreign moon in fields where poppies grow. Breed-

cry, "They shall not pass!"—the shout, "It shall not die!"

"The principle for which we fought—the democracy we defended—the freedom we gave up that we might hold it for all posterity—the flag we followed to victory—they shall not die. They shall not pass nor shall any group succeed in beamirching

General Edwards and Governor Bartlett at The Welles

ers of disbelief in everything sacred were the armless sleeves, the crutches, the sightless eyes if this be so.

Rank hypocrisy were the words from lips of orator and high school graduate if the returned soldier's fears be verified.

To nearly 5,000,000 men these same questions are occurring. From as many young, lusty throats comes the determined shout, destined to fame equal with the brave French

them—principle, democracy, freedom or flag. Our comrades sleeping their last sleep in strange fields, our maimed and blinded, our hardships, even though victory honored our arms, shall not have been in vain."

By the thousands and hundreds of thousands, these former soldiers, sailors and marines are banding themselves that their voice may have greater influence in preserving inviolate the principles for which they risked all.

Rapidly, the American Legion is growing—this organization through which a body of civilians who formerly wore the uniforms of their country intends to continue the fight in times of peace for civic righteousness and for a 100 per cent Americanism in America.

Not for a minute does the Legion count the sacrifices of its members as loss. In convention it has voiced this sentiment: "For the first time in the history of the experiment of democracy undertaken in North Amer-

uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100 per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

Is there an American living today in the seething crucible of social disturbance which is the United States of America who is not heartened by the power for good embraced in this, the creed of nearly 5,000,000 of its picked and tried young men? Like a nucleus about which may rally the sturdy stuff of which our forefathers were made, the Legion promises ill for the Slavic propagandist of red violation; the leech who bleeds an exhausted public for his own gain; the wretch who, while benefiting personally, refuses to swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes; the jingoist who theorizes about waging war while thousands tragically demonstrate the fallacy of his experiment; the politician who gloated over the prospect of directing several million sheep into his partisan fold; the pseudo-statesmen who would sign away any part of what was gained by American blood; the passive citizen who nullifies his existence by indifference to his personal obligation to the community.

Thus the American Legion stands, a bulwark of hope for the future. It is an organization exclusively of men and women veterans of the World War. Only those soldiers, sailors, marines or women who were regularly enlisted or commissioned in the army, navy or marine corps and who served between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, are eligible.

Its principles surmount beyond measure partisanship or politics. Composed largely of men who were civilians before the war and who again are civilians, it is wholly civilian in

Major O. E. Cain, Department Commander

ica, and as a direct return from our investment of life, time and money in the Great War, we have, as a living, sane, healthy fact, in a world of mad new theories and exposed old lies, the United States of America."

Rewarded in such gloriously noble manner, the Legion defies any belittling of this thing they have earned—their country.

The preamble to the Legion's constitution best denotes its purposes. It reads:

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To

nature without desire to be military or militaristic. Distinctions of rank sink into the background, every man—whether colonel or buck private in 1917-1918,—standing on his own feet, the equal of his comrade and with as great a voice in the function of his post. The chap who was so unfortunate as not to be able to serve overseas, being left on Armistice Day in a training camp in this country, is as much a member of the Legion as the veteran of all the major engagements or sea service in foreign lands or waters. Regular, National Guardsmen or National Army veteran, all are Legioners, enlisted anew for common service to their country and to posterity.

Seven months ago, the Legion's founders dreamed in France of its possibilities. Today, the youngest veterans' organization in the nation, it has been recognized officially by Congress as no other similar outfit ever was honored. President Wilson, while on his western tour, just previous to his illness, affixed his signature to the Wolcott-Johnson bill whereby the American Legion is incorporated as the national organization of American Veterans of the Great War. By this act, Congress accepts the Legion as a potent factor in the national life of America.

The Legion is composed of state branches and these are made up of local posts. Of the latter, there are 6,000 today, scattered through every state, territory, and island possession of the country.

The high purposes of the Legion are not confined to its leaders. Into every hamlet from which at least fifteen men went into service, there is going this leaven of vitalized Americanism. Show me a town or city where there is a Legion post a year from now, and I'll show you a community where young men are paying strict attention to the way public business is being transacted; a group of square-jawed, clean, clear-thinking young men who somehow are assum-

ing a leadership through their proved high intentions and unflagging application to civic and national improvement; a body of men upon which the community may depend for detection and prosecution of anything anti-American; maturing men upon whom the youth of the town may draw for wholesome guidance along the path of devotion to the ideal, the constructive, the sane and the patriotic; young men into whose hands the older generation will gladly entrust the

Major Frank Knox

public duties of which it has grown a-weary; an aggressive, vital factor in the community, in all the activities of the community, whose mind will be worth consulting and whose action will ever be decisively for the right, unmistakably blunt and American to the core.

These same young men, before their great adventure in the maelstrom of war, undoubtedly were less concerned about the way the town or city was conducted than they were in the decision of Referee O'Hannigan in the 10-round bout at the "Athletic club" the night before.

But they did not return from France the same youngsters who left Hoboken or Halifax. One can see the difference in the reliant swing of the returned soldier as he strides down the street; in the steadiness of his eyes; in the quickened answer to one's question. The common summary of the change in Tom or Jack is that "he has grown older. Why, he was only a kid when he went. Now he's a man."

Similarly a change is noted in those

consciousness of the fact that in their hands lay the power to alter conditions that didn't square with pre-election expectations.

In short, citizenship did not mean much more than an opportunity to make a living, have some fun, vote once in a while and win or lose a bet on the election.

But when the time came, they offered their lives for the maintenance of that government. That is one reassuring fact.

He went to war. He peeled potatoes, thousands of them, it seemed. He walked up and down a hundred-foot stretch of land in the black of a rainy midnight with a gun over his shoulder. He answered the beck and call of this sergeant, that second louie, a man, just like him, but a man with something on his sleeve or his shoulder and so his superior. He let some "geek" blowing a horn get him out of his blankets. He sailed worse than steerage. He played chambermaid to a mule. And then he heard the "heavies" away off in the distance. He could scarcely drag one foot after the other and his pack weighed a ton. But the thundering grew louder as he grew nearer to it. And, before many days, he was existing in a hole in the ground, caked with mud and cursed with "cooties."

Buddies had been carried past him, ominously quiet or moaning, in spite of their grit, leg, arm, hip or cheek a red, wet pulp.

Why all this? Why was he there? What was the whole blooming thing about, anyway?

A buddy says: "Goin' to write a note? Folks back there might like a word, you know how they are, eh? We're going over at three."

And then the mad hell of it—noise that split the heavens, big and little noises, crashes far away and shattering explosions a few feet to the right, to the left, in front, behind. Death filling the air—whizzing, swishing, thundering, whining, and still he pressed on.

Major Frank J. Abbott

men of greater maturity who saw service, the business and professional men who dropped all and answered the call to the colors.

Before war cemented them together, these classes of men did not feel their personal closeness to their government. They voted and elected some "guy" whose name looked good to them on the ballot. And if things didn't go right, they shrugged their shoulders and voted for some other meaningless name the next time, in the meantime plugging along at their work, business or profession without con-

A lull—and night. Perhaps the same thing over again in a few hours—or perhaps a relief.

What was it all about? And what was he there for, anyway?

Then the light dawned.

This was citizenship.

He never had lived up to it before.

He was living as a citizen should in time of war—in the service of his country.

But, by George Harry Boy, it was some rough going!

Why had he neglected the duties of citizenship back there when the going had been easier? Kind of queer that he had to travel 3,000 miles and go through several hells a week to find out that he really was a part of his government; a part the whole of which his government claimed when it needed him.

If his government could claim him in such a time, he would claim his right as a citizen to say something about his government if he ever pulled through with a whole skin. What listless days those had been when he was just holding down a job, unmindful of his right to have a say about things. "Oh, boy, but when I get back—if I do!"

And he is back—nearly 5,000,000 of him. He is no longer a soldier. But he still is a citizen. And he is going to exercise the right that is his heritage from his forefathers and his discovery 'mid the ruins of Chateau-Thierry, the distances of St. Mihiel, the tangled wood of the Argonne.

He had been willing to die for his country. Now he will live for it.

Jack is changed. Tom, the business man, the doctor, the lawyer—they all are changed. They have learned the meaning of citizenship in the greatest land on the globe. They learned it by actually living their citizenship through service. And no breed of alien, slacking, snarling Bolsheviks, or anybody else, is going to put anything over on the new group of 5,000,000 American citizens. Through their organization, the Amer-

ican Legion, they will exercise their newly-appreciated power.

Now, this situation must not be viewed with anything akin to alarm or concern. Anybody who fears the activities of such a group of men deserves a good, long "hitch" in a front-line trench by way of instruction in the fine possibilities of citizenship.

Taking a leaf from the experience of its elder brother, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Legion has

Major Robert C. Murchie

resolved to abstain altogether from politics.

Its slogan is "Policies, not politics." One party or another or all of them may approve or oppose a certain measure. But if it is of a nature offensive to service men or antagonistic to its declared principles, the Legion will oppose it, not because of allegiance to any partisan banner but because of the Legion's devotion to America.

Its articles of incorporation provide that, as an organization, the Legion shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office.

Politicians whose motives are not

exhibited in glass houses will find no haven in Legion quarters. Policies will be fought tooth and nail when the majority of Legioners figure that the best interests of the government are not served by such policies. On the contrary, public-spirited, constructive politicians will find in the Legion a power for enforcing good laws that cannot but exert wide and beneficial influence everywhere in the

grant six months' additional pay to every soldier, sailor and marine who served in the Great War.

Eleven hundred former service men, representing every state in the Union, voted on this resolution.

It was defeated unanimously.

Young Theodore Roosevelt, just previous to the vote, had said:

"Now we want everything that it is right for us to have; but primarily we are not here to sandbag anything out of the government but rather to try and put something into that government."

And the bonus resolution took the count of ten without a vote in its favor.

Find selfishness in this renunciation of much-needed dollars, and you'll find gold nuggets in your breakfast food.

The Legion's purely selfish acts have been along the order of informing ex-service men of their rights and privileges under the War Risk Act and of assisting them in adjusting such financial matters as government allowances, insurance, allotments, Liberty Bonds, back pay and bonuses. The lost effects of ex-soldiers have been traced through the Legion. Disabled veterans have been brought into direct touch with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Claims against the army by discharged soldiers have been followed up. Soldiers held in prison unjustly have been given their freedom through the activities of the Legion.

This last service is of particular interest to New Hampshire veterans because, at the time of this writing, two Granite State soldiers are awaiting only the President's signature to a bill whereby their freedom from unjust imprisonment will be granted.

Before finishing with the spirit and principles of this stalwart outfit, I want to mention its determined stand against the alien slacker.

The yellow cur who took advantage of the law permitting him to turn in his first citizenship papers and thus escape military service and the alien

Harold K. Davison
Woodsville

land. But the Legion's support will be for the measure, not for the man.

For itself, the Legion wants only what is due the returned soldier. It is not a "grab scheme" not a "hold-up game." No better illustration of the unselfishness of its pioneer members can be given than that of a sentiment expressed at the national caucus in St. Louis.

A resolution had been presented whereby Congress was to be urged to

or undesirable who was convicted under the espionage act has heard the order. Millions of former soldiers are shouting it. This alien must "about face" and keep on walking until American soil is no longer defiled by his slinking heels.

Deportation for them is provided in a bill which already has passed the lower house of Congress. Not only that, but readmission to the country of such individuals is also denied by the act upon which the pressure of the entire membership of the Legion is being brought to bear. Naturalized citizens convicted under the espionage act, the Legion is on record as recommending, should have their citizenship cancelled and also should be deported.

In the same spirit, the Legion insists upon fixing the responsibility for action by which protection has been afforded men who refused full military service to the United States, conscientious objectors, who were tried, sentenced to prison and then, later, were fully pardoned, restored to duty and honorably discharged with all back pay and allowances given in full!

Let it be understood that the Legion is not arrogant in its developing strength. It does not expect to work any miracles nor to turn anything up-side-down. Without doubt, mistakes within its ranks will be made.

Like the soldier walking post and his general orders, the Legion will be ever on the alert for anything that threatens destruction to his country, with a ready challenge for any menace to pure Americanism.

Again, young Roosevelt has said: "We want to crystallize the spirit that made it possible for us to get into this war and to fight it as we did."

And the process of crystallization is showing a stirring clarity and stolid solidity—qualities that augur well for the democracy—the United States of America—in this its period of severe test.

Turning from the spirit and purposes of the Legion, it may be interesting to survey briefly the various stages of development in its history.

On March 15 to 17, 1919, a thousand officers and enlisted men, representing all units of the American Expeditionary Forces, gathered in Paris, adopted a declaration of principles and selected the name "American Legion."

It is of particular interest to New Hampshire people to know that a

Nelson T. Wright
Portsmouth

Granite State man, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester, now executive secretary of the New Hampshire State Branch of the Legion, was a delegate at this organization meeting. He was Major Abbott then and went to Paris from the 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division.

Then transports began to bring home loads of "olive drab" by the thousands. Men were being discharged in droves. They were scattering to their homes in every nook and corner of the land. When it appeared that a sufficient number of

THOMAS P. CHENEY, LACONIA

service men—from army, navy and marine corps—had reached home, a call was issued for a national caucus, representative of every state, territory and possession, to which duly elected delegates went at St. Louis, May 8 to 10.

At this stirring assembly, the action of the Paris meeting was confirmed. The Legion was formally recognized by the troops who served in the United States and a constitution in conformity with the Paris declaration of principles was adopted.

However, the final step in the organization of the Legion was held in abeyance until Nov. 10, 11 and 12, when, at Minneapolis, Minn., the first national convention met with full delegations, duly elected at various state conventions and as fully representative of the Legion membership as it could possibly be. As this is being written during the last chill days of October, there can be no reflection of the brilliant gathering at Minneapolis.

Brilliant! An extravagance to say brilliant, you infer? Can you imagine any boon greater than to be there—and to *belong there*? With these civilians on civilian duties bent?

They cried. These same men, one year ago the second day of their convention, fell against scarred tree trunks and cried. Silence, following the most terrific artillery salvos of the entire war, descended upon them. Utter silence with no sound save that of a chirruping bird. It was a few minutes after eleven o'clock in the morning. The guns had stopped! On both sides, the guns had stopped! Accustomed to a crash and roar equal to every thunder storm that ever was, all wrapped into one and then belowered through a million megaphones, their ears were hurt by noiselessness. But the guns had stopped! It was all still! Bewildered even as they were swept by the reality of a war's ending, they struggled against emotion no longer—and leaned against blackened trees—shameless tears

rolling down their sweat-streaked cheeks.

They had made good. It was all over. It was good to have made good. A big job, it was, and a costly one but they had made good and that's what counted—and made them choke up in the throat—when the guns stopped.

Finishing one job, these same men, one year later, to the day, met at the initiation of another job for which they and millions like them are enlisted. And I repeat: It was a brilliant assemblage!

New Hampshire's delegation to Minneapolis was made up of these veterans: Orville E. Cain, Keene; Frank J. Abbott, Manchester; Frank Knox, Manchester; Robert C. Murchie, Concord; Francis J. McDonald, Dover; George Wingate, Manchester; Joseph Killourhy, Laconia; Nelson T. Wright, Portsmouth; H. K. Davison, Woodsville; William A. Molloy, Nashua, all as delegates. C. Fred Maher, Laconia, and Winnifred F. Robinson, Hinsdale, also went to Minneapolis as alternates. The other alternates elected were Walter Boardman, Manchester; Clarence James, Franklin; Dr. Charles Walker, Keene; Arthur P. Cole, Berlin; E. A. Weeks, Portsmouth; John J. Taylor, Derry; Chester Fraser, Manchester; Frank A. Gray, Lebanon; Frank B. Foster, Peterborough; Frank Welch, Manchester, and Arthur McReel, Jr., Exeter.

Let us focus our eyes to new distances. We have been viewing the Legion as a national affair. But we need not look afar to see it in operation.

New Hampshire has its proud part, in common with every other state, in the upbuilding of this virile, potent organization. The strength of the Legion, like that of the democracy, will be, not in its leaders alone, but in the men—and women—whose names are enrolled as members of local posts. The practice of the Legion's principles will be the duty of every Legioner in his every-day life.

Its power, its alertness, its worth will be observed best by the public at large right in the home town where at least fifteen men have banded together and secured a post charter.

So, while the doings of the Minneapolis convention relate to New Hampshire, it is through the state branch and local posts that New Hampshire people will become acquainted directly with the American Legion. As the G. A. R. is venerated because of our personal touch with

have begun a bit earlier were it not for the fact that many New Hampshire soldiers returned to American shores with the 26th (Yankee) Division the last of April.

It was because of a desire that these men have a voice in the initial move of the state's service men towards coöperating with other states in forming the Legion that the call for a mass meeting of veterans from all parts of the state did not go out until the first part of May. This call was issued by Frank Knox of Manchester, then recently returned from overseas service as major of the 303rd Ammunition Train, 78th Division.

Necessarily, the meeting was hastily called, given but little publicity and sparsely attended. It was held in the state armory at Manchester on May 5, 1919. Freedom from military duties was too newly found in those glorious days of home-coming for the ex-soldier to give a hoot about renewing so soon his association with anything that shaded at all towards O. D.

But there was large enough attendance to perform the function for which the meeting had been called.

This was the election of delegates from New Hampshire to the national caucus in St. Louis, Mo., May 8 to 10, and of a temporary state executive committee.

Frank J. Abbott of Manchester was the first head of the Legion in this state. The Manchester rally made him temporary chairman, and Richard O'Dowd, also of Manchester, was named temporary secretary of the state branch.

The following men were the pioneer Legioners locally who represented New Hampshire as her delegates to the St. Louis caucus:

Frank Knox, Frank J. Abbott, George V. Fiske, Walter J. Hogan, Herve L'Hereaux, Matthew Mahoney, John Santos, and William J. Murphy, all of Manchester; Homer J. Deschenes of East Jaffrey; William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Fred Maher of

Milo S. Burnell
Lincoln

the veterans in blue next door, so will the Legioner become known by contact with him daily—by sight of him on Memorial Day, year after year, in time to come, paying tribute to his hero comrades who have heard "Taps" for the last time—by observation of the part he is taking in making his town, his city, 100 per cent United States.

What of New Hampshire and the Legion, then?

Away back in May, 1919, the movement started locally. It would

Laconia and Arthur Trufant of Hudson.

Eventually, this delegation became the state executive committee in whose hands rested the development of the Legion in this state until the time of the state convention the last of August.

Once elected, this group of men found little time for deliberation and they were forced to hold meetings all along the tracks from the Merrimack to the Missouri.

At the Parker House, Boston, they held a meeting on May 6. As a result, Frank Knox was elected temporary chairman of the state executive committee and Frank J. Abbott was made temporary state secretary. Sessions were conducted on the train day and evening before the halt was called at St. Louis.

Later, on May 11, during the return trip from the west, fired with the enthusiasm of the great national caucus at which they had learned more about what the American Legion was and was to be than had been known by any of the delegation previously, they held other meetings. Plans were discussed at length for conducting a vigorous campaign to secure the endorsement and support of New Hampshire veterans of the World War for this, their own, personal organization. It was at such a meeting that Walter J. Hogan was elected assistant temporary secretary of the state branch.

The delegates returned—and got busy. State headquarters was established soon in the Pickering building, Manchester. Publicity matter began to flood the papers of the state. Rallies were planned—everywhere—and conducted—everywhere. The temporary state officers devoted their entire time to a campaign for informing local veterans of the opportunities embraced in allying themselves with the Legion.

Strange to say, it was a difficult and thankless task at the outset. Service men did not warm up to the

idea with a very encouraging rush. As has been said, their connection with the military had been too recent for them to greet over-enthusiastically anything that attached in any way to their long periods of service in army, navy or the marines. They looked rather askance at it all and it was some time before they could be convinced that the Legion was a civilian outfit of former service men and not a military outfit.

The innocent enough query of a Manchester veteran of many fronts, illustrates this false impression. After much energy had been expended upon him in the line of explanation until it seemed to his instructor that the chap must have known all that was possible about the Legion, he resignedly filled out an application blank. The ink had not dried when he asked in the tone of one who was being forced to drudgery, "When do we drill?"

A snarling sergeant was all he saw. "Squads on right into line—'h-a-arch'" was all he heard. The Legion held few charms for him.

But this same buddy is one of the Legion's greatest rooters today. He and a multitude of others know that the only thing military about the Legion is the yarns that are swapped at the weekly meeting and the past records of their fellow members. In itself, the organization is "tout" civilian.

Another fallacy that the state organizers were compelled to combat was an impression that the Legion was an officers' affair—designed for officers—run by officers.

This folly is answered by an editorial in an earlier number of *The American Legion Weekly*, the official publication of the body. It is entitled "Exploding A Dud" and reads:

"More than 650,000 members are now active in the American Legion. The Legion is governed by the majority voice of its members. The largest number of officers ever commissioned in the army during the war was

C. FRED MAHER, LACONIA

approximately 210,000. If all those one-time officers had joined the American Legion, which they have not, they would be outnumbered three to one at this moment. Which disposes of that matter."

The *Weekly*, a modern magazine in every respect, of interest especially to the returned service man but, through its general articles of optimism or of constructive criticism, a periodical of paramount interest to every red-blooded American as well, sowed its seeds of enlightenment through the state.

Lecture courses were conducted in every town and city where a group of veterans could be gathered long enough to talk to them. Every measure possible—from placarding the state to personal solicitation, was taken to set the service man right on the true purport of the Legion.

Gradually they began to see the light. It was like a conversion—contagious, invigorating, compelling, and state headquarters began to receive applications for local post charters.

By a day, Manchester was beaten by Laconia for the distinction of being the first community to receive its Legion charter. Post No. 1, then, is and always will be Frank W. Wilkins Post of the Lake City. Manchester comes in second place with Henry J. Sweeney Post, No. 2.

Almost universally, local posts are being named for a native son of the community who paid the supreme sacrifice with his life in the service of his country. By action of the national board, no post can be named for any living man.

A novel and touching example of the way veterans revere the buddies whom they left over there is given in Groveton where the post's name is The Fredonwarell, No. 17. This was chosen by the Groveton boys because it contains the first three letters of the names of four Groveton soldiers who gave their lives in service—Freeman, Donnolly, Warren and Ellingwood.

Rather than to interrupt the story at this point with a table, I shall append to the article a list of all the posts that had been duly chartered on October 28, the list to include the name of the post and its number, the commander's name, the community in which it is and its total membership.

Years from now, when this paper has been yellowed by time's touch, these names, as well as those of the pioneer workers for the Legion in New Hampshire, will be revered in the same way as Grand Army veterans refer with unafraid emotion and undying devotion to the first captains and adjutants of their posts.

What has been accomplished by way of organization since the first Legioners returned to New Hampshire from St. Louis in May?

As the appended list will show, there are sixty-two posts in New Hampshire, scattered from Canada to the Atlantic.

The total membership is a variant figure as it increases every day. But on October 28, there were 6,043 members of the American Legion in New Hampshire. This is well over one-third of the total number of New Hampshire men who actually served, according to apportionment by the national board—16,940.

This averages well with the record of other states. With a possible membership in the entire country of 4,800,000, there are over 1,000,000 members at this writing with a grand total of 5,795 posts organized at the close of business on October 24.

And that is not so bad an achievement for an organization that did not have even its conception until May or, at the earliest, March 15, the latter in a foreign country to boot! Duplicate it!

Returning to the early struggles of the Legion in the state, a great stimulus was given its growth by the coöperation of Gov. John H. Bartlett and of his council. The sum of \$10,000 had been provided for defray-

ing the expenses of a state-wide "Welcome Home" celebration for all New Hampshire's service men. Considerable confusion arose as to how and where this money could be spent most profitably and advantageously

afforded at the time and place of the convention for the state celebration planned by the government.

And, once the suggestion was made to Governor Bartlett, the \$10,000 was as good as turned over to the Legion for its use in effecting development into the real force it can be in the state. The council concurred with the governor's opinion, and this money reverted to the Legion's treasury, the public officials feeling assured that the purposes for which it was appropriated could best be realized through the official service man's organization.

A second boost for the Legion came when arrangements were made with the officers of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association whereby the facilities of the association's sacred campground at The Weirs were laid at the disposal of the Legion for its first state convention.

And there, by the blue waters of Winnepesaukee, on ground that has been consecrated by gatherings of New Hampshire soldiers through the last two decades, was staged one of the most significant events in the military annals of the state.

The Boys in Blue, fewer in number than a twelve month before, gathered on the last week of August in the place which, more than any other spot in the state, is solely and primarily their own—The Weirs' campground. It was the occasion of the annual encampment of the New Hampshire Veteran's Association.

But new faces, younger men, soldiers, too, but uniformed in olive drab, veterans of another war, mingled with the aging heroes of '61.

What light of pride shone from the eyes of both generations of fighters as the Blue and the Khaki grasped hands and spoke the word, "Comrade!" No other class of men ever could appreciate their mutual sacrifices and service as could the private under Grant and the "buck" under Pershing, meeting at The Weirs for common purposes.

Joseph H. Kilourhy
Laconia

for the thousands of people who would want a part in the demonstration.

As the summer wore on and the Legion grew in strength, it became necessary to fix upon plans for a state convention. Money would be essential for its conduct, of course. But what appealed particularly to the state officers was the opportunity

The younger soldier, freshly flushed with his victorious drives on a foreign soil, checked his natural elation as he met face to face with New Hampshire soldiers of fifty years ago. There was something in the eyes of the Union Army man which probably had always been there but which had escaped the attention of his son or grandson—previous to April 6, 1917. Now, however, this attribute of the soldier was recognized; for fighter faced fighter and their admiration was mutual.

Camaraderie such as that between the men who saved Old Glory for the United States and the men who saved democracy for the world is unpurchasable, more exclusive than the richest Gold Coast association and possessed of the finest sentiments to which man can give expression. For both the man in blue and the man in khaki were ready to give their lives for their brothers—for their country.

The older soldier viewed the coming of his younger comrade with undisguised happiness and relief. In the American Legion, the Grand Army veteran saw the natural successor to his beloved organization. And all for which the G. A. R. stood and all for which it had fought still would have a champion after the last man in blue had fallen into the Great Slumber in obedience to the inevitable "Taps." War veterans still would frequent the beloved haunts at The Weirs. Memorial Day still would find soldiers firing volleys by flag-marked graves.

In such atmosphere, then, the first state convention of the American Legion in New Hampshire was conducted on August 26, 27 and 28, 1919.

What happened? These delegates of Granite State men who had fought and won, what ground did they break for the establishment of the organization by which they still will be bound, in reminiscence and in continued service to the country they saved? Who were the men whose deliberations and high purposes evolved a

state organization which has been copied freely by Legioners in other states?

The keynote of the convention was struck in the opening address by the temporary chairman, Frank Knox. This so epitomizes the spirit of the state's pioneer Legioners that I will reproduce it here practically in full. If the reader really desires to get the swing of what the Legion means in

Capt. Charles A. French
Laconia

New Hampshire, every word of this address should be digested.

Incidentally, it explains the part New Hampshire delegates to the St. Louis caucus had in presenting the resolution for requesting of Congress a grant of six months' additional pay to every service man.

Chairman Knox said:

Fellow Comrades! New Hampshire is the first state in the United States to organize its State Branch. We are going to do here in the next two or three days pioneer work. To a certain extent what we shall do here may serve as a partial model for other states to follow, and so I want to charge you at the outset of this convention with the importance,

and shall I say solemnity, of what we are about to do. We are meeting up here on ground made sacred by the memory of those New Hampshire men who have resorted here year after year to keep alive ties—just such ties as bind us together. And as time goes on, and much of it has flown since our great war in which they participated, their numbers have grown less, until today their meeting is attended by a corporal's guard contrasted with the great number who came here in the early years after the Civil War. It is for us to take up the burden which they must soon lay down, for us to "carry on" the spirit which they have held alive for all these years; and it is a seriously important

out of it without one inch of added territory, without a single additional soul added to our citizenship, without a penny of indemnity or reparation from the enemy. I don't think the whole history of the world, if we except our own little War with Spain, can supply anything which approaches this in national unselfishness. And we come here, we men who helped to make up the American Army and Navy in this great war, to help perpetuate the principles for which that war was fought. We come here, I trust and pray, to dedicate ourselves to those principles, the principles for which our comrades died.

We have become accustomed to hear people call us—indeed, we sometimes call ourselves—ex-service men. Let us drop that "ex!" Let us enlist for the balance of our lives as service men who will stand four-square against every assault upon the principles and ideals for which America stands. Let us be "service men" in the finest and best sense of that word until we die.

In 1917 and 1918 we fought or were ready to fight a foe entrenched and armed with the weapons of war. That struggle was won with our help. We still fight the same enemy of unscrupulous might and unprincipled power. We must still and always fight against the principle that "might makes right," which was, when we analyze it down to its last word and last syllable, precisely the principle which caused and brought about this great World War. It was one which a civilized nation which had flourished and grown great actually accepted as a part of its religion, and certainly as part of its national faith; the principle "might makes right" and that anything, no matter how dishonorable or unworthy, that one might do at the behest and order of the representatives of the government, that thing was right. That is the essence of the Teutonic philosophy, which finally embroiled the whole world in war. That is the thing in the final analysis we all fought against, and I suppose we can give ourselves over to the support of no greater principle than the opposite of that, that right shall always prevail over sheer might; and in this country and in this world, taking into consideration the processes of human hearts and human minds, it is always well, let us remember, that right shall be well armed and well prepared to sustain the doctrines of right. And I hope, and I believe that all men of the three or four million men who made up the American Army and Navy in this war will always stand as a body in support of a rational policy of military preparedness in this country, which shall take on none of the aspects of the military policy of Germany, but which shall be in its essence and in its principles thoroughly democratic, and which will supply to every young man as he grows to young manhood an opportunity to train himself, so that in case that his country ever calls he shall be prepared to

Dr. Charles S. Walker
Keene

duty which is ours. What we say here and what we do here may not be of the greatest importance, but the thing which we attempt to commemorate by our organization is of the greatest possible importance to all the world. We may look in vain for a better illustration than was afforded the world by the United States in the last war. The glory of our participation in that war, to my mind, is two-fold. It showed America as ready to defend her honor and to resent the attacks upon her sovereignty and upon the lives of her citizens as she has ever been, and the results that flowed from that war have shown America to have been utterly unselfish in that defense. We alone of all the great powers who took part in that great war come

answer that call, and answer in an efficient

If the American Legion in its birth and in its early days stands for anything it stands preëminently for 100 per cent Americanism. That is the first of our Ten Commandments. The American Legion tolerates and will tolerate no hyphen. It is not satisfied and never will be satisfied with any fifty-fifty patriotism. We will have only in our membership men who are Americans and nothing else. We welcome men from every land and every clime, but when they cross our borders and take the oath of allegiance to our country and government they cease to be what they may have been, and they become what we are, nothing but Americans; and those who come to America on any other terms than those had better be sent back, and the sooner the better.

We fought, or were ready to fight; and the man who was ready to fight deserves as great honor as the man who had the wonderful experience of taking part in the active campaign. We fought for right opposed to force, as our consciences would have us always fight for right.

Let us not permit ourselves to be numbered in that happily small minority who are ready to accept peace at any price. Peace is a desirable thing. No man who wore a uniform and took part in a campaign ever, down in his heart, wished to undergo that experience again. Those people in the United States who, most of all, know what war is want war again the least of all. But there are some things that are worse than war. There are some things that are better than peace, and one is the consciousness of standing for right, for justice; and it is because we insisted that we should be counted for right and justice and because we would not accept peace at the price of dishonor that America became a party to this war. There cannot be in the mind of any true American who properly appreciates what Americanism stands for, any compromise with any question which involves our national policy with wrong. Our fathers came over here three hundred years ago and founded, made the beginnings, which later eventuated in a government in which the rule of the majority was the underlying principle upon which it was based. That is the fundamental doctrine of every democratic form of government, the rule of the majority. There are not lacking ominous signs in the world today of men who would adopt a very different creed. There are those who are secretly spreading about propaganda which would create in this country of ours, built upon the system of rule of majority, a system of class hatred, who would substitute for rule of majority rule by class. We must, then, revering in our memory the men who died in France, each of us stand like our own Granite Hills against any such doctrine as that. We must set our

faces against any principle that proposes to create in this country of ours division by class; and we must always stand, if good Americans, for the rule of majority. And when majority speaks, every loyal American must stand back of that.

Those who met in Paris and later those who met at the St. Louis caucus very wisely agreed that the American Legion should stand for policies and not politics. There are great national policies which stand out like headlands above the tossing sea of party partisanship, and our Legion must be free to stand for those grand policies which appeal to us, and must guard zealously and with care against any man or group of men who would seek to make this organization the tool of party politics; and we must guard against

F. A. Gray
Lebanon

any man who would use his voice in this organization to gratify a personal political ambition.

One of the dearest and most sacred duties which falls to us is to keep green the memories of the men who made the supreme sacrifice, who died that we might have our freedom. I hope that through the agency of the American Legion Decoration Day, which is now only partially a national holiday, will be made national, both North and South, because in this war, thank God, there was no divided country; and, as I have said, I hope Decoration Day will be made a national holiday in its broadest sense; and may we never fail on that day to do our part to keep green the memory of those men whom we helped to bury over there and to fulfill our duty to our living comrades.

We are bound together by a tie which should only be second to the tie which binds

us to our immediate family. It is our business to watch over and care for those of our members to whom misfortune may come. Never fear, as the years go on, but there will be ample opportunity for us to display this quality in our loyalty to our Legion, to our fellow-members in the Legion. There are a thousand ways at present in which we can display this spirit of loyalty to members. There are a dozen details at loose ends which touch the personal fortunes of our members; and our Legion today, through its various posts and state committee, can be most effectual in promoting the welfare of those of our members who may need our help.

Ralph M. Hutchins
No. Stratford

Now, I am going to touch very briefly upon a question that has been much discussed among the various local posts and which directly relates to the welfare of the members of the Legion. The Legion delegation from New Hampshire to the St. Louis caucus was very hastily chosen; it had to be so. The choice was delayed deliberately until the last moment in order that the men of the 26th Division, that had just returned home, might have a voice in their selection; so the selection was made, only two days I think it was, before the delegation had to leave the state. That hastily selected delegation on the train en route to St. Louis elected myself as its chairman and directed me to procure, if possible, adoption of the resolution by the convention at St. Louis in support of the government bonus for the enlisted men, amounting

to the equivalent of six months' pay. On the way out we had a caucus of the New England delegation on that train. I presented the matter to that New England delegation and was authorized by them to present to the resolution committee in St. Louis the resolution; and it happened I was placed by the resolution committee in St. Louis chairman of the sub-committee which prepared the resolutions for adoption. In that committee the resolution I was instructed to present was presented. It was discussed, and in almost exactly the form in which it was presented it was adopted by the committee. During the parleys of the session of that committee there was a constant effort to avoid any subject in that caucus—which, you understand, was a very democratic affair—which might precipitate any dissension on the floor. As chairman of the sub-committee on the resolutions committee, I myself averted discussion of several propositions which seemed to me to carry in them seeds of dissension; and we were successful in keeping out of that resolution report all these possible matters which might precipitate a fight. The purpose of the leaders of that convention was to avoid, if possible, any discussion of any subject on which there was a difference of opinion until the convention could be assembled, properly selected and truly representative of the whole membership. That was the situation under which the resolution for bonus was presented to the convention. I moved its adoption after it had been read. I thereafter discovered it was challenged by almost every officer of the convention, and many earnest speeches were made against its adoption. I debated in my mind during the entire progress of the debate whether I should take the floor in an attempt to secure the adoption of the resolution. It was perfectly obvious it would precipitate very serious discord, and having taken part myself in the consideration of a number of other resolutions, on that ground I thought—I may have been mistaken—I thought it wise not to make that fight, and that resolution was not adopted. When the National Convention meets in November it will be representative. The delegates who go there will be men regularly chosen by their state branches; and I think one of the propositions that our state Branch at least should take back to that regularly constituted convention is the same proposition we took to the temporary caucus at St. Louis. The reason for my belief in the justice of this thing is this: the men who went into the army, many of them with family ties, were required to do so, and required to accept a very modest army pay. Out of this there were deductions, and those of us who were lucky enough to hold a commission and to know something of the department work will know something of the large percentage of the pay of enlisted men which went for

other purposes than in their own pockets. So, during the time these men were risking their lives for their country, they subsisted on the very minimum of pay, while the men over here who were not called to service were demanding and receiving money as wages largely in excess of the scale of wages paid when these men left the country for service in the army and navy.

My friends, the only just way if we ever have another war—and I pray we never shall—the only just way to call upon the manhood of the country in its defense is to draft every man in the country under forty-five years of age, and then assign some of them, the best equipped, the best skilled, the best material, to the army and navy, and assign the other men to other occupations that are essential to the success of the war; and let every man's pay be just and what the government tells him he may have.

If this war had been conducted upon that just plane there would be no excuse for asking the government now to supplement the meagre pay the men had in the army. But that was not the policy that it pursued, and since it was not, I believe this request of the men who saw service is a just and sensible one; and I hope our State Branch, when the proper time comes, will take appropriate action on this question, which is so nearly related to the welfare of our members.

And now we turn to build our structure of the American Legion in New Hampshire. I pray God that He will give us wisdom to build it wisely and to build it worthily; worthy of the memory of the men who sleep today along the Chemin des Dames, by the banks of the Marne, in the depths of the Argonne, because what we build here today, tomorrow and the next day we hope shall endure until we all answer the last roll-call.

Following the address, of course, they had all the fixings that are served up generally with a convention, appointment of committees, election of officers, reports, arguments, speeches, lot of them, on a hundred topics such, for instance, as the superiority of Manchester as the headquarters seat for the outfit over Concord and vice versa. And they mopped up every delegate's pockets for credential papers and all that sort of thing.

Although they kept their noses to the grindstone pretty steadily in those three days, there was recreation and a bit of the spectacular by way of relief.

For instance, there was the reception tendered the honored guests of

the Legion on Thursday, Governor's Day and American Legion Day combined. Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Department of the Northeast and formerly commanding general of the Fighting Yankee (26th) Division in France, honored the occasion by his presence.

By the way, that brings up a factor which had its effect upon the work of establishing the Legion in New Hampshire. A majority of the volunteer soldiers in New Hampshire served

Clyde F. Hannant
Greenville

in the 26th Division. Upon the return of the Y. D. boys, they evinced an early interest in the Legion and many of them became active advocates of it.

This, unfortunately, led many New Hampshire men of the regular army and of the national army, of the navy and of the marine corps to a false impression that they were not to have proportionate influence in shaping and conducting the organization.

This belief, however, has been pricked for the bubble that it is and service men of the state, whatever

or wherever their service was, know that the Legion is an outfit of and for them all without distinction.

General Edwards was received with the acclaim that is due a leader and breeder of fighters, for Y. D. boys look upon him with a regard that makes of him one of the most admired and beloved of the higher officers of the A. E. F.

Not only did the former soldiers welcome him but hundreds and thousands of parents, wives, children,

occasion and by the older veterans in blue. There was a vigorous program of sporting events, in which only service men were eligible and in which the "over the top" spirit was demonstrated by the veteran contestants, to the pleasure of the thousands of visitors.

There were exercises of various nature. Not the least impressive of these was the memorial service during which tender thought was given the lads who rest in the peace of noble sacrifice in European soil. More addresses were made and applauded for the stout sincerity with which the Legion was acclaimed.

Notable among these were the words of Gov. John H. Bartlett, who, with his council, was the Legion's guest. In brief, the governor said:

On behalf of a splendid people and a wonderful state, I welcome, felicitate and congratulate you, as the surviving victors of three wars.

At this old shrine of patriotism, dedicated to the memory of the living and dead, are gathered now in glorious comradeship, you who fought under Lincoln, and Grant, and Sherman, you who fought under McKinley, and Roosevelt, and you who have just returned from the awful world cataclysm on foreign soil.

Were it not for certain visible perils of the immediate present, this would be the most happy day in the history of civilization. We have not stopped long enough to think how thankful we ought to be. The dread possibilities of two years ago, the deathly shudder we felt when you boys marched away, the undreamed-of successes of German arms, the unspeakable tragedies of the sea,—these, all these are passed,—with nearly all you beloved boys and husbands returned to us safely,—passed to a new era of liberty, opening up in a transcendent burst of sunlight a new day for the whole world.

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears," have been with you men in that matchless service through which you have gone and from which you have come to see again your own, to enjoy again a common heritage, and to hear now the most cordial, the most heartfelt, and the most exultant welcome which a grateful people of the best state in the union can hope to express. Such a welcome home I give you.

Whatever may be said by any one to the contrary, let no one cause you, for a moment, to believe that the home folks are not glad

**Miss Ruth Corey
Manchester**

sweethearts and friends of the soldiers who had poured into The Weirs that Thursday saw the man whose genial humanity had inspired their sons to push the Boche back from the Marne, out of St. Mihiel but, unfortunately, not out of the Argonne.

Thursday was the gala day of the convention, the day of popular appeal and attraction. In reality, a state-wide "welcome home" demonstration was staged.

There was a parade of service men, reviewed by the honored guests of the

to see you, glad to welcome you, and glad to do for you anything in their power to show their appreciation of you and your heroic service.

Many of us made promises to you, and yours, when you were going away. Many of us made promises to you while you were away. Practically all are ready and willing to keep these promises in the true spirit of exalted service. Those who are not may answer to their consciences and to the rebukes of public opinion.

The only cloud on the beautiful sky of the new era today, is, that eruption of feeling which seems unwilling to be patient and work out our political salvation along the lines laid down by an orderly republican form of government.

Where a majority may have their way by the ballot, there can be no possible excuse for the mob. Where the tyranny of kings and kaisers is dead, there can be no excuse for the tyranny of money or brute-force to live. Where the old flag protects us all alike in an orderly manner, no patriot should permit himself, or another, to take short cuts to his personal or class advantage. Whatever may be gained for the moment by taking advantage of the government will be lost a thousand fold. Force, threats, intimidations, invisible-government, machinations, may all get something for a time, but they will, in the end, break down the very bulwark of our governmental safety and bring on irreparable loss even to those who have made temporary gain. To this work of steadying the ship of state I also welcome you.

May God bless you, veterans of all wars, keep you to guide us in patriotism, and hand down the true lessons of war and peace.

General Edwards also gave words of praise to the men who were organizing for further service, taking up many subjects which must be considered not only for the Legion's particular benefit but also for that of the country in general.

There were other events of recreative and social nature throughout the three days' sessions of the convention. Mess call summoned them to frequent feasts of "chow." The city of Laconia proved a liberal neighbor and invitations were extended the Legion delegates to take part in a parade during the city's welcome home celebration as well as to enjoy a shore dinner and trip on the lake in an especially chartered steamer.

But these events were incidental to the real business of the convention.

Before recording the "high spots" of the convention, it may be of interest to know who the men were whose combined deliberations produced the machinery of the Legion in this state.

I write men. But I must amend it. There was one woman delegate. Miss Ruth Corey of Manchester, whose long and tireless service as a nurse entitles her to full membership in the Legion, was at The Weirs convention as one of the representatives of Henry J. Sweeney Post, No. 2,

Frank H. Quigley
Wilton

Manchester. There are many New Hampshire women who are entitled to membership through devoted service in their country's behalf. But, as a majority of these are nurses and engaged in work that takes them away from their homes, it is difficult for them to assemble the necessary fifteen all in one place and at one time for the securing of a charter as a separate woman's post.

Here, then, are the men—and woman—who built the Legion in this state:

Post No. 1, Laconia, Charles A. French, Joseph H. Killourhy, George R. Bowman and Thomas Cheney, four delegates; Post No. 2, Manchester, George Wingate, Walter Boardman, Thomas Fitzgerald, Robert Farrington, Miss Ruth Corey, Thomas Conway, Frank Welch, seven delegates; Post No. 3, Nashua, Harry Parker, Ray S. Nute and William A. Molloy, three delegates; Post No.

Meddie Taylor; Post No. 12, Franklin, Dr. James B. Woodman and R. E. Hersey; Post No. 13, Greenville, Henry Boisvert; Post No. 14, Lisbon, George E. Clark; Post No. 15, Ashland, Bert A. Baker; Post No. 16, Goffstown, Maurice Johnson; Post No. 17, Groveton, Fay H. Elliott; Post No. 18, Wolfeboro, Perley Perkins; Post No. 19, New Boston, Howard A. Marden; Post No. 20, Woodsville, Harold K. Davison; Post No. 21, Concord, Robert Murchie and George W. Morrill; Post No. 22, Lebanon, Frank A. Gray; Post No. 23, Milford, Fred Bergaine; Post No. 24, Marlboro, Robert H. Kinder; Post No. 25, Newport, Frank Hutchinson; Post No. 26, Bristol, John Dole; Post No. 27, Londonderry, Edison G. Robie; Post No. 28, Suncook, no delegate; Post No. 29, Claremont, E. P. Cushman; Post No. 30, Lancaster, Lucius B. Holton; Post No. 31, Penacook, Raymond Cassavaugh; Post No. 32, Exeter, Reginald Stevenson; Post No. 33, Meredith, Harris Batchelder; Post No. 34, Cornish, Phillip Lawrence; Post No. 35, Raymond, Hugh C. Whittier; Post No. 36, Berlin, Philip H. Goss; Post No. 37, Hooksett, Maurice Otterson; Post No. 38, Walter H. Stone, Fitzwilliam; Post No. 39, Warner, Lloyd H. Cogswell; Post No. 40, New London, Dr. William P. Clough; Post No. 41, Whitefield, no delegate; Post No. 42, Barnstead, Ernest A. Zecha.

Clarence James
Franklin

4, Keene, Orville Cain, Harry Tenney, two delegates; Post No. 5, Peterborough, Frank M. McLaughlin; Post No. 6, Portsmouth, Nelson T. Wright and David White, two delegates; Post No. 7, Rochester, James P. Hartigan, Ralph W. Dunlap; Post No. 8, Dover, Francis J. McDonald and Daniel Ryan; Post No. 9, Derry, Allan Shepard and John H. Taylor; Post No. 10, Wilton, Frank S. Quigley; Post No. 11, East Jaffrey,

It would be not only impossible in the space allowed but tedious reading if full report of all the proceedings of the Legion were rehearsed. However, there are outstanding actions which can be recorded in brief.

What did the convention do, then?

It elected officers for the year 1919-1920. These are: Commander, Orville Cain, Keene; senior vice-commander, Frank H. Quigley, Wilton; junior vice-commander, Allan B. Shepard, Derry; secretary-treasurer, Frank J. Abbott, Manchester; quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell, Lake-

port; master-of-arms, James Hartigan, Rochester; chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney, Laconia. The incumbent of the office of historian was left to the executive committee to select.

The executive committee includes a representative of every county and these are: Hillsborough County, Maurice H. Johnson, Goffstown; Rockingham County, Reginald C. Stevenson, Exeter; Grafton County, Burton Whittier, Lebanon; Belknap County, C. Fred Maher, Laconia; Strafford County, Frank J. McDonald, Dover; Coös County, Philip H. Goss, Berlin; Sullivan County, Frank P. Hutchinson, Newport; Cheshire County, Dr. Charles S. Walker, Keene; Carroll County, Edward R. Craigie, Wolfeboro; Merrimack County, Perin E. Hersey, Franklin.

While on the subject of elections, it is worthy of note that Frank Knox, chairman of the convention and temporary chairman of the Legion in this state, declined to allow his name to go before the convention as a candidate for reelection to the office of commander. A complimentary vote was cast in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the Legion.

It elected delegates, contingent delegates and alternates to the national convention at Minneapolis, November 10, 11 and 12.

It voted to conduct the second annual convention at The Weirs during the last full week in August, 1920.

It adopted a constitution and by-laws. If these had not incorporated all of the principles and high purposes which have been gone into at such length previously, it would be interesting to reproduce them here. They make inspirational reading, in spite of their formal wording.

It voted to establish and maintain headquarters for the state executive committee in Concord. This action brought the "fireworks." Not only "flares" but whole batteries of "heavies," popping machine guns and rifle fire were turned loose, pro and

con, before the final vote. This stood: Concord, 30; Manchester, 22.

It is indicative of the cordial unity of the state's Legioners that, after the fight had been lost for Manchester, Chairman Knox, one of the Queen City's sturdiest supporters, made this statement:

"On behalf of Manchester, I want to say to you, the Queen City will be behind the Legion 100 per cent, no matter where the headquarters are."

The convention provided for the election of one or more persons to represent it upon the board of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association.

Daniel Ryan
Dover

It adopted resolutions "immutably opposing the admission to the national legislative body or to any other public office of any persons of doubtful loyalty during the war and those persons whose disloyalty has been judicially determined."

With reference to men who evaded the draft, another resolution was adopted, reading:

WHEREAS, Many men of draft age who were working in employment of a governmental nature at the outbreak of the war were considered essential in those positions for the successful prosecution of the war; and

WHEREAS, They were in these positions at the conclusion of the war; and

WHEREAS, Now the men who entered the military and naval service of the country at the time of the outbreak of the war and during the war, and risked their lives for a soldier's or a sailor's pay, have been discharged; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That, in justice to the returned soldiers and sailors, these men who were employed in such work during the war be immediately replaced by qualified ex-service men wherever practicable.

After a long discussion, the words, "Portsmouth Navy Yard," were struck out of this resolution and "positions of a governmental nature" were substituted.

The convention adopted a resolution calling upon Congress to enact a law, if possible without violating

WHEREAS, There is abroad in certain sections of our country a spirit of unrest and antagonism and an attempted setting of class against class, fostered by an insidious and un-American propaganda, constituting an assault upon the fundamental American principle of the rule of the majority; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That this convention declares the unswerving loyalty of the New Hampshire Branch of the American Legion to the basic principle of majority rule.

It adopted a resolution favoring the payment by the state of an additional bonus of \$70 to every qualified service man. This made a total bonus from the state of \$100.

The convention voted that the state branch and that local posts be incorporated under the laws of the state.

A creed was presented by the committee on resolutions which was accepted by the convention.

If you have read nothing else, read this:

Recognizing the obligation of the citizen to maintain our national honor and integrity, being resolved that the fruits of the great war shall not die, and without reference to race, creed or party, we of the New Hampshire Branch of the American Legion who participated in the war, in order that the principles of justice, freedom and democracy may more completely direct and influence the daily life of America's manhood, announce our adherence to the following principles and purposes:

(a) To inculcate the duties and obligations of citizenship and an undivided loyalty which shall be 100 per cent American;

(b) To preserve the history and incidents of our participation in this war;

(c) To cement comradeship formed in service;

(d) To promote, assist and protect the general welfare of all soldiers, sailors and marines, and those dependent upon them;

(e) To encourage the maintenance of individual and national efficiency to the end that the nation shall never fail in its obligation;

(f) To maintain the principle that undivided and uncompromising support of the Constitution of the United States is the true test of loyalty.

The following table contains the name and number of each New Hampshire Post of the Legion, its location, its commander and its total membership:

John J. Taylor
Derry

treaty obligations of the country, to deport aliens who had relinquished their first citizenship papers to escape military service.

It adopted a resolution favoring the grant by Congress of an additional six months' pay at the rate of \$30 a month to honorably discharged service men.

Other resolutions dealt with war risk insurance and disability retirement.

Here is one that touches the present most vitally and I shall reproduce it in full:

POSTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

October 27, 1919

<i>Post No.</i>	<i>Post Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Local Commander's Name</i>	<i>Number of Members.</i>
1	Frank W. Wilkins	Laconia	Thomas P. Cheney	326
2	Henry J. Sweeney	Manchester	George Wingate	855
3	James E. Coffey	Nashua	William E. Sullivan	305
4	Gordon-Bissell	Keene	Fay M. Smith	337
5	William Halswall Cheney	Peterborough	Frank B. Foster	77
6	Frank E. Booma	Portsmouth	J. R. Waldron	258
7	"Rochester"	Rochester	James Hartigan	125
8	"Dover"	Dover	John Murphy	100
9	Lester W. Chase	Derry	John J. Taylor	160
10	Roy Bent	Wilton	Frank H. Quigley	41
11	James B. Mathewson	East Jaffery	Wesley W. Hildreth	86
12	"Franklin"	Franklin	Perin E. Hersey	179
13	Henry J. LeClaire	Greenville	Clyde F. Hannaut	28
14	Timothy Dickenson	Lisbon	George E. Clark	41
15	Ezra Dupuis	Ashland	Bert A. Baker	35
16	Wesley Wyman	Goffstown	Maurice H. Johnson	46
17	Fredonwarell	Groveton	Lynn F. Rice	65
18	Harry Harriman	Wolfeboro	Dr. F. E. Clow	49
19	Emerson-Bailey-Clover	New Boston	Maurice L. Daniels	26
20	Tracy Ross	Woodsville	H. K. Davison	76
21	"Concord"	Concord	Dr. Robert O. Blood	342
22	Arthur G. Guyer	Lebanon	William G. Barry	105
23	"Milford"	Milford	Burt Talbot	61
24	Clarence J. Croteau	Marlboro	Arthur G. Croteau	44
25	Brewster	Newport	Harold P. Shepard	75
26	George Minot Cavis	Bristol	Ralph P. Pope	45
27	Frank A. Harrington	Londonderry	William S. Nevins	15
28	"Suncook"	Suncook	Carl E. Wessen	15
29	"Claremont"	Claremont	Hiram J. Patterson	178
30	Arthur P. Mahaney	Lancaster	Bernard F. Gillespie	102
31	Joseph Guyette	Penacook	Percy B. Morrill	15
32	Almon R. Pingree	Exeter	Joseph T. Comings	104
33	Roy H. Griggs	Meredith	Leander G. Pynn	24
34	"Cornish"	Cornish	Homer Saint-Gaudens	20
35	"Raymond"	Raymond	Hugh D. Whittier	17
36	Ryan-Scammon	Berlin	Oscar P. Cole	137
37	George E. Merrill	Hooksett	Leopold T. Togus	35
38	Monadnock	Fitzwilliam	A. J. Blunden	24
39	"Warner"	Warner	Clayton H. Dow	36
40	"New London"	New London	Charles W. Gordon	25
41	Dewey Ingerson	Whitefield	Earl G. Stevens	15
42	Earl B. Clark	Barnstead	Ernest Zecha	16
43	William H. Jutras	West Manchester	J. Adhemar Letendre	514
44	Minatt Rivers	Winchester	William E. Johnson, Jr.	32
45	"Hinsdale"	Hinsdale	C. E. Mayward	67
46	Ralph Shirley	North Conway	Ralph W. Bowley	15
47	William Martel	Salmon Falls	Edward J. Hudon	46
48	William S. Holmes	Gorham	L. A. Newell	15
49	Frank Whiteman	Tilton	Harry L. Tilton	15
50	William M. Myers	Antrim	B. G. Butterfield	15
51	Gilbert D. Fraser	Thornton's Ferry	Arthur F. Callbeck	15
52	Harry L. Curtis	North Stratford	Ralph M. Hutchins	15
53	Whitecomb	Charlestown	Louis C. Reed	23
54	"Lincoln"	Lincoln	Milo S. Burnell	15
55	Verne H. Weld	Canaan	Ned B. Smith	15
56	Edward Boufford	Troy	Harry S. Platts, M.D.	15
57	C. P. Britton	Alstead	George L. Porter	15
58	Charles W. Kilborn	Belmont	Homer L. Crockett	15
59	Gleason Young	Hillsboro	John S. Childs	15
60	Clarence L. Perkins	Farmington	Earle M. Tuttle	15
61	Oscar G. Morehouse	Milton	Aldo B. Garland	15
62	George L. O'Neill	Colebrook	Charles J. Walker	15

With what better sentiment than that could I bring to a close this story of the American Legion's purposes and growth, in the national and local fields?

Ever since the first dark-skinned son of Pharaoh took chisel and hammer in hand and cut straight-laced figures in a piece of granite, man has been beset by an obsession to chronicle events of his observation.

This is the greatest chronicle of all time. In the Legion, there is saved for all time the spirit of 4,800,000 men, and more, men living and men dead; the high and holy elation that took them overseas to face an unbridled menace to the peace of the world;

the noble *selflessness* that sought and expected nothing by way of reward for its service except consciousness of having defended those same principles for which the Minute Men at Lexington, the Union forces of '61 and the Rough and Ready Riders of '98 also shouldered arms and faced death itself rather than witness extinction of honor and right among the nations of the earth.

The Legion is a living record of a magnificent, national altruism. May its pages never be counted. May they grow ever in number and in sanctification to the maintenance of "a government of the people, for the people and by the people."

THE FIRST SNOW

By Virginia B. Ladd

It came in the night, and so softly
That the wakeful heard not a sound,
But the morning revealed it triumphant,
A casing of gems for the ground
Which the previous evening had chilled us
It seemed so resistless and hard.

As we sped through the gathering shadows
Our wheels made a rumble and din,
Till the tumult around us but answered
Discordant communings within.
Not even the thrill from the wind's keen breath
Could the dreary forebodings discard.

But now, in the day-lighted dimness
Of snowflakes thick filling the air,
Comes a feeling of rest and protection—
A comfort that banishes care—
Wrapping 'round the tired heart a mantle,
Like charity, covering sins.

Ah yes, with the short days and bleakness
Which come when December draws near,
Let us have the snow's spotless garment
To protect the old age of the year.
With the frost comes really the winter;
Not when the first snow-fall begins.

Meredith, N. H.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 10

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

DECEMBER—PEACEFUL EVENINGS AND EARTH'S MANTLE OF SNOW

THE LONG EVENINGS

"Come evening, once again, season of peace,
Return sweet evening, and continue long;
I slight thee not, but bid thee welcome.
How calm is my retreat, and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough winds endear
The silence and warmth within.

* * * * *
Now stir the fire, close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round—
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

—Cowper.

The early night-fall and the chill of the days, as we approach the shortest days of the year, make very inviting the evening lamps and fires. The lamp at the evening supper table gives an added domestic cheer to that meal; and the treasures of the papers, magazines, games and conversation that follow, are things to be prized.

And then here in New Hampshire there is ever on the table the pan of apples, the pitcher of cider, the popper of corn— Ah! in these joys of the country home who would go to the city? Clubs, hotels, theatres, none of the city amusements have joys like these. And the cheer of the crackling wood-fire, and the companionship of the wood stove if one be alone with it. Steam pipes, coal stoves, let them be for the starved soul in the city, out here in the town we want the crackling blaze of the wood-fire. On these nights I always like to think of the fire as did St. Francis when he called it "Brother Fire." Let me quote him—

"Praised by our Brother Fire,
By him light is given to us,
And he is bright and pleasant
And mighty and strong."

Man never had a home till he learned how to kindle fire; then its terror kept the animals away and

gave him comfort; we feel the joy in a fire that has been passed down for 100,000 years; no wonder that the poetic soul of Francis made him say "I love the fire above all things." What joys our fathers got from the old fireplace, and what joys we may get today.

THE MANTLE OF SNOW

"The housemates sit
Around the radiant fire, inclosed
In tumultuous privacy of storm."

How many times this scene has occurred in the old Granite State, and always with what joys do we greet winter's first snow. It comes along in late December. We stand and look thru the windows at the swirling crystals of swollen frost; we see the hills and fields becoming clothed in their mantle of purity; we watch the handiwork of the North wind's masonry as familiar objects become grotesque figures. All the experiences that Whittier tells about in his immortal "Snow-Bound" become ours. I climb the attic stairs to listen to the roar in the trees. I read Whittier's, Emerson's and Lowell's poetic tributes to the snowstorm—true indeed there is no sight like a New England snowstorm as wind and elements unite to transform the face of the earth. And then the next day, when wind has veered off, the sun comes thru, the snowflakes sparkle like diamonds and laden are the tree-branches in beautiful white foliage.

The beauties of the snow army are then everywhere—there is a whiteness such as no painter can equal, a beauty such as no sculptor can reach—God has painted the whiteness and formed the beauty.

EDITORIAL

A. D. 1919 has been an eventful year in New Hampshire, as elsewhere, though here the pains of the world's new birth have been felt less acutely than in some other sections. New Hampshire has been very prosperous, the aggregate of its industrial production, agricultural and manufacturing, the amount of its capital invested, wages paid and savings deposits made reaching new heights. The abundance of money, even with the high cost of living, and the reaction from wartime self-denial to unrestricted enjoyment of the pleasures of life, has been especially evident in New Hampshire, not only among our own people, but to an even greater extent through our army of vacationing visitors and their tens of thousands of touring automobiles. The other side of the picture, the vaguely, but constantly, threatening aspect of industrial unrest, has not been so evident in New Hampshire, but even here the long arm of organized labor, reaching out for what it deems its rights, has laid the paralyzing finger of the strike upon our industry; though, happily, not with violence or for long and costly periods. But here, as elsewhere, the great problem which the old year bequeathes to the new is how we may range capital and labor, producer and consumer, under the one flag which bears the legend of the

Golden Rule. Under the armistice New Hampshire has received back from the war her soldier and sailor sons, and they have been absorbed without difficulty and with benefit into the social fabric of the commonwealth. The gratitude of the state to them has been manifested in ways of both substance and sentiment, and they have formed for and of themselves an organization which has in it great possibilities for good. As one of the United States, New Hampshire has ratified during the year the amendments to the federal constitution doing away with intoxicating liquor and extending the suffrage to women; the farthest steps forward in half a century. For her own part, she has reorganized and Americanized her schools; continued the improvement of her highways; forwarded the conservation of her forests; and prepared for the greater utilization of her water power. On the whole, the year 1919 has been a good year for New Hampshire. Not alone, perhaps not principally, because of what has been done or of what has been escaped, during the twelve months, but because of the spirit that has been shown by our people of willingness to cooperate in amending our faults, increasing our merits, strengthening our weak places and building anew upon our heights of achievement.

THE CONNECTICUT

By Perley R. Bugbee

Where is there a fairer stream on earth's green
With waters reflecting Heaven's own blue?
Where are greener banks and vales ever-green
Or verdant meadows of a lovelier hue?

A queen of the valleys rich and green,
The Connecticut is a river fair.
Mighty Ascutney of kingly mien
She passes and leaves for the ocean's air.

The Rainbow Above the River

Her charming smiles are emerald isles
Surrounded by waters deep,
Where rainbows fair, hover in the air,
Bowing low her isles to meet.

We love her waters and we love her banks,
Her granite hills and the slope's rills;
Beneath murmuring pines we give our thanks
On summer nights with whip-poor-wills.

Hanover, N. H.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

MY GENERATION. By William Jewett Tucker. Illustrated. Pp., 464. Cloth, \$4. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Doctor Tucker, as the loved and revered president emeritus of Dartmouth College is referred to most often, was not born in New Hampshire, and two important chapters in his life story, those dealing with his New York City pastorate and his Andover Seminary professorship, have their location without this state. But with these exceptions his generation has been a New Hampshire generation, and while his usefulness, his influence, his fame have pertained to the nation, rather than to the state, yet the freely bestowed title of New Hampshire's first citizen has belonged rightly to him.

As a small boy, he came with his uncle and almost foster father, the late Rev. William R. Jewett, to the New Hampshire town of Plymouth, of which he records very pleasant memories and where he enjoyed that "boyhood in New England before the arrival of the modern boy," which, he says, "does not suffer by comparison with modern conditions." After college preparation at the academy in Plymouth and for a brief period at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, he entered Dartmouth in 1857, thus beginning a connection with the college which, as trustee and president, continued through the greater part of his life.

Choosing the ministry, instead of his earlier preference, the law, as a profession, young Tucker's course at Andover Theological Seminary was interrupted by a Civil War term of service in the United State Christian Commission, which brought him in personal touch with that great conflict which initiated an era of freedom in whose spiritual and educational

manifestations he was to play an important part.

Doctor Tucker's first pastorate was at the Franklin Street Congregational Church in Manchester, extending from 1867 to 1875, when he went to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York City. "Years of absorbing and satisfying interest" is his characterization of the period of his service in Manchester, whose civic character, at that stage in its growth, he outlines clearly and attractively. The following years in New York he enjoyed greatly, doing a splendid work and making such diverse friends as Cyrus W. Field and Samuel J. Tilden, of whose personality he gives us a new view.

In 1879 Doctor Tucker accepted a call to the chair of homiletics in Andover Theological Seminary and thereby became an important part in what he calls "the progressive movement in theology" and to which he devotes something more than 100 pages of his book, giving therein the best, clearest and most concise account that ever has been printed of the famous "Andover controversy."

As far back as 1876, Doctor Tucker had been "sounded out" by Governor Cheney as to the possibility of his accepting the presidency of Dartmouth College, but had given the idea no encouragement. But in 1892 the trustees of the college, following the resignation of President Bartlett, united in insisting that their colleague for fourteen years should become the new head of the institution; and, finally, in spite of his repeated declinations, they had their way. The world knows the result and for the marvelous creation of the "new Dartmouth" gives due credit to the best beloved "prexie" in the history of the college.

What this development of the college really meant, the new soul within the new body, Doctor Tucker shows

us in this book; but every man who was at Hanover between 1893 and 1909 will wish for an opportunity to add a note to this section of "My Generation," in which should be set down the priceless part played by the president's personality in this wonderful work. The Dartmouth spirit with which Doctor Tucker inspired us through his Sunday evening talks in Rollins Chapel was by far the better part of many a man's four years at Hanover.

The condition of Doctor Tucker's health at the time of his retirement from the presidency was such that it was feared he had given his own life for that of the college. Fortunately, this did not prove to be the case, and while the succeeding decade has been for him one of semi-invalidism, it has been far from the least productive period of his career. From his study in the modest home on the heights at Hanover there have gone out, through books and magazine articles, helpful messages based upon keen observation, wide and ripe experience, rich scholarship and a profound belief in the possibilities as well as the obligations of the individual member of society. Of this series of messages "My Generation" is a fitting culmination.

ARTEMUS WARD (Charles Farrar Browne): A Biography and Bibliography. By Don C. Seitz. Illustrated. Pp., 338. Cloth, \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Don C. Seitz, the publisher of the *New York World*, has the pleasant and profitable habit of devoting his leisure to the pursuit of some hobby, which, being caught, he saddles and bridles and rides to the bookmaker's. Half a dozen volumes full of information and of interest have been the result in the past and now comes a welcome addition to the series in the form of a handsome book which becomes at once the definitive story of the picturesque personality and unusual career of that typical Ameri-

can humorist, Artemus Ward. Whatever Mr. Seitz does, he does well, as this volume is one of many proofs.

There is not a little of especial New Hampshire interest in the life story of Charles Farrar Browne. When he was 13 years of age he left his native town of Waterford, Me., by the stage line which ran past his mother's door, to learn the printer's trade with John M. Rix, publisher of the *Weekly Democrat* at Lancaster, this state.

A fellow apprentice was Edward Cross, afterwards the gallant colonel of the First New Hampshire regiment in the Civil War. Boyish pranks made young Browne's stay in Coös County short, but long enough to furnish material for a store of legends that still linger there. His next chance has a New Hampshire connection, also, for it was on the *Norway (Me.) Advertiser*, a paper, which, like the *Lancaster Democrat*, still lives, and for many years has been owned and edited by a New Hampshire native, F. W. Sanborn.

At 17, the gawky Yankee youth struck out for the cities, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Rix, among other credentials, secured work in a large printing establishment at Boston, from which was issued, among other publications, *The Carpet Bag*, of that New Hampshire native humorist, B. P. Shillaber. From Boston he moved on to Cleveland, where, on the *Plain Dealer*, then owned by Joseph W. Gray, "a former New Hampshire school-teacher turned lawyer," he made his first reputation, which secured his call to New York to become an editor of the *Vanity Fair* of that day.

The contemporary fame of Artemus Ward was due even more to his remarkable "lectures" than to his writings, and in these, also, New Hampshire had an early share. His début on the platform was made at New London, Ct., November 26, 1861. Norwich, Ct., Newark, N. J., and Salem, Mass., followed in order, and on Wednesday, December 5,

his fifth lecture was given in Concord, N. H., his first Boston appearance, in Tremont Temple, coming on the following night. As an entertainer Artemus Ward was a great success from the first and not a little of the interest which he aroused was due to the ingenious publicity which he secured for himself by his contributions to the newspapers about his "show." He was his own press agent, and one of the best, as well as one of the first, of the guild. The success and the popularity of the Yankee humorist on a trip to the Pacific coast and then over seas to England were remarkable, but they also were fatal. Burning the candle at both ends, death came to him in early middle age at the height of his popularity, and, continuing to the last his New Hampshire connection, one of the mourners at his funeral in London was Charles Carleton Coffin, famous correspondent and native of Boscawen.

WITH THE YANKEE DIVISION IN FRANCE. By Frank P. Sibley. Illustrated. Pp., 365. Cloth, \$3. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Force has been inclined to consider itself "out of luck." Perhaps it was in its relations with the high command. But in at least one respect it was very fortunate; and that was in having in touch with it from the day of its organization to the day when its units left Brest for home an historian of its own, a man of skill in his profession, a keen observer, a clear narrator, of wide repute for

accuracy, probity and honor. Frank P. Sibley, a newspaper man of 27 years' experience, was sent overseas by the *Boston Globe* with instructions to stay with the boys for whom he himself had suggested the name of Yankee Division and to keep their home folks as well informed about them as the censors would permit. "Stay with them" he did; in the training area; on every fighting front that the division occupied; in the front line trenches; and accompanying the attacks. He knew both officers and men intimately; shared their billets and mess and their point of view as well; admired their bravery, appreciated their accomplishments, and sympathized with the lack of recognition which they received for their deeds. Under many hampering circumstances, some inevitable and some unnecessary, Mr. Sibley gave his newspaper and its readers splendid service. Now, in this handsome book form, he can and does tell "the complete and uncensored story of the 26th Division"; and a glorious story it is. The state of New Hampshire, as regards its troops in the World War, was a striking example of the determination on the part of those in national authority that sectional segments of the Army should be broken into as small pieces as possible; but the largest number of Granite State men allowed to stay together were in the 103rd Regiment of the 26th Division and pending New Hampshire's own war history we are more interested in this good work of Sibley's than in any other published account of American participation in the campaigns in France.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

ALBERT B. STEARNS

Albert Byron Stearns was born March 13, 1842, at West Lebanon, the son of Oliver L. and Betsey (Wood) Stearns. He was educated in the schools there and at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, where he prepared for Dartmouth College; but, instead, answered the call for volunteers in the Civil War and

and a member of the Woodsville Music Club. He also belonged to the I. O. O. F. Mr. Stearns was a man of temperate habits, conversant with the topics of the day, devoted to the church of which he had been a member for over 40 years, strongly attached to his family and friends and beloved alike by young and old.

PROF. CHARLES H. HITCHCOCK

Charles Henry Hitchcock, emeritus professor of geology and mineralogy in Dartmouth College, died at Honolulu, T. H., November 6. He was born in Amherst, Mass., August 23, 1836, the son of President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College, and graduated from that institution in 1856, later receiving from it the honorary degrees of A.M. and LL.D., as well as Ph.D. from Lafayette. He had taught zoölogy, geology and mineralogy at Amherst, Williams, Lafayette, Virginia A. and M. College, Mount Holyoke and Dartmouth, when he was professor from 1868 to 1908, holding the emeritus rank, since the latter date. He had served Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont as state geologist and headed the expedition which conducted upon Mount Washington in the winter of 1870-1 the first high mountain observatory in the United States. He was a member and fellow of various scientific societies and congresses and was widely known for his geological maps of the United States and for his researches in ichnology, the geology of the crystalline schists and glacial geology, upon which he had written voluminously. Among his chief works was the three-volume history of the geology of New Hampshire. He married, June 19, 1862, Martha, daughter of Prof. E. P. Barrows of Andover, Mass.

The late Albert B. Stearns

enlisted in Company E of the Ninth New Hampshire Regiment, serving throughout the war with honor and distinction and being wounded at St. Anna in 1864. October 5, 1868, he married Harriett Ann Towne, daughter of Dr. Charles and Sarah (Petee) Towne of Plainfield, and settled on the ancestral farm on the Connecticut river at West Lebanon, being the fifth in line and ownership. There he remained until 1910, when, following the death of his wife, he removed to Woodsville to reside with his only daughter, Mabel, wife of Luther C. Butler. His death took place at the home of his sister in West Lebanon, September 22. Mr. Stearns was a leading member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having attended all but two of its state encampments and having been present at the national encampment of this year in Columbus, Ohio. He was very fond of music, a skilful player of the piano and church organ

MRS. ABIGAIL H. MCCRILLIS

Mrs. Abigail H. McCrillis, who died at the home of her son, John McCrillis, Esq., in Newport, October 2, was born in Unity, March 3, 1827, the daughter of William and Mehitable (Chase) Huntoon. After her marriage to William Henry McCrillis of Goshen, she resided at Goshen Corner until they removed to Newport in 1875, where she has since resided. Mr. McCrillis died December 9, 1903. Mrs. McCrillis is survived by her only son, John McCrillis of Newport, two grandsons, John W. McCrillis and William H. McCrillis and a brother, Martin H. Huntoon of Bradford. Mrs. McCrillis was a lady of the highest character and unusual ability. She was a writer of both prose and verse, some of which were published in the

GRANITE MONTHLY, and an artist of merit. During her later years and to within a month of her death, she made daily use of her pen and frequent use of the brush.

JOSIAH H. HOBBS.

Hon. Josiah Howard Hobbs, who passed away at his home in Madison, September 7, was, at the time of his death, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire Bar and of the Alumni body of Dartmouth College. Born in Madison, December 22, 1834, he was educated at Parsonsfield Seminary, Fryeburg Academy and Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1856. At Dartmouth he was a member of the Kappa Kappa Kappa Fraternity. He was principal for a time of Limington Seminary and in 1859 graduated with honors from the Albany Law School. In the same year he began the practice of his profession in his native town and there continued through life, for some years maintaining an office in Conway, also. He was for 15 years solicitor of Carroll county and in that capacity and in the course of his other practice was associated with many famous and important cases. He was a member of the state bar association and had served as president of the county bar association. A Republican in politics, Mr. Hobbs three times represented Madison in the Legislature, in 1862, 1863 and 1883 and each time was appointed upon the important Judiciary Committee. He married January 3, 1878, Mary E. Erwin, a cultured woman well known as a poet, who died at Madison, July 5, 1890. Their one son, Irving J. Hobbs, Esq., a member of the New Hampshire Bar, survives, and his devoted attendance upon his father was a great consolation to the latter in his last years. At the height of his career 'Squire Hobbs, as he was popularly known, had a wide reputation as an eloquent orator and a successful lawyer. His standard of professional ethics was high and it was often said of him that he thought as much in his practice of the good he could do as of the material regards he could gain for himself. Of the poor, especially, he always was a faithful and generous friend and fearless champion.

DR. E. E. GRAVES.

Eli Edwin Graves, M. D., one of the best known physicians in the state, died at his home in Penacook, August 5. He was born in Jericho, Vt., September 9, 1847, the son of Daniel H. and Lusetta R. (Nash) Graves, and was educated in the public schools, at the Essex Classical Institute and the medical department of the University of Vermont, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1868, afterwards doing post graduate work at the Harvard Medical

School and the Massachusetts General Hospital. He located in Boscawen for the practice of his profession September 17, 1868, and there continued until his removal to Penacook, October 20, 1897. Soon after his arrival in Boscawen he was made town superintendent of schools; he was the health officer of the town from the establishment of the office and library trustee from the establishment of the library; chairman of the town water board; moderator of the town school meetings since 1870, with but one absence from duty in all those years; probation officer; and member of the House of Representatives

The late Dr. E. E. Graves

in 1889. He was a member of the American Medical Association, American Public Health Association, New Hampshire, Center District and Merrimack County Medical Societies, New Hampshire Surgical Club, New Hampshire Historical Society, New Hampshire Horticultural Society, Masons and Odd Fellows. He married, December 18, 1872, Martha A. Williams of Essex, Vt., who died January 29, 1893. Their children, who survive, are Major Robert J. Graves of Concord and Katharine L. (Mrs. Henry C. Rolfe) of Penacook. Doctor Graves was a member of the Congregationalist church, interested in all good works and a public-spirited citizen. His distinguished professional success was entirely deserved and the extent of his practice was very wide. He was much interested in historical matters and had made valuable collections on that line.

To the Republicans of New Hampshire:

In January last, the Manchester Republican city committee, by a resolution signed by its fifty-two members, requested me to become a candidate for governor at the approaching primary. Since that time many messages to the same effect have been received from representative Republicans throughout the state; and constant inquiries as to my intention have been made. While my replies, often widely published, can have left little doubt in the public mind, a formal statement of my purpose is due at least to those who have asked and to those who may desire to favor me with their support.

I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. It is my plan to conduct an honorable campaign to procure it. I shall observe the utmost courtesy toward all other candidates who have entered or may enter the field, and shall always bear in mind the fact that the triumph of Republican principles at the polls is more important than the political preferment of any individual within the party.

The present is a period of readjustment and reconstruction following the war. Its requirements are unprecedented. While they continue—and they must long continue—the governorship will present problems of extreme difficulty. For their proper solution legal knowledge, business ability, familiarity with public affairs and large experience will be essential. Above all, there must be a conviction that our government is one of law and order in which the wise rule of the majority is respected on every hand.

My record in the practice of law for nearly three decades, in business as trustee and treasurer of the largest savings bank in the state, with its twenty-nine thousand depositors, and in public affairs as chairman of the tax commission, in which position I am and for eight years have been brought into the closest touch with the finances of the state, is known to many people and may be known to all. It is upon this record that I ask support at the primary election.

If the Republicans of the state shall consider me fitted for the high office of governor, I shall be grateful for their faith and will appreciate their support. In the event of my nomination, I pledge to them every effort to promote the success of their whole ticket, and, if elected, to give to the people, so far as lies in my power, prudent, progressive and efficient management for their common affairs.

To be governor of New Hampshire is a worthy ambition, but the quest of the office should be undertaken with the sole purpose of service to the state, opportunities for which will crowd the constructive years of the next administration. It is with a full sense of the duty and the privilege of this service that I announce my candidacy.

ALBERT O. BROWN

Manchester, N. H., November 5, 1919

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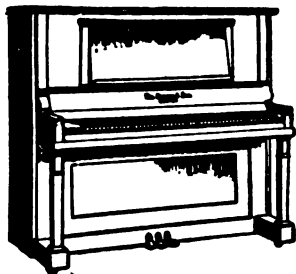
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TO THE
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Milford, Mont Vernon, Nashua—Wards One
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lican nomination for **STATE**
SENATOR in the **TWELFTH**
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September, 1920. ~~THE~~

CHARLES S. EMERSON

Milford, N. H., November 18, 1919.

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Republican
Voters**

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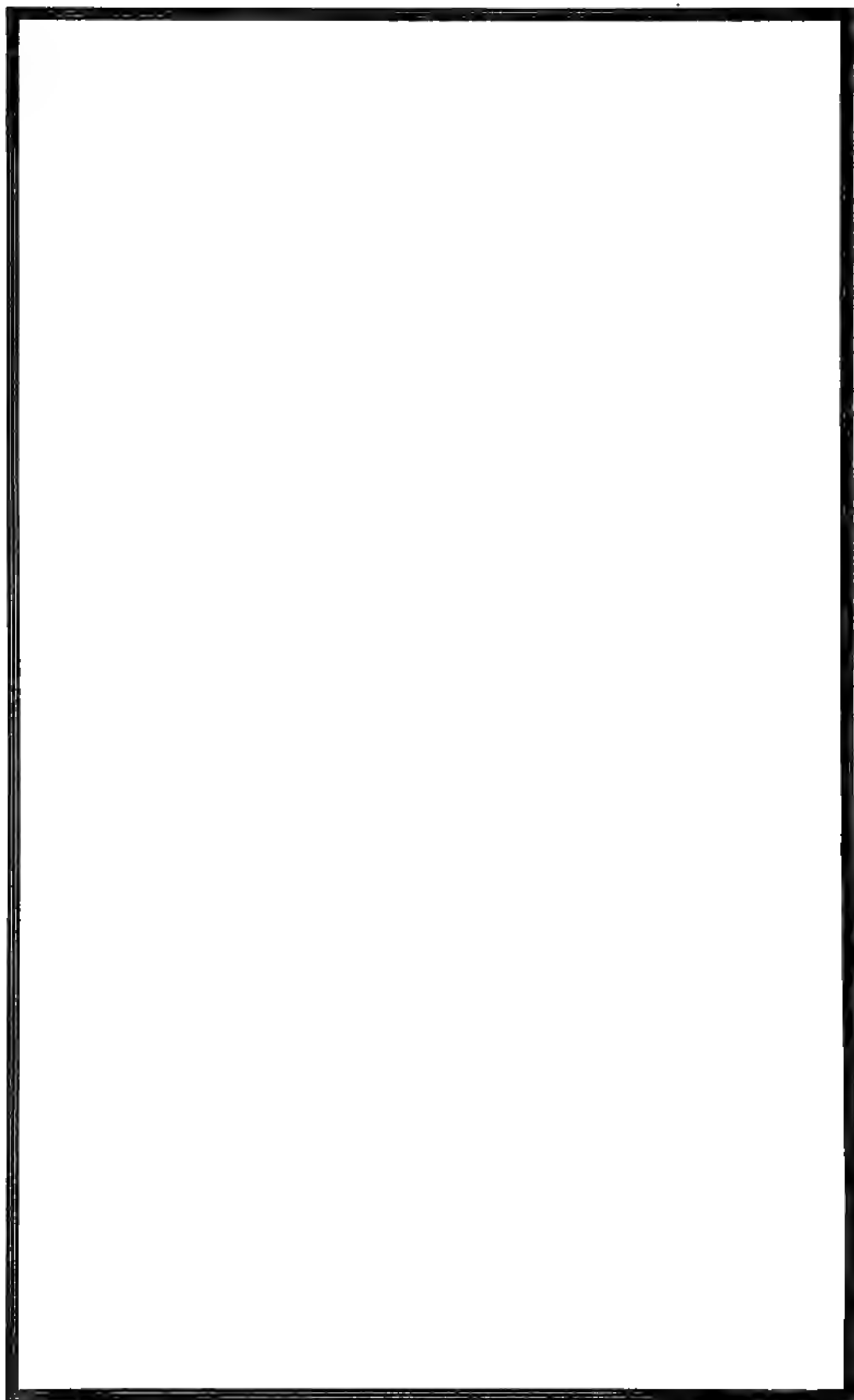
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